

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

#### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

#### **About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/







PSt from H.W. Edwards. Cat 102/475



2805 d. 212

	•	

	·			
		·		

• • 5 • •  Frances Pickford Junea Pet 6. 1828

THE

# BRITISH POETS

0F

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY.

. 7 . . ; .  THE

# BRITISH POE

OF

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

INCLUDING

# THE SELECT WORKS

700



CRABBE, WH.SON, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, ROGERS, CAMPBELL,
MISS LARDON, BARTON, MONTGOMERY, SOUTHEY, HOGG,
BARRY CORNWALL, AND OTHERS.

BEING

## A SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

TO

THE POLITICAL WORKS OF BYRON, SCOTT AND MOORE.

FRANCFORT O. M.

PRINTED BY AND FOR H. L. BRŒNNER.

1828.



,

.

## PREFACE.

Dering the first twenty five years of the nineteenth century the poetical soil of Great-Britain has proved more intensively fertile than in the whole space of time clapsed since the days of Spenser and Shakspeare. The great dramatists of the Elizabethan age are still unrivalled, and the giant genius of Milton stands alone, illustrating the dark period of puritanical fanaticism-but the writers who adorned the beginning of the eighteenth century, decidedly surpassed by those of our own time, have no chance of ever regaining the supremacy they had usurped, but in which they have been supplanted. There is nothing very stupendous in this triumph of the cotemporary poets, for the writers that flourished under Queen Anne had not much more than their judgment and industry to stand on, and were rather remarkable for the fewness of their faults, than the greatness of their beauties. Their inspiration is but a sprightly sort of good sense and they have scarcely any invention but what is subservient to the purposes of derision and satire. Slight gleams of pleasantry and sparkles of wit glitter through their productions; but no glow of feeling-no blaze of imaginationno flashes of genius ever irradiate their substance. In the age subsequent to Dryden and Pope there was a still more remarkable dearth of original talent, a very long interruption of native genius. The dramatic art was dead, and poetry seemed verging to a similar extinction. The few sparks that appeared, however, showed that the old fire was burnt out, and that the altar must hereafter be heaped with fuel of another quality. The transition was marked by the noble genius of Cowper, who, with a style of complete originality, for the first time made it apparent to readers of every description, that Pope and Addison were no longer to be the exclusive models of English poetry.

This brings us down to the times that are still near us. A splendid progeny of distinguished literary characters arose, and in the midst of a great political commotion the sacred flame of poesy diffused its beneficent warmth. Three great stars eclipsed the remnant of the new constellation. Byron, Scott and Moore inscribed their names in the rolls of immortality. But many other poets, scarce inferior to these happy three, are not so much known, particularly on the continent, as they well deserve. It was

this consideration, which engaged the editor to undertake the present collection. The poetical Works of Byron, Scott, and Moore have spread all over Europe. It remained to publish the most successful effusions of their competitors for fame. The reader will judge if the volume, now laid before him, answers the design, which, we have no doubt, will be acknowledged meritorious. Without further apologizing for a publication that will recommend itself by the bulk of attractive matter condensed in it, we join only such prefatory sketches, as will suffice to introduce the Authors, whose works adorn the following pages, to the particular notice of our readers.

#### GEORGE CRABBE.

Mu. Crabbe is the greatest mannerist of all living poets. The characteristics of the genius of this admired writer are: an unrivalled and almost magical power of observation, resulting in descriptions so true to nature as to strike us rather as transcripts than imitations—an anatomy of character and feeling not less exquisite and searching—an occasional touch of matchless tenderness—and a deep and dreadful pathetic, interspersed by fits and strangely interwoven with the most minute and humble of his details. Add to all this the sure and profound sagacity of the remarks with which he every now and then startles us in the midst of very unambitious discussions—and the weight and terseness of the maxims which he drops like oracular responses, on occasions that give no promise of such a revelation;—and last, though not least, that sweet and seldom sounded chord of lyrical inspiration, the lightest touch of which instantly charms away all harshness from his numbers and all lowness from his themes and at once exalts him to a level with the most energetic and inventive poets of his age.

There is a strange mixture of satire and sympathy in all his productions -a great kindliness and compassion for the errors and sufferings of our poor human nature - but a strong distrust of its heroic virtues and high pretensions. His heart is always open to pity, and all the milder emotions -but there is little aspiration after the grand and sublime of character, nor very much encouragement for raptures and ecstacies of any description. These, he seems to think, are things rather too fine for the said poor human nature-and that, in our low and erring condition, it is a little ridiculous to pretend, either to very exalted and immaculate virtue, or very pure and exquisite happiness. He not only never meddles, therefore, with the delicate distresses and noble fires of the heroes and heroines of tragic and epic fable, but may generally be detected indulging in a lurking sneer at the pomp and vanity of all such superfine imaginations-and turning to draw men in their true postures and dimensions, and with all the imperfections that actually belong to their condition:- the prosperous and happy overshadowed with passing clouds of ennui, and disturbed with little flaws of bad humour and discontent-the great and wise beset at times with strange weaknesses and meannesses and paltry vexations - and even the most virtuous and enlightened falling far below the standard of poetical perfection, and stooping every now and then to paltry jealousies and prejudices, or sinking into shabby sensualities, or meditating on their own excellence and importance, with a ludicrous and lamentable anxiety.

This is one side of the picture; and characterizes sufficiently the satirical vein of our author. But the other is the most extensive and important, In rejecting the vulgar sources of interest in poetical narratives, and reducing his ideal persons to the standard of reality, Mr. Crabbe does by no means seek to extinguish the sparks of human sympathy within us, or to throw any damp on the curiosity with which we naturally explore the characters of each other. On the contrary, he has afforded new and more wholesome food for all those propensities-and, by placing before us those details which our pride or fastidiousness is so apt to overlook, has disclosed, in all their truth and simplicity, the native and unadulterated workings of those affections which are at the bottom of all social interest, and are really rendered less touching by the exaggerations of more ambitious artists-while he exhibits, with admirable force and endless variety, all those combinations of passions and opinions, and all that cross-play of selfishness and vanity, and indolence and ambition, and habit and reason, which make up the intellectual character of individuals, and present to every one an instructive picture of his neighbour or himself. Seeing, by the perfection of his art, the master-passions in their springs, and the high capacities in their rudiments-and having acquired the gift of tracing all the propensities and marking tendencies of our plastic nature, in their first slight indications, or from the very disguises they so often love to assume, he does not need, in order to draw out his characters in all their life and distinctness, the vulgar demonstration of those striking and decided actions by which their maturity is proclaimed even to the careless and inattentive; -but delights to point out to his readers the seeds or tender filaments of those talents and feelings and singularities which wait only for occasion and opportunity to burst out and astonish the world-and to accustom them to trace, in characters and actions apparently the most ordinary, the self-same attributes that, under other circumstances, would attract universal attention, and furnish themes for the most popular and impassioned descriptions.

#### JOHN WILSON.

John Wilson, as a poet, is one of the Lakists. He has the same predilection for engrafting powerful emotion on ordinary occurrences, and the same tendency to push all his emotions a great deal too far-the same disdain of all worldly enjoyments and pursuits,-and the same occasional mistakes, as to energy and simplicity of diction, which characterise the works of his predecessors. But he differs from them in this very important partienlar, that though he does generally endeavour to raise a train of lofty and pathetic sensations upon very trifling incidents and familiar objects, and frequently pursues them to a great height of exaggeration, he is scarcely ever guilty of the offence of building them upon a foundation that is ludicrous or purely fantastic. The most striking characteristic, as well as the great charm, of his poems, is the spirit of warm and unaffected philanthropy which breathes over every page of them-that delighted tenderness with which the writer dwells on the bliss of childhood, and the dignity of female innocence, and that young enthusiasm which leads him to luxuriate in the description of beautiful nature and the joys of a life of retirement. The Isle of Palms, Wilson's principal poem, is a strange, wild story of two lovers that were wrecked in the Indian Sea, and marvellously saved on an uninhabited, but lovely Island, when all the rest of the crew were drowned;—of their living there, in peace and blessedness for six or seven years—and being at last taken off, with a lovely daughter, who had come to cheer their solitude, by an English ship of war, and landed in the arms of the lady's mother, who had passed the long interval of their absence in one unremitting agony of hope and despair.

#### SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

The most remarkable characteristic of Coleridge's poetry, is, that its simplicity and ease are admirably blended with great richness of expression, and with continual harmony and elegance. Even the faulty metre of his verses seems to be calculated. It is music in which the rules of composition are violated, but which is, nevertheless, perfectly appropriate to the sentiment it is intended to express. There is something very fantastic in Coleridge's rhythm, when his subjects are borrowed from the phantasmagoria of his own dreams. His philosophic fragments have not the solemn and somewhat monotonous tone of Wordsworth; they present the energy of Milton, and the beauty of Shakspeare. The reveries of love are, in Coleridge's verses, described with captivating melancholy and simplicity. Few writers have better understood the delicacy of that passion. Coleridge has represented its most poetic ideality, and even to the emotions of the senses he has given the language of the imagination. It is he who makes a lover say, when speaking of his mistress—

Her voice, that even in her mirthful mood, Has made me wish to steal away and weep.

The little poem of Genevieve or Love abounds in touches no less charming. It is a sweet picture of the metaphysics of first love, and possesses a great deal of that grace which has been so highly admired in Dante's Qual giorno no leggiamo mai.

Love was one of Wordsworth's collection of lyrical ballads; but Coleridge subsequently separated his works from those of his friend. According to the plan mutually agreed upon between them, Coleridge was to make choice of imaginary heroes and subjects, without, however, renouncing the advantage of imparting to them a degree of interest and an air of probability, sufficient to obtain from his readers what he terms poetic faith, that is to say, the voluntary suspension of the critical spirit of incredulous reason. The Ancient Mariner is Coleridge's best ballad. It is a whimsical conception; but we cannot, like the author's friends, pronounce it to be at once astonishing and original. It is, they affirm, a poem which must be felt, admired, and meditated upon, but which cannot possibly be described, analyzed, or criticised.

### WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Wordsworth may want the intense power and energy of Byron; he may be equally deficient in the elegant sportiveness of imagination which distinguishes the poetry of Moore; in beauty of description, and force of illustra-

tion, Scott has far surpassed him; and there is an enthusiasm about the early productions of Southey's muse, which gives them an airiness and attraction, not to be found in his. Wordsworth, however, has excellencies peculiarly his own, and they are abundantly sufficient to give an immortal verdure to the laurels acquired by his genius. Slowly but surely he has gained a place in the very first rank of those great spirits, whose extraordinary talents render the age illustrious. Out of a thousand persons who read Lord Byron, there are ten who read Wordsworth; but out of these ten, there are, perhaps, six who assign to him the very highest rank among poets. He is the least popular of all the English poets; but, at the same time, he excites the highest degree of enthusiasm among his own admirers.

Wordsworth is at the head of the LAKE-SCHOOL, which includes Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, and many others of inferior merit, and is so called because all the poets belonging to it either reside, or have resided, near the lakes of Westmoreland and Cumberland. Though united together by the bonds of friendship, rather than by the doctrines of their particular poetic theory, yet they may, nevertheless, be regarded as the members of a sect.

The poets of the lake-school reserve all their admiration for the authors of the Elizabethan age, and find nothing but a void in English literature from the time of Milton and Jeremy Taylor, up to Cowper. They affect to view the beauties of nature with a degree of enthusiasm, of which the hearts of all are susceptible, except, as they pretend, those of the great mass of poets, who, blinded by false systems, discover only conventional charms in the finest natural scenery. Amidst silence and solitude, on the busom of lakes, or in shady groves, their souls seem to mingle with the universal spirit of nature; they feel an invisible and ineffable influence, which exalts, delights, and purifies them. There is a mysticism in their feelings which bears some analogy to the Pantheism of Pythagoras. For this reason the lake-poets are called the Quakers and Methodists of English poetry. Every object of nature to them presents the varied expression of an intellectual power, and they attribute not only a physical, but a moral existence to the most trivial as well as to the grandest object in the creation. They regard the ocean as endowed with feelings and passions; the moon has her caprices; comets, stars, and clouds, are governed by internal impulses. Coleridge, however, since he has become more exclusively philosophic, seems to have forsaken this fanciful theory. He even goes so far as to refute in his autobiography one of the poetic ideas of Wordsworth and Wilson, who suppose that the Deity delights in communing with the pure spirit of childhood. The lake-poets all agree in elevating the domestic virtues and amiable affections above brilliant and dangerous heroism. From them the mother, the daughter, the wife, and the sister, receive an homage as pure as the charm they diffuse over society. They would have the Muse of moral poetry invoked amidst the tumult of the world, like the voice of a sister or a friend calling us back to the innocent pleasures of infancy and home.

Of all the writers of the lake-school, Wordsworth comes nearest the idea which the imagination loves to form of an inspired poet; he has carried poetry back to its origin, and to him it is a system of religion; he has, as it were, obtained new revelations concerning the destiny of man. His contemplative soul has continually been occupied with the necessity of ideal perfection. He is the inventor of a sort of Christian Platonism, founded on the moral harmony of the universe. He shows us the moral imprint of the

• ÷ 

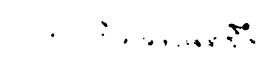
Frances Pickford James Pat. 6. 1828

THE

# BRITISH POETS

0F

THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY.



•

·



## THE SELECT WORKS

CRABBE, WILSON, COLERIDGE, WORDSWORTH, ROGERS, CAMPBELL,
MISS LANDON, BARTON, MONTGOMERY, SOUTHEY, HOGG,
BARRY CORNWALL, AND OTHERS.

BEING

#### A SUPPLEMENTARY VOLUME

TO

THE POLTICAL WORKS OF BYRON, SCOTT AND MOORE.

FRANCFORT O. M.

PRINTED BY AND FOR H. L. BRŒNNER.

1828.

of the old Oneyda, and his savage eloquence, are in harmony with the mountains, the ancient forests, and the lakes of his native soil. He is worthy of taking his place by the side of Chactas. His character is less developed than that of Atala's lover; but his physiognomy possesses something more frank and local, because, like Chactas, he has not been half civilized by contact with the inhabitants of Europe.

#### MISS L. E. LANDON.

This amiable young author is a favorite with English ladies and deserves it well. There is nothing in her of the Italian Improvisatrice but the vivid and heart-stirring inspiration. Miss Landon is an Amorist in poetry, and a rival to Thomas Moore himself, in that respect. She has a good command of language and a fair store of highly poetical ideas, with a great deal of taste in arrangement, and an ear tuned to the varied melodies of the language. In giving nearly the whole of her fine poetical productions, namely her three great poems, the Improvisatrice, the Troubadour and the Golden Violet, the Editor could not but hope to meet with the desire of his fair readers, no one of the Poets of the nineteenth Century having, by the purity of conception and the sweetness of execution, a stronger claim than Miss Landon to the predilection of the sex.

### BERNARD BARTON.

Beanard Barton was born a Quaker in the year 1784, and educated at a Quaker seminary. In 1810 he began to "commit the sin of rhyme," and in 1812 published an anonymous volume, entitled: "Metrical Effusions," which was followed in 1818 by a volume of "Poems by an Amateur." Encouraged by the very flattering manner in which these impressions of his Poems were received by his friends, he at last ventured to publish in a small volume "Poems by Bernard Barton."

Such has been the literary career of this exquisite writer. If it has not left behind it the brilliant track of other poetical comets, it has been less erratic in its course;—and his Parnassian vespers may be said to possess all the mild and soothing beauties of the Evening-star. If his Muse have not always reached the sun-ward path of the soaring eagle, it is no extravagant praise to say that she has often emulated the sublimity of his aerial flight. But the great charm thrown around the effusions of the Suffolk bard is that lucid veil of morality and religion which covers, but not conceals, that silver network through which shine his poetic apples of gold.

The Society of Friends was for a good while confined to the lower classes; and when it first became numerous and respectable, the revolting corruption of poetry which took place after the Restoration, aforded but too good an apology for the prejudices which were conceived against it; and as the Quakers are peculiarly tenacious of all the maxims that have been handed down from the patriarchal times of their institution, it is easy to understand how this prejudice should have outlived the causes that pro-

duced it. It should not, however, be forgotten, that William Penn amused himself with verses, that Elwood the Quaker is remembered as the friend and admirer of Milton, and the man to whose suggestion the world is indebted for Paradise Regained. Barton's poetry has all the purity, the plety and gentleness, of the sect to which its author belongs-with something too much perhaps of their sobriety. The style is rather diffuse and wordy, though generally graceful, flowing and easy; and though it cannot be said to contain many bright thoughts or original images, it is recommended throughout by a truth of feeling and an unstudied earnestness of manner, that wins both upon the heart and the attention. In these qualities, as well as in the copiousness of the diction and the facility of the versification, it frequently reminds of the smaller pieces of Cowper,-the author, like that eminent and most amiable writer, never disdaining ordinary words and senti-ments, when they come in his way, and combining, with his most solemn and contemplative strains, a certain air of homeliness and simplicity, which seems to show that the matter was more in his thoughts than the manner, and that the glory of fine writing was less considered than the clear and complete expression of the sentiments for the sake of which alone he was induced to become a writer. There is something of uniformity in the strain and tenor of Barton's poetry. There is no story, and of course no incident, nor any characters shown in action. The staple of the whole is description and meditation-description of quiet, home scenery, sweetly and feelingly wrought out-and meditation overshaded with tenderness, and exalted by devotion-but all terminating in soothing and even cheerful views of the condition and prospects of mortality. In short, it is evidently the work of a man of a fine and cultivated rather than of an original mind-of a man who prefers following out the suggestion of his own mild and contemplative spirit, to counterfeiting the raptures of more vehement natures, and thinks it better to work up the genuine though less splendid materials of his actual experience and observation, than to distract himself and his readers with more ambitious and less manageable imaginations. His thoughts and reflections, accordingly, have not only the merit of truth and consistency, but bear the distinct impress of individual character-and of a character with which no reader can thus become acquainted without loving and wishing to share in its virtues.

#### JAMES MONTGOMERY.

JAMES MONTGOMERY is by birth a Scotchman, and was born 1771, at Irvine, a small sca-port-town in Ayrshire. He was the eldest son of a Moravian minister, by whom he was removed to Gracehill, in the county of Antrim, Ireland, in the year 1776; and afterwards placed at the early age of six years in the seminary of the united Moravian brethren, at Fulneck, near Leeds, in Yorkshire. It may be almost said, that at this early period of Montgomery's life he was for ever separated from his parents, since, previous to their departure as missionaries for the West Indies, where his mother died in 1789, and his father in 1790, he resided with them but for three months in the year 1784.

How happy the parents of Montgomery had been in placing their son, circumstanced as they were, under the guidance and tuition of the pious and learned Moravian brethren, can now be easily perceived from the result

it has produced. For, notwithstanding that every reader of Montgomery's works may trace in them the effects of a mind naturally virtuous and religious, we cannot withhold from believing that he is in a great measure indebted to the education he has received for his well earned fame as a moral poet. It has been frequently, and perhaps justly, observed, that the delight which beautiful poetry affords, is obtained too often to the prejudice of moral feelings and precepts, which are better calculated to ennoble the human mind. But had we not Milton, Fenelon, Klopstock, and even the divine writers themselves, to show the fallacy of this bold accusation, brought against the most powerful language and effort of man, the poems of Montgomery alone would form a compilation of proofs so able and so manifest in themselves, as to be fully sufficient for composing a refutation at once unanswerable and undoubted. Every line of his poetry invites to a love of virtue and all that is amiable in our nature; while it fills the soul at the same time with the sweet luxury of pure, yet delightful, enjoyment, and creates within us an admiration and esteem for that art under which so many great and happy powers have been put forth.

#### ROBERT SOUTHEY.

ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet Laureat, was born 1774, at Bristol, where his father carried on an extensive business as a wholesale linen-draper. Young Robert was educated first under Mr. Foote, a baptist minister of great ability, but at that time very aged. After a short time young Southey was removed to a school at Carston, where he remained about two years, and was then entered at Westminster School in 1787. In 1792 he became a student of Baliol College, Oxford, with a view to the church, but Unitarian principles and the revolutionary mania put an end to that design. So strongly did he imbibe the new opinions on politics which the explosion in France had produced, that he, with his friends Lovell and Coleridge, projected a plan of settling on the banks of the Susquehannah in North America, and of there founding a new republic. This Utopian scheme was soon dissolved for the want of means, and in 1795 Southey married Miss Tricker, soon after which event he accompanied his maternal uncle Dr. Hill to Portugal, that gentleman being appointed Chaplain to the Factory at Lisbon. In 1801 Southey obtained the appointment of Secretary to Isaac Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer for Ireland. On retiring from office with his patron, our author went to reside in a cottage near Keswick, where also dwelt under the same roof the widow of his friend Lovell and the wife of Mr. Coleridge, both which ladies are sisters to Mrs. Southey. In 1813 he succeeded Mr. Pye as Poet Laureat.

Southey's mind is essentially sanguine, even to overweeningness. It is prophetic of good; it cordially embraces it; it casts a longing, lingering look after it, even when it is gone for ever. He cannot bear to give up the thought of happiness, the confidence in his fellow-man, when all else despair. It is the very element, where he must live or have no life at all. While he supposed it possible that a better form of society could be introduced than any that had hitherto existed, while the light of the French Revolution beamed into his soul, (and long after, it was seen reflected on his brow, like the light of setting suns on the peak of some high mountain,

or lonely range of clouds, floating in purer ether!) while he had this hope, this faith in man left, he cherished it with child-like simplicity, he clung to it with the fondness of a lover, he was an enthusiast, a fanatic, a leveller, he stuck at nothing that he thought would banish all pain and misery from the world—in his impatience of the smallest error or injustice he would have sacrificed himself and the existing generation (a holocaust) to his devotion to the right cause. But when he once believed, after many staggering doubts and painful struggles, that this was no longer possible, when his chimeras and golden dreams of human perfectibility vanished from him, he turned suddenly round, and maintained that "whatever is, is right." He must either repose on actual or on imaginary good. He missed his way in Utopia, he has found it at Old Sarum—

His generous ardour no cold medium knows-

his eagerness admits of no doubt or delay. He is ever in extremes, and ever in the wrong! He wooed Liberty as a youthful lover, but it was perhaps more as a mistress than a bride; and he has since wedded with an elderly and not very reputable lady, called Legitimacy. The temperament of Southey's mind is poetical, not philosophical. He is more the creature of impulse, than he is of reflection. He invents the unreal, he embellishes the false with the glosses of fancy, but pays little attention to the words of truth and soberness. Ilis impressions are accidental, immediate, personal, instead of being permanent and universal. Of all mortals he is surely the most impatient of contradiction, even when he has completely turned the tables on himself.

We must say that we relish Southey more in the reformer than in his lately acquired, but by no means natural or becoming character of poet-laureat and courtier. He may rest assured that a garland of wild flowers suits him better than the laureat-wreath. He is nothing akin to birth-day-suits and drawingroom fopperies. He is nothing, if not fantastical. In his figure, in his movements, in his sentiments, he is sharp and angular, quaint and excentric. He is not of the court. Every thing of him and about him is from the people. He is not classical, he is not legitimate. He is not a man east in the mould of other men's opinions: he is not shaped on any model: he bows to no authority: he yields only to his own wayward peculiarities. He is wild, irregular, singular, extreme. He is no formalist, not he! All is crude and chaotic; he wants proportion, keeping, system, standard rules. He is not teres atque rotundus.

Look at Southey's larger poems, his Kehama, his Thalaba, his Madoc, his Roderic. Who will deny the spirit, the scope, the splendid imagery, the hurried and startling interest that pervades them? Who will say that they are not the daring creations of a mind curbed by no law, tamed by no fear, that they are not rather like the trances than the waking dreams of Genius, that they are not the very paradoxes of poetry? All this is very well, very intelligible and very harmless, if we regard the rank excrescences of Southey's poetry, like the red and blue flowers in corn, as the unweeded growth of a luxuriant and wandering fancy; or if we allow the yeasty workings of an ardent spirit to ferment and boil over—the variety, the boldness, the lively stimulus given to the mind may then atone for the violation of rules; but not if our poetic libertine sets up for a law-giver and judge, or an apprehender of vagrants in the regions either of taste or opinion. Perhaps the most pleasing and striking of Southey's poems are those in which,

with a mild melancholy, he seems conscious of his own infirmities of temper, and to feel a wish to correct by thought and time the precocity and sharpness of his disposition. May the quaint but affecting aspiration expressed in one of these be fulfilled, that, as he mellows into maturer age, all such asperities may wear off and he himself become

Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree.

Southey's prose-style can scarcely be too much praised. It is plain, clear, pointed, familiar, perfectly modern in its texture, but with a grave and sparkling admixture of archaisms in its ornaments and occasional phraseology. He is the best and most natural prose-writer of the modern poets.

#### JAMES HOGG.

JAMES Hogg was born in Scotland, to the humble and romantic occupation of a shepherd; and spent the better part of his life in tending his sheep in the pastoral solitudes of Ettrick. There are not many regions, however, even in that poetical land, more favorable for the development of poetical propensities, than this whole range of southern Highlands; where the seattered population-the memory of the border-wars-the clanship which they tended to perpetuate—and the pastoral life of the greater part of the inhabitants, have produced a striking resemblance to the character or genius of the Celtic tribes that occupy the wilder deserts of the north. Though he had but little erudition, therefore, and few opportunities for reading or literary discussion, our shepherd was early familiar with song,-and had his memory replenished, and his imagination warmed by the innumerable ballads and traditional legends that are still current in that simple and sequestered district, many of which he had imitated or versified at a very early age. In a mind that had fed on such aliments, and expanded under such training, the earlier publications of Walter Scott must have produced a sensation, of which other beings can scarcely form a conception. They connected the pastimes of his humble and solitary leisure with the dazzling visions of general distinction and renown, and cast a gleam of poetical glory over the themes and the persons of his mountain-bards, with which he could never have expected that they should be visited. It was not long, therefore, till the author of this exaltation became the object of his emulation, and drew forth his homage; and the mighty minstrel, with the liberality of true genius, embraced the cause of his rustic disciple, with a zeal that did honour to his heart. The reputation of James Hogg is founded upon a poem, which Walter Scott might not be ashamed to avow; the Queen's Wake. The meeting which took place on the eve before the day of the consecration of a church was formerly called a Wake. This meeting was a festival, and those who attended passed the night in various kinds of games and amuscments. In Scotland, which was always a land of song and music, song and music were the principal diversions of the Wake, and often the only ones. These songs were generally religious or serious compositions, adapted to the simple melodies of Scotland. Queen's Wake is the narrative of one of those royal watches

When royal Mary, blithe of mood, Kept holiday at Holyrood,

and commences with an affecting invocation to the poet's harp. It is a natural reversion to the simple pleasures of the country, and the first myste-

rious commerce with his muse. It is the beautiful Mary Stuart who holds the sceptre, and adjudges the prize to the most skilful. She has just arrived at Leith, and proceeds to Holyrood-house. The hearts of all her subjects By to meet her, and the general talk is of her beauty, her youth, and her afflictions. She has been an exile; she has lost, in one year, a father, a husband, and a kingdom, and has not yet attained her eighteenth spring. Who would not devote his life for so young, so beautiful, and so amiable a princess? As soon as Mary has established her court at Holy-rood, a proclamation announces, that during the following Christmas the queen invites to a solema Wake all the minstrels and harpers of the kingdom. This Wake is to last three successive nights, and a richly ornamented harp is destined for the victor. The Ettrick-Shepherd then depicts the character, and records the song of each of the competitors. Rizzio is among the number; but Gardyne, a son of the native bards, obtains the prize. The critics have generally preferred to the successful piece that of the thirteenth competitor, entitled. KHARRY. It is one of those marvellous subjects in which Hogg excels, and which have earned him the title of Laureat of Fairy Land. Burns, when he treated of some supernatural history, always introduced some comic, and even grotesque, imagery. The fact is, he did not believe; but Hogg writes with the enthusiasm of faith. Nothing can be more simply pleasing than the poem of Kilmeny. The other productions of Hogg are decidedly inferior to the Queen's Wake; his poetical fairy-tale called the Pilgrims of the Sun, is chiefly remarkable for its fable, which Lord Byron in his Cain, and Shelley in his Queen Mab, have palpably imitated.

## BARRY CORNWALL.

A coop imitation of what is excellent, is generally preferable to original mediocrity:—and the author before us is a very good imitator—and unquestionably, for the most part, of very good models. His style is chiefly moulded, and his versification modulated on the pattern of Shakspeare, and the other dramatists of that glorious age,—particularly Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, and Massinger. He has also copied something from Milton and Ben Jonson, and the amorous Cavaliers of the usurpation—and then passing disdainfully over all the intermediate writers, has flung himself fairly into the arms of Byron, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Leigh Hunt.—This may be thought, perhaps, rather a violent transition; and likely to lead to something of an incongruous mixture. But the materials really harmonize very telerably.

Barry Cornwall is himself a poet—and one of no mean rate;—and not being a maker of parodies or centos, he does not imitate by indiscriminately caricaturing the prominent peculiarities of his models, or crowding together their external or mechanical characteristics—but merely disciplines his own genius in the school of theirs—and tinges the creatures of his fancy with the colouring which glows in theirs. He does not meddle with the thunders and lightnings of the mighty poets; it is the tender, the sweet, and the fanciful only, that he aspires to copy—the girlish innocence and lovely sorrow of Juliet, Imogen, Perdita, or Viola—the enchanted solitude of Prospero and his daughter—the etherial loves and jealousies of Oberon and Titania, and those other magical scenes, all perfumed with love and poetry, and

breathing the spirit of a celestial spring, which lie scattered in every part of Shakspeare's writings. - The genius of Fletcher, perhaps, is more akin to Barry Cornwall's muse of imitation, than the soaring and extravagant spirit of Shakspeare; and we think we can trace, in more places than one, the impression which his fancy has received from the patient suffering and sweet desolation of Aspatia, in the Maid's tragedy. It is the youthful Milton only that he has presumed to copy—the Milton of Lycidas and Comus,—not the lofty and austere Milton of the Paradise. From Ben Jonson, we think, he has imitated some of those exquisite songs and lyrical pieces that lie buried in the rubbish of his masks, and which continued to be the models for all such writings down to the period of the Restoration. There are no traces, we think, of Dryden, or Pope, or Young,—or of any body else indeed, till we come down to Byron, and our other tuneful contemporaries. - From what we have already said, it will be understood that Barry Cornwall has not thought of imitating all Byron, any more than all Shakspeare. He leaves untouched the mockery and misanthropy, as well as much of the force and energy of the noble Lord's poetry-and betakes himself only to its deep sense of beauty, and the grace and tenderness that are so often and so strangely interwoven with those less winning characteristics. - It is the poetry of Manfred, of Parisina, of Haidee and Thyrza, that he aims at copying, and not the higher and more energetic tone of the Corsair, or Childe Harold. or Don Juan.-There is in Barry Cornwall's poetry a great deal of the diction of Wordsworth and Coleridge, and some imitation of their beauties: but we think the natural bent of his genius is more like that of Leigh Hunt than of any other author.—But he has better taste and better judgment—or, what perhaps is but saying the same thing, he has less affectation, and far less conceit.

# CONTENTS.

GEORGE CRABBE.	SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.
TALMS OF THE HALL	STRILLINE LEAVES:
THE PARISH REGISTER 135	The Rime of the ancient Mariner . 267
THE LIBRARY 160	Ode on the departing Year 273
THE NEWSPAPER 167	France
THE BIRTH OF FLATTERY 178	
REPLECTIONS 177	The visionary Hope
SIR EUSTAGE GREY 178	
THE HALL OF JUSTICE 183	The Keep-sake
WOMAN 186	The Picture
EDWARD SHORE 187	
REPLECTIONS ON SOCIAL MEETINGS . 192	To an unfortunate Woman 288
Prisons 192	To the same, at the Theatre 289
TOTAL NUTCON	Lines composed in a Concert-room 289
JOHN WILSON.	Home-sick
THE ISLE OF PALMS 193	
Miscellaneous Poems:	Something childish, but very natural 290
The Scholar's Funeral 220	The happy Husband 290
Address to a wild Deer 225	
A Church-yard-scene 228	of Chamouny 291
Hymn to Spring 228	
Lord Ronald's Child 230	
The Angler's Tent 232	1
The Fairies 239	
Lines written on reading the Memoirs	The Eolian Harp 292
of Miss Elisabeth Smith 242	
Edith and Nora 241	
My Cottage 219	
The Past	
The Desolate Village 251	
Lines written on seeing a Picture	A tombless Epitaph 295
by Berghem, of an Ass in a Storm-	This Lime-tree-bower my Prison . 295
shower	
Prayer to Sleep 257	
Art and Nature	
To a sleeping Child 257	
Sonneta	Ode to Georgiana, Duchess of
EXTRACTS FROM THE CITY OF THE	Ude to Georgiana, Duchess of
Prague 260	Devonshire

Ode to Tranquillity	802	Written in Germany	356
To a young Friend	302	Lines written at a small Distance	
Addressed to a young Man of Fortune	303	from my House	357
Tell's Birth-place	304	The Glow-Worm	357
Human Life	304	Incident	358
An Ode to the Rain	304	Tribute to the Memory of a Dog .	358
The Visit of the Gods	305	Fidelity	359
America to Great Britain	305	Ode to Duty	359
The Pains of Sleep	306	Simon Lee, the old Huntsman	360
The Destiny of Nations	306	The Farmer of Tilsbury-vale	361
Extracts from Christabel		Inscription	362
Notes	312	The Poet's Life	363
WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.		The Force of Prayer	363
		Intimations of Immortality	364
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:		Thanksgiving's Ode	366
Foresight	313	Lines written in early Spring	370
Characteristics of a Child	313	Composed in recollection of the Expe-	270
We are Seven	313	dition of the French into Russia .	370
To H. C.	314	Elegiae Stanzas	371
The blind Highland-boy	314	Lines composed at Grasmere	371
The Horn of Egremont-Castle	317	On the longest Day	372
The seven Sisters	318	Lament of Mary Queen of Scots .	373
Sketches taken during a pedestrian	318	Song for the Spinning-wheel	373
Tour in the Alps	322	September 1819	373
Ellen Irwin		To my Daughter	374
Pains of Love	322	River Duddon, XXXIII Sonnets .	375
A Complaint	292	Miscellaneous Sonnets	380
Park.	323	Inscription in a Hermit's Cell	386
Ruth	325	Epitaphs translated from Chiabrera	
Laodamia		Extracts from the Excursion	388
Hart-Leap-Well	328	DATE OF THE PARTIES	900
Rob Roy's Grave		SAMUEL ROGERS.	
Address to the Sons of Burns	332	PLEASURES OF MEMORY	389
To a Highland-girl	332	Notes	397
Michael	333	MISCELLANEOUS POEMS:	00.
To the Daisy	338	An Epistle to a Friend	398
To the small Celandine	340	Verses written to be spoken by Mrs.	900
The wandering Jew's Song	341	Siddons	400
Address to my Infant Daughter	841	To an old Oak	401
The Kitten and the falling Leaves .	342	On a Tear	
To the Cuckoo	343	To the Gnat	
Yew-trees	343	A Wish	402
View from the Top of Black Comb	344	Written in Westminster-abbey	402
Nutting	344		200
The perfect Woman	344	THOMAS CAMPBELL.	
Nature's Favourite	345	PLEASURES OF HOPE	
Goody Blake and Harry Gill	345	GERTRUDE OF WYOMING	414
Elementary Feeling	346	TREODRIC; A DOMESTIC TALE	424
Power of Music	347	MISCRLLANEOUS POEMS:	
Glen-Almain, or the Narrow Glen .	347	Lochiel's Warning	430
The solitary Resper	348	Ye Mariners of England	432
Yarrow unvisited	348	Hohenlinden	432
Yarrow visited	849	Lord Ullin's Daughter	
Song at the Feast of Brougham-	223	Ode to Winter	433
Castle		Lines on the Grave of a Suicide	434
French Revolution	351	Lines written on visiting a Scene in	133
Lines composed a few Miles above	444	Argyllshire	434
Tintern Abbey	352	O'Connor's Child	434
Lines left upon a Seat in a Yew-	-	Ode to the Memory of Burns	437
tree	353	To the Rainbow	437
A Poet's Epitaph	354	The last Man	438
Character of the Happy Warrior .	354	To the Evening-star	439
Expostulation and Reply	355	Song	439
The Tables turned	356	Absence	439
To the Spade of a Friend	356	Notes	439

XX CON	TENTS.
THE DEATH OF ACIS	Hester
MISCELLANEOUS POETRY FROM VARIOUS AUTHORS.	Columbus' first View of America . 766 Fisherman's Song 766 Song from the Heacon
WILLIAM GIFFORD.  To a Tuft of early Violets	Pan
JOHN CLARE.  What is Life	HENRY KIRKE WHITE.  To the Herb Rosemary
Sonnets	GEORGE CANNING.  New Morality
Lines written among the Euganean Hills	Elijah's Mantle
Ode to the West-wind 75	9 ANONYMOUS.

LEIGH HUNT.

# GEORGE CRABBE

#### TALES OF THE HALL.

#### PREFACE.

Ir I did not fear that it would appear to may again be elevated or depressed by the my renders like arrogancy, or if it did not suggestions of vanity and diffidence, and may be again subject to the cold and hot lumes of considerable magnitude from the press without preface or apology, without one petition for the reader's attention, or one plea for the writer's defects, I would most willingly spare myself an address of this kind, and more especially for these reasons: first, because a preface is a part of a book seldom honoured by a reader's perusal; secondly, because it is both diffi-cult and distressing to write that which we think will be disregarded; and thirdly, because I do not conceive that I am called upon for such introductory matter by any of the motives which usually influence an author when he composes his prefatory

When a writer, whether of poetry or prese, first addresses the public, he has generally something to offer which relates to himself or to his work, and which he considers as a necessary prelude to the work itself, to prepare his renders for the entertainment or the instruction they may expect to receive; for one of these every man who publishes must suppose he af-fords—this the act itself implies; and in proportion to his conviction of this fact must be his feeling of the difficulty in which he has placed himself: the difficulty tion of the undertaking, whether to please or to instruct mankind, with the diffidence and modesty of an untried candidate for fame or favour. Hence originate the many reasons an author assigns for his appearance in that character, whether they actually exist, or are merely offered to hide the motives which cannot be openly avowed; namely, the want or the vanity of the man, as his wishes for profit or repu-tation may most prevail with him. Now, reasons of this kind, whatever they

may be, cannot be availing beyond their

fit of aguish expectation; but he is no more a stranger to the press, nor has the motives or privileges of one who is. With respect to myself, it is certain they belong not to me. Many years have clapsed since I became a candidate for indulgence as an inexperienced writer; and to assume the language of such a writer now, and to plead for his indulgences, would be proof of my ignorance of the place assigned to me, and the degree of favour which I have experienced; but of that place I am not unin-formed, and with that degree of favour I have no reason to be dissatisfied.

It was the remark of the pions, but on some occasions the querulous author of the Night Thoughts, that he had "been so long remembered, he was forgotten;" an expression in which there is more appearance of discontent than of submission: if he had patience, it was not the patience that smiles at grief. It is not therefore entirely in the sense of the good Doctor that I apply these words to myself, or to my more early publications. So many years indeed have passed since their first appearance, that I have no reason to complain, on that account, if they be now slumbering with other poems of decent reputation in their day—not dead indeed, nor entirely forgotten, but certainly not the subjects of discussion or conversation as when first introduced to the notice of the public, by those whom the public will not forget, whose protection was credit to their author, and whose approbation was fame to them. Still these early public-ations had so long preceded any other, that, if not altogether unknown, I was, when I came again before the public, in a situa-tion which excused, and perhaps rendered necessary some explanation; but this also has passed away, and none of my readers will now take the trouble of making any first appearance. An author, it is true, will now take the trouble of making any may again feel his former apprehensions, inquiries respecting my motives for writing

or for publishing these Tales or verses of any description: known to each other as readers and authors are known, they will require no preface to bespeak their good will, nor shall I be under the necessity of soliciting the kindness which experience has taught me, endeavouring to merit, I shall not fail to receive.

There is one motive-and it is a powerful one-which sometimes induces an author, and more particularly a poet, to ask the attention of his readers to his prefa-tory address. This is when he has some favourite and peculiar style or manner which he would explain and defend, and chiefly if he should have adopted a mode of versification of which an uninitiated reader was not likely to perceive either the merit or the beauty. In such case it is natural, and surely pardonable, to assert and to prove, as far as reason will bear us on, that such method of writing has both; to show in what the beauty consists, and what peculiar difficulty there is, which, when conquered, creates the merit. How far any particular poet has or has not succeeded in such attempt is not my business nor my purpose to inquire. I have no peculiar notion to defend, no poetical heterodoxy to support, nor theory of any kind to vindicate or oppose-that which I have used is probably the most common measure in our language; and therefore, whatever be its advantages or defects, they are too well known to require from me a description of the one, or an apology for the other.

Perhaps still more frequent than any explanation of the work is an account of the author himself, the situation in which he is placed, or some circumstances of peculiar kind in his life, education, or employment. How often has youth been pleaded for deficiencies or redundancies, for the existence of which youth may be an excuse, and yet be none for their exposure. Age too has been pleaded for the errors and failings in a work which the octogenarian had the discernment to perceive, and yet had not the fortitude to suppress. Many other circumstances are made apologies for a writer's infirmities; his much employment and many avocations, adversity, necessity, and the good of mankind. These, or any of them, however availing in themselves, avail not me. I am neither so young nor so old, so much engaged by one pursuit, or by many,-I am not so urged by want, or so stimulated by a desire of public benefit,-that I can borrow one apology from the many which I have named. How far they prevail with our readers, or with our judges, I cannot tell; and it is unnecessary for me to inquire into the validity of arguments which I have not to produce.

If there be any combination of circumstances which may be supposed to affect the mind of a reader, and in some degree to influence his judgment, the junction of youth, beauty, and merit in a female writer may be allowed to do this; and yet one of the most forbidding of titles is 'Poems by a very young Lady,' and this although beauty and merit were largely insinuated. Ladies, it is true, have of late little need of any indulgence as authors, and names may readily be found which rather excite the envy of man than plead for his lenity. Our estimation of title also in a writer has materially varied from that of our prede-cessors: 'Poems by a Nobleman' would create a very different sensation in our minds from that which was formerly excited when they were so announced. A noble author had then no pretensions to a seat so secure on the 'sacred hill,' that authors not noble, and critics not gentle, dared not attack; and they delighted to take revenge by their contempt and derision of the poet. for the pain which their submission and respect to the man had cost them. But in our times we find that a nobleman writes, not merely as well, but better than other men; insomuch that readers in general begin to fancy that the Muses have relinquished their old partiality for rags and a garret, and are become altogether aristocratical in their choice A conceit so well supported by fact would be readily admitted, did it not appear at the same time, that there were in the higher ranks of society men, who could write as tamely, or as absurdly, as they had ever been accused of doing. We may, therefore, regard the works of any noble author as extraordinary productions, but must not found any theory upon them, and, notwithstanding their appearance, must look on genius and talent as we are wont to do on time and chance, that happen indifferently to all mankind.

But whatever influence any peculiar situation of a writer might have, it cannot be a benefit to me, who have no such peculiarity. I must rely upon the willingness of my readers to be pleased with that which was designed to give them pleasure, and upon the cordiality which naturally springs from a remembrance of our having before parted without any feelings of disgust on the one side, or of mortification on the other.

With this hope I would conclude the present subject; but I am called upon by duty to acknowledge my obligations, and more especially for two of the following Tales:-The Story of Lady Barbara, in Book XVI. and that of Ellen in Book XVIII. The first of these I owe to the kindness of a fair friend, who will, I hope, accept the thanks which I very gratefully pay, and pardon me if I have not given to her respectable by making its possessors ridirelation the advantages which she had so much reason to expect. The other story, that of Ellen, could I give it in the lan-guage of him who related it to me, would the association. Man's hearf is sufficiently please and affect my readers. It is by no means my only debt, though the one I now more particularly acknowledge; for who shall describe all that he gains in the social, the unrestrained, and the frequent conversations with a friend, who is at once communicative and judicious?-whose opinions, on all subjects of literary kind, are founded on good taste, and exquisite feeling? It is one of the greatest 'pleasures of my memory' to recal in absence those conversations; and if I do not in direct terms mention with whom I conversed, it is both because I have no permission, and my readers will have no

The first intention of the poet must be to please; for, if he means to instruct, he must render the instruction which he hopes to convey palatable and pleasant. I will not assume the tone of a moralist, nor promise that my relations shall be benefinot unsuccessfully I trust, that, in whatsoever I have related or described, there should be nothing introduced which has a tendency to excuse the vices of man, by associating with them sentiments that demand our respect, and talents that compel our admiration. There is nothing in these pages which has the mischievous effect of confounding truth and error, or confusing our ideas of right and wrong. I know not which is most injurious to the yielding minds of the young, to render virtue less not a wreck behind.'

culous, or by describing vice with so many fascinating qualities, that it is either prone to make excuse for man's infirmity; and needs not the aid of poetry, or eloquence, to take from vice its native deformity. A character may be respectable with all its faults, but it must not be made respectable by them. It is grievous when genius will condescend to place strong and evil spirits in a commanding view, or excite our pity and admiration for men of talents, degraded by crime, when struggling with misfortune. It is but too true that great and wicked men may be so presented to us as to demand our applause, when they should excite our abhorrence; but it is surely for the interest of mankind, and our own self-direction, that we should ever keep at unapproachable distance our respect and our reproach.

I have one observation more to offer. It may appear to some that a minister of religion, in the decline of life, should have no leisure for such amusements as these; and for them I have no reply ;- but to those who are more indulgent to the propensities, the studies, and the habits of mankind, I offer some apology when I produce these volumes, not as the occupations of my life, but the fruits of my leisure, the employment of that time which, if not given to them, had passed in the vacuity of unrecorded idleness; or had been lost in the indulgence of unregistered thoughts and fancies, that melt away in the instant they are conceived, and 'leace

### BOOKL

#### THE HALL

The Brothers met who many a year had past

Since their last meeting, and that seem'd their last;

They had no parent then or common friend Who might their hearts to mutual kindness bend:

Wha, touching both in their divided state, Might generous thoughts and warm desires create:

For there are minds whom we must first excite

And urge to feeling, ere they can unite; As we may hard and stubborn metals beat Aml blend together, if we duly heat.

The elder, George, had past his threescore

Years, A busy actor, sway'd by hopes and fears Of powerful kind; and he had fill'd the

That try our strength and agitate our hearts.

He married not, and yet he well approved The social state; but then he rashly loved; Gave to a strong delusion all his youth, Led by a vision till alarm'd by truth:

That vision past, and of that truth possest, His passions wearied and disposed to rest, George yet had will and power a place to

choose. Where Hope might sleep, and terminate lier views.

He chose his native village, and the hill-He elimb'd a boy had its attraction still; With that small brook beneath, where he | On which the names of wanton boys appear, would stand,

And stooping fill the hollow of his hand To quench th' impatient thirst-then stop awhile

To see the sun upon the waters smile, In that sweet weariness, when, long denied, We drink and view the fountain that supplied The sparkling bliss-and feel, if not express, Our perfect case in that sweet weariness The oaks yet flourish'd in that fertile

Where still the church with lofty tower was found;

And still that Hall, a first, a favourite view, But not the elms that form'd its avenue; They fell ere George arrived, or yet had stood,

For he in reverence held the living wood, That widely spreads in earth the deepening root,

And lifts to heaven the still aspiring shoot; From age to age they fill'd a growing space, But hid the mansion they were meant to grace.

It was an ancient, venerable Hall, And once surrounded by a moat and wall; A part was added by a squire of taste, Who, while unvalued acres ran to waste Made spacious rooms, whence he could look about.

And mark improvements as they rose without. He fill'd the moat, he took the wall away, He thinn'd the park, and bade the view be gay; The scene was rich, but he who should behold

Its worth was poor, and so the whole was sold.

Just then our merchant from his desk retired,

And made the purchase that his heart desired: The Hall of Binning, his delight a boy That gave his fancy in her flight employ; Here, from his father's modest home, he Their minds by sorrows, by misfortunes

gazed, Its grandeur charm'd him, and its height amazed:

Work of past ages; and the brick-built place Where he resided was in much disgrace; But never in his fancy's proudest dream Did he the master of that mansion seem: Young was he then, and little did he know What years on care and diligence bestow; Now young no more, retired to views well

known, He finds that object of his awe his own; gloom

That sun-excluding window gives the room; Those broad brown stairs on which he loves to tread;

Those beams within; without, that length of lead,

Who died old men, and left memorials here, Carvings of feet and hands, and knots and flowers,

The fruits of busy minds in idle hours. Here, while our squire the modern part possess'd.

His partial eye upon the old would rest; That best his comforts gave—this sooth'd his feelings best.

Here day by day, withdrawn from busy life, No child t' awake him, to engage no wife, When friends were absent, not to books inclined,

He found a sadness steal upon his mind; Sighing, the works of former lords to see "I follow them," he cried, "but who will follow me?"

Some ancient men whom he a boy had known

He knew again, their changes were his own; Comparing now he view'd them, and he felt That time with him in lenient mood had dealt;

While some the half-distinguish'd features bore

That he was doubtful if he saw before, And some in memory lived, whom he must see no more.

Here George had found, yet scarcely hoped

Companions meet, minds fitted to his mind; Here, late and loth, the worthy rector came, From College-Dinners and a Fellow's fame; Yet, here when fix'd, was happy to behold So near a neighbour in a friend so old: Boys on one form they parted, now to meet In equal state, their worships on one seat. Here were a sister-pair, who seem'd to live With more respect than affluence can give; Although not affluent, they, by nature graced.

Had sense and virtue, dignity and taste;

Were vex'd and heal'd, were pain'd and purified.

Hither a sage physician came, and plann'd, With books his guides, improvements on his land;

Nor less to mind than matter would be give His noble thoughts, to know how spirits live, And what is spirit; him his friends advised To think with fear, but caution he despised, And hints of fear provoked him till he dared Beyond himself, nor bold assertion spared, The Hall at Binning!-how he loves the But fiercely spoke, like those who strongly feel.

> "Priests and their craft, enthusiasts and their zeal."

> More yet appear'd, of whom as we proceed-Ah! yield not yet to languor-you shall

But ere the events that from this meeting | So thought our squire, nor wish'd the rose,

Re they of pain or pleasure, we disclose, It is of custom, doubtless is of use, That we our heroes first should introduce. Come, then, fair Truth! and let me clearly see The minds I paint, as they are seen in thee; To me their merits and their faults impart; Give me to say, "frail being! such thou art!" And closely let me view the naked human That suits with all, like atmospheric air; heart.

George loved to think; but as he late began To muse on all the grander thoughts of man, He took a solemn and a serious view Of his religion, and he found it true; Firmly, yet meekly, he his mind applied To this great subject, and was satisfied. He then proceeded, not so much intent, But still in earnest, and to church he went: Although they found some difference in their creed,

He and his paster cordially agreed; Convinced that they who would the truth obtain

By disputation, find their efforts vain; The church he view'd as liberal minds will view.

And there he fix'd his principles and pew. He saw, he thought he saw, how Weakness, Pride.

And Habit, draw seceding crowds aside: Weakness that loves on trifling points to

dwell. Pride that at first from Heaven's own wor-

ship fell, And Habit, going where it went before, Or to the Meeting or the Tavern-Door ..

George loved the cause of freedom, but reproved

All who with wild and boyish ardour loved; Those who believed they never could be free.

Except when fighting for their liberty; Who by their very clamour and complaint Invite coercion or inforce restraint: He thought a trust so great, so good a cause, Was only to be kept by guarding laws; For public blessings firmly to secure, We must a lessening of the good endure. The public waters are to none denied, All drink the stream, but only few must

guide; There must be reservoirs to hold supply, And channels form'd to send the blessing by ; The public good must be a private care, None all they would may have, but all a share:

So we must freedom with restraint enjoy, What crowds possess they will, uncheck'd, destroy;

And hence, that freedom may to all be dealt, Guards must be fix'd, and safety must be felt.

guards t' appear So strong, that safety might be bought too dear;

The Constitution was the ark that he Join'd to support with zeal and sanctity, Nor would expose it, as th' accursed son His father's weakness, to be gazed upon-I for that Freedom make, said he, my prayer, That is to mortal man by heaven assign'd, Who cannot bear a pure and perfect kind: The lighter gas, that, taken in the frame, The spirit heats, and sets the blood in flame, Such is the freedom which when men approve,

They know not what a dangerous thing they love.

George chose the company of men of sense, But could with wit in moderate share dispense :

He wish'd in social case his friends to meet, When still he thought the female accent sweet;

Well from the ancient, better from the voung.

He loved the lispings of the mother-tongue.

He ate and drank, as much as men who think Of life's best pleasures ought to eat or drink :

Men purely temperate might have taken less, But still he loved indulgence, not excess; Nor would alone the grants of Fortune taste, But shared the wealth he judged it crime to waste,

And thus obtain'd the sure reward of care; For none can spend like him who learns to spare.

Time, thought, and trouble made the man appear-

By nature shrewd-sarcastic and severe; Still he was one whom those who fully knew Esteem'd and trusted, one correct and true; All on his word with surety might depend, Kind as a man, and faithful as a friend: But him the many know not, knew not cause In their new squire for censure or applause; Ask them: Who dwelt within that lofty wall?

And they would say, the gentleman was tall; Look'd old when follow'd, but alert when met, And had some vigour in his movements yet; He stoops, but not as one infirm; and wears Dress that becomes his station and his years.

Such was the man who from the world return'd,

Nor friend nor foe; he prized it not, nor spurn'd;

But came and sat him in his village down, Safe from its smile, and careless of its frown; He, fairly looking into life's account, Saw frowns and favours were of like amount; And viewing all—his perils, prospects, purse, He said: Content! 'tis well it is no worse.

Through ways more rough had fortune Richard led,

The world he traversed was the book he read;

Hence clashing notions and opinions strange Lodged in his mind; all liable to change. By nature generous, open, daring, free, The vice he hated was hypocrisy:
Religious notions, in her latter years, His mother gave, admonish'd by her fears; To these he added, as he chanced to read A pious work or learn a christian creed: He heard the preacher by the highway-side, The church's teacher, and the meeting's guide;

And mixing all their matters in his brain, Distill'd a something he could ill explain; But still it served him for his daily use, And kept his lively passions from abuse; For he believed, and held in reverence high. The truth so dear to man—not all shall die. The minor portions of his creed hung loose, For time to shapen and an whole produce; This love effected and a favourite maid, With clearer views, his honest flame repaid; Hers was the thought correct, the hope sublime,

She shaped his creed, and did the work of

He spake of freedom as a nation's cause, And loved, like George, our liberty and laws; But had more youthful ardour to be free, And stronger fears for injured liberty: With him, on various questions that arose, The monarch's servants were the people's

And though he fought with all a Briton's zeal,

He felt for France as Freedom's children feel; Went far with her in what she thought reform.

And hail'd the revolutionary storm; Yet would not here, where there was least to win,

And most to lose, the doubtful work begin; But look'd on change with some religious fear,

And cried, with filial dread: Ah! come not here.

His friends he did not as the thoughtful choose,

Long to deliberate was, he judged, to lose: Frankly he join'd the free, nor suffered pride Or doubt to part them, whom their fate allied:

But came and sat him in his village down, Men with such minds at once each other aid, Safe from its smile, and careless of its frown; Frankness, they cry, with frankness is He, fairly looking into life's account, repaid;

If honest, why suspect? if poor, of what afraid?

Wealth's timid votaries may with caution move,

Be it our wisdom to confide and love!

So pleasures came, (not purchased first or plann'd)

But the chance-pleasures that the poor command;

They came but seldom, they remain'd not long,

Nor gave him time to question, are they wrong?

These he enjoy'd, and left to aftertime To judge the folly or decide the crime; Sure had he been, he had perhaps been pure From this reproach—but Richard was not

Yet from the sordid vice, the mean, the base, He stood aloof—death frown'd not like disgrace.

With handsome figure, and with manly air, He pleased the sex, who all to him were fair;

With filial love he look'd on forms decay'd, And Admiration's debt to Beauty paid; On sea or land, wherever Richard went, He felt affection, and he found content; There was in him a strong presiding hope In Fortune's tempests, and it bore him up: But when that mystic vine his mansion graced,

When numerous branches round his board were placed,

When sighs of apprehensive love were heard, Then first the spirit of the hero fear'd; Then he reflected on the father's part, And all an husband's sorrow touch'd his heart;

Then thought he: Who will their assist-

And be the children's guide, the parent's friend?

Who shall their guardian, their protector be? I have a brother—Well!—and so has he.

And now they met: a message-kind, 'tis true,

But verbal only—ask'd an interview; And many a mile, perplex'd by doubt und fear.

Had Richard past, unwilling to appear— How shall I now my unknown way explore, He proud and rich—I very proud and poor? Perhaps my friend a dubious speech mistook, And George may meet me with a stranger's look:

Then to my home when I return again, How shall I bear this business to explain, ell of hopes raised high, and feelings hurt, in vain? stands the case? My brother's friend and mine

t an inn, and sat them down to dine: having settled all their own affairs, kindly canvass'd such as were not theirs.

s my friend was going to retire,

you will see the brother of our
squire.

squire, his companion; be his friend, and tell captain that his brother loves him well,

then he has no better thing in view, be rejoiced to see him—now, adieu!

here I am; and, Brother, take you heed,

not come to flatter you and feed; hall no soother, fawner, hearer find, not brush your coat, nor smooth

your mind; not hear your tales the whole day

long, wear you're right if I believe you

wrong:
e a witness of the facts you state,
s my own adopt your love or hate:
not earn my dinner when I dine,
king all your sentiments for mine;
atch the guiding motions of your eye,
I venture questions or reply;
hen you speak affect an awe profound,
g my voice, as if I fear'd the sound;
o your looks obediently attend,
our, the humble, the dependant friend:
on of that dear mother could I meet—
o! the mansion—'tis a fine old seat!

trothers met, with both too much at heart.

er, I'm glad, was all that George could say,

stretch'd his hand, and turn'd his head away;

e in tender tears had no delight, corn'd the thought, and ridiculed the sight;

ow with pleasure, though with some surprise,

t his heart o'erflowing at his eyes.
rd, mean time, made some attempts to

speak,
in his purpose, in his trial weak;
noot nature by our wishes rule,
t our will her warm emotions cool;—
gth affection, like a risen tide,
still, and then seem'd slowly to subside;
on the other's look had power to
dwell.

rother Brother greeted passing well.

## BOOK II.

#### THE BROTHERS.

Ar length the Brothers met, no longer tried By those strong feelings that in time subside; Not fluent yet their language, but the eye And action spoke both question and reply; Till the heart rested, and could calmly feel, Till the shook compass felt the settling steel; Till playful smiles on graver converse broke, And either speaker less abruptly spoke: Still was there ofttimes silence, silence blest, Expressive, thoughtful—their emotions' rest; Pauses that came not from a want of thought, But want of case, by wearied passion sought; For souls, when hurried by such powerful force,

Rest, and retrace the pleasure of the course.

They differ'd much; yet might observers

Likeness of features both in mind and face; Pride they possess'd, that neither strove to hide,

But not offensive, not obtrusive pride: Unlike had been their life, unlike the fruits Of different tempers, studies, and pursuits; Nay, in such varying scenes the men had moved.

Twas passing strange that aught alike they loved:

But all distinction now was thrown apart, While these strong feelings ruled in either heart.

As various colours in a painted ball, While it has rest, are seen distinctly all; Till, whirl'd around by some exterior force, They all are blended in the rapid course: So in repose, and not by passion sway'd, We saw the difference by their habits made; But, tried by strong emotions, they became Fill'd with one love, and were in heart the

Joy to the face its own expression sent, And gave a likeness in the looks it lent.

All now was sober certainty; the joy
That no strong passions swell till they
destroy:

For they, like wine, our pleasures raise so high,

That they subdue our strength, and then they die.

George in his brother felt a growing pride, He wonder'd who that fertile mind supplied— Where could the wanderer gather on his road Knowledge so various? how the mind this food?

No College train'd him, guideless through his life,

Without a friend-not so! he has a wife.

Ah! had I married, I might now have seen But when to either we our souls devote, My—No! it never, never could have been:

That long enchantment, that pernicious George to a school of higher class was sen But he was ever grieving that he went:

True, I recover'd, but alas! too late— And here is Richard, poor indeed—but—nay! This is self-torment—foolish thoughts, away!

Ease leads to habit, as success to ease, He lives by rule who lives himself to please; For change is trouble, and a man of wealth Consults his quiet as he guards his health; And habit now on George had sovereign power,

His actions all had their accustom'd hour: At the fix'd time he slept, he walk'd, he read, Or sought his grounds, his gruel, and his bed; For every season he with caution dress'd, And morn and eve had the appropriate vest; He talk'd of early mists, and night's cold air, And in one spot was fix'd his worship's chair. But not a custom yet on Richard's mind Had force, or him to certain modes confined; To him no joy such frequent visits paid, That habit by its beaten track was made: He was not one who at his ease could say, We'll live to-morrow as we lived to-day; But he and his were as the rayens fed, As the day came it brought the daily bread.

George, born to fortune, though of moderate kind,

Was not in haste his road through life to find: His father early lost, his mother tried To live without him, liked it not, and—sigh'd, When, for her widow'd hand, an amorous youth applied:

She still was young, and felt that she could share

A lover's passion, and an husband's care; Yet past twelve years before her son was told.

To his surprise, "your father you behold."
But he beheld not with his mother's eye
The new relation, and would not comply;
But all obedience, all connexion spurn'd,
And fled their home, where he no more
return'd.

His father's brother was a man whose mind Was to his business and his bank confined; His guardian care the captious nephew sought,

And was received, caress'd, advised, and taught.

"That Irish beggar, whom your mother took, Does you this good, he sends you to your book;

Yet love not books beyond their proper worth,

But when they fit you for the world, go forth:

They are like beauties, and may blessings prove,
When we with caution study them, or love;

But when to either we our souls devote, We grow unfitted for that world, and dote." George to a school of higher class was sent, But he was ever grieving that he went: A still, retiring, musing, dreaming boy, He relish'd not their sudden bursts of joy; Nor the tumultuous pleasures of a rude, A noisy, careless, fearless multitude: He had his own delights, as one who flies From every pleasure that a crowd supplies: Thrice he return'd, but then was weary

And was indulged with studies of his own. Still could the Rector and his Friend relate The small adventures of that distant date; And Richard listen'd as they spake of time Past in that world of misery and crime. Freed from his school, a priest of gentle kind The uncle found to guide the nephew's mind; Pleased with his teacher, George so long remain'd.

The mind was weaken'd by the store it gain'd.

His guardian uncle, then on foreign ground, No time to think of his improvements found; Nor had the nephew, now to manhood grown,

Talents or taste for trade or commerce shown, But shunn'd a world of which he little knew, Nor of that little did he like the view.

His mother chose, nor I the choice upbraid, An Irish soldier of an house decay'd, And passing poor, but precious in her eyes As she in his; they both obtain'd a prize. To do the captain justice, she might share What of her jointure his affairs could spare: Irish he was in his profusion—true, But he was Irish in affection too; And though he spent her wealth and made

her grieve, He always said "my dear," and "with your

leave."
Him she survived: she saw his boy pos-

Of manly spirit, and then sank to rest.

Her sons thus left, some legal cause required

That they should meet, but neither this desired:

George, a recluse, with mind engaged, was

Who did no business, with whom none was

Whose heart, engross'd by its peculiar care, Shared no one's counsel—no one his might share.

Richard, a boy, a lively boy, was told Of his half-brother, haughty, stern, and cold; And his boy-folly, or his manly pride, Made him on measures cool and harsh decide: So, when they met, a distant cold salute Was of a long-expected day the fruit; by the business and the brother too: w they met when time had calm'd the mind,

wish'd for kindness, and it made them kind :

e had no wife or child, and was disposed e the man on whom his hope reposed : d had both; and those so well beloved, and father were to kindness moved; aus th' affections check'd, subdued, restrain'd,

in their force, and in their fulness reign'd.

Il now hids to dine : the friendly priest, and shrewd, the day's delight increased: nd abrupt their speeches while they dined.

ere their themes of intellectual kind; inner past, did they to these advance, t the subjects they discuss'd to chance. d, whose boyhood in the place was spent.

nd attention to the speakers lent, ake of men; and, as he heard a name, and actions to his memory came: oo, the scenes he could distinctly trace, he had fought, and there had gain'd a race:

church-walk he had affrighted been, old tower he had a something seen; ime, dismiss'd from school, he upward

ful look, and trembled as he past.

vate tutor Richard's parents sought, keen by hardship, and by trouble taught:

might have sent him -some the counsel gave

cloomy winters of the North to brave, a few pounds would pay for board and bed,

the poor frozen boy was taught and fed;

say he lives, fair, freckled, lank and

d returns shrewd, subtle, close and keen;

all the northern virtues, and the rules to the thrifty in these thriving schools:

had be gone, and borne this trying

chard's mother had a mother's heart.

quire and rector were return'd to school, ke of him who there had sovereign

rules , it seem'd, a tyrant of the sort ake the cries of tortured boys his sport;

at by proxics managed, each withdrew, One of a race, if not extinguish'd, tamed, The flogger now is of the act ashamed; But this great mind all mercy's calls withstood,

This Holofernes was a man of blood. Students, he said, like horses on the road, Must well be lash'd before they take the load; They may be willing for a time to run, But you must whip them ere the work be done :

To tell a boy, that, if he will improve, His friends will praise him, and his parents love,

Is doing nothing-he has not a doubt But they will love him, nay applaud, without : Let no fond sire a boy's ambition trust To make him study, let him see he must. Such his opinion; and to prove it true, At least sincere, it was his practice too: Pluto they call'd him, and they named him

'Twas not an heaven where he was pleased to dwell:

From him a smile was like the Greenland sun,

Surprising, nay portentous, when it shone; Or like the lightning, for the sudden flash Prepared the children for the thunder's crash.

O! had Narcissa, when she fondly kiss'd The weeping boy whom she to school dismiss'd,

Had she beheld him shrinking from the arm Uplifted high to do the greater harm, Then seen her darling stript, and that pure white,

And-O! her soul had fainted at the sight; And with those looks that love could not withstand.

She would have cried: Barbarian, hold thy hand!

In vain! no grief to this stern soul could speak,

No iron-tear roll down this Pluto's cheek.

Thus far they went, half carnest, half in jest, Then turn'd to themes of deeper interest; While Richard's mind, that for awhile had stray'd,

Call'd home its powers, and due attention paid.

## BOOK III.

#### BOYS AT SCHOOL

WE name the world a school, for day by day We something learn, till we are call'd away; The school we name a world,-for vice and pain,

Frand and contention, there begin to reign;

And much, in fact, this lesser world can show | This was his logic, and his arm so strong, Of grief and crime that in the greater grow. You saw, said George, in that still-hated school

How the meek suffer, how the haughty rule; There soft, ingenuous, gentle minds endure Ills that ease, time, and friendship fail to cure: There the best hearts, and those, who shrink from sin.

Find some seducing imp to draw them in; Who takes infernal pleasure to impart The strongest poison to the purest heart. Call to your mind this scene-Yon boy behold: How hot the vengeance of a heart so cold! See how he beats, whom he had just reviled And made rebellious-that imploring child: How fierce his eye, how merciless his blows, And how his anger on his insult grows; You saw this Hector and his patient slave, Th' insulting speech, the cruel blows he gave. Mix'd with mankind, his interest in his sight, We found this Nimrod civil and polite, There was no triumph in his manner seen, He was so humble you might think him

Those angry passions slept till he attain'd His purposed wealth, and waked when that was gain'd;

He then resumed the native wrath and pride, The more indulged, as longer laid aside; Wife, children, servants, all obedience pay, The slaves at school no greater slaves than they.

No more dependant, he resumes the rein, And shows the schoolboy-turbulence again. Were I a poet, I would say, he brings To recollection some impetuous springs; See! one that issues from its humble source, To gain new powers, and run its noisy course; Frothy and fierce among the rocks it goes, And threatens all that bound it or oppose: Till wider grown, and finding large increase, Though bounded still, it moves along in

And as its waters to the ocean glide, They bear a busy people on its tide; But there arrived, and from its channel free, Those swelling waters meet the mighty sea; With threat'ning force the new-form'd billows swell,

And now affright the crowd they bore so well.

Yet, said the Rector, all these early signs Of vice are lost, and vice itself declines; Religion counsels, troubles, sorrows rise, And the vile spirit in the conflict dies. Sir Hector Blane, the champion of the school, Was very blockhead, but was form'd for rule: Learn he could not; he said he could not learn.

But he profess'd it gave him no concern: Books were his horror, dinner his delight. And his amusement to shake hands and fight; Argue he could not, but in case of doubt, Or disputation, fairly box'd it out:

His cause prevail'd, and he was never wrong; But so obtuse-you must have seen his look.

Desponding, angry, puzzled o'er his book. Can you not see him on the morn that proved

His skill in figures? Pluto's self was moved-Come, six times five? th' impatient teacher eried;

In vain, the pupil shut his eyes, and sigh'd. Try, six times count your fingers; how he stands!

Your fingers, idiot!-What, of both my hands?

With parts like these his father felt assured, In busy times, a ship might be procured; He too was pleased to be so early freed, He now could light, and he in time might read. So he has fought, and in his country's cause Has gain'd him glory, and our hearts' applause.

No more the blustering boy a school defies, We see the hero from the tyrant rise, And in the captain's worth the student's dulness dies.

Be all allow'd; replied the Squire, I give Praise to his actions; may their glory live! Nay, I will hear him in his riper age Fight his good ship, and with the foe engage; Nor will I quit him when the cowards fly, Although, like them, I dread his energy. But still, my friend, that ancient spirit reigns, His powers support the credit of his brains, Insisting ever that he must be right, And for his reasons still prepared to fight. Let him a judge of England's prowess be, And all her floating terrors on the sea; But this contents not, this is not denied, He claims a right on all things to decide; A kind of patent-wisdom, and he cries, 'Tis so! and bold the hero that denies. Thus the boy-spirit still the bosom rules, And the world's maxims were at first the school's.

No doubt, said Jacques, there are in minds the seeds Of good and ill, the virtues and the weeds; But is it not of study the intent This growth of evil nature to prevent? To check the progress of each idle shoot That might retard the ripening of the fruit?

Our purpose certain! and we much effect, We something cure, and something we correct;

But do your utmost, when the man you see, You find him what you saw the boy would be, Disguised a little; but we still behold What pleased and what offended us of old. Years from the mind no native stain remove, But lay the varnish of the world above.

when he can, he loves to step aside the boy, without a check or guide; old wanderings he with pleasure strays, assumes the bliss of earlier days.

at school the boy with pensive look, some great patron order'd to his book, from his mother's cot reluctant came, rave my Lord, for this compassion, fame;

told of all his patron's merit, sigh'd, a not why, in sorrow or in pride; ould, with vex'd and troubled spirit,

ot happy; let your envy die.

ft I with you; who, perhaps, can tell
tame blest him, or what fate befell:
remember how the idlers ran
the carriage of the godlike man,
pride restrain'd me; yet I thought
the deed

oble, too, and how did it succeed?

s unswer'd not till he had backward

as he sigh'd, he smiled;—from folly

miles, and misery will create such sighs.

chard now from his abstraction broke, ng attentive as the Rector spoke.

oble lord was one disposed to try eigh the worth of each new luxury: at a certain time, in pleasant mood, ed the luxury of doing good; is he chose a widow's handsome boy, he would first improve, and then

employ.

y was gentle, modest, civil, kind,

at for bustling through the world

design'd;
ed in manner, with a little gloom,
retire, but never to assume;
'd of pride that he could not subdue,
gh he kept his origin in view.
ent my Lord to school, and this became
ne for praise, and gave his Lordship

fame; hen the boy was told how great his debt,

andly ask'd, is it contracted yet? are he studied, and with some success; ience great, but his acquirements less; hen he heard that Charles would not

excel, ordship answer'd, with a smile, 'tis well;

n proceed, and do the best he can, no pedant, but a useful man. The speech was heard, and praise was amply dealt.

His Lordship felt it, and he said he felt— It is delightful, he observed, to raise And foster merit,—it is more than praise. Five years at school th' industrious boy had

And what, was whisper'd, will be done at last?

My Lord was troubled, for he did not mean To have his bounty watch'd and overseen; Bounty that sleeps when men applaud no more

The generous act that waked their praise before;

The deed was pleasant while the praise was new.

But none the progress would with wonder , view:

It was a debt contracted; he who pays

A debt is just, but must not look for praise:
The deed that once had fame must still
proceed,

Though fame no more proclaims, how great the deed!

The boy is taken from his mother's side, And he who took him must be now his guide.

But this, alas! instead of bringing fame, A tax, a trouble, to my Lord became.

"The boy is dull, you say,-why then by trade,

By law, by physic, nothing can be made; If a small living—mine are bots, too large, And then the College is a cursed charge: The sea is open; should be there display Signs of dislike, he cannot run away."

Now Charles, who acted no heroic part,
And felt no seaman's glory warm his heart,
Refused the offer—anger touch'd my Lord.
"He does not like it—Good, upon my word—
If I at College place him, he will need
Supplies for ever, and will not succeed;
Doubtless in me 'tis duty to provide
Not for his comfort only, but his pride—
Let him to sea!"—He heard the words again,
With promise join'd—with threat'ning; all
in vain:

Charles had his own pursuits; for aid to

He had been thankful, and had tried to please; But urged again, as meckly as a saint, He humbly begg'd to stay at home, and paint. "Yes, pay some dauber, that this stubborn fool

May grind his colours, and may boast his school."

As both persisted: Choose, good sir, your way,

The Peer exclaim'd, I have no more to say. I seek your good, but I have no command Upon your will, nor your desire withstand.

Resolved and firm, yet dreading to offend, | I saw him next where he had lately come, Charles pleaded genius with his noble friend: A silent pauper in a crowded room; To their strong wishes without pains to live; Genius! the plea of all who feel desire Of fame, yet grudge the labours that acquire: But say 'tis true; how poor, how late the gain,

And certain ruin if the hope be vain! Then to the world appeal'd my Lord, and cried.

Whatever happens, I am justified. Nay, it was trouble to his soul to find There was such hardness in the human mind: He wash'd his hands before the world, and swore

That he such minds would patronize no more.

Now Charles his bread by daily labours sought.

And this his solace, "so Corregio wrought." Alas, poor youth! however great his name, And humble thine, thy fortune was the same : Charles drew and painted, and some praise obtain'd

For care and pains; but little more was gain'd:

Fame was his hope, and he contempt display'd For approbation, when 'twas coolly paid: His daily tasks he call'd a waste of mind, Vex'd at his fate, and angry with mankind: "Thus have the blind to merit ever done, And Genius mourn'd for each neglected son." Charles murmur'd thus, and angry and alone Half breathed the curse, and half suppress'd the groan;

Then still more sullen grew, and still more proud,

Fame so refused he to himself allow'd, Crowds in contempt he held, and all to him was crowd.

If aught on earth, the youth his mother loved.

And, at her death, to distant scenes removed. Years past away, and where he lived, and how,

Was then unknown-indeed we know not now;

But once at twilight walking up and down, In a poor alley of the mighty town, Where, in her narrow courts and garrets, bide

The grieving sons of Genius, Want, and Pride, I met him musing: sadness I could trace, And conquer'd hope's meck anguish, in his

See him I must: but I with ease address'd, And neither pity nor surprise express'd; I strove both grief and pleasure to restrain, But yet I saw that I was giving pain. He said, with quick'ning pace, as loth to hold A longer converse, that the day was cold, That he was well, that I had scarcely light To aid my steps, and bade me then Good night!

Genius! he cried, the name that triflers give I heard his name, but he conceal'd his face, To his sad mind his misery was disgrace: In vain I strove to combat his disdain Of my compassion-"Sir, I pray refrain;" For I had left my friends and stepp'd aside, Because I fear'd his unrelenting pride. He then was sitting on a workhouse-bed, And on the naked boards reclined his head. Around were children with incessant cry And near was one, like him, about to die; A broken chair's deal bottom held the store That he required-he soon would need no more:

A yellow tea-pot, standing at his side, From its half spout the cold black tea supplied. Hither, it seem'd, the fainting man was brought,

Found without food, -it was no longer sought:

For his employers knew not whom they paid, Nor where to seek him whom they wish'd to aid:

Here brought, some kind attendant he address'd,

And sought some trifles which he yet possess'd;

Then named a lightless closet, in a room Hired at small rate, a garret's deepest gloom: They sought the region, and they brought him all

That he his own, his proper wealth could call: A better coat, less pieced; some linen neat, Not whole; and papers many a valued sheet; Designs and drawings; these, at his desire, Were placed before him at the chamber-fire, And while th' admiring people stood to gaze, He, one by one, committed to the blaze, Smiling in spleen; but one he held awhile, And gave it to the flames, and could not smile.

The sickening man-for such appear'd the fact-

Just in his need, would not a debt contract; But left his poor apartment for the bed That earth might yield him, or some wayside shed;

Here he was found, and to this place convey'd, Where he might rest, and his last debt be paid:

Fame was his wish, but he so far from fame, That no one knew his kindred, or his name, Or by what means he lived, or from what

Poor Charles! unnoticed by thy titled friend, Thy days had calmly past, in peace thine end: Led by thy patron's vanity astray,

Thy own misled thee in thy trackless way, Urging thee on by hope absurd and vain. Where never peace or comfort smiled again.

Once more I saw him, when his spirits fail'd, And my desire to aid him then prevail'd;

He shew'd a softer feeling in his eye, And watch'd my looks, and own'd the sympathy:

Twas now the calm of wearied pride; so long As he had strength was his resentment strong, But in such place, with strangers all around, And they such strangers, to have something found

Allied to his own heart, an early friend, One, only one, who would on him attend, To give and take a look! at this his journey's end;

One link, however slender, of the chain That held him where he could not long remain;

The one sole interest!—No, he could not now Retain his anger; Nature knew not how; And so there came a softness to his mind, And he forgave the usage of mankind. His cold long fingers now were press'd to mine.

And his faint smile of kinder thoughts gave sign;

His lips moved often as he tried to lend His words their sound, and softly whisper'd +friend!'

Not without comfort in the thought express'd By that calm look with which he sank to rest.

The man, said George, you see, through life retain'd

The boy's defects; his virtues too remain'd. But where are now those minds so light and gay,

So forced on study, so intent on play, Swept, by the world's rade blasts, from hope's

dear views away?

Some grieved for long neglect in earlier times,
Some sad from frailties, some lamenting
crimes:

Thinking, with sorrow, on the season lent For noble purpose, and in trifling spent; And now, at last, when they in carnest view The nothings done—what work they find to do!

Where is that virtue that the generous boy Felt, and resolved that nothing should destroy?

He who with noble indignation glow'd When vice had triumph? who his tear bestow'd

On injured merit? he who would possess Power, but to aid the children of distress! Who has such joy in generous actions shown, And so sincere, they might be call'd his own; knight, hero, patriot, martyr! on whose tongue,

And potent arm, a nation's welfare hung; He who to public misery brought relief, And south'd the anguish of domestic grief. Where now this virtue's fervour, spirit, zeal? Who felt so warmly, has he ceased to feel? The boy's emutions of that noble kind, Ah! sure th' experienced man has not resign'd;

Or are these feelings varied? has the knight, Virtue's own champion, now refused to fight? Is the deliverer turn'd th' oppressor now? Has the reformer dropt the dangerous vow? Or has the patriot's bosom lost its heat, And forced him, shivering, to a snug retreat? Is such the grievous lapse of human pride? Is such the victory of the worth untried?

Here will I pause, and then review the shame Of Harry Bland, to hear his parent's name; That mild, that modest boy, whom well we knew,

In him long time the secret sorrow grew;
He wept alone; then to his friend confess'd
The grievous fears that his pure mind
oppress'd;

And thus, when terror o'er his shame obtain'd A painful conquest, he his case explain'd: And first his fayourite question'd—Willie, tell.

Do all the wicked people go to Hell?
Willie with caution answer'd: Yes, they do,
Or else repent; but what is this to you?
O! yes, dear friend: he then his tale began—
He fear'd his father was a wicked man,
Nor had repented of his naughty life;
The wife he had indeed was not a wife,
Not as my mother was; the servants all
Call her a name—I'll whisper what they call.
She saw me weep, and ask'd, in high disdain,
If tears could bring my mother back again?
This I could bear, but not when she pretends
Such fond regard, and what I speak commends;

Talks of my learning, fawning wretch! and

To make me love her,—love! when I despise. Indeed I had it in my heart to say Words of reproach, before I came away; And then my father's look is not the same, He puts his anger on to hide his shame.

With all these feelings delicate and nice, This dread of infamy, this scorn of vice, He left the school, accepting, though with pride.

pride,
His father's aid—but there would not reside;
He married then a lovely maid, approved
Of every heart as worthy to be loved;
Mild as the morn in summer, firm as truth,
And graced with wisdom in the bloom of
youth.

How is it, men, when they in judgment sit On the same fault, now censure, now acquit? Is it not thus, that here we view the sin, And there the powerful cause that drew us in? 'Tis not that men are to the evil blind, But that a different object fills the mind. In judging others we can see too well Their grievous fall, but not how grieved they fell;

Judging ourselves, we to our minds recall, Not how we fell, but how we grieved to fall. Or could this man, so vex'd in early time, By this strong feeling for his father's crime, Who to the parent's sin was barely just, And mix'd with filial fear the man's disgust; Could he, without some strong delusion, quit The path of duty, and to shame submit? Cast off the virtue he so highly prized, And be the very creature he despised?

A tenant's wife, half forward, half afraid, Features, it seem'd, of powerful cast display'd, That bore down faith and duty; common fame

Speaks of a contract that augments the

There goes he, not unseen, so strong the will, And blind the wish, that bear him to the mill; There he degraded sits, and strives to please The miller's children, laughing at his knees; And little Dorcas, now familiar grown, Talks of her rich papa, and of her own. He woos the mother's now precarious smile Hy costly gifts, that tempers reconcile; While the rough husband, yielding to the pay That buys his absence, growling stalks away.

"Tis said th' offending man will sometimes sigh,

And say, 'My God, in what a dream am I? I will awake:' but, as the day proceeds, The weaken'd mind the day's indulgence needs:

Hating himself at every step he takes,
His mind approves the virtue he forsakes,
And yet forsakes her. O! how sharp the pain,
Our vice, ourselves, our habits to disdain;
To go where never yet in peace we went,
To feel our hearts can bleed, yet not relent;
To sigh, yet not recede; to grieve, yet not
repent!

## BOOK IV.

## ADVENTURES OF RICHARD.

Eight days had past! the Brothers now could meet

With case, and take the customary seat.

These—said the host, for he perceived where stray'd

His brother's eye, and what he now survey'd; These are the costly trifles that we buy, Urged by the strong demands of vanity, The thirst and hunger of a mind diseased, That must with purchased flattery be appeared:

appeased; But yet, 'tis true, the things that you behold Serve to amuse us as we're getting old:

These pictures, as I heard our artists say, Are genuine all, and I believe they may; They cost the genuine sums, and I should

If, being willing, I could not believe.

And there is music; when the ladies come,
With their keen looks they scrutinize the
room

To see what pleases, and I must expect To yield them pleasure, or to find neglect: For, as attractions from our person fly, Our purses, Richard, must the want supply; Yet would it vex me could the triflers know That they can shut out comfort or bestow.

But see this room: here, Richard, you will find

Books for all palates, food for every mind; This readers term the ever-new delight, And so it is, if minds have appetite: Mine once was craving; great my joy, indeed, Had I possess'd such food when I could feed; When at the call of every new-born wish I could have keenly relish'd every dish-Now, Richard, now, I stalk around and look Upon the dress and title of a book, Try half a page, and then can taste no more, But the dull volume to its place restore; Begin a second slowly to peruse, Then cast it by, and look about for news; The news itself grows dull in long debates,— I skip, and see what the conclusion states; And many a speech, with zeal and study made Cold and resisting spirits to persuade, Is lost on mine; alone, we cease to feel What crowds admire, and wonder at their zeal.

But how the day? No fairer will it be? Walk you? Alas! 'tis requisite for me— Nay, let me not prescribe—my friends and guests are free.

It was a fair and mild autumnal sky, And earth's ripe treasures met th' admiring

As a rich beauty, when her bloom is lost, Appears with more magnificence and cost: The wet and heavy grass, where feet had stray'd,

Not yet erect, the wanderer's way betray'd; Showers of the night had swell'd the deep-

'ning rill,
The morning-breeze had urged the quick'ning
mill:

Assembled rooks had wing'd their sea-ward flight.

By the same passage to return at night, While proudly o'er them hung the steady kite,

Then turned him back, and left the noisy throng,

Nor deign'd to know them as he sail'd along.

around,

the small stream, and hush'd the feeble sound;

he dead foliage dropt from loftier trees

ire beheld not with his wonted ease, s own reflections made reply, aloud: Yes! doubtless we must die.

; said Richard, and we would not live

what dotage and decay will give; et taste whatever we behold, is levely, though the air is cold: delicious quiet in this scene, o rich, so varied, so serene; oo delight us .- each discordant tone gled please, that fail to please alone; ow wind, this rustling of the brook, -vard noise, the woodman at von oak-

axe falls !- now listen to the stroke! itself, that murders all this peace, the charm, because it soon must cease.

t, said George, the country has its charms!

behold! the model for all farms! hat land-you find not there a weed, the roots, and suffer none to seed. like this no botanist will come, he precious ware he hides at home; the leaves and flowers with effort nice.

y came from herbs in Paradise; their favourites with my neighbours see,

e no-what ?- no habitat with me. my flock, and hear its glory ;-none t vast body and that slender bone; the village-boast, the dealer's theme, such staple! flesh in such esteem!

said Richard, do I hear aright? land truly give so much delight?

y builiff: sometimes I have tried the joy. but nature has denied; t be the mind has had a store or life, and will admit no more: in trials, and about to die, these we for amusement fly; we garden, we our poor employ, command, though little we enjoy; bitious, we employ our pen, a desert, or we drain a fen; e, behold my medal!—this will

show may merit when they nothing know.

llow leaves, from oziers, strew'd Yet reason here, said Richard, joins with pride:-

I did not ask th' alliance, George replied-I grant it true, such trifle may induce dull, proud man to wake and be of use; And there are purer pleasures, that a mind Calm and uninjured may in villas find; But where th' affections have been deeply tried.

With other food that mind must be supplied: 'Tis not in trees or medals to impart The powerful medicine for an aching heart; The agitation dies, but there is still The backward spirit, the resisting will. Man takes his body to a country-seat, But minds, dear Richard, have their own retreat;

Oft when the feet are pacing o'er the green The mind is gone where never grass was seen,

And never thinks of hill, or vale, or plain, Till want of rest creates a sense of pain, That calls that wandering mind, and brings it home again.

No more of farms: but here I boast of minds That make a friend the richer when he finds; These shalt thou see; -but, Richard, be it known,

Who thinks to see must in his turn be shown:

But now farewell! to thee will I resign Woods, walks, and valleys! take them till

The Brothers dined, and with that plenteous fare

That seldom fails to dissipate our care, At least the lighter kind; and oft prevails When reason, duty, nay, when kindness fails. Yet food and wine, and all that mortals bless, Lead them to think of peril and distress; Cold, hunger, danger, solitude, and pain, That men in life's adventurous ways sustain.

Thou hast sail'd far, dear Brother, said the Squire

Permit me of these unknown lands t' inquire, Lands never till'd, where thou hast wondering been,

And all the marvels thou hast heard and seen: Do tell me something of the miseries felt In climes where travellers freeze, and where

And be not nice,—we know 'tis not in men, Who travel far, to hold a steady pen: Some will, 'tis true, a bolder freedom take, And keep our wonder always wide awake; We know of those whose dangers far exceed Our frail belief, that trembles as we read; Such as in deserts burn, and thirst, and die, Save a last gasp that they recover by: Then, too, their hazard from a tyrant's arms, A tiger's fury, or a lady's charms;

Beside th' accumulated evils borne
From the bold outset to the safe return.
These men abase; but thou hast fair pretence
To modest dealing, and to mild good sense;
Then let me hear thy struggles and escapes
In the far lands of crocodiles and apes:
Say, hast thou, Bruce-like, knelt upon the bed
Where the young Nile uplifts his branchy
head?

Or been purtaker of th' unhallow'd feast, Where beast-like man devours his fellowbeast.

And churn'd the bleeding life? while each

And sovereign beauty bade adieu to shame? Or did the storm, that thy wreck'd pinnace bore.

Impel thee gasping on some unknown shore; Where, when thy beard and nails were savage grown,

Some swarthy princess took thee for her own, Some danger-dreading Yarico, who, kind, Sent thee away, and, prudent, staid behind? Come—I am ready wonders to receive, Prone to assent, and willing to believe.

Richard replied: It must be known to you, That tales improbable may yet be true; And yet it is a foolish thing to tell A tale that shall be judged improbable; While some impossibilities appear So like the truth, that we assenting hear: Yet, with your leave, I venture to relate A chance-affair, and fact alone will state; Though, I confess, it may suspicion breed, And you may cry, 'improbable, indeed!'

When first I tried the sea, I took a trip, But duty none, in a relation's ship; Thus, unengaged, I felt my spirits light, Kept care at distance, and put fear to flight; Oft this same spirit in my friends prevail'd, Buoyant in dangers, rising when assail'd; When, as the gale at evening died away, And die it will with the retiring day, Impatient then, and sick of very case, We loudly whistled for the slumbering breeze.

One eve it came; and, frantic in my joy, I rose and danced, as idle as a boy: The cabin-lights were down, that we might learn

A triffing something from the ship astern; The stiffening gale bore up the growing wave.

And wilder motion to my madness gave: Oft have I since, when thoughtful and at

Believed some maddening power my mind possess'd;

For, in an instant, as the stern sank low, (How moved I knew not—What can madness know?)

Chance that direction to my motion gave, And plunged me headlong in the roaring wave:

Swift flew the parting ship,—the fainter light

Withdrew,—or horror took them from my sight.

All was confused above, beneath, around;
All sounds of terror; no distinguish'd sound
Could reach me, now on sweeping surges tost,
And then between the rising billows lost;
An undefined sensation stopt my breath;
Disorder'd views and threat'ning signs of
death

Met in one moment, and a terror gave— I cannot paint it—to the moving grave. My thoughts were all distressing, hurried, mix'd,

On all things fixing, not a moment fix'd: Vague thoughts of instant danger brought their pain,

New hopes of safety banish'd them again; Then the swoln billow all these hopes destroy'd,

And left me sinking in the mighty void:
Weaker I grew, and grew the more dismay'd,
Of aid all hopeless, yet in search of aid;
Struggling awhile upon the wave to keep,
Then, languid, sinking in the yawning deep:
So tost, so lost, so sinking in despair,
I pray'd in heart an indirected prayer,
And then once more I gave my eyes to view
The ship now lost, and bade the light adien!
From my chill'd frame th' enfeebled spirit
fled.

Rose the tall billows round my deep'ning bed. Cold seized my heart, thought ceased, and I was dead.

Brother, I have not,—man has not the power To paint the horrors of that life-long hour; Hour!—but of time I knew not—when I found

Hope, youth, life, love, and all they promised, drown'd;

When all so indistinct, so undefined, So dark and dreadful, overcame the mind; When such confusion on the spirit dwelt, That, feeling much, it knew not what it felt.

Can I, my Brother—ought I to forget That night of terror? No! it threatens yet. Shall I days, months—nay, years, indeed neglect,

Who then could feel what moments must

Were aught effected? who, in that wild storm, Found there was nothing I could well perform; For what to us are moments, what are hours, If lost our judgment, and confused our powers? he times when passion strives to reign, | Attentive listening in the moving scene, duty feebly holds the slacken'd chain, reason slumbers, then remembrance draws

ew of death, and folly makes a panseew o'ercomes the vice, the fear the frenzy awes.

there wants not this to make it true, anger bids be done, in safety do; h escapes may make our purpose sure, ghts such warning may be too secure.

he escape!'- Whate'er they judged might save inking friend they cast upon the wave; ing of these my heaven-directed arm cious seized, and held as by a charm: ew astern beheld me as I swam, am saved-O! let me say I am.

r, said George, I have neglected long k of all thy perils:-it was wrong; forgive me; for I could not be f myself more negligent of thee. Il me, Richard, from the boyish years young mind, that now so rich appears, vas it stored? 'twas told me, thou wert wild,

nt urchin,-a neglected child. f af this escape, and sat supine he danger that exceeded thine; unldst but die-the waves could but infold

arm gay heart, and make that bosom

cold-I but no! Proceed, and give me truth ;

ast the years of thy unguided youth? ther left thee to the care of one ould not teach, could ill support a son; e and trouble feeble minds have stay'd, for long-neglected duties made: hee struggling in the world, as late the waves, and with an equal fate, aven preserved-but tell me, whence and how

deaning came? - a dexterous gleaner thou!

that father, who was known to few, that mother, who has not her due est fame,-said Richard-our retreat small cottage, for our station meet, ford Dawns: that mother, fond and poor, taught some truths, and bade me seek for more,

a our village-school and hooks a few ed; but such I cared not to pursue; ht the town, and to the ocean gave d and thoughts, as restless as the wave: crowds assembled, I was sure to run, was done:

And often wondering what the men could mean.

When ships at seamade signals of their need,

I watch'd on shore the sailors, and their speed: Mix'd in their act, nor rested till I knew Why they were call'd, and what they were to do.

Whatever business in the port was done, I, without call, was with the busy one; Not daring question, but with open ear And greedy spirit, ever bent to hear. To me the wives of seamen loved to tell What storms endanger'd men esteem'd so well; What wond'rous things in foreign parts they saw.

Lands without bounds, and people without law

No ships were wreck'd upon that fatal beach, But I could give the luckless tale of each; Eager I look'd, till I beheld a face Of one disposed to paint their dismal case; Who gave the sad survivors' doleful tale, From the first brushing of the mighty gale Until they struck; and. suffering in their fate, I long'd the more they should its horrors state; While some, the fond of pity, would enjoy The earnest sorrows of the feeling boy. I sought the men return'd from regions cold, The frozen straits, where icy mountains roll'd; Some I could win to tell me serious tales Of boats uplifted by enormous whales, Or, when harpoon'd, how swiftly through the

The wounded monsters with the cordage flee; Yet some uneasy thoughts assail'd me then, The monsters warr'd not with, nor wounded men:

The smaller fry we take, with scales and fins, Who gasp and die-this adds not to our sins; But so much blood! warm life, and frames

To strike, to murder - seem'd an heavy charge.

They told of days, where many go to one-Such days as ours; and how a larger sun, Red, but not flaming, roll'd, with motion slow, On the world's edge, and never dropt below. There were fond girls, who took me to their side

To tell the story how their lovers died; They praised my tender heart, and bade me

Both kind and constant when I came to love. In fact, I lived for many an idle year In fond pursuit of agitations dear; For ever seeking, ever pleased to find, The food I loved, I thought not of its kind; It gave affliction while it brought delight, And joy and anguish could at once excite.

One gusty day, now stormy and now still, I stood apart upon the western hill, shat was said, and mused on what And saw a race at sea: a gun was heard, And two contending boats in sail appear'd: Equal awhile; then one was left behind,
And for a moment had her chance resign'd,
When, in that moment, up a sail they drew—
Not used before—their rivals to pursue.
Strong was the gale! in hurry now there came
Men from the town, their thoughts, their
fears the same;

And women too! affrighted maids and wives, All deeply feeling for their sailors' lives. The strife continued; in a glass we saw The desperate efforts, and we stood in awe, When the last boat shot suddenly before, Then fill'd, and sank—and could be seen no more!

Then were those piercing shricks, that frantic flight.

All hurried! all in tumult and affright!
A gathering crowd from different streets

All ask, all answer—none attend, none hear! One boat is safe; and see! she backs her sail To save the sinking—Will her care avail? O! how impatient on the sands we tread. And the winds roaring, and the women led, As up and down they pace with frantic air, And scorn a comforter, and will despair; They know not who in either boat is gone, But think the father, husband, lover, one. And who is she apart? She dares not come To join the crowd, yet cannot rest at home: With what strong interest looks she at the

Meeting and clashing o'er the seamen's graves:
'Tis a poor girl betroth'd—a few hours more,
And he will lie a corpse upon the shore.

Strange, that a boy could love these scenes, 'and cry
In very pity—but that boy was I.
With pain my mother would my tales receive,
And say, 'my Richard, do not learn to grieve.'

One wretched hour had past before we knew Whom they had saved! Alas! they were but two,

An orphan'd lad and widow'd man—no more!
And they unnoticed stood upon the shore,
With scarce a friend to greet them—widows
view'd

This man and boy, and then their cries renew'd:-

'Twas long before the signs of wee gave place To joy again; grief sat on every face.

Sure of my mother's kindness, and the joy She felt in meeting her rebellious boy, I at my pleasure our new seat forsook, And, undirected, these excursions took: I often rambled to the noisy quay, Strange sounds to hear, and business strange to me;

Scamen and carmen, and I know not who, A lewd, amphibious, rude, contentious crewConfused as bees appear about their hive, Yet all alert to keep their work alive. Here, unobserved as weed upon the wave, My whole attention to the scene I gave; I saw their tasks, their toil, their care, their skill.

Led by their own and by a master-will;
And though contending, toiling, tugging on,
The purposed business of the day was done.
The open shops of craftsmen caught my eye,
And there my questions met the kind reply;
Men, when alone, will teach; but, in a crowd,
The child is silent, or the man is proud;
But, by themselves, there is attention paid
To a mild boy, so forward, yet afraid.
I made me interest at the inn's fire-side,
Amid the scenes to bolder boys denied;
For I had patrons there, and I was one,
They judged, who noticed nothing that was
done.

'A quiet lad!' would my protector say;
'To him, now, this is better than his play;
Boys are as men; some active, shrewd, and
keen.

They look about if aught is to be seen; And some, like Richard here, have not a mind That takes a notice—but the lad is kind.'

I loved in summer on the heath to walk, And seek the shepherd—shepherds love to talk:

His superstition was of ranker kind,
And he with tales of wonderstored my mind;
Wonders that he in many a lonely eve
Had scen,himself, and therefore must believe.
His boy, his Joe, he said, from duty ran,
Took to the sea, and grew a fearless man:
'On yonder knoll—the sheep were in the fold—
His spirit past me, shivering-like and cold!
I felt a fluttering, but I knew not how,
And heard him utter, like a whisper, 'now!'
Soon came a letter from a friend—to tell
That he had fallen, and the time he fell.'

Even to the smugglers' hut the rocks between,

I have, adventurous in my wandering, been: Poor, pious Martha served the lawless tribe, And could their merits and their faults describe;

Adding her thoughts; 'I talk,my child to you. Who little think of what such wretches do.'

I loved to walk where none had walk'd before, About the rocks that ran along the shore; Or far beyond the sight of men to stray, And take my pleasure when I lost my way; For then 'twas mine to trace the hilly heath, And all the mossy moor that lies beneath: Here had I favourite stations, where I stood And heard the murmurs of the occan-flood, With not a sound beside, except when flew Aloft the lapwing, or the gray curlew,

k'd the dreams of solitary pride. to stop at every creek and bay the river in its winding way, to memory-not by marks they bare, ie thoughts that were created there it was to view the sca-gulls strive the storm, or in the ocean dive, ger scream, or when they dropping

sing wings to sail upon the wave: the winds and waters raged around, aking billows mix'd their deafening sound,

the rolling deep securely hung, nly rode the restless waves among. sed it less around me to behold, he beach, the yesty sea-foam roll'd; the shore upborn, to see on high, y llakes in wild confusion fly: he salt spray that clashing billows form;

the taste a feeling of the storm. ith my favourite views, for many an hour

indulged the dreams of princely power;

e mind, wearied by excursions bold, y jaded, and the bosom cold, n those wants, that will on kings intrude.

ing-fears, broke in on solitude; no more my fancy could employ, haste what I could not enjoy, my gentle mother's welcome boy.

thy walk,-this soft autumnal gloom delay-at night I will resume ect, showing, not how I improved trange school, but what the things I loved.

born friendships, ties by forms uncheck'd,

that boys acquire whom men neglect.

# BOOK

RUTH.

would wait till George the tale should ask, ted lang-He then resumed the task.

the part, and eastward in the street mall dwelling, my beloved retreat, ved a pair, then old; the sons had fled they fill'd: a part of them were dead;

h wild notes my fancied power defied, Lord of some petty craft, by night and day, k'd the dreams of solitary pride. The man had fish'd each fathom of the bay. My friend the matron woo'd me, quickly won, To fill the station of an absent son; (Him whom at school I knew, and Peter

> I took his home and mother for my own:) I read, and doubly was I paid to hear Events that fell upon no listless car: She grieved to say her parents could neglect Her education !- 'twas a sore defect ; She, who had ever such a vast delight To learn, and now could neither read nor write:

> But hear she could, and from our stores I took, Librarian meet! at her desire, our book. Full twenty volumes-I would not exceed The modest truth-were there for me to read; These a long shelf contain'd, and they were found

> Books truly speaking, volumes fairly bound; The rest,—for some of other kinds remain'd, And these a board beneath the shelf contain'd.

> Had their deficiencies in part; they lack'd One side or both, or were no longer back'd; But now became degraded from their place, And were but pamphlets of a bulkier race. Yet had we pamphlets, an inviting store, From sixpence downwards-nay, a part were more;

> Learning abundance, and the various kinds For relaxation-food for different minds; A piece of Wingate—thanks for all we have-What we of figures needed, fully gave; Culpepper, new in numbers, cost but thrice The ancient volume's unassuming price, But told what planet o'er each herb had

And how to take it in the lucky hour. History we had-wars, treasons, treaties,crimes.

From Julius Caesar to the present times; Questions and answers, teaching what to ask And what reply,—a kind, laborious task; A scholar's book it was, who, giving, swore It held the whole he wish'd to know, and

And we had poets, hymns and songs divine; The most we read not, but allow'd them fine: Our tracts were many, on the boldest themes-We had our metaphysics, spirits, dreams, Visions and warnings, and portentous sights Seen, though but dimly, in the doleful nights. When the good wife her wintry vigil keeps, And thinks alone of him at sea, and weeps. Add to all these our works in single sheets. That our Cassandras sing about the streets: These, as I read, the grave good man would sav.

'Nay, Hannah!' and she answer'd, 'What in Nay?

What is there, pray, so hurtful in a song? It is our fancy only makes it wrong; a part: while some at sea remain'd, His purer mind no evil thoughts alarm, ess in the seaman's mansion reign'd; And innocence protects him like a charm." Then would the matron, when the song For he had truth with love, but love in had past,

And her laugh over, ask an hymn at last; To the coarse jest she would attention lend, And to the pious psalm in reverence bend: She gave her every power and all her mind As chance directed, or as taste inclined. More of our learning I will now omit, We had our Cyclopaedias of Wit, And all our works, rare fate, were to our genius fit.

When I had read, and we were weary grown Of other minds, the dame disclosed her own : And long have I in pleasing terror stay'd To hear of boys trepann'd, and girls betray'd; Ashamed so long to stay, and yet to go afraid. I could perceive, though Hannah bore full well

The ills of life, that few with her would dwell, But pass away, like shadows o'er the plain From flying clouds, and leave it fair again; Still every evil, be it great or small,

Would one past sorrow to the mind recal, The grand disease of life, to which she turns, And common cares and lighter suffering spurns.

'O! these are nothing,-they will never heed Such idle contests who have fought indeed, And have the wounds unclosed,' - I understood

My hint to speak, and my design pursued, Curious the secret of that heart to find, To mirth, to song, to laughter loud inclined, And yet to bear and feel a weight of grief behind:

How does she thus her little sunshine throw Always before her? - I should like to know. My friend perceived, and would no longer hide The bosom's sorrow-Could she not confide In one who wept, unhurt-in one who felt, untried?

"Dear child, I show you sins and sufferings strange,

But you, like Adam, must for knowledge change

That blissful ignorance: remember, then, What now you feel should be a check on men; For then your passions no debate allow, And therefore lay up resolution now. 'Tis not enough, that when you can persuade

A maid to love, you know there's promise made;

'Tis not enough, that you design to keep That promise made, nor leave your lass to weep:

But you must guard yourself against the sin, And think it such to draw the party in; Nay, the more weak and easy to be won, The viler you who have the mischief done. I am not angry, love; but men should know They cannot always pay the debt they owe Their plighted honour; they may cause the ill I could perceive my daughter's peace was They cannot lessen, though they feel a will;

youth Does wrong, that cannot be repair'd by truth.

"Ruth-I may tell, too oft had she been told-Was tall and fair, and comely to behold, Gentle and simple, in her native place Not one compared with her in form or face ; She was not merry, but she gave our hearth A cheerful spirit that was more than mirth. There was a sailor-boy, and people said He was, as man, a likeness of the maid; But not in this-for he was ever glad, While Ruth was apprehensive, mild, and sad; A quiet spirit hers, and peace would seek In meditation: tender, mild, and meek! Her loved the lad most truly; and, in truth, She took an early liking to the youth: To her alone were his attentions paid, And they became the bachelor and maid. He wish'd to marry, but so prudent we And worldly wise, we said it could not be: They took the counsel,-may be they ap-

proved-But still they grieved and waited, hoped and loved.

"Now, my young friend, when of such state I speak

As one of danger, you will be to seek; You know not, Richard, where the danger lies

In loving hearts, kind words, and speaking eyes;

For lovers speak their wishes with their looks As plainly, love, as you can read your books. Then, too, the meetings and the partings, all The playful quarrels in which lovers fall, Serve to one end-each lover is a child, Quick to resent and to be reconciled; And then their peace brings kindness that remains,

And so the lover from the quarrel gains: When he has fault that she reproves, his fear And grief assure her she was too severe, And that brings kindness - when he bears an ill.

Or disappointment, and is calm and still, She feels his own obedient to her will. And that brings kindness-and what kind-

ness brings I cannot tell you :- these were trying things. They were as children, and they fell at length; The trial, doubtless, is beyond their strength Whom grace supports not; and will grace

support The too confiding, who their danger court? Then they would marry, - but were now too late .-

All could their fault in sport or malice state ; And though the day was fix'd, and now drew on,

gone;

hat gazed on her - repreach she could not fly;

er grief she would not show, her shame could not deny:

or some with many virtues come to shame, nd some that lose them all preserve their name.

Fix'd was the day; but ere that day appear'd, frightful rumour through the place was heard;

Far, who had slept aw hile, awaked once more, and gangs came pressing till they swept the shore:

Dur youth was seized and quickly sent away, Nor would the wretches for his marriage stay, but bore him off, in barbarous triumph bore, nd left us all our miseries to deplore: here were wives, maids, and mothers on the beach.

and some sad story appertain'd to each; ot sat apart, and suffer'd matchless woe! In the vile ship they turn'd their earnest view, et one last look allow'd,-not one adieu! they saw the men on deck, but none dis-

tinctly knew. and there she staid, regardless of each eye, With but one hope, a fervent hope to die: or cared she now for kindness-all beheld ler, who invited none, and none repell'd; for there are griefs, my child, that sufferers hide,

and there are griefs that men display with pride;

But there are other griefs that, so we feel, We care not to display them nor conceal: ach were our sorrows on that fatal day, Mare than our lives the spoilers tore away ; Vor did we heed their insult-some distress o form or manner can make more or less. and this is of that kind-this misery of a Press!

They say such things must be - perhaps they must;

But sure, they need not fright us and disgust; They need not soul-less crews of ruffians send At more the ties of humble love to rend: single day had Thomas stay'd on shore le might have wedded, and we ask'd no more ; isd that stern man, who forced the lad away, light have attended and have graced the day; His pride and honour might have been at rest, t is no stain to make a couple blest! liest!-no, alas! it was to ease the heart Of one sore pang, and then to weep and part!

but this he would not. English seamen fight er England's gain and glory-it is right: nt will that public spirit be so strong, fill'd, as it must be, with their private wrong? arbid it, Honour! one in all the fleet hould hide in war, or from the foe retreat; lat is it just, that he who so defends lis country's cause, should hide him from

her friends?

e could not bear the bold and laughing eye | Sure, if they must upon our children seize, They might prevent such injuries as these; Might hours - nay, days - in many a case allow.

And soften all the griefs we suffer now. Some laws, some orders might in part redress The licensed insults of a British Press, That keeps the honest and the brave in awe, Where might is right, and violence is law. Be not alarm'd, my child; there's none regard What you and I conceive so cruel-hard: There is compassion, I believe; but still One wants the power to help, and one the will, And so from war to war the wrongs remain, While Reason pleads, and Misery sighs in vain.

"Thus my poor Ruth was wretched and undone.

Nor had an husband for her only son, Nor had he father; hope she did awhile, And would not weep, although she could not smile;

Till news was brought us that the youth was slain.

And then, I think, she never smiled again; Or if she did, it was but to express A feeling far, indeed, from happiness! Something that her bewilder'd mind conceived:

When she inform'd us that she never grieved, But was right merry, then her head was wild, And grief had gain'd possession of my child: Yet, though bewilder'd for a time, and prone To ramble much and speak aloud, alone; Yet did she all that duty ever ask'd

And more, her will self-govern'd and untask'd: With meekness bearing all reproach, all joy To her was lost; she wept upon her boy, Wish'd for his death, in fear that he might live New sorrow to a burden'd heart to give.

"There was a Teacher, where my husband went-

Sent, as he told the people-what he meant You cannot understand, but-he was sent: This man from meeting came, and strove to win

Her mind to peace by drawing off the sin, Or what it was, that, working in her breast, Robb'd it of comfort, confidence, and rest: He came and reason'd, and she seem'd to feel The pains he took-her griefs began to heal; She ever answer'd kindly when he spoke, And always thank'd him for the pains he took;

So, after three long years, and all the while Wrapt up in grief, she blest us with a smile, And spoke in comfort; but she mix'd no more With younger persons, as she did before.

"Still Ruth was pretty; in her person neat; So thought the Teacher, when they chanced He was a weaver by his worldly trade, But powerful work in the assemblies made; People came leagues to town to hear him sift The holy text,—he had the grace and gift; Widows and maidens flock'd to hear his voice; Of either kind he might have had his choice;— But he had chosen—we had seen how shy The girl was getting, my good man and 1; That when the weaver came, she kept with us, Where he his points and doctrines might discuss;

But in our bit of garden, or the room We call our parlour, there he must not come. She loved him not, and though she could attend

To his discourses, as her guide and friend, Yet now to these she gave a listless car, As if a friend she would no longer hear; This might he take for woman's art, and cried, Spouse of my heart, I must not be denied!'—Fearless he spoke, and I had hope to see My girl a wife—but this was not to be.

"My husband, thinking of his worldly store, And not, frail man, enduring to be poor, Seeing his friend would for his child provide And hers, he grieved to have the man denied; For Ruth, when press'd, rejected him, and

To her old sorrow, as if that were new. Who shall support her? said her father, how Can I, infirm and weak as I am now? And here a loving fool —— this gave her pain, Severe, indeed, but she would not complain; Nor would consent, although the weaver grew More fond, and would the frighten'd girl pursue.

"O! much she begg'd him to forbear, to stand Her soul's kind friend, and not to ask her hand: She could not love him. — Love me! he replied,

The love you mean is love unsanctified. An earthly, wicked, sensual, sinful kind, A creature-love, the passion of the blind. He did not court her, he would have her know, For that poor love that will on beauty grow; No! he would take her as the Prophet took One of the harlots in the holy book; And then he look'd so ugly and severe! And yet so fond—she could not hide her fear.

"This fondness grew her torment; she would fly,
In woman's terror, if he came but nigh;
Nor could I wonder he should odious prove,
So like a ghost that left a grave for love.

"But still her father lent his cruel aid To the man's hope, and she was more afraid: He said, no more she should his table share, But be the parish or the Teacher's care.

'Three days I give you: see that all be right On Monday-morning — this is Thursdaynight —

Fulfit my wishes, girl! or else forsake my sight!

"I see her now; and, she that was so meek, It was a chance that she had power to speak, Now spoke in earnest—'Father! I obey, And will remember the appointed day!'

"Then came the man: she talk'd with him apart,

And, I believe, laid open all her heart;
But all in vain—she said to me, in tears,
'Mother! that man is not what he appears:
He talks of heaven, and let him, if he will,
But he has earthly purpose to fulfil;
Upon my knees I begg'd him to resign
The hand he asks—he said, 'it shall be mine:
What! did the holy men of Scripture deign
To hear a woman when she said 'refrain'?
Of whom they chose they took them wives,
and these

Made it their study and their wish to please; The women then were faithful and afraid, As Sarah Abraham, they their lords obey'd, And so she styled him; 'tis in later days Of foolish love that we our women praise, Fall on the knee, and raise the suppliant hand.

And court the favour that we might command.

O! my dear mother, when this man has power,
How will he treat me—first may beasts
deyour!

Or death in every form that I could prove, Except this selfish being's hateful love.' I gently blamed her, for I knew how hard It is to force affection and regard.

"Ah! my dear lad, I talk to you as one Who knew the misery of an heart undone; You know it not; but,dearest boy, when man, Do not an ill because you find you can: Where is the triumph? when such things men seek

They only drive to wickedness the weak.

"Weak was poor Ruth, and this good man so hard,

That to her weakness he had no regard: But we had two days peace; he came and then My daughter whisper'd: Would there were no men!

None to admire or scorn us, none to vex A simple, trusting, fond, believing sex; Who truly love the worth that men profess, And think too kindly for their happiness."

Poor Ruth! few heroines in the tragic page Felt more than thee in thy contracted stage; Il'd by duty, agonized by love; on Mandane, who in dread has knelt se bare boards, has greater terrors felt, een by warring passions more subdued thou, by this man's groveling wish pursued;

'd to a parent's judgment, all unjust, 'd the chance mercy of the world to trust.

wed grassness and conceal disgust.

ath was frail, she had a mind too nice ed with that which she beheld as vice; ke a reptile, who, beneath a show evish zeal, let carnal wishes grow; and yet mean, forbidding and yet full ger appetites, devout and dull, ng a legal right that he might seize wn, and his impatient spirit ease. would at once his pride and love indulge, mper humour, and his spite divulge. the poor victim saw - a second time, og. she said: Shall I commit the crime, nw untempted? Can the form or rite me a wife in my Creator's sight? the words without a meaning say? pronnunce love, honour, or obey? I cannot, shatl I dare to wed, w an harlot to a loathed bed? dear mother! my poor boy and I at the mercy of a parish lie; yed for wants that vices would remove, ach'd for vice that I could never love, with a crew long wedded to disgrace, gar, forward, equalizing race, n I doom'd to beg a dwelling in that place?

was her reasoning: many times she weigh'd

vils all, and was of each afraid; ath'd the common board, the vulgar seat. shame, and want, and vice, and sorrow meet,

e frailty finds ullies, where guilt insures retreat.

race again is fled: the Teacher comes, ew importance, haughtier air assumes. pless victim of a tyrant's love cenly felt, or more resisting strove t her fate; she look'd on every side, err were none to help her, none to

gnide; e, the man who should have taught the soul. d but the body in his base control.

left her infant on the Sunday morn. ture doom'd to shame! in sorrow born; that languish'd, nor arrived at age the man's thoughts with sin and pain engage-

me nut hame to share our humble meal, ther thinking what his child would feel And give the tongue the language of the heart.

fond, and virtuous, they our pity move, From his hard sentence-still she came not home.

> The night grew dark, and yet she was not come;

> The east-wind roar'd, the sea return'd the sound.

> And the rain fell as if the world were drown'd: There were no lights without, and my good man.

> To kindness frighten'd, with a groan began To talk of Ruth, and pray; and then he took The Bible down, and read the holy book; For he had learning : and when that was done We sat in silence-whither could we run? We said, and then rush'd frighten'd from the door,

> For we could bear our own conceit no more: We call'd on neighbours-there she had not been;

> We met some wanderers - ours they had not seen:

> We hurried o'er the beach, both north and south.

> Then join'd, and wander'd to our haven's mouth:

> Where rush'd the falling waters wildly out, I scarcely heard the good man's fearful shout, Who saw a something on the billow ride, And - Heaven have mercy on our sins! he cried.

> It is my child !- and to the present hour So he believes-and spirits have the power.

> "And she was gone! the waters wide and deep Roll'd o'er her body as she lay asleep. She heard no more the angry waves and wind, She heard no more the threat'ning of mankind; Wrapt in dark weeds, the refuse of the storm, To the hard rock was borne her comely form!

> "But O! what storm was in that mind? what strife,

> That could compel her to lay down her life? For she was seen within the sea to wade, By one at distance, when she first had pray'd; Then to a rock within the hither shoal Softly and with a fearful step she stole; Then, when she gain'd it, on the top she stood A moment still - and dropt into the flood! The man cried loudly, but he cried in vain,-She heard not then-she never heard again! She had-pray, Heav'n !- she had that world in sight.

> Where frailty mercy finds, and wrong has right;

> But, sure, in this her portion such has been, Well had it still remain'd a world unseen!'

> Thus far thedame : the passions will dispense To such a wild and rapid eloquence-Will to the weakest mind their strength impart,

## BOOK VI.

# ADVENTURES OF RICHARD CONCLUDED.

Tuis then, dear Richard, was the way you

To gain instruction—thine a curious book, Containing much of both the false and true; But thou hast read it, and with profit too. Come, then, my Brother, now thy tale com-

I know thy first embarking in the fleet,
Thy entrance in the army, and thy gain
Of plenteous faurels in the wars in Spain,
And what then follow'd; but I wish to know
When thou that heart hadst courage to
bestow.

When to declare it gain'd, and when to stand Before the priest, and give the plighted hand; So shall I boldness from thy frankness gain To pa nt the frenzy that possess'd my brain; For rather there than in my heart I found Was my disease; a poison, not a wound, A madness, Richard—but, I pray thee, tell, Whom hast thou loved so dearly and so well?

The younger man his gentle host obey'd, For some respect, though not required, was paid,

Perhaps with all that independent pride Their different states would to the memory glide;

Yet was his manner unconstrain'd and free, And nothing in it like servility.

Then he began :- When first I reach'd the land,

I was so ill that death appear'd at hand; And though the fever left me, yet I grew So weak 'twas judged that life would leave me too.

I sought a village-priest, my mother's friend, And I believed with him my days would end: The man was kind, intelligent, and mild, Careless and shrewd, yet simple as the child; For of the wisdom of the world his share And mine were equal—neither had to spare; Else — with his daughters, beautiful and

He would have kept a sailor from his door:
Two then were present, who adorn'd his home,
But ever speaking of a third to come;
Cheerful they were, not too reserved or free,
I loved them both, and never wish'd them
three.

The Vicar's self, still further to describe, Was of a simple, but a studious tribe; He from the world was distant, not retired. Nor of it much possess'd, nor much desired; Grave in his purpose, cheerful in his eye, And with a look of frank benignity.

He lost his wife when they together past Years of calm love, that triumph'd to the

He much of nature, not of man, had seen, Yet his remarks were often shrewd and keen; Taught not by books t'approve or to condenn,

He gain'd but little that he knew from them; He read with reverence and respect the few. Whence he his rules and consolations drew; But men and beasts, and all that lived or moved.

Were books to him; he studied them and loved.

He knew the plants in mountain, wood, or mead;

He knew the worms that on the foliage feed; Knew the small tribes that 'scape the careless eye,

The plant's disease that breeds the embryofly;

And the small creatures who on bark or bough Enjoy their changes, changed we know not how;

But now th' imperfect being scarcely moves, And now takes wing and seeks the sky it loves.

He had no system, and forbore to read The learned labours of th' immortal Swede; But smiled to hear the creatures he had known

So long, were now in class and order shown, Genus and species—is it meet, said he, This creature's name should one so sound-

'Tis but a fly, though first-born of the

Bombylius majus, dost thou call the thing? Majus, indeed! and yet, in fact, 'tis true, We all are majors, all are minors too, Except the first and last, — th' immensely

distant two.

And here again, — what call the learned this?

Both Hippobosca and Hirundinis?

Methinks the creature should be proud to find

That he employs the talents of mankind;

And that his sovereign master shrewdly

looks,

Counts all his parts, and puts them in his books.

Well! go thy way, for I do feel it shame To stay a being with so proud a name.

Such were his daughters, such my quiet friend,

And pleasant was it thus my days to spend;
But when Matilda at her home I saw,
Whom I beheld with anxiousness and awe,
The ease and quiet that I found before
At once departed, and retarn'd no more.
No more their music soothed me as they
play'd,

But soon her words a strong impression made: The sweet Enthusiast, so I deem'd her, took My mind, and fix'd it to her speech and look. My soul, dear girl! she made her constant I once had seen him; then familiar, free, More than became a common guest to be

But never whisper'd to my heart beware!' In love no dangers rise till we are in the snare.

Her father sometimes question'd of my creed, And seem'd to think it might amendment need;

But great the difference when the pious maid

To the same errors her attention paid; Her sole design that I should think aright, And my conversion her supreme delight: Pure was her mind, and simple her intent, Good all she sought, and kindness all she meant.

Next to religion friendship was our theme, Related souls and their refined esteem:
We talk'd of scenes where this is real found, And love subsists without a dart or wound; But there intruded thoughts not all screne, And wishes not so calm would intervene. Saw not her father? Yes; but saw no more Than he had seen without a fear before; He had subsisted by the church and plough, And saw no cause for apprehension now. We, too, could live: he thought not passion

But only wonder'd we delay'd so long.

More had be wonder'd had he known esteem

Was all we mention'd, friendship was our
theme.—

Langh, if you please, I must my tale pursue— This sacred friendship thus in secret grew An intellectual love, most tender, chaste, and true:

Unstain'd, we said, nor knew we how it

To gain some earthly soil as it advanced; But yet my friend, and she alone, could prove How much it differ'd from romantic love— But this and more I pass—No doubt, at length, We could perceive the weakness of our strength.

O! days remember'd well! remember'd all!
The bitter-sweet, the honey and the gall;
Those garden-rambles in the silent night,
Thate trees so shady, and that moon so bright;
That thickset alley by the arbour closed,
That would hine-seat where we at last reposed;
And then the hopes that came and then were

Quick as the clouds beneath the moon past on: New, in this instant, shall my love be shown, I said—O! no, the happy time is flown!

You smile; remember, I was weak and low, And fear'd the passion as I felt it grow: Will she, I said, to one so poor attend, Without a prospect, and without a friend? I dared not ask her—till a rival came, But hid the secret, slow-consuming flame.

I once had seen him; then familiar, free, More than became a common guest to be; And sure, I said, he has a look of pride And inward joy,—a lover satisfied.

Can you not, Brother, on adventures past A thought, as on a lively prospect, cast? O days of dear remembrance! days that seem, When past—nay, even when present, like a dream—

These white and blessed days, that softly shine

On few, nor oft on them-have they been thine?

George answer'd: Yes!dear Richard, through the years

Long past, a day so white and mark'd appears:

As in the storm that pours destruction round, Is here and there a ship in safety found; So in the storms of life some days appear More blest and bright for the preceding fear;

These times of pleasure that in life arise, Like spots in deserts, that delight, surprise, And to our wearied senses give the more, For all the waste behind us and before; And thou, dear Richard, hast then had thy

Of those enchanting times that baffle care?

Yes, I have felt this life-refreshing gale
That bears us onward when our spirits fail;
That gives those spirits vigour and delight—
I would describe it, could I do it right.
Such days have been—a day of days was one
When, rising gaily with the rising sun,
I took my way to join a happy few,
Known not to me, but whom Matilda knew,
To whom she went a guest, and message sent,
Come thou to us, and as a guest I went.

There are two ways to Brandon - by the

Above the cliff, or on the sand beneath, Where the small pebbles, wetted by the wave, To the new day reflected lustre gave: At first above the rocks I made my way, Delighted looking at the spacious bay, And the large fleet that to the northward

steer'd Full sail, that glorious in my view appear'd; For where does man evince his full control O'er subject matter, where displays the soul Its mighty energies with more effect

Than when her powers that moving mass direct?

Than when man guides the ship man's art has made,

And makes the winds and waters yield him aid?

Through scenes so glorious I at leisure moved :

For there are times when we do not obey The master-passion - when we yet delay-When absence, soon to end, we yet prolong, And dally with our wish although so strong. High were my joys, but they were sober too, Nor reason spoil'd the pictures fancy drew; I felt - rare feeling in a world like this-The sober certainty of waking bliss; Add too the smaller aids to happy men, Convenient helps - these too were present

then. But what are spirits? light indeed and gay They are, like winter-flowers, nor last a day;

Comes a rude icy wind,-they feel, and fade away.

High beat my heart when to the house I came, And when the ready servant gave my name; But when I enter'd that pernicious room, Gloomy it look'd, and painful was the gloom; And jealous was the pain, and deep the sigh Caused by this gloom, and pain, and jealousy For there Matilda sat, and her beside That rival soldier, with a soldier's pride; With self-approval in his laughing face, His seem'd the leading spirit of the place: She was all coldness—yet I thought a look, But that corrected, tender welcome spoke: It was as lightning which you think you see, But doubt, and ask if lightning it could be. Confused and quick my introduction pass'd, When I, a stranger and on strangers cast, Beheld the gallant man as he display'd Uncheck'd attention to the guilty maid: O! how it grieved me that she dared t' excite Those looks in him that show'd so much delight;

Egregious coxcomb! there-he smiled again, As if he sought to aggravate my pain: Still she attends-I must approach-and find, Or make, a quarrel, to relieve my mind. In vain I try—politeness as a shield The angry strokes of my contempt repell'd: Nor must I violate the social law That keeps the rash and insolent in awe. Once I observed, on hearing my replies, The woman's terror fix'd on me the eyes That look'd entreaty; but the guideless rage Of jealous minds no softness can assuage. But, lo! they rise, and all prepare to take The promised pleasure on the neighbouring lake.

Good heaven! they whisper! Is it come to this? Already !- then may I my doubt dismiss: Could be so soon a timid girl persuade? What rapid progress has the coxcomb made! And yet how cool her looks, and how demure ! The falling snow nor lily's flower so pure: What can I do? I must the pair attend, And watch this horrid business to its end. There, forth they go! He leads her to the Now must we cross the lake, and as we

Much as I long'd to see the maid I loved, What can the handsome gipsy have in view In trifling thus, as she appears to do?

I, who for months have labour'd to succeed, Have only lived her vanity to feed. O! you will make me room-'tis very kind, And meant for him-it tells him he must mind; Must not be careless:- I can serve to draw The soldier on, and keep the man in awe. O! I did think she had a guileless heart, Without deceit, capriciousness, or art; And yet a stranger, with a coat of red, Has, by an hour's attention, turn'd her head. Ah! how delicious was the morning-drive, The soul awaken'd, and its hopes alive: How dull this scene by trifling minds enjoy'd, The heart in trouble and its hope destroy'd. Well, now we land-And will he yet support This part? What favour has he now to court? Favour! O, no! He means to quit the fair; How strange! how crne!! Will she not despair?

Well! take her hand-no further if you please, I cannot suffer fooleries like these: How? 'Love to Julia!' to his wife ?- O! dear And injured creature, how must I appear. Thus haughty in my looks, and in my words severe ?

Her love to Julia, to the school-day friend To whom those letters she has lately penn'd! Can she forgive? And now I think again, The man was neither insolent nor vain : Good humour chiefly would a stranger trace, Were he impartial, in the air or face; And I so splenetic the whole way long, And she so patient-it was very wrong.

The boat had landed in a shady scene; The grove was in its glory, fresh and green; The showers of late had swell'd the branch and bough.

And the sun's fervour made them pleasant now.

Hard by an oak arose in all its pride, And threw its arms along the water's side; Its leafy limbs, that on the glassy lake Stretch far, and all those dancing shadows make.

And now we walk-now smaller parties seek Or sun or shade as pleases-Shall I speak? Shall I forgiveness ask, and then apply For-O! that vile and intercepting cry. Alas! what mighty ills can trifles make,-An hat! the idiot's-fallen in the lake! What serious mischief can such idlers do? I almost wish the head had fallen too. No more they leave us, but will hover round, As if amusement at our cost they found; Vex'd and unhappy I indeed had been, Had I not something in my charmer seen Like discontent, that, though corrected, dwelt

On that dear face, and told me what she felt.

Nay, I must follow, - I can bear no more: Was my whole soul in sweet emotion lost;

ing her light that on the waters shone: I the gladness in a show of grief: h'd as we conversed, and said, how deep ake on which those broad dark shadows sleep;

is between us and a watery grave thin plank, and yet our fate we brave. If it burst?' Matilda, then my care be for thee: all danger I would dare, should my efforts fail, thy fortune would I share.

ove of life', she said, 'would powerful prove!

so powerful as the strength of love:of kindness gave the grateful maid, and the real effort more than paid.

re we land, and haply now may choose mions home-our way, too, we may lose: se drear, dark, inosculating lanes, ery native of his doubt complains; inder then that in such lonely ways uger, heedless of the country, strays; ger.ton, whose many thoughts all meet design, and none regard his feet. the path? the cautious fair one cries; wer, Yes!—We shall our friends sur-

prise, filed, sighing-I return the sighs. hey not wonder? O! they would indeed, they the secrets of this bosom read, chilling doubts, these trembling hopes I feel!

int, fond hopes I can no more concealthee, dear Matilda!-to confess set is dangerous, fatal to suppress. ow in terror I approach the home e I may wretched but not doubtful come, e I must be all ecstasy, or allhat will you a wretch rejected call; sture lost to reason, losing thee. , my Matilda! on the rack of fear d me not-I would my sentence hear, -Good Heaven! and d learn my fate-

what portend tears ? - and fall they for thy wretch-ed friend?

at I cease; I cannot paint the bliss, a confession soft and kind as this; where we walk'd, nor how our friends we met.

nat their wonder - I am wondering yet; who nothing heeds has nothing to forget.

hought, yet thinking nothing-all delight

ery thing, but nothing in my sight! ng I mark or learn, but am possess'd that I conceive-whatever is, is best. 'Tis not in us t' expel or gout or wife;

in white volumes roll'd beneath the Ready to aid all beings, I would go The world around to succour human woe; Yet am so largely happy, that it seems as such bliss even then it seem'd relief There are no woes, and sorrows are but dreams.

> There is a college-joy, to scholars known, When the first honours are proclaim'd their own:

> There is ambition's joy; when in their race A man surpassing rivals gains his place; There is a beauty's joy, amid a crowd To have that beauty her first fame allow'd; And there's the conqueror's joy, when, dubious held

And long the fight, he sees the foe repell'd: But what are these, or what are other joys, That charm kings, conquerors, beauteous nymphs and boys,

Or greater yet, if greater yet be found, To that delight when love's dear hope is crown'd?

To the first beating of a lover's heart, When the loved maid endeavours to impart, Frankly yet faintly, fondly yet in fear, The kind confession that he holds so dear. Now in the morn of our return how strange Was this new feeling, this delicious change; That sweet delirium, when I gazed in fear, That all would yet be lost and disappear. Such was the blessing that I sought for pain, In some degree to be myself again; And when we met a shepherd old and lame, Cold and diseased, it seem'd my blood to tame; And I was thankful for the moral sight, That soberized the vast and wild delight.

## BOOK VIL

## THE ELDER BROTHER.

"THANKS, my dear Richard; and, I pray thee, deign

To speak the truth-does all this love remain, And all this joy? for views and flights sublime.

Ardent and tender, are subdued by time. Speakst thou of her to whom thou madest thy vows,

Of my fair sister, of thy lawful spouse? Or art thou talking some frail love about, The rambling fit, before th' abiding gout?" "Nay, spare me, Brother, an adorer spare: Love and the gout! thou wouldst not these compare?

"Yea, and correctly; teazing ere they come, They then confine their victim to his home: In both are previous feints and false attacks, Both place the grieving patient on their racks; They both are ours, with all they bring, for life,

On man a kind of dignity they shed, A sort of gloomy pomp about his bed: Then if he leaves them, go where'er he will, They have a claim upon his body still; Nay, when they quit him, as they sometimes do,

What is there left t'enjoy or to pursue?— But dost thou love this woman?" O! beyond What I can tell thee of the true and fond: Hath she not soothed me, sick, enrich'd me,

Poor,
And banish'd death and misery from my door?
Has she not cherish'd every moment's bliss,
And made an Eden of a world like this?
When Care would strive with us his watch
to keep,

Has she not sung the snarling fiend to sleep? And when Distress has look'd us in the face, Has she not told him, thou art not Disgrace?

"I must behold her, Richard; I must see This patient spouse who sweetens misery— But didst thou need, and wouldst thou not apply?—

Nay thou wert right—but how wrong was 1!"
"My indiscretion was—" "No more repeat;

"My indiscretion was..." "No more repeat; Would I were nothing worse than indiscreet:...

But still there is a plea that I could bring, Had I the courage to describe the thing." "Then thou too, Brother, couldst of weakness tell;

Thou, too, hast found the wishes that rebel Against the sovereign reason; at some time Thou hast been fond, heroic, and sublime; Wrote verse, it may be, and for one dear maid

The sober purposes of life delay'd;
From year to year the fruitless chase pursued,
And hung enamour'd o'er the flying good:
Then be thy weakness to a Brother shown,
And give him comfort who displays his own."
'Ungenerous youth! dost thou presuming ask
A man so grave his failings to unmask?
What if I tell thee of a waste of time,
That on my spirit presses as a crime,
Witt thou despise me?—I, who, soaring, fell
So late to rise—Hear then the tale I tell;
Who tells what thou shalt hear, esteems
his hearer well."

Yes, my dear Richard, thou shalt hear me

Follies and frailties thou hast never known; Thine was a frailty,—folly, if you please,— But mine a flight, a madness, a disease. Turn with me to my twentieth year, for then The lover's frenzy ruled the poet's pen; When virgin reams were soil'd with lays of love

The flinty hearts of funcied nymphs to move: In some sweet solitude, in some green bower,

Then was I pleased in lonely ways to tread, And muse on tragic tales of lovers dead; For all the merit I could then descry In man or woman was for love to die. I mused on charmers chaste, who pledged their truth,

And left no more the once-accepted youth; Though he disloyal, lost, diseased, became, The widow'd turtle's was a deathless flame; This faith, this feeling gave my soul delight, Truth in the lady, ardour in the knight. I built me castles wondrous rich and rare, Few castle-builders could with me compare; The hall, the palace, rose at my command. And these I fill'd with objects great and grand.

Virtues sublime, that nowhere else would live,

Glory and pomp, that I alone could give; Trophics and thrones by matchless valour gain'd.

gain'd,
Faith unreproved, and chastity unstain'd;
With all that soothes the sense and charms
the soul.

Came at my call, and were in my control.
And who was I? a slender youth and tall,
In manner awkward, and with fortune
small;

With visage pale, my motions quick and slow,

That fall and rising in the spirits show;
For none could more by outward signs express
What wise men lock within the mind's recess;
Had I a mirror set before my view,
I might have seen what such a form could do;
Had I within the mirror truth beheld,

I should have such presuming thoughts repell'd:

But awkward as I was, without the grace That gives new beauty to a form or face; Still I expected friends most true to prove, And grateful, tender, warm, assiduous love. Assured of this, that love's delicious bond Would hold me ever faithful, ever fond; It seem'd but just that I in love should find A kindred heart as constant and as kind. Give me, I cried, a beauty; none on earth Of higher rank or nobler in her birth; Pride of her race, her father's hope and care, Yet meek as children of the cottage are; Nursed in the court, and there by love

pursued,

But fond of peace, and blest in solitude;
By rivals honour'd, and by beauties praised,
Yet all unconscious of the envy raised;
Suppose her this, and from attendants freed,
To want my prowess in a time of need,
When safe and grateful she desires to show
She feels the debt that she delights to owe,
And loves the man who saved her in distress—
So Fancy will'd, nor would compound for less.

This was my dream.—In some auspicious hour,

Whither my fate should lead me, there, | To me this hall, thus view'd in part, appear'd unseen,

I should behold my fancy's gracious queen, Singing sweet song! that I should hear awhile,

Then ratch the transient glory of a smile; Then at her feet with trembling hope should kneel.

Such as rapt saints and raptured lovers feel; To watch the chaste unfoldings of her heart, la joy to meet, in agony to part,

And then in tender song to soothe my grief, And hail, in glorious rhyme, my Lady of the Leaf.

To dream these dreams I chose a woody

My guardian-shade, the world and me between;

A green inclosure, where heside its bound A thorny fence beset its beauties round, Save where some creature's force had made a way

Far me to pass, and in my kingdom stray : Here then I stray'd, then sat me down to eall.

Just as 1 will'd, my shadowy subjects all! Fruits of all minds conceived on every coast, Fay, witch, enchanter, devil, demon, ghost; And thus with knights and nymphs, in halls and bowers.

In war and love, I pass'd unnumber'd hours: Gross and substantial beings all forgot, Ideal glories beam'd around the spot, And all that was, with me, of this poor world was not.

Yet in this world there was a single scene, That I allow'd with mine to intervene; This house, where never yet my feet had stray'd.

I with respect and timid awe survey'd; With pleasing wonder I have oft-times stood.

To view these turrets rising o'er the wood; When Fancy to the halls and chambers flew, Large, sulemn, silent, that I must not view; The most was then, and then o'er all the ground

Tell elms and ancient oaks stretch'd far around:

And where the soil forbad the nobler race, Dwarf-trees and humbler shrubs had found their place,

Ferbidding man in their close hold to go, Haw, Gatter, Holm, the Service and the Sloe; With tangling weeds that at the bottom

And Climbers all above their feathery branches threw. Nor path of man or beast was there espied,

But there the birds of darkness loved to hide.

snake to glide.

A mansion vast; I wonder'd, and I fear'd: There as I wander'd, Faney's forming eye Could gloomy cells and dungeons dark espy; Winding through these, I caught th' appal-

ling sound Of troubled souls, that guilty minds confound.

Where murder made its way, and mischief stalk'd around.

Above the roof were raised the midnight storms,

And the wild lights betray'd the shadowy forms.

With all these flights and fancies, then so dear,

I reach'd the birthday of my twentieth year;

And in the evening of a day in June Was singing-as I sang-some heavenly

My native tone, indeed, was harsh and hoarse, But he who feels such powers can sing of course-

Is there a good on earth, or gift divine, That fancy cannot say, behold! 'tis mine?

So was I singing, when I saw descend From this old seat a lady and her friend; Downward they came with steady pace and slow,

Arm link'd in arm, to bless my world below. I knew not yet if they escaped, or chose Their own free way,-if they had friends or foes,

But near to my dominion drew the pair. Link'd arm in arm, and walk'd conversing. there.

I saw them ere they came, myself unseen, My lofty fence and thorny bound between-And one alone, one matchless face I saw, And, though at distance, felt delight and awe: Fancy and truth adorn'd her; fancy gave Much, but not all; truth help'd to make their slave;

For she was lovely, all was not the vain Or sickly homage of a fever'd brain; No! she had beauty, such as they admire Whose hope is earthly, and whose love desire;

Imagination might her aid bestow. But she had charms that only truth could show.

Their dress was such as well became the

But One superior; hers the air, the grace, The condescending looks, that spoke the nobler race.

Slender she was and tall: her fairy-feet, Bore her right onward to my shady seat; And O! I sigh'd that she would nobly dare To come, nor let her friend th' adventure share;

The leathed toad to lodge, and speckled But see how I in my dominion reign, And never wish to view the world again. Thus was I musing, seeing with my eyes These objects, with my mind her fantasies, And chiefly thinking—is this maid, divine As she appears, to be this queen of mine? Have I from henceforth beauty in my view, Not airy all, but tangible and true? Here then I fix, here bound my vagrant views.

And here devote my heart, my time, my muse.

She saw not this, though ladies early trace Their beauty's power, the glories of their face;

Yet knew not this fair creature-could not know-

That new-born love! that I too soon must show :

And I was musing-how shall I begin? How make approach my unknown way to win, And to that heart, as yet untouch'd, make known

The wound, the wish, the weakness of my own ?

Such is my part, but-Mercy! what alarm? Dare aught on earth that sovereign beauty harm?

Again-the shricking charmers-how they rend

The gentle air - The shrickers lack a friend-

They are my princess and th' attendant maid In so much danger, and so much afraid!-But whence the terror?-Let me haste and

What has befallen them who cannot flee-Whence can the peril rise? What can that

peril be? while this nymph It soon appear'd, that divine

Moved on, there met her rude uncivil kine, Who knew her not-the damsel was not there

Who kept them-all obedient-in her care; Strangers they thus defied and held in scorn, And stood in threat'ning posture, hoof and horn;

While Susan-pail in hand-could stand the while

And prate with Daniel at a distant stile. As feeling prompted, to the place I ran, Resolved to save the maids and show the

Was each a cow like that which challenged Guy,

I had resolved t' attack it, and defy In mortal combat! to repel or die. That was no time to parley—or to say, I will protect you—fly in peace away! Lo! yonder stile—but with an air of grace, As I supposed, I pointed to the place. The fair ones took me at my sign, and flew, Each like a dove, and to the stile withdrew; Where safe, at distance, and from terrors Henceforth 'twas bliss upon that face to free,

They turn'd to view my beastly foes and me. Till every trace became indelible;

I now had time my business to behold, And did not like it-let the truth be told: The cows, though cowards, yet in numbers strong.

Like other mobs, by might defended wrong ; In man's own pathway fix'd, they seem'd disposed

For hostile measure, and in order closed, Then halted near me, as I judged, to treat. Before we came to triumph or defeat. I was in doubt: 'twas sore disgrace, I knew, To turn my back, and let the cows pursue; And should I rashly mortal strife begin, Twas all unknown who might the battle win; And yet to wait, and neither fight nor fly, Would mirth create,-I could not that deny; It look'd as if for safety I would treat, Nay, sue for peace—No! rather come defeat! Look to me, loveliest of thy sex! and give One cheering glance, and not a cow shall live; For lo! this iron bar, this strennous arm, And those dear eyes to aid me as a charm.

Say, goddess! Victory! say, on man or cow Meanest thou now to perch ?-On neither

For, as I ponder'd, on their way appear'd The Amazonian milker of the herd; These, at the wonted signals, made a stand, And woo'd the nymph of the relieving hand; Nor heeded now the man, who felt relief Of other kind, and not unmix'd with grief; For now he neither should his courage prove, Nor in his dying moments boast his love.

My sovereign beauty with amazement saw-So she declared-the horrid things in awe: Well pleased, she witness'd what respect was paid

By such brute natures-Every cow afraid, And kept at distance by the powers of one, Who had to her a dangerous service done, That prudence had declined, that valour's self might shun.

So thought the maid, who now, beyond the stile.

Received her champion with a gracious smile;

Who now had leisure on those charms to dwell.

That he could never from his thought expel; There are, I know, to whom a lover seems, Praising his mistress, to relate his dreams; But, Richard, looks like those, that angel-face Could I no more in sister-angel trace; O! it was more than fancy! it was more Than in my darling views I saw before, When I my idel made, and my allegiance swore.

And all that gave me favour in her sight, Who then was kind and grateful, till my mind.

Pleased and exulting, awe awhile resign'd. The hopes, the fears, that every dream For in the moment when she feels afraid, How kindly speaks the condescending maid; She sees her danger near, she wants her lover's aid;

As fire electric, when discharged, will strike All who receive it, and they feel alike, So in the shock of danger and surprise Our minds are struck, and mix, and sympathise.

But danger dies, and distance comes between My state and that of my all glorious queen; Yet much was done—upon my mind a chain Was strongly fix'd, and likely to remain; Listening. I grew enamour'd of the sound, And felt to her my very being bound; I blest the scene, nor felt a power to move, Lost in the ecstasies of infant-love.

She saw and smiled; the smile delight convey'd,

My lave encouraged, and my act repaid: In that same smile I read the charmer meant

To give her hero chaste encouragement; It spoke, as plainly as a smile can speak, Seek whom you love, love freely whom you seek.

Thus, when the lovely witch had wrought her charm.

She tank th' attendant maiden by the arm, And left me fondly gazing, till no more I could the shade of that dear form explore; Then to my secret haunt I turn'd again, Fire in my heart, and fever in my brain; That face of her for ever in my view, Whom I was henceforth fated to pursue, To hope I knew not what, small hope in what I knew.

O! my dear Richard, what a waste of time Gave I not thus to lunacy sublime; What days, months, years, (to useful pur-

pose lost) Has ant this dire infatuation cost? To this fair vision I, a bounded slave, Time, duty, credit, honour, comfort, gave; Gave all -and waited for the glorious things That hope expects, but fortune never brings. Yet let me own, while I my fault reprove, There is one blessing still affix'd to love-To love like mine-for, as my soul it drew From Reason's path, it shunn'd Dishonour's too:

It made my taste refined, my feelings nice, And placed an angel in the way of vice. This angel now, whom I no longer view'd, Far from this scene her destined way pursued; No more that mansion held a form so fair, She was away, and beauty was not there.

I blest the cause of that alarm, her fright, Such, my dear Richard, was my early flame, My youthful frenzy—give it either name; It was the withering bane of many a year, That past away in causeless hope and fear; could kill.

Or make alive, and lead my passive will. At length I learnt one name my angel bore, And Rosabella I must now adore;

Yet knew but this and not the favour'd place

That held the angel or th' angelic race; Nor where, admired, the sweet enchantress dwelt.

But I had lost her-that, indeed, I felt. Yet, would I say, she will at length be mine! Did ever hero hope or love resign? Though men oppose, and fortune bids despair, She will in time her mischief well repair, And I, at last, shall wed this fairest of the fair!

My thrifty uncle, now return'd, began To stir within me what remain'd of man; My powerful frenzy painted to the life, And ask'd me if I took a dream to wife? Debate ensued, and though not well content, Upon a visit to his house I went: He, the most saving of mankind, had still Some kindred feeling; he would guide my will.

And teach me wisdom-so affection wrought, That he to save me from destruction sought: To him destruction, the most awful curse Of Misery's children, was-an empty purse! He his own books approved, and thought the pen

An useful instrument for trading men; But judged a quill was never to be slit Except to make it for a merchant fit: He, when inform'd how men of taste could write,

Look'd on his ledger with supreme delight; Then would he laugh, and, with insulting joy, Tell me aloud, 'that's poetry, my boy; These are your golden numbers—them

repeat. The more you have, the more you'll find them sweet-

Their numbers move all hearts-no matter for their feet.

Sir, when a man composes in this style, What is to him a critic's frown or smile? What is the puppy's censure or applause To the good man who on his banker draws, Buys an estate, and writes upon the grounds, Pay to A. B. an hundred thousand pounds? Thus, my dear nephew, thus your talents

prove; Leave verse to poets, and the poor to love.' Some months I suffer'd thus, compell'd to sit And hear a wealthy kinsman aim at wit; Yet there was something in his nature good, And he had feeling for the tie of blood: So while I languish'd for my absent maid I some observance to my uncle paid.

Had you inquired? said Richard. I had Till, not contented, not in discontent, placed As my good uncle counsell'd, on I we

Inquirers round, but nothing could be traced; Of every reasoning creature at C.is Hall, And tenant near it, I applied to all— Tell me if she—and I described her well— Dwelt long a guest, or where retired to dwell?

But no! such lady they remember'd not— They saw that face, strange beings! and forgot.

Nor was inquiry all; but I pursued My soul's first wish, with hope's vast strength endued:

I cross'd the seas, I went where strangers go, And gazed on crowds as one who dreads a foe.

Or seeks a friend; and, when I sought in

Fled to fresh crowds, and hoped, and gazed again.

"It was a strong possession"-Strong and strange,

I felt the evil, yet desired not change: Years now had flown, nor was the passion cured,

But hope had life, and so was life endured; The mind's disease, with all its strength, stole on.

Till youth, and health, and all but love were gone.

And there were seasons, Richard, horrid hours

Of mental suffering! they o'erthrew my powers,

And made my mind unsteady—I have still, At times, a feeling of that nameless ill, That is not madness—I could always tell My mind was wandering—knew it was not well;

Felt all my loss of time, the shameful waste Of talents perish'd, and of parts disgraced: But though my mind was sane, there was a void—

My understanding seem'd in part destroy'd; I thought I was not of my species one, But unconnected, injured, and undone.

While in this state, once more my uncle

That I would hear—I heard, and I obey'd;
For I was thankful that a being broke
On this my sadness, or an interest took
In my poor life—but, at his mansion, rest
Came with its haleyon stillness to my breast:
Slowly there enter'd in my mind concern
For things about me—I would something
learn.

And to my uncle listen; who with joy, Found that ev'n yet I could my powers employ,

Till I could feel new hopes my mind possess, Of ease at least, if not of happiness: Till, not contented, not in discontent, As my good uncle counsell'd, on I went; Conscious of youth's great error—nay, the

Of manhood now—a dreary waste of time! Conscious of that account which I must give

How life had past with me-I strove to live.

Had I, like others, my first hope attain'd, I must, at least, a certainty have gain'd; Had I, like others, lost the hope of youth, Another hope had promised greater truth; But I in baseless hopes, and groundless views.

Was fated time, and peace, and health to lose, Impell'd to seek, for ever doom'd to fail, Is—I distress you—let me end my tale.

Something one day occurr'd about a bill That was not drawn with true mercantile skill.

And I was ask'd and authorized to go
To seek the firm of Clutterbuck and Co.;
Their hour was past—but when I urged
the case,

There was a youth who named a second place;

Where, on occasions of important kind, I might the man of occupation find In his retirement, where he found repose From the vexations that in business rose. I found, though not with case, this private

Of soothing quiet, Wisdom's still retreat. The house was good, but not so pure and

As I had houses of retirement seen; Yet men, I knew, of meditation deep, Love not their maidens should their studies

His room I saw, and must acknowledge,

Were not the signs of cleanliness or care:
A female servant, void of female grace,
Loose in attire, proceeded to the place;
She stared intrusive on my slender frame,
And boldly ask'd my business and my

I gave them both; and, left to be amused, Well as I might, the parlour I perused. The shutters half nuclosed, the curtains fell Half down, and rested on the window-sill, And thus, confusedly, made the room half visible:

Late as it was, the little parlour bore Some tell-tale tokens of the night before; There were strange sights and scents about the room.

Of food high season'd, and of strong perfume; Two unmatch'd sofas ample rents display'd, Carpet and curtains were alike decay'd; A large old mirror, with once-gilded frame, Reflected prints that I forbear to name, truth.

Not a sedate or sober-minded youth: The cinders yet were sleeping in the grate, Warm from the fire, continued large and late, As left by careless folk, in their neglected state;

The chairs in haste seem'd whirl'd about the room,

As when the sons of riot hurry home, And leave the troubled place to solitude and gloom.

All this, for I had ample time, I saw, And prudence question'd-should we not withdraw?

For he who makes me thus on business wait, Is not for business in a proper state; But man there was not, was not he for whom To this convenient lodging I was come; No! but a lady's voice was heard to call On my attention-and she had it all; For lo! she enters, speaking ere in sight, Monsieur! I shall not want the chair tonight-

Where shall I see him?'-This dear hour atones

For all affection's hopeless sighs and groans-Then turning to me - Art thou come at last? A thousand welcomes-be forgot the past; Forgotten all the grief that absence brings, Fear that terments, and jealousy that stings-All that is cold, injurious, and unkind, Be it for ever banish'd from the mind; And in that mind, and in that heart be now The soft endearment, and the binding vow.' She spoke and o'er the practised features threw

The looks that reason charm, and strength subdue.

Will you not ask, how I beheld that face, Or read that mind, and read it in that place? I have tried, Richard, oft-times, and in vain, To trace my thoughts, and to review their train-

If train there were-that meadow, grove, and stile.

The fright, th' escape, her sweetness and her smile:

Years since clapsed, and hope, from year to year.

To find her free-and then to find her here!

But is it she ?- O! ves; the rose is dead, All beauty, fragrance, freshness, glory fled: But yet 'tis she-the same and not the same-

Who to my bower an heavenly being came; Who waked my soul's first thought of real bliss.

Whom long I sought, and now I find herthis.

Such as a youth might purchase-but, in I cannot paint her-something I had seen So pale and slim, and tawdry and unclean; With haggard looks, of vice and woe the

> Laughing in languor, miserably gay: Her face, where face appear'd, was amply spread,

> By art's coarse pencil, with ill-chosen red, The flower's fictitious bloom, the blushing of the dead:

> But still the features were the same, and strange

My view of both-the sameness and the change,

That fix'd me gazing and my eye enchain'd, Although so little of herself remain'd; It is the creature whom I loved, and yet Is far unlike her-Would I could forget The angel or her fall; the once adored Or now despised! the worshipp'd or deplored!

O! Rosabella!'—I prepared to say, Whom I have loved, but prudence whisper'd

And folly grew ashamed-discretion had her day.

She gave her hand; which, as I lightly press'd,

The cold but ardent grasp my soul oppress'd; The ruin'd girl disturb'd me, and my eyes Look'd, I conceive, both sorrow and surprise. I spoke my business-He, she answer'd, comes

And lodges here-he has the backward reoms-

He now is absent, and I chanced to hear Will not before to-morrow eve appear, And may be longer absent-O! the night When you preserved me in that horrid fright; A thousand, thousand times, asleep, awake, I thought of what you ventured for my sake.

Now have you thought-yet tell me sodeceive

Your Rosabella, willing to believe? O! there is something in love's first-born pain

Sweeter than bliss-it never comes again-But has your heart been faithful?-Here my pride

To anger rising, her attempt defied-'My faith must childish in your sight appear, Who have been faithful-to how many, dear?

If words had fail'd, a look explain'd their style.

She could not blush assent, but she could smile:

Good heaven! I thought, have I rejected fame,

Credit, and wealth, for one who smiles at shame?

She saw me thoughtful-saw it, as I guess'd, With some concern, though nothing she express'd.

care,

All things were made to be, as all things are; All to seek pleasure as the end design'd, The only good in matter or in mind; So was I taught by one, who gave me all That my experienced heart can wisdom call. I saw thee young, love's soft obedient slave, And many a sigh to my young lover gave; And I had, spite of cowardice or cow, Return'd thy passion, and exchanged my vow; But while I thought to bait the amorous

One set for me my enger fancy took; There was a crafty eye, that far could see, And through my failings fascinated me: Mine was a childish wish, to please my boy; His a design, his wishes to enjoy. O! we have both about the world been tost, Thy gain I know not-I, they cry, am lost; So let the wise ones talk; they talk in vain, And are mistaken both in loss and gain; Tis gain to get whatever life affords, Tis loss to spend our time in empty words. I was a girl, and thou a boy wert then, Nor aught of women knew, nor I of men; But I have traffick'd in the world, and thou, Doubtless, canst boast of thy experience now; Let us the knowledge we have gain'd produce, And kindly turn it to our common use.'

Thus spoke the siren in voluptuous style, While I stood gazing and perplex'd the while, Chain'd by that voice, confounded by that smile.

to gay

Till all reproach and anger died away.

My Damon was the first to wake The gentle flame that cannot die; My Damon is the last to take The faithful bosom's softest sigh: The life between is nothing worth, O! cast it from thy thought away; Think of the day that gave it birth, And this its sweet returning day.

Buried be all that has been done, Or say that naught is done amiss; For who the dangerous path can shun In such bewildering world as this? But love can every fault forgive, Or with a tender look reprove; And now let naught in memory live, But that we meet, and that we love.

And then she moved my pity; for she wept, And told her miseries till resentment slept; For when she saw she could not reason blind, She pour'd her heart's whole sorrows on my

·Come, my dear friend, discard that look of | With features graven on my soul, with sighs Seen but not heard, with soft imploring eyes, And voice that needed not, but had the aid Of powerful words to soften and persuade.

> O! I repent me of the past; and sure Grief and repentance make the bosom pure; Yet meet thee not with clean and single heart, As on the day we met! and but to part, Ere I had drank the cup that to my lip Was held, and press'd till I was forced to sip: I drank indeed, but never ceased to hate,— It poison'd, but could not intoxicate: T' excuse my fall I plead not love's excess, But a weak orphan's need and loneliness. I had no parent upon earth-no door Was oped to me-young, innocent, and poor, Vain, tender, and resentful-and my friend Jealous of one who must on her depend, Making life misery-You could witness then That I was precious in the eyes of men: So, made by them a goddess, and denied Respect and notice by the women's pride; Here scorn'd, there worshipp'd-will it

> strange appear, Allured and driven, that I settled here? Yet loved it not; and never have I pass'd One day, and wish'd another like the last. There was a fallen angel, I have read, For whom their tears the sister-angels shed. Because, although she ventured to rebel, She was not minded like a child of hell .-Such is my lot! and will it not be given To grief like mine, that I may think of heaven?

And then she sang, and changed from grave Behold how there the glorious creatures shine.

And all my soul to grief and hope resign?'
I wonder'd, doubting—and is this a fact, I thought; or part thou art disposed to act? 'Is it not written: He, who came to save Sinners, the sins of deepest dye forgave? That he his mercy to the sufferers dealt, And pardon'd error when the ill was felt? Yes! I would hope, there is an eye that reads What is within, and sees the heart that bleeds-

But who on earth will one so lost deplore, And who will help that lost one to restore? Who will on trust the sigh of grief receive; And—all things warring withbelief—believe?"

Soften'd, I said - Be mine the hand and heart, If with your world you will consent to part. She would-she tried-Alas! she did not know

How deeply rooted evil habits grow: She felt the truth upon her spirits press, But wanted case, indulgence, show, excess, Voluptuous banquets, pleasures-not refined, But such as soothe to sleep th' opposing mind

She look'd for idle vice, the time to kill, And subtle, strong apologies for ill;

And thus her yielding, unresisting soul Sank, and let sin confuse her and control: Pleasures that brought disgust yet brought relief,

And minds she hated help'd to war with grief.

Thus then she perish'd ?'-Nay-but thus she proved

Slave to the vices that she never loved: But while she thus her better thoughts opposed,

opposed,
And woo'd the world, the world's deceptions
closed:—

I had long lost her; but I sought in vain To banish pity:—still she gave me pain, Still I desired to aid her—to direct, And wish'd the world, that won her, to reject: Nor wish'd in vain—there came, at length, request

That I would see a wretch with grief

Operat,

By guilt affrighted—and I went to trace

Once more the vice-worn features of that

face,

That sin-wreck'd being! and I saw her laid Where never worldly joy a visit paid:
That world receding fast! the world to come Conceal'd in terror, ignorance, and gloom; Sins, sorrow, and neglect: with not a spark of vital hope,—all horrible and dark—
It frighten'd me!—I thought, and shall not I Thus feel? thus fear?—this danger can I fly?
Do I so wisely live that I can calmly die?

The wants I saw I could supply with ease, But there were wants of other kind than these;

Th' awakening thought, the hope-inspiring view-

The doctrines awful, grand, alarming, true— Most painful to the soul, and yet most healing too:

Still I could something offer, and could send For other aid-a more important friend, Whose duty call'd him, and his love no less, To help the grieving spirit in distress; To save in that sad hour the drooping prey, And from its victim drive despair away. All decent comforts round the sick were seen; The female helpers quiet, sober, clean; Her kind physician with a smile appear'd, And zealous love the pious friend endear'd: While I, with mix'd sensations, could inquire. Hast than one wish, one unfulfill'd desire? peak every thought, nor unindulged depart, If I can make thee happier than thou art. Yes! there was yet a female friend, an old And grieving nurse! to whom it should be told-

If I would tell—that she, her child, had fail'd.

And turn'd from truth! yet truth at length prevail'd.

Twas in that chamber, Richard, I began To think more deeply of the end of man: Was it to jostle all his fellows by, To run before them, and sny, here am I, Fall down, and worship?—Was it, life throughout.

With circumspection keen to hunt about As spaniels for their game, where might be found

Abundance more for coffers that abound?
Or was it life's enjoyments to prefer,
Like this poor girl, and then to die like her?
No! He, who gave the faculties, design'd
Another use for the immortal mind:
There is a state in which it will appear
With all the good and ill contracted here;
With gain and loss, improvement and defect;
And then, my soul! what hast thou to expect
For talents laid aside, life's waste, and time's
neglect?

Still as I went came other change—the frame And features wasted, and yet slowly came The end; and so inaudible the breath, And still the breathing, we exclaim'd—'tis death!

But death it was not: when, indeed, she died, I sat and his last gentle stroke expied: When—as it came—or did my fancy trace That lively, lovely flushing o'er the face? Bringing back all that my young heart impress'd!

It came—and went!—She sigh'd, and was at rest!

Adieu, I said, fair Frailty! dearly cost
The love I bore thee—time and treasure lost;
And I have suffer'd many years in vain;
Now let me something in my sorrows gain:
Heaven would not all this woe for man
intend

If man's existence with his woe should end; Heaven would not pain,and grief,and anguish

If man was not by discipline to live; And for that brighter, better world prepare, That souls with souls, when purified, shall share.

Those stains all done away that must not enter there.

Home I return'd, with spirits in that state Of vacant woe, I strive not to relate, Nor how, deprived of all her hope and strength,

My soul turn'd feebly to the world at length. I travell'd then till health again resumed Its former seat—I must not say re-bloom'd; And then I fill'd, not loth, that favourite place That has enrich'd some seniors of our race; Patient and dull I grew; my uncle's praise Was largely dealt me on my better days; A love of money—other love at rest—Came creeping on, and settled in my breast; The force of habit held me to the oar, Till I could relish what I scorn'd before:

I now could talk and scheme with men of sense,

Who deal for millions, and who sigh for pence;

And grew so like them, that I heard with joy Old Blueskin said I was a pretty boy; For I possess'd the caution with the zeal, That all true lovers of their interest feel: Exalted praise! and to the creature due, Who loves that interest solely to pursue.

But I was sick, and sickness brought disgust; My peace I could not to my profits trust: Again some views of brighter kind appear'd, My heart was humbled, and my mind was clear'd;

I felt those helps that souls diseased restore, And that cold frenzy, Avarice, raged no more. From dreams of boundless wealth I then

This place, the scene of infant bliss, I chose, And here I find relief, and here I seek repose. Yet much is lost, and not yet much is found, But what remains, I would believe, is sound; That first wild passion, that last mean desire. Are felt no more; but holier hopes require A mind prepared and steady—my reform Has fears like his, who, suffering in a storm, Is on a rich but unknown country cast, The future fearing, while he feels the past; But whose more cheerful mind, with hope imbued,

Sees through receding clouds the rising good.

## BOOK VIII.

THE SISTERS.

THE morning shone in cloudless beauty bright;

Richard his letters read with much delight; George from his pillow rose in happy tone, His bosom's lord sat lightly on his throne: They read the morning news—they saw the sky

Inviting call'd them, and the earth was dry. The day invites us, Brother, said the Squire; Come, and I'll show thee something to admire: We still may beauty in our prospects trace; If not, we have them in both mind and face. Tis but two miles—to let such women live Unseen of him, what reason can I give? Why should not Richard to the girls be

Would I have all their friendship for my

Brother, there dwell, you northern hill below, Two favourite maidens, whom 'tis good to know:

Young, but experienced; dwellers in a cot, Where they sustain and dignify their lot, The best good girls in all our world below— O! you must know them—Come! and you shall know.

But lo! the morning wastes-here, Jacob,

If Phwbe comes, do you attend to her; And let not Mary get a chattering press Of idle girls to hear of her distress: Ask her to wait till my return—and hide From her meek mind your plenty and your pride;

Nor vex a creature, humble, sad, and still, By your coarse bounty, and your rude goodwill.

This said, the Brothers hasten'd on their way, With all the foretaste of a pleasant day. The morning purpose in the mind had fix'd. The leading thought, and that with others mix'd.

How well it is, said George, when we possess The strength that bears us up in our distress; And need not the resources of our pride, Our fall from greatness and our wants to hide; But have the spirit and the wish to show, We know our wants as well as others know. "Tis true, the rapid turns of fortune's wheel Make even the virtuous and the humble feel: They for a time must suffer, and but few Can bear their sorrows and our pity too. Hence all these small expedients, day by day. Are used to hide the evils they betray: When, if our pity chances to be seen, The wounded pride retorts, with anger keen, And man's insulted grief takes refuge in his

When Timon's board contains a single dish, Timon talks much of market-men and fish, Forgetful servants, and th' infernal cook, Who always spoil'd whate'er she undertook. But say, it tries us from our height to fall, Yet is not life itself a trial all? And not a virtue in the bosom lives. That gives such ready pay as patience gives; That pure submission to the ruling mind, Fix'd, but not forced; obedient, but not blind; The will of heaven to make her own she tries, Or makes her own to heaven a sacrifice. And is there aught on earth so rich or rare, Whose pleasures may with virtue's pains compare?

spleen.

This fruit of patience, this the pure delight, That 'tis a trial in her Judge's sight; Her part still striving duty to sustain, Not spurning pleasure, not defying pain; Never in triumph till her race be won, And never fainting till her work he done.

With thoughts like these they reach'd the village-brook,
And saw a lady sitting with her book;
And so engaged she heard not, till the men
Were at her side, nor was she frighten'd then;

return'd.

ough which the latent sadness he discern'd.

stranger-brother at the cottage-door new admitted, and was strange no more of an absent sister he was told,

in they were not at present to behold; thing was said of nerves, and that disease,

se varying powers on mind and body scize.

ebling both !- Here chose they to remain hour in peace, and then return'd again. nw not why, said Richard, but I feel warmest pity on my bosom steal

express

this world's good a cherish'd hopelessness !

signation that is so entire, els not now the stirrings of desire; t now to her is all the world esteems? is awake, and cares not for its dreams; moves while yet on earth, as one above ors and fears-its loathing and its love. shall I learn, said he, these sisters' fate?

found his Brother willing to relate.

girls were orphans early; yet I saw, n young, their father-his profession law;

eft them but a competence, a store made his daughters neither rich nor

poor; rich, compared with some who dwelt around;

poor, for want they neither fear'd nor found;

r guardian uncle was both kind and just, whom a parent might in dying trust; , in their youth, the trusted store improved,

when he ceased to guide them, fondly loved.

e sister-beauties were in fact the grace on small town,-it was their native place;

Saul's famed danghters were the lovely twain.

licah, Lucy, and as Merab, Jane: this was tall, with free commanding air, that was mild, and delicate, and fair. had an arch delusive smile, that charm'd threaten'd too; alluring, it alarm'd; smile of Lucy her approval told, rful, not changing; neither kind nor cold. n children, Lucy love alone possess'd, was more punish'd and was more caress'd; ld the childish wishes, one bespoke mb, a bird, a garden, and a brook; other wish'd a joy unknown, a rout rowded hall, and to be first led out.

to her friend, the Squire, his smile Lucy loved all that grew upon the ground, And loveliness in all things living found; The gilded fly, the fern upon the wall, Were nature's works, and admirable all; Pleased with indulgence of so cheap a kind, Its cheapness never discomposed her mind. Jane had no liking for such things as these, Things pleasing her must her superiors please;

The costly flower was precious in her eyes, That skill can vary, or that money buys; Her taste was good, but she was still afraid, Till fashion sanction'd the remarks she made. The sisters read, and Jane with some delight, The satires keen that fear or rage excite, That men in power attack, and ladies high, that dear maid! How well her looks And give broad hints that we may know them by.

> She was amused when sent to haunted rooms, Or some dark passage where the spirit comes Of one once murder'd! then she laughing

> And felt at once the folly and the dread: As rustic girls to crafty gipsies fly, And trust the liar though they fear the lie, Or as a patient, urged by grievous pains, Will fee the daring quack whom he disdains, So Jane was pleased to see the beckoning

> hand, And trust the magic of the Ratcliffe-wand. In her religion-for her mind, though light, Was not disposed our better views to slight-Her favourite authors were a solemn kind, Who fill with dark mysterious thoughts the mind;

> And who with such conceits her fancy plied.

> Became her friend, philosopher, and guide. She made the Progress of the Pilgrim one To build a thousand pleasant views upon; All that connects us with a world above She loved to fancy, and she long'd to prove; Well would the poet please her, who could lend

> Her fancy forth, yet keep untouch'd her creed. Led by an early custom, Lucy spied, When she awaked, the Bible at her side; That, ere she ventured on a world of care, She might for trials, joys or pains prepare, For every dart a shield, a guard for every snare.

> She read not much of high heroic deeds, Where man the measure of man's power exceeds;

> But gave to luckless love and fate severe Her tenderest pity and her softest tear. She mix'd not faith with fable, but she trod

Right onward, cautious in the ways of God; Nor did she dare to launch on seas unknown, In search of truths by some adventurers

shown, But her own compass used, and kept a course her own.

The maidens both their loyalty declared, And in the glory of their country shared; When England's foes were vanquish'd in the fight;

While Lucy's feelings for the brave who bled Put all such glorious triumphs from her head.

They both were frugal; Lucy from the fear Of wasting that which want esteems so dear But finds so scarce; her sister from the pain That springs from want, when treated with disdain.

Jane borrow'd maxims from a doubting school,

And took for truth the test of ridicule; Lucy saw no such virtue in a jest, Truth was with her of ridicule a test. They loved each other with the warmth of

youth, With ardour, candour, tenderness, and truth; And though their pleasures were not just the same,

Yet both were pleased whenever one became; Nay, each would rather in the act rejoice, That was th' adopted, not the native choice.

Each had a friend, and friends to minds so fond And good are soon united in the bond; Each had a lover; but it seem'd that fate Decreed that these should not approximate. Now Lucy's lover was a prudent swain, And thought, in all things, what would be his gain;

The younger sister first engaged his view, But with her beauty he her spirit knew; Her face he much admired, but, put the case, Said he, I marry, what is then a face? At first it pleases to have drawn the lot; He then forgets it, but his wife does not; Jane too, he judged, would be reserved and nice.

And many lovers had enhanced her price. Thus, thinking much, but hiding what he thought,

The prudent lover Lucy's favour sought, And he succeeded, -she was free from art; And his appear'd a gentle guileless heart Such she respected; true, her sister found His placid face too ruddy and too round, Too cold and inexpressive; such a face Where you could nothing mark'd or manly trace.

But Lucy found him to his mother kind, And saw the Christian meekness of his mind; His voice was soft, his temper mild and sweet, His mind was easy, and his person neat. Jane said he wanted courage; Lucy drew No ill from that, though she believed it too; 'It is religious, Jane, be not severe;' 'Well, Lucy, then it is religious fear.' Nor could the sister, great as was her love, A man so lifeless and so cool approve.

Jane had a lover, whom a lady's pride Might wish to see attending at her side.

But Jane that glory felt with proud delight, Young, handsome, sprightly, and with good address.

> Not mark'd for folly, error or excess; Yet not entirely from their censure free, Who judge our failings with severity; The very care he took to keep his name Stainless, with some was evidence of shame. Jane heard of this, and she replied : 'Enough; Prove but the facts, and I resist no proof; Nor is my heart so easy as to love The man my judgment bids me not approve.' But yet that heart a secret joy confess'd, To find no slander on the youth would rest; His was, in fact, such conduct, that a maid Might think of marriage, and be not afraid; And she was pleased to find a spirit high, Free from all fear, that spurn'd hypocrisy. What fears my sister?' said the partial fair, For Lucy fear'd, - Why tell me to beware? No smooth deceitful varnish can I find; His is a spirit generous, free, and kind; And all his flaws are seen, all floating in his mind.

> A little boldness in his speech. What then? It is the failing of these generous men.
>
> A little vanity, but—0! my dear,
> They all would show it, were they all sincere. But come, agreed; we'll lend each other eyes To see our favourites, when they wear disguise;

> And all those errors that will then be shown Uninfluenced by the workings of our own.'

> Thus lived the sisters, far from power removed,

> And far from need, both loving and beloved. Thus grew, as myrtles grow; I grieve at heart

> That I have pain and sorrow to impart. But so it is, the sweetest herbs that grow In the lone vale, where sweetest waters flow, Ere drops the blossom, or appears the fruit. Feel the vile grub, and perish at the root; And in a quick and premature decay Breathe the pure fragrance of their life away.

A town was near, in which the buildings all Were large, but one pre-eminently tall-An huge high house. Without there was an air

Of lavish cost; no littleness was there; But room for servants, horses, whiskies, gigs, And walls for pines and peaches, grapes and figs ;

Bright on the sloping glass the sunbeams shone;

And brought the summer of all climates on Here wealth its prowess to the eye display'd, And here advanced the seasons, there delay'd; Bid the due heat each growing sweet refine, Made the sun's light with grosser fire combine.

And to the Tropic gave the vigour of the Line.

he master of this wealth, behold ain coxcomb taken from his gold, asy brain was weak, whose boasting heart was cold.

he talk'd to that believing town, would give it riches and renown; anal where treasures were to swim, should owe their opulence to him! of riches he insured a crop,

would give him but a seed to drop, the alchymist his boasts to make, ou millions for the mite 1 take; ' they never could again behold, ions all were Eldorado-gold.

professing man, the country round ch'd to see where money could be found.

cen farmer, who had lived to spare, on object of especial care; the frugal tradesman by the hand, id him joy of what he might com-

'd him joy of what he might com-

industrious servant, who had laid ig by, it was his joy to aid; k, and hints of some productive plan sed, won all his hearers to a man; a projects drew them wondering on,

a projects drew them wondering on, ice listen'd till distrust was gone. to these dear girls he found his way, artless, innocent were they; compell'd his foolish wife to be

so great, so humble, and so free; there sought, nor always with suc-

were both her pride and happiness; esteem'd them, but attended still ile purpose of her husband's will; ishe fix'd his snares about their mind, d those whom she essay'd to blind; a esteem she some compassion gave ir victims whom she would not save, ker's wealth and kindness were her

rous plans, his patriotic schemes; had done for some, a favourite few, his favourites still he meant to do; he always listen'd — which was hard—

when speaking of her great regard in friends—but you, as I may say, on choice—I am not jealous—nay! oe the man himself, and came with

speed, from business of importance freed; escaping, came with looks of fire, d just attain'd his full desire;

sperity and he for life d, and he was showing off his wife; o display his influence, and to prove the object of her partial love:

with this was join'd the latent fear, e would come when he should not be dear.

th'd at all their visits and parade, Jane from her lover had no wish to hide dit friendship in an hot-house made; Her deed; but was withheld by maiden pride;

A style of friendship suited to his taste, Brought on, and ripen'd, like his grapes, in baste:

She saw the wants that wealth in vain would hide,

And all the tricks and littleness of pride: On all the wealth would creep the vulgar stain, And grandeur strove to look itself in vain.

Lucy perceived—but she replied, 'why heed Such small defects?—they're very kind indeed!'

And kind they were, and ready to produce Their easy friendship, ever fit for use, Friendship that enters into all affairs, And daily wants, and daily gets, repairs. Hence at the cottage of the sisters stood The Banker's steed—he was so very good; Oft through the roads, in weather foul or fair, Their friend's gay carriage bore the gentle

pair;
His grapes and nectarines woo'd the Virgins'
hand.

His books and roses were at their command; And costly flowers,—he took upon him shame That he could purchase what he could not name.

Lucy was vex'd to have such favours shown, And they returning nothing of their own; Jane smiled, and begg'd her sister to believe.—

'We give at least as much as we receive,' Alas! and more; they gave their ears and eyes, His splendor oft-times took them by surprise; And if in Jane appear'd a meaning smile, She gazed, admired, and paid respect the while; Would she had rested there! Deluded maid, She saw not yet the fatal price she paid; Saw not that wealth, though join'd with folly, grew

In her regard; she smiled, but listen'd too; Nay would be grateful, she would trust her all,

Her funded source,—to him a matter small; Taken for their sole use, and ever at their call: To be improved—he knew not how, indeed, But he had methods—and they must succeed.

This was so good, that Jane, in very pride, To spare him trouble, for a while denied; And Lucy's prudence, though it was alarm'd, Was by the splendor of the Banker charm'd; What was her paltry thousand pounds to him. Who would expend five thousand on a whim? And then the portion of his wife was known; But not that she reserved it for her own. Lucy her lover trusted with the fact, And frankly ask'd, if he approved the act? It promised well, he said; he could not tell How it might end, but sure it promised well; He had himself a trifle in the Bank, And should be sore uneasy if it sank.

Jane from her lover had no wish to hide

To talk so carly—as if one were sure Of being his; she could not that endure. But when the sisters were apart, and when They freely spoke of their affairs and men; They thought with pleasure of the sum improved,

And so presented to the men they loved.

Things now proceeded in a quiet train; No cause appear'd to murmur or complain; The monied man, his ever smiling dame, And their young darlings, in their carriage came:

Jane's sprightly lover smiled their pomp to

And ate their grapes, with gratitude and glee, But with the freedom there was nothing mean, Humble, or forward, in his freedom seen; His was the frankness of a mind that shows It knows itself, nor fears for what it knows: But Lucy's ever humble friend was awed By the profusion he could not appland; He seem'd indeed reluctant to partake Of the collation that he could not make; And this was pleasant in the maiden's view,-Was modesty-was moderation too; ThoughJane esteem'd it meanness; and she saw Fear in that prudence, avarice in that awe. But both the lovers now to town are gone, By business one is call'd, by duty one; While rumour rises, - whether false or true The ladies knew not-it was known to few-But fear there was, and on their guardian-

They for advice and comfort would depend When rose the day; meantime from Belmontplace

Came vile report, predicting quick disgrace. "Twas told — the servants, who had met to

Their lord for placing money in his Bank— Their kind free master, who such wages gave, And then increased whatever they could

They who had heard they should their savings lose,

save-

Were weeping, swearing, drinking at the news; And still the more they drank, the more they wept,

And swore, and rail'd, and threaten'd, till

they slept.

The morning-truth confirm'd the evening-

The morning-truth confirm'd the eveningdread; The Bank was broken, and the Banker fled;

The Bank was broken, and the Banker fled; But left a promise that his friends should have, To the last shilling—what his fortunes gave. The evil tidings reach'd the sister-pair, And one like Sorrow look'd, and one Despair; They from each other turn'd th' afflicting look.

And loth and late the painful silence broke. 'The odious villain!' Jane in wrath began; In pity Lucy: 'the unhappy man! When time and reason our affliction heal,

How will the author of our sufferings feel?"

'And let him feel, my sister, — let the woes That he creates be bane to his repose! Let them be felt in his expiring hour, When death brings all his dread, and sin its

Then let the busy for of mortals state.
The pangs he caused, his own to aggravate!
Wretch! when our life was glad, our pro-

with savage hand to sweep them all away!
And he must know it—know when he beguiled
His easy victims—how the villain smiled!
Oh! my dear Lucy, could I see him crave
The food denied, a beggar and a slave,
To stony hearts he should with tears apply,
And Pity's self withhold the struggling sigh;
Or, if releating weakness should extend
Th'extorted scrap that justice would not lend,
Let it be poison'd by the curses deep
Of every wretch whom he compels to weep!'
'Nay,my sweet sister, if you thought such pain
Were his, your pity would awake again;
Your generous heart the wretch's grief would
feel.

And you would soothe the pangs you could not heal.

'Oh! never, never,—I would still contrive
To keep the slave whom I abhorr'd alive;
His tortured mind with horrid fears to fill,
Disturb his reason, and misguide his will;
Heap coals of fire, to lie like melted lead,
Heavy and hot, on his accursed head;
Not coals that mercy kindles hearts to melt,
But he should feel them hot as fires are felt;
Corroding ever, and through life the same,
Strong self-contempt and ever burning shame;
Let him so wretched live that he may fly
To desperate thoughts, and be resolved to dieAnd then let death such frightful visions give,
That he may dread th' attempt, and beg
to live!"

So spake th' indignant maid, when Lucy sigh'd,

And, waiting softer times, no more replied.

Barlow was then in town; and there he thought

Of bliss to come, and bargains to be bought;
And was returning homeward—when he found
The Bank was broken, and his venture
drown'd.

'Ah! foolish maid,' he cried, ' and what wilt thou

Say for thy friends and their excesses now? All now is brought completely to an end; What can the spendthrift now afford to spend? Had my advice been—true, I gave consent, The thing was purposed; what could I prevent?

Who will her idle taste for flowers supply,-Who send her grapes and peaches? let her

try;—
There's none will give her, and she cannot buy.
Yet would she not be grateful if she knew
What to my faith and generous love was due?

Daily to see the man who took her hand, When she had not a sixpence at command; Could I be sure that such a quiet mind Would be for ever grateful, mild, and kind, I might comply-but how will Bloomer act, When he becomes acquainted with the fact?
The loss to him is trifling—but the fall From independence, that to her is all; Naw should he marry, 'twill be shame to me To haid myself from my engagement free; And should he not, it will be double grace To stand alone in such a trying case, Come then, my Lucy, to thy faithful heart And humble love I will my views impart; Will see the grateful tear that softly steals Down the fair face and all thy joy reveals; And when I say it is a blow severe, Then will I add—restrain, my love, the tear, And take this heart, so faithful and so fond, Still bound to thine; and fear not for that bond.' He said; and went, with purpose he believed Of generous nature-so is man deceived.

Lacy determined that her lover's eye
Should not distress nor supplication spy;
That in her manner he should nothing find,
To indicate the weakness of her mind.
He saw no eye that wept, no frame that
shook,

No fond appeal was made by word or look; kindness there was, but join'd with some restraint;

And traces of the late event were faint.

He look'd for grief deploring, but perceives
No outward token that she longer grieves;
He had expected for his efforts praise,
For he resolved the drooping mind to raise;
She would, he judged, be humble, and afraid
That he might blame her rashness and
upbraid;

And lo! he finds her in a quiet state, ther spirit easy and her air sedate; As if her loss was not a cause for pain, As if assured that he would make it gain.— Silent awhile, he told the morning-news, and what he judged they might expect to lose; the thought himself, whatever some might

The composition would be small at most; Some shabby matter, she would see no more The tithe of what she held in hand before.

How did her sister feel? and did she think Blasmer was honest, and would never shrink? But why that smile? is loss like yours so light That it can aught like merriment excite? Well he is rich, we know, and can afford To please his fancy, and to keep his word; To him 'tis nothing; had he now a fear, He must the meanest of his sex appear; But the true honour, as I judge the case, Is, both to feel the evil, and embrace.' Here Barlow stopp'd, a little vex'd to see No fear or hope, no dread or eestasy:

Calmly she spoke—'Your prospects, sir, and mine

Are not the same,—their union I decline; Could I believe the hand for which you strove Had yet its value, did you truly love. I had with thanks address'd you, and replied, Wait till your feelings and my own subside, Watch your affections, and, if still they live, What pride denies, my gratitude shall give; Ev'n then, in yielding, I had first believed That I conferr'd the favour, not received. You I release—nay, hear me—I impart Joy to your soul,—I judge not of your heart. Thinkst thou a being, to whom God has lent A feeling mind, will have her bosom rent By man's reproaches? Sorrow will be thine, For all thy pity prompts thee to resign! Thinkst thou that meekness' self would condescend

To take the husband when she scorns the friend?

Forgive the frankness, and rejoice for life Thou art not burden'd with so poor a wife. Go! and be happy—tell, for the applause Of hearts like thine, we parted, and the cause Give, as it pleases '—With a foolish look That a dull school-boy fixes on his book That he resigns, with mingled shame and joy; So Barlow went, confounded like the boy.

Jane, while she wept to think her sister's pain Was thus increased, felt infinite disdain; Bound as she was, and wedded by the ties Of love and hope, that care and craft despise; She could but wonder that a man, whose taste And zeal for money had a Jew disgraced, Should love her sister; yet with this surprise, She felt a little exultation rise; Hers was a lover who had always held Thisman as base, by generous scorn impell'd; And yet, as one, of whom for Lucy's sake He would a civil distant notice take.

Lucy, with sadden'd heart and temper mild, Bow'd to correction, like an humbled child, Who feels the parent's kindness, and who knows

Such the correction he, who loves, bestows.

Attending always, but attending more
When sorrow ask'd his presence, than before,
Tender and ardent, with the kindest air
Came Bloomer, fortune's error to repair;
Words sweetly soothing spoke the happy
youth,

With all the tender earnestness of truth.

There was no doubt of his intention now— He will his purpose with his love avow: So judged the maid; yet, waiting, she admired

His still delaying what he most desired;

Till, from her spirit's agitation free,
She might determine when the day should be.
With such facility the partial mind
Can the best motives for its favourites find.
Of this he spake not, but he stay'd beyond
His usual hour; — attentive still and fond;—
The hand yet firmer to the hand he prest,
And the eye rested where it loved to rest;
Then took he certain freedoms, yet so small
That it was prudish so the things to call;
Things they were not— 'Describe'— that
none can do.

They had been nothing had they not been new:

It was the manner and the look; a maid, Afraid of such, is foolishly afraid: For what could she explain? The piercing eye Of jealous fear could nought amiss desery.

But some concern now rose; the youth would

Jane by herself, and then would nothing speak, Before not spoken; there was still delay, Vexatious, wearying, wasting, day by day. He does not surely trifle! Heaven forbid! She now should doubly scorn him if he did. Ah! more than this, unlucky girl! is thine; Thou must the fondest views of life resign; And in the very time resign them too, When they were brightening on the eager view.

I will be brief, — nor have I heart to dwell On crimes they almost share who paint them well.

There was a moment's softness, and it seem'd Discretion slept, or so the lover dream'd; And watching long the now confiding maid, He thought her guardless, and grew less afraid;

Led to the theme that he had shunn'd before, He used a language he must use no more— For if it answers, there is no more need, And no more trial, should it not succeed.

Then made he that attempt, in which to fail Is shameful,—still more shameful to prevail. Then was there lightning in that eye that shed

Its beams upon him,—and his frenzy fled;
Abject and trembling at her feet he laid,
Despised and scorn'd by the indignant maid,
Whose spirits in their agitation rose,
Him, and her own weak pity, to oppose:
As liquid silver in the tube mounts high,
Then shakes and settles as the storm goes by.
While yet the lover stay'd, the maid was

But when he fled, she droop'd and felt the wrong—

Felt the alarming chill, th' enfeebled breath. Closed the quick eye, and sank in transient death. So Lucy found her; and then first that breast Knew anger's power, and own'd the stranger

And is this love? Ungenerous! Has he too Been mean and abject? Is no being true?' For Lucy judged that, like her prudent swain. Bloomer had talk'd of what a man might gain; She did not think a man on earth was found, A wounded bosom, while it bleeds, to wound; Thought not that mortal could be so unjust, As to deprive affliction of its trust; Thought not a lover could the hope enjoy. That must the peace, he should promote,

Thought not, in fact, that in the world were those.

Who, to their tenderest friends, are worse than foes,

Who win the heart, deprive it of its care, Then plant remorse and desolation there. Ah! cruel he, who can that heart deprive Of all that keeps its energy alive; Can see consign'd to shame the trusting fair, And turn confiding fondness to despair; To watch that time—a name is not assign'd For crime so odious, nor shall learning find. Now, from that day has Lucy laid aside Her proper cares, to be her sister's guide, Guard, and protector. At their uncle's farm They past the period of their first alarm, But soon retired, nor was he grieved to learn They made their own affairs their own concern.

I knew not then their worth; and, had I known, Could not the kindness of a friend have shown; For men they dreaded; they a dwelling sought,

And there the children of the village taught; There, firm and patient, Lucy still depends Upon her efforts, not upon her friends; She is with persevering strength endued, And can be cheerful—for she will be good. Jane too will strive the daily tasks to share. That so employment may contend with care; Not power, but will, she shows, and looks about

On her small people, who come in and out: And seems of what they need, or she can do, in doubt.

There sits the chubby crew on seats around, While she, all rueful at the sight and sound, Shrinks from the free approaches of the tribe Whom she attempts lamenting to describe, With stains the idlers gather'd in their way. The simple stains of mud, and mould, and clay, And compound of the streets, of what we dare not say;

With hair uncomb'd, grimed face, and piteous look.

Each heavy student takes the odious book, And on the lady casts a glance of fear, Who draws the garment close as he comes near;

She then for Lucy's mild forbearance tries, And from her pupils turns her brilliant eyes.

ay attention while the students guess; to the gentler mistress fain would glide, dread their station at the lady's side.

is their fate: - there is a friendly few m they receive, and there is chance for you;

r school, and something gather'd from the wreck

at bad Bank, keeps poverty in check; rue respect, and high regard, are theirs, hildren's profit, and the parents' prayers. Lucy rests the one peculiar care, few must see, and none with her may

share; dear than hope can be, more sweet than pleasures are.

her sad sister needs the care of love will direct her, that will not reprove, sing in low and melancholy tone; read or write, or to her plants will run oun her friends, alas! her thoughts to abun.

not love alone disturbs her rest, dsever kind, life's lively pleasures, ease, n her enjoyments could no longer please; s were her comforts then! she has no more of these.

pt in such thoughts, she feels her mind

astray, mows 'tis true, that she has lost her way ; ney's smile will check the sudden flight, one kind look let in the wonted light. of long silence she endures, then talks much - with too much ardour, as she walks;

till the shrubs that she admires dispense balmy freshness to the hurried sense, he will watch their progress, and attend owering favourites as a guardian friend; n or shade she will her sweets remove, ere, she says, I may with safety love. here are bours when on that bosom steals ng terror, - then indeed she feels;how she loved the promised good, and

cels the failure of the promise now.

other spoiler did as robbers do. pour our state, but not disgraceful too. poiler shames me, and I look within of some cause that drew him on to sin; nd the wretch who could thy worth

forsake he fork'd adder and the loathsome snake; make could slip in villain-fear away, ad no fang to fasten on his prey my dear Lucy, I had thought to live all the comforts easy fortunes give; fe caressing, and caress'd,-a friend, as he would guide, advise, consult, defend, And vex'd my sister-What a world is this!

ing new efforts, and with some success, And make his equal; - then I fondly thought Among superior creatures to be brought; And while with them, delighted to behold No eye averted, and no bosom cold;-Then at my home, a mother, to embrace My -- Oh! my sister, it was surely base! I might forget the wrong; I cannot the disgrace.

> Oh! when I saw that triumph in his eyes. I felt my spirits with his own arise: I call'd it joy, and said, the generous youth Laughs at my loss-no trial for his truth; It is a trifle he can not lament, A sum but equal to his annual rent: And yet that loss, the cause of every ill, Has made me poor, and him' - 'O! poorer still; Poorer, my Jane, and far below thee now: The injurer he .- the injured sufferer thou; And shall such loss afflict thee ?'-Lose I not With him what fortune could in life allot? Lose I not hope, life's cordial, and the views Of an aspiring spirit?-O! I lose Whate'er the happy feel, whate'er the san-

> guine choose. Would I could lose this bitter sense of wrong, And sleep in peace-but it will not be long! And here is something, Lucy, in my brain, I know not what-it is a cure for pain; But is not death !- no beckoning hand I see,

No voice I hear that comes alone to me; It is not death, but change; I am not now As I was once, -nor can I tell you how; Nor is it madness-ask, and you shall find In my replies the soundness of my mind: O! I should be a trouble all day long; A very torment, if my head were wrong.'

At times there is upon her features seen, What moves suspicion-she is too serene. Such is the motion of a drunken man, Who steps sedately, just to show he can. Absent at times she will her mother call, And cry at mid-day, 'then good night to all.' But most she thinks there will some good

From something done, or what she is to do; Long wrapt in silence, she will then assume An air of business, and shake off her gloom; Then cry exulting, 'O! it must succeed, There are ten thousand readers-all men read: There are my writings, - you shall never spend

Your precious moments to so poor an end; Our peasants' children may be taught by those.

Who have no powers such wonders to compose;

So let me call them, - what the world allows, Surely a poet without shame avows; Come, let us count what numbers we believe Will buy our work-Ah! sister, do you grieve?

You weep; there's something I have said amiss.

And how I wander!—Where has fancy run? Is there no poem? Have I nothing done? Forgive me, Lucy, I had fix'd my eye, And so my mind, on works that cannot die; Marmion and Lara yonder in the case, And so I put me in the poet's place. Still, be not frighten'd; it is but a dream; I am not lost, bewilder'd though I seem; I will obey thee—but suppress thy fear—I am at ease,—then why that silly tear?'

Jane, as these melancholy fits invade The busy fancy, seeks the deepest shade; She walks in ceaseless hurry, till her mind Will short repose in yerse and music find; Then her own songs to some soft tunes she

And laughs, and calls them melancholy things; Not frenzy all; in some her erring Muse Will sad, afflicting, tender strains infuse: Sometimes on death she will her lines compose;

Or give her serious page of solemn prose; And still those favourite plants her fancy please,

And give to care and anguish rest and ease.

Let me not have this gloomy view,
About my room, around my bed;
But morning-roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brows instead.
As flow'rs that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day the sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

Oh! let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath;
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath an hill,
Where, only Lucy's self shall know
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
There violets on the borders blow,
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning-sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shown,
The soil a pure and silver sand,
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unpluck'd of all but maiden hand:
In virgin earth, till then unturn'd,
There let my maiden form be laid,
Nor let my changed clay be spurn'd,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark,—the lamb, in sport, In air,—on earth,—securely play, And Lucy to my grave resort, As innocent, but not so gay. I will not have the churchyard-groun With bones all black and ugly grow To press my shivering body round, Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep In clammy beds of cold blue clay, Through which the ringed earth-wor creep.

And on the shrouded bosom prey; I will not have the bell proclaim When those sad marriage-rites be And boys, without regard or shame, Press the vile mouldering masses in

Say not, it is beneath my care;
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me the
But, O! they vex and tease me no
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may tra
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

O! take me from a world I hate, Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold; And, in some pure and blessed state, Let me my sister-minds behold: From gross and sordid views refined, Our heaven of spotless love to shar For only generous souls design'd, And not a man to meet us there.

### BOOK IX.

## THE PRECEPTOR HUSBAND.

"Wnon pass'd we musing near the woodm: shed,

Whose horse not only carried him but le That his grave rider might have slept

Or solved a problem, or composed a rhyn A more abstracted man within my view Has never come—He recollected you." "Yes,—he was thoughtful—thinks the wh day long,

Deeply, and chiefly that he once thou

wrong;
He thought a strong and kindred mind to tr
In the soft outlines of a trifler's face.
Poor Finch! I knew him when at school

a boy
Who might be said his labours to enjoy
So young a pedant that he always took
The girl to dance who most admired her be
And would the butler and the cook surps
Who listen'd to his Latin exercise;
The matron's self the praise of Finch avoy
He was so serious, and he read so loud!
But yet, with all this folly and conceit,

The lines he wrote were elegant and nea

rly promise in his mind appear'd

ould be skill'd in Greek and algebra; to would talk with one to whom his themes,

avourite studies, were no more than dreams?

his, though courteous, gentle, and humane

oys contemn'd and hated him as vain, nd pedantic."-"Did the man enjoy, r-life, the visions of the boy?" ast they form'd his wishes, they were

yet avourite views on which his mind was set:

aintly said, how happy must they prove, loving, study—or who, studious, love; cel their minds with sciences imbued, heir warm hearts by beauty's force subdued.

dow'd mother, who the world had seen, etter judge of either sex had been, im that just as their affairs were placed, e respects, he must forego his taste; be by him, if unendow'd, resign'd; sealth was wanted for their joint affairs; sters' portions, and the Hall's repairs. on assented-and the wife must bring h, learning, beauty, ere he gave the ring;

these merits, when they all unite, ot produced in every soil and site; hen produced are not the certain gain m who would these precious things obtain;

atient student waited many a year, w this phonix in his walks appear. views mended in the joint estate, uld a something in his points abate; im but learning, beauty, temper, sense, would then the happy state commence. w the son was likely to succeed; h is substantial good the fates allot, now we have it, or we have it not; those graces, which men highly rate, minds themselves imagine and create; serviore Finch was in a way to find d that much depended on his mind. k'd around, observing, till he saw ta Dallas! when he felt an awe much beauty and commanding grace, well became the honours of her race: ady never boasted of the trash commerce brings: she never spoke of cash:

eatle blood that ran in every vein such notions blush'd in pure disdain .h once relinquish'd, there was all beside, ch believed, that could adorn a bride;

Her mild but dignified reserve supprest the efforts when by reason clear'd.

All free inquiry—but his mind could rest,
Assured that all was well, and in that view was blest.

And now he ask'd, am I the happy man Who can deserve her? is there one who can? His mother told him, he possess'd the land That puts a man in heart to ask a hand; All who possess it feel they bear about A spell that puts a speedy end to doubt; But Finch was modest—'May it then be thought

That she can so be gain'd?'- She may be sought:'

· Can love with land be won?' - By land is beauty bought.

Do not, dear Charles, with indignation glow, All value that the want of which they know; Nordo I blame her; none that worth denies: But can my son be sure of what he buys? Beauty she has, but with it can you find The inquiring spirit, or the studious mind? This wilt thou need who art to thinking prone, And minds unpair'd had better think alone; Then how unhappy will the husband be, Whose sole associate spoils his company?' This he would try; but all such trials prove Too mighty for a man disposed to love; He whom the magic of a face enchains But little knowledge of the mind obtains; If by his tender heart the man is led, He finds how erring is the soundest head.

The lady saw his purpose; she could meet The man's inquiry, and his aim defeat; She had a studied flattery in her look, She could be seen retiring with a book; She by attending to his speech could prove, That she for learning had a fervent love; Yet love alone, she modestly declared, She must be spared inquiry, and was spared; Of her poor studies she was not so weak, As in his presence, or at all, to speak; But to discourse with him—who, all agreed, Has read so much, would be absurd indeed; Ask what he might, she was so much a dunce She would confess her ignorance at once. All this the man believed not, -doom'd to grieve

For his belief, he this would not believe: No! he was quite in raptures to discern That love, and that avidity to learn. 'Could she have found,' she said, 'a friend, n guide,

Like him, to study had been all her pride; But, doom'd so long to frivolous employ, How could she those superior views enjoy? The day might come-a happy day for her, When she might choose the ways she should prefer.

Then too he learn'd, in accidental way, How much she grieved to lose the given day In dissipation wild, in visitation gay. ald not gaze upon the form and air. Happy, most happy, must the woman prove out concluding all was right and fair; Who proudly looks on him she, vows to love; Who can her humble acquisitions state, That he will praise, at least will tolerate. Still the cool mother sundry doubts express'd,—

'How! is Augusta graver than the rest?'
There are three others: they are not inclined
To feed with precious food the empty mind:
Whence this strong relish?' It is very strong,
Replied the son, and has possess'd her long,
Increased indeed, I may presume, by views.—
We may suppose—ah! may she not refuse?
'Fear not!—I see the question must be tried,
Nay, is determined—let us to your Bride.'
They soon were wedded, and the Nymph

appear'd

By all her promised excellence endear'd:

Her words were kind, were cautious, and

were few,

And she was proud - of what her husband knew.

Weeks pass'd away, some five or six, before, Bless'd in the present, Finch could think of more:

A month was next upon a journey spent, When to the Lakes the fond companions went; Then the gay town received them, and, at last.

Home to their mansion, man and wife, they pass'd.

And now in quiet way they came to live On what their fortune, love, and hopes would give:

The honied moon had nought but silver rays, And shone benignly on their early days; The second moon a light less vivid shed, And now the silver rays were tinged with lead. They now began to look beyond the Hall, And think what friends would make a morning-call;

Their former appetites return'd, and now Both could their wishes and their tastes avow; "Twas now no longer 'just what you approve,' But 'let the wild fowl be to-day, my love.' In fact the senses, drawn aside by force Of a strong passion, sought their usual course. Now to her music would the wife repair, To which he listen'd once with eager air; When there was so much harmony within, That any note was sure its way to win; But now the sweet melodious tones were sent From the struck chords, and none cared where they went.

Full well we know that many a favourite air,
That charms a party, fails to charm a pair;
And as Augusta play'd she look'd around,
To see if one was dying at the sound:
But all were gone—a husband, wrapt in
gloom,

Stalk'd carcless, listless, up and down the

And now 'tis time to fill that ductile mind With knowledge, from his stores of various kind:

His mother, in a peevish mood, had ask'd, Does your Augusta profit? is she task'd? Madam! he cried, offended with her looks, There's time for all things, and not all for books:

Just on one's marriage to sit down, and prate
On points of learning, is a thing I hate.—
'Tis right, my son, and it appears to me
If deep your hatred, you must well agree.
Finch was too angry for a man so wise,
And said: Insinuation I despise!
Nor do I wish to have a mind so full
Of learned trash—it makes a woman dull:
Let it suffice, that I in her discern
An aptitude, and a desire to learn.—
The matron smiled, but she observed a frown
On her son's brow, and calmly sat her down;
Leaving the truth to Time, who solves our
doubt,

By bringing his all-glorious daughter out— Truth! for whose beauty all their love profess,

And yet how many think it ugliness!

Augusta, love, said Finch, while you engage In that embroidery, let me read a page; Suppose it Hume's; indeed he takes a side, But still an author need not be our guide; And as he writes with elegance and case, Do now attend-he will be sure to please. Here at the Revolution we commence, We date, you know, our liberties from hence. Yes, sure, Augusta answer'd with a smile, Our teacher always talk'd about his style; When we about the Revolution read, And how the Martyrs to the flames were led; The good old Bishops, I forget their names, But they were all committed to the flames; Maidens and widows, bachelors and wives, The very babes and sucklings lost their lives. I read it all in Guthrie at the school,-What now !- I know you took me for a fool; There were five Bishops taken from the stall, And twenty widows, I remember all; And by this token, that our teacher tried To cry for pity, till she howl'd and cried. 'True, true, my love, but you mistake the thing.

The Revolution that made William king
Is what I mean; the Reformation you,
In Edward and Elizabeth."—"Tis true:
But the nice reading is the love between
The brave lord Essex and the cruel queen;
And how he sent the ring to save his head,
Which the false lady kept till he was dead.
That is all true: now read, and I'll attend:
But was not she a most deceitful friend?
It was a monstrous, vile, and treacherous
thing.

To show no pity, and to keep the ring; But the queen shook her in her dying bed, And 'God forgive you!' was the word she said;

Not I for certain!—Come, I will attend, So read the Revolutions to an end. Finch, with a timid, strange, inquiring look, Softly and slowly laid aside the book sigh inaudible—Come, never heed, be, recovering, now I cannot read.

walk<sup>5</sup>d at leisure through their wood and groves, ds and lanes, and talk'd of plants and loves.

oves of plants.—Said Finch: Augusta, dear,

mid you loved to learn,-were you sincere?

on remember that you told me once much you grieved, and said you were a dunce?

is, you wanted information. Say, would you learn? I will direct your

oss! said she, what meanings you discern

lew words! I said I wish'd to learn,
o I think I did; and you replied,
-ish was good: what would you now
beside?

et you say it show'd an ardent mind;
ray what more do you expect to find?
ear Augusta, could you wish indeed
my knowledge, and not then proceed?
sout wishing—'Mercy! how you tease;
mew I said it with a view to please;
spliment to you, and quite enough,—
sould not kill me with that puzzling
stuff!

I might say I wish'd; but that is still om a promise: it is not,—I will.

me, to show you that I will not hide oper talents, you shall be my guide; dy Hothby, when we meet, shall cry, quite as good a botanist as I.'

my Augusta; and, in manner grave, his first lecture on the science gave; roduction,—and he said, My dear, hought was happy,—let us persevere; t no trifling cause our work retard;—I the lady, but she fear'd it hard.

o'er the grounds they rambled many a mile; aw'd the flowers, the stamina, the style,

ind corol, pericarp and fruit,
i the plant produces, branch and root;
se be treated, every varying shape,
ser Augusta panted to escape:
w'd the various foliage plants produce,
and lyrate, runcinate, retuse;
were the learned words, and urged
with force,

riform, pinnatifid, premorse, and patent, papulous, and plane, iid the pupil, it will turn my brain. ot, he answer'd, and again, intent that mind, o'er class and order went; apping? Now, said he, my love, attend. aid she, but when will be an end?

When we have made some progress,—now begin,

Which is the stigma, show me with the pin: Come, I have told you, dearest, let me see, Times very many,—tell it now to me.

Stigma! I know,—the things with yellow

That shed the dust, and grow upon the threads;

You call them wives and husbands, but you know

That is a joke—here, look, and I will show All I remember.'—Doleful was the look Of the preceptor, when he shut his book, (The system brought to aid them in their view)

And now with sighs return'd-It will not do.

A handsome face first led him to suppose, There must be talent with such looks as those:

The want of talent taught him now to find The face less handsome with so poor a mind; And half the beauty faded, when he found His cherish'd hopes were falling to the ground.

Finch lost his spirit; but e'en then he sought For fancied powers: she might in time be taught.

Sure there was nothing in that mind to fear; The favourite study did not yet appear.—

Once he express'd a doubt if she could look For five succeeding minutes on a book; When, with awaken'd spirit, she replied, He was mistaken, and she would be tried. With this delighted, he new hopes express'd.—

How do I know?—She may abide the test? Men I have known, and famous in their day, Who were by chance directed in their way: I have been hasty—Well, Augusta, well, What is your favourite reading? prithee tell; Our different tastes may different books require.—

Yours I may not peruse, and yet admire: Do then explain—Good Heaven! said she, in haste.

How do I hate these lectures upon taste!
'I lecture not, my love; but do declare,—
You read you say—what your attainments
are.'

Oh! you believe, said she, that other things Are read as well as histories of kings, And loves of plants, with all that simple stuff About their sex, of which I know enough. Well, if I must, I will my studies name, Blame if you please—I know you love to blame.

When all our childish books were set apart, The first I read was Wanderings of the

Heart;
It was a story, where was done a deed
So dreadful, that alone I fear'd to read.

The next was The Confessions of a Nun,—
'Twas quite a shame such evil should be done;
Nun of—no matter for the creature's name,
For there are girls no nunnery can tame:
Then was the story of the Haunted Hall,
Where the huge picture nodded from the wall
When the old lord look'd up with trembling
dread.

And I grew pale, and shudder'd as I read: Then came the tales of Winters, Summers, Springs,

At Bath and Brighton,—they were pretty things!

No ghosts nor spectres there were heard or

But all was love and flight to Gretna-green. Perhaps your greater learning may despise What others like, and there your wisdom lies.—

Well! do not frown,—I read the tender tales Of lonely cots, retreats in silent vales For maids forsaken, and suspected wives, Against whose peace some foe his plot contrives;

With all the hidden schemes that none can

Till the last book, and then the ghosts

appear.

I read all plays that on the boards succeed, And all the works, that ladies ever read,—Shakspeare, and all the rest,—I did, indeed,—Ay! you may stare; but, sir, believe it true That we can read and learn, as well as you. I would not boast,—but I could act a scene In any play, before I was fifteen.

Nor is this all; for many are the times I read in Pope and Milton, prose and rhymes; They were our lessons, and, at ten years old, I could repeat—but now enough is told. Sir, I can tell you I my mind applied To all my studies, and was not denied Praise for my progress—Are you satisfied?

Entirely! madam! else were I possess'd By a strong spirit who could never rest. Yes! yes, no more I question,—here I close The theme for ever—let us to repose.

## BOOK X.

### THE OLD BACHELOR

Save their kind friend the Rector, Richard yet Had not a favourite of his Brother met; Now at the Hall that welcome guest appear'd, By trust, by trials, and by time endear'd; Of him the grateful Squire his love profess'd, And full regard—he was of friends the best; 'Yet not to him alone this good I owe, This social pleasure that our friends bestow;

The next was The Confessions of a Nun,— The sex, that wrought in earlier life my Twas quite a shame such evil should be done; woes,

With loss of time, who murder'd my repose, They to my joys administer, nor vex Me more; and now I venerate the sex; And boast the friendship of a spinster kind, Cheerful and pleasant, to her fate resign'd; Then by her side my bachelor I place, And hold them honours to the human race. Yet these are they in tale and song display'd, The peevish man, and the repining maid; Creatures made up of misery and spite, Who taste no pleasures, except those they

From whom th' affrighten'd niece and nephew fly,-

Fear'd while they live, and useless till they die.

Not such these friends of mine; they never meant

That youth should so be lost, or life be spent. They had warm passions, tender hopes, desires

That youth indulges, and that love inspires; But fortune frown'd on their designs, displaced

The views of hope, and love's gay dreams disgraced;

Took from the soul her sunny views, and spread

A cloud of dark but varying gloom instead: And shall we these with ridicule pursue, Because they did not what they could not do? If they their lot preferr'd, still why the jest On those who took the way they judged

Eut if they sought a change, and sought in vain,

'Tis worse than brutal to deride their pain— But you will see them; see the man I praise, The kind protector in my troubled days, Himself in trouble; you shall see him now, And learn his worth! and my applause allow.'

This friend appear'd, with talents form'd to please,

And with some looks of sprightliness and

To him indeed the ills of life were known, But misery had not made him all her own. They spoke on various themes, and George design'd

To shew his brother this, the favourite mind; To lead the friend, by subjects he could choose,

To paint himself, his life, and earlier views, What he was bless'd to hope, what he was doom'd to lose.

They spoke of marriage, and he understood Their call on him, and said: 'It is not good To be alone, although alone to be Is freedom; so are men in deserts free; Men who unyoked and unattended groan, Condemn'd and grieved to walk their way

nlone:

ver ills a married pair betide, beels a stay, a comfort, or a guide; ways comfort, will our wits reply.—
re not judges, nor the cause shall try.
I not seen, when grief his visits paid, they were easier by communion made? with the quiet times and days serene, have been flying clouds of care and spleen;

not man, the solitary, sick existence, sad and splenetic? ho will help him, when such evils come, or the pressure or to clear the gloom? In not find, that joy within the breast unwedded man is soon suppress'd; to the bosom of a wife convey'd, se is by participation made?—ghted lamp that gives another light, it by th' imparted blaze less bright? to both gainers when the heart's distress livided, that the pain is less? hen the tear has stood in either eye, sun shines out, and they are quickly

ded here,—but would be not confess, ame these feelings on his mind to press? uld! nor fear'd his weakness to display in like them; their weakness too had

dry.

n like them; their weakness too had they. t shone the fire, wine sparkled, sordid

care
anish'd far, at least appear'd not there;
I and social spirit each possess'd,
ans began his tale the friendly guest.

to my father's mansion,—but apart,
neknowledge,from my father's heart—
a keen sportsman, in a pleasant seat;
et the neighbours as should neighbours
meet:

em revenge appear'd a kind of right, ful pleasure, an avow'd delight; neighbours too blew up their passion's

rged the anger of each rival-squire; still their waspish tempers to inflame, ty-spirit, friend of anger, came: ould my father cry, 'that tory-knave,

villain-placeman, would the land enslave.

hat his neighbour had indeed a place, ould accept one—that was his disgrace; in his turn, was sure my father plann'd solutionize his native land.

red the most destructive things advance, ven pray'd for liberty to France; fill good hope that Heaven would grant his prayer,

he might see a revolution there.
is the tory-squire was much perplex'd,
form in France!—what will he utter
next?

Sooner should I in Paris look to see An English army sent their guard to be.' My poor mamma, who had her mind subdued By whig-control, and hated every feud, Would have her neighbour met with mind serene;

But fiercer spirit fired the tory-queen:
My parents both had given her high disgust,
Which she resenting said, Revenge is just;
And till th' offending parties chose to stoop,
She judged it right to keep resentment up;
Could she in friendship with a woman live
Who could the insult of a man forgive?
Did not her husband in a crowded room
Once call her idiot, and the thing was dumb?
The man's attack was brutal to be sure,
But she no less an idiot to endure.

This lofty dame, with unrelenting soul, Had a fair girl to govern and control; The dear Maria!—whom, when first I met,—Shame on this weakness! do I feel it yet? The parent's anger, you will oft-times see, Prepares the children's minds for amity; Youth will not enter into such debate, 'Tis not in them to cherish groundless hate; Nor can they feel men's quarrels or their

Of whig or tory, partridges or hares. Long ere we loved, this gentle girl and I Gave to our parents' discord many a sigh; It was not ours,—and when the meeting came,

It pleased us much to find our thoughts the same;

But grief and trouble in our minds arose From the fierce spirits we could not compose; And much it vex'd us that the friends so dear To us should foes among themselves appear.

Such was this maid, the angel of her race, Whom I had loved in any time and place, But in a time and place which chance assign'd,

When it was almost treason to be kind; When we had vast impediments in view, Then wonder not that love in terror grew With double speed—we look'd, and strove to find

A kindred spirit in the hostile mind; But is it hostile? there appears no sign In those dear looks of warfare—none have mine;

At length I whisper'd-Would that war might cease

Between our houses, and that all was peace! A sweet confusion on her features rose, She could not bear to think of having foes, When we might all as friends and neighbours

And for that blessing, O! what would she give?—

Then let us try and our endeavours blend, I said, to bring these quarrels to an end;

strove.

And, if no more, increased our secret love; Love that with such impediments in view To meet the growing danger stronger grew: And from that time each heart, resolved and sure,

Grew firm in hope, and patient to endure.

To those who know this season of delight I need not strive their feelings to excite; To those who know not the delight or

The best description would be lent in vain; And to the grieving, who will no more find The bower of bliss, to paint it were unkind; I pass it by, to tell that long we tried To bring our fathers over to our side; 'Twas bootless on their wives our skill to try. For one would not, and one in vain comply.

First I began my father's heart to move, By boldly saying: We are born to love; My father answer'd, with an air of case, Well! very well! be loving if you please! Except a man insults us or offends, In my opinion we should all be friends. This gain'd me nothing; little would accrue From clearing points so uscless though so true;

But with some pains I brought him to confess,

That to forgive our wrongs is to redress: It might be so, he answer'd, yet with doubt, That it might not, but what is this about? I dared not speak directly, but I strove To keep my subjects, harmony and love. Coolly my father look'd, and much enjoy'd The broken eloquence his eye destroy'd; Yet less confused, and more resolved at last, With bolder effort to my point I past; And fondly speaking of my peerless maid, I call'd her worth and beauty to my aid, Then make her mine! I said, and for his favour pray'd.

My father's look was one I seldom saw, It gave no pleasure, nor created awe; It was the kind of cool contemptuous smile Of witty persons, overcharged with bile; At first he spoke not, nor at last to me-Well now, and what if such a thing could be? What, if the boy should his addresses pay To the tall girl, would that old tory say? I have no hatred to the dog .- but, still, It was some pleasure when I used him ill; This I must lose if we should brethren be, Yet may be not, for bretbren disagree; The fool is right,-there is no bar in life Against their marriage, -let her be his wife. Well, sir, you hear me!'-Never man complied.

And left a beggar so dissatisfied;

Thus, with one purpose in our hearts, we | Though all was granted, yet was grace refused; I felt as one indulged, and yet abused, And yet, although provoked, I was not unamused.

In a reply like this appear'd to meet All that encourage hope, and that defeat; Consent, though cool, had been for me enough. But this consent had something of reproof: I had prepared my answer to his rage, With his contempt I thought not to engage: I, like a hero, would my castle storm, And meet the giant in his proper form; Then, conquering him, would set my princess free.

This would a trial and a triumph be: When lo! a sucering menial brings the keys, And cries in scorn: 'Come, enter, if you please: You'll find the lady sitting on her bed. And 'tis expected that you woo and wed.' Yet not so easy was my conquest found; I met with trouble ere with triumph crown'd. Triumph, alas! My father little thought. A king at home, how other minds are wrought;

True, his meck neighbour was a gentle squire,

And had a soul averse from wrath and ire: He answer'd frankly, when to him I went, I give you little, sir, in my consent: He and my mother were to us inclined. The powerless party with the peaceful mind; But that meek man was destined to obey A sovereign lady's unremitted sway; Who bore no partial, no divided rule, All were obedient pupils in her school. She had religious zeal, both strong and sour, That gave an active sternness to her power; But few could please her, she herself was one By whom that deed was very seldom done; With such a being, so disposed to feed Contempt and scorn-how was I to succeed? But love commanded, and I made my prayer To the stern lady, with an humble air; Said all that lovers hope, all measures tried That love suggested, and bow'd down to pride.

Yes! I have now the tygress in my eye-When I had ceased and waited her reply, A pause ensued, and then she slowly rose. With bitter smile predictive of my woes; A look she saw was plainly understood— Admire my daughter! Sir, you're very good. The girl is decent, take her all in all, Genteel we hope-perhaps a thought too tall:

A daughter's portion hers-you'll think her fortune small.

Perhaps her uncles, in a cause so good, Would do a little for their flesh and blood: We are not ill allied,-and say we make Her portion decent-whither would you take? Is there some cottage on your father's ground. Where may a dwelling for the girl be found?

make useful such a pair of hands. we drop at present, if you please, Il have leisure for such things as these;

ill be proper ere you fix the day poor girl to honour and obey; nt therefore we may put an end discourse-Good morrow to you, friend!

with a solemn curtesy and profound, thing eye she lifted from the ground, me lost in thought, and gazing idly

had hope, and, growing bold in time, engage the father in our crime; efused, for though he wish'd us well, he must not make his house a hell;e the meaning look that I convey'd inform him that the hell was made. e existed that a mother's heart in a daughter's feelings take a part; s it vain,-for there is found access ard heart, in time of its distress: ther sicken'd, and the daughter sigh'd, petition'd till our queen complied; ought of dying, and if power must

cease, to make, than cause, th' expected peace;

this kindness, mixing with the blood, y influence caused the body's good; a charm it work'd upon the frame eviving and relenting dame; n recover'd, she no more opposed ughter's wishes .- Here contention closed.

iss ensued, so exquisitely sweet, ith it once, once only, we can meet; ugh we love again, and though once more

th' enlivening hope we felt before, pure freshness of the joy that cast t around us is for ever past. to memory precious, -ever dear, ever painful-this eventful year; lise is now in view! and now what

wees appear! nurs of expectation!-I was gone vile town to press our business on; its formal instruments, -and lo! rith dire looks a messenger of woe, dings sad as death!-With all my

d her home!-but that pure soul was freed-

no mure-for ever shut that eye, ak'd all soul, as if it could not die; not see me-O! the strange distress new feelings!—misery's excess; in describe it? words will not express. look back upon that dreadful scene, new'd the anguish that has been;

nall farm, -your mother understands | And reason trembles-Yes! you bid me cease, Nor try to think; but I will think in peace .-Unbid and unforbidden, to the room I went, a gloomy wretch amid that gloom; And there the lovely being on her bed Shrowded and cold was laid-Maria dead! There was I left,-and I have now no thought.

> Remains with me, how fear or fancy wrought; I know I gazed upon the marble cheek, And pray'd the dear departed girl to speak Further I know not, for, till years were fled, All was extinguish'd-all with her was dead. I had a general terror, dread of all That could a thinking, feeling man befall; I was desirous from myself to run. And something, but I knew not what, to shan:

> There was a blank from this I cannot fill, It is a puzzle and a terror still. Yet did I feel some intervals of bliss, Ev'n with the horrors of a fate like this; And dreams of wonderful construction paid For waking horror-dear angelic maid!

> When peace return'd, unfelt for many a year, And Hope, discarded flatterer, dared t'appear; I heard of my estate, how free from debt, And of the comforts life afforded yet; Beside that best of comforts in a life So sad as mine-a fond and faithful wife. My gentle mother, now a widow, made These strong attempts to guide me or persuade.

> Much time is lost, she said, but yet my son May, in the race of life, have much to run; When I am gone, thy life to thee will seem Longly and sad, a melancholy dream; Get thee a wife-I will not say to love, But one, a friend in thy distress to prove; One who will kindly help thee to sustain Thy spirit's burden in its hours of pain; Say, will you marry ?- I in haste replied: And who would be the self-devoted bride? There is a melancholy power that reigns Tyrant within me-who would bear his chains.

> And hear them clicking every wretched hour, With will to aid me, but without the power? But if such one were found with easy mind, Who would not ask for raptures-I'm resign'd.

> Tis quite enough, my gentle mother cried, We leave the raptures, and will find the bride

There was a lady near us, quite discreet, Whom in our visits 'twas our chance to meet, One grave and civil, who had no desire That men should praise her beauties or admire:

She in our walks would sometimes take my arm.

But had no foolish fluttering or alarm;

prove,

And seem'd, like me, as one estranged from love;

My mother praised her, and with so much skill,

She gave a certain bias to my will; But calm indeed our courtship; I profess'd A due regard—My mother did the rest; Who soon declared that we should love, and grow

As fond a couple as the world could show; And talk'd of boys and girls with so much glee,

That I began to wish the thing could be. Still when the day that soon would come was named

I felt a cold fit, and was half ashamed; But we too far proceeded to revoke, And had been much too serious for a joke: I shook away the fear that man annoy And thought a little of the girls and boys. A week remain'd,-for seven succeeding days Nor man nor woman might control my ways; For seven dear nights I might to rest retire At my own time, and none the cause require; For seven blest days I might go in and out, And none demand, Sir, what are you about? For one whole week I might at will discourse On any subject, with a freeman's force. Thus while I thought, I utter'd, as men sing In under-voice, reciting 'With this ring That when the hour should come, I might not dread

These, or the words that follow'd, 'I thee wed.' Such was my state of mind, exulting now And then depress'd-I cannot tell you how-When a poor lady, whom her friends could

send On any message, a convenient friend, Who had all feelings of her own o'ercome, And could pronounce to any man his doom; Whose heart indeed was marble, but whose face

Assumed the look adapted to the case; Enter'd my room, commission'd to assuage What was foreseen, my sorrow and my rage.

It seem'd the lady whom I could prefer, And could my much-loved freedom lose for her.

Had bold attempts, but not successful, made, The heart of some rich cousin to invade; Who, half resisting, half complying, kept A cautious distance, and the business slept. This prudent swain his own importance knew, And swore to part the now affianced two: Fill'd with insidious purpose, forth he went, Profess'd his love, and woo'd her to consent: 'Ah! were it true!' she sigh'd; he boldly swore

His love sincere, and mine was sought no

All this the witch at dreadful length reveal'd.

She wish'd no heart to wound, no truth to Much pains she took engagements old to state, And hoped to hear me curse my cruel fate, Threat'ning my luckless life; and thought it strange

In me to bear the unexpected change: In my calm feelings she beheld disguise, And told of some strange wildness in my

But there was nothing in the eye amiss, And the heart calmly bore a stroke like this; Not so my mother; though of gentle kind, She could no mercy for the creature find. Vile plot! she said .- But, madam, if they plot,

And you would have revenge, disturb them not.

What can we do, my son?-Consult our ease.

And do just nothing, madam, if you please. What will be said?-We need not that discuss;

Our friends and neighbours will do that for us.

Do you so lightly, son, your loss sustain?-Nay, my dear madam, but I count it gain. The world will blame us sure, if we be still -

And, if we stir, you may be sure it will. Not to such loss your father had agreed. No, for my father's had been loss indeed. With gracious smile my mother gave assent, And let th' affair slip by with much content. Some old dispute, the lover meant should rise.

Some point of strife they could not compromise,

Displeased the squire-he from the field withdrew.

Not quite conceal'd, not fully placed in view; But half advancing, half retreating, kept At his old distance, and the business slept

Six years had past, and forty ere the six. When Time began to play his usual tricks: The locks once comely in a virgin's sight, Locks of pure brown, display'd th' encroaching white;

The blood once fervid now to cool began, And Time's strong pressure to subdue the man:

I rode or walk'd as I was wont before, But now the bounding spirit was no more; A moderate pace would now my body heat, A walk of moderate length distress my feet I show'd my stranger-guest those hills sublime,

But said: 'the view is poor, we need not climb.'

At a friend's mansion I began to dread The cold neat parlour, and the gay glazed bed:

At home I felt a more decided taste, And must have all things in my order placed; I ceased to hunt, my horses pleased me less, And begg'd me calmly to my fate to yield: My dinner more; I learn'd to play at chesa; appointed that I did not shoot; ning-walks I now could bear to lose, to choose:

I felt a languor stealing on; ive arm, the agile hand were gone; laily actions into habits grew, r dislike to forms and fashions new; my trees in order to dispose, er'd peaches, look'd how stocks arose, he same story oft-in short, began to prose.

oks were changed; I now preferr'd the truth light reading of unsettled youth; grew tedious, but by choice or chance,

had interest in the wild romance: is an age, we know, when tales of love he sweet pabulum our hearts approve; we read we feel, and are indeed, dge, th' heroic men of whom we read; nur after-life these fancies fail, anot be the heroes of the tale : rts that Cliffords, Mordaunts, Bevilles play

anot,-cannot be so smart and gay. Il the mighty deeds and matchless

powers ant knights we never fancied ours, us the prowess of each gifted knight at all times create the same delight; ce a forward youth might hope to

ancelot never,-that he could not dream;

g reminds us in the magic page romance, of our declining age: our fancy mighty dragons slew, no more than fancy now can do; hen the heroes of a novel come, er'd and conquering, to a drawingroom,

more feel the vanity that sees ourselves what we admire in these, we leave the modern tale, to fly realm to realm with Tristram or Sir Guy

nite a Quixote, I could not suppose queens would call me to subdue their foes;

y a voluntary weakness sway'd, fancy call'd, I willingly obey'd. became, and I believed my heart yet be pierced by some peculiar dart ht heroic kind, and I could prove of some peerless nymph who deign'd to love,

high-soul'd virgin, who had spent her time lies grave, heroic and sublime;

ny dog and gun, but saw the brute | But not with Kent's discretion, for I grew Fond of a creature whom my fancy drew; A kind of beings who are never found sa'd the shower that gave me not On middle earth, but grow on fairy-ground.

> These found I not; but I had luck to find A mortal woman of this fairy kind; A thin, tall, upright, serious, slender maid, Who in my own romantic regions stray'd; From the world's glare to this sweet vale retired,

> To dwell unseen, unsullied, unadmired; In all her virgin excellence, above The gaze of crowds, and hopes of vulgar love. We spoke of noble deeds in happier times, Of glorious virtues, of debasing crimes: Warm was the season, and the subject too, And therefore warm in our discourse we grew. Love made such haste, that ere a month was flown

> Since first we met, he had us for his own: Riches are trifles in an hero's sight, And lead to questions low and unpolite; I nothing said of money or of land, But bent my knee, and fondly ask'd her hand; And the dear lady, with a grace divine, Gave it, and frankly answer'd, 'it is thine.'

> Our reading was not to romance confined, But still it gave its colour to the mind; Gave to our studies something of its force, And made profound and tender our discourse; Our subjects all, and our religion, took The grave and solemn spirit of our book: And who had seen us walk, or heard us read, Would say: these lovers are sublime indeed.

> I knew not why, but when the day was named

> My ardent wishes felt a little tamed; My mother's sickness then awaked my grief, And yet, to own the truth, was some relief; It left uncertain that decisive time That made my feelings nervous and sublime. Still all was kindness, and at morn and eve I made a visit, talk'd, and took my leave: Kind were the lady's looks, her eyes were bright.

> And swam, I thought, in exquisite delight; A lovely red suffused the virgin cheek, And spoke more plainly than the tongue could speak ;

> Plainly all seem'd to promise love and joy Nor fear'd we ought that might our bliss destroy.

Engaged by business, I one morn delay'd My usual call on the accomplish'd maid; But soon, that small impediment removed, I paid the visit that decisive proved; suld not like me less that I had spent For the fair lady had, with grieving heart, eight and forty, just the age of Kent; So I believed, retired to sigh apart:

I saw her friend, and begg'd her to intreat Bridges and churches, towers and halls, I My gentle nymph her sighing swain to meet. The gossip gone-What damon, in his spite To love and man, could my frail mind excite, And lead me curious on, against all sense of right?

There met my eye, unclosed, a closet's door-Shame! how could I the secrets there explore?

Pride, honour, friendship, love, condemn'd the deed,

And yet, in spite of all, I could proceed! I went, I saw-Shall I describe the hoard Of precious worth in scal'd deposits stored Of sparkling hues? Enough-enough is told, 'Tis not for man such mysteries to unfold. Thus far I dare-Whene'er those orbits swam

In that blue liquid that restrain'd their flame, As showers the sunbeams-when the crimson glow

Of the red rose o'erspread those cheeks of snow.

I saw, but not the cause-'twas not the red Of transient blush that o'er her face was spread;

'Twas not the lighter red, that partly streaks The Catherine-pear, that brighten'd o'er her cheeks.

Nor scarlet blush of shame-but such disclose The velvet petals of the Austrian rose When first unfolded, warm the glowing hue, Nor cold as rouge, but deep'ning on the view : Such were those cheeks-the causes unexplored

Were now detected in that secret hoard; And ever to that rich recess would turn My mind, and cause for such effect discern-Such was my fortune, O! my friends, and such

The end of lofty hopes that grasp'd too much. This was, indeed, a trying time in life, I lost at once a mother and a wife; Yet compensation came in time for these, And what I lost in joy, I gain'd in ease .-

But, said the Squire, did thus your courtship cease? Resign'd your mistress her betroth'd in peace?

Yes; and had sense her feelings to restrain, Nor ask'd me once my conduct to explain; But me she saw those swimming eyes explore, And explanation she required no more: Friend to the last, I left her with regret-Nay, leave her not, for we are neighbours yet.

These views extinct, I travell'd, not with

But so that time ran wickedly to waste; I penn'd some notes, and might a book have made.

But I had no connexion with the trade :

SRW.

Maids and madonnas, and could sketch and draw

Yes, I had made a book, but that my pride In the not making was more gratified. There was one feeling upon foreign ground, That more distressing than the rest was found:

That though with joy I should my country

There none had pleasure in expecting me.

I now was sixty, but could walk and cat; My food was pleasant, and my slumbers sweet:

But what could urge me at a day so late To think of women?-my unlucky fate. It was not sudden; I had no alarms, But was attack'd when resting on my arms; Like the poor soldier; when the battle raged The man escaped, though twice or thrice engaged,

But when it ended, in a quiet spot He fell, the victim of a random-shot.

With my good friend the Vicar oft I spent The evening-hours in quiet, as I meant; He was a friend in whom, although untried By aught severe, I found I could confide; A pleasant, sturdy disputant was he, Who had a daughter—such the Fates decree, To prove how weak is man-poor yielding man, like me.

Time after time the maid went out and in, Ere love was yet beginning to begin; The first awakening proof, the early doubt, Rose from observing she went in and out. My friend, though careless, seem'd my mind to explore,

'Why do you look so often at the door?' I then was cautious, but it did no good, For she, at least, my meanings understood; But to the Vicar nothing she convey'd Of what she thought-she did not feel afraid.

I must confess, this creature in her mind Nor face had beauty that a man would blind; No poet of her matchless charms would write, Yet sober praise they fairly would excite: She was a creature form'd man's heart to make

Screnely happy, not to pierce and shake; If she were tried for breaking human hearts. Men would acquit her-she had not the arts; Yet without art, at first without design, She soon became the arbitress of mine ; Without pretensions-nay, without pretence, But by a native strange intelligence Women possess when they behold a man Whom they can tease, and are assured they

can:

reign e fond slave, to give him case or pain. retch and loose by turns the weighty viewless chain.

h much she knew, yet nothing could she prove; not yet confess'd the crime of love; an hour when guardian-angels sleep, the secret of my soul to keep; en I saw the triumph in those eyes poke-Ay, now you are indeed my prize.

st thought I saw compassion, too, the cruel things she meant to do. can call to mind the managed air gave no comfort, that brought no

despair, n a dubious balance held the mind, h side turning, never much inclined. pake with kindness-thought the

honour high, ew not how to give a fit reply; uld not, would not, dared not, must not deem

anguage proof of aught but my esteem;

her proud-she never could forget tial thoughts,-she felt her much in debt:

to had never in her life indulged ought of hearing what I now divulged, had seen so many and so much,an honour-she would deem it such: ferent years, indeed, would put an end r views, but still her father's friend she humbly hoped, would his regard extend.

aying nothing, all she meant to say, y'd the part the sex delights to play; some act of kindness giving scope new workings of excited hope y an air of something like disdain, arcely seen, repelling it again; or a season, neither cold nor kind, pt a sort of balance in the mind, his pole a dancer on the rope, ual poise on both sides kept me up.

at strange that man can fairly view like this, and yet his point pursue? he the folly fairly will confess, en feel the danger of success? it is, and nought the Circes care their victims with their poison fare, hus they trifle, and with quiet soul cir ingredients in the maddening bowl.

high regard, the softness of their air, ying grief that saddens at a prayer, bey determine you shall never find,

tis their soul's delight and pride to | And all their vain amazement that a man Like you should love-they wonder how you can.

> For months the idler play'd her wicked part, Then fairly gave the secret of her heart. She hoped-I now the smiling gipsy view-Her father's friend would be her lover's too, Young Henry Gale - But why delay so long?

> She could not tell-she fear'd it might be

But I was good-I knew not, I was weak, And spoke as love directed me to speak.

When in my arms their boy and girl I

I feel a fondness for the mother's sake; But though the dears some softening thoughts excite

I have no wishes for the father's right.

Now all is quiet, and the mind sustains Its proper comforts, its befitting pains; The heart reposes; it has had its share Of love, as much as it could fairly bear, And what is left in life, that now demands its care?

For oh, my friends, if this were all indeed, Could we believe that nothing would succeed; If all were but this daily dose of life, Without a care or comfort, child or wife; These walks for health with nothing more in view

This doing nothing, and with labour too; This frequent asking when 'tis time to dine,

This daily dozing o'er the news and wine; This age's riddle, when each day appears So very long, so very short the years; If this were all—but let me not suppose— What then were life! whose virtues, trials, woes.

Would sleep th' eternal sleep, and there the scene would close.

This cannot be-but why has Time a pace That seems unequal in our mortal race? Quick is that pace in early life, but slow, Tedious and heavy, as we older grow; But yet, though slow, the movements are alike.

And with no force upon the memory strike, And therefore tedious as we find them all, They leave us nothing we in view recal; But days that we so dull and heavy knew Are now as moments passing in review, And hence arises ancient men's report, rave petitions for the peace of mind That days are tedious, and yet years are

short.

# BOOK XI.

#### THE MAID'S STORY.

THREE days remain'd their friend, and then again

The Brothers left, themselves to entertain; When spake the younger—It would please me well

To hear thy spinster-friend her story tell; And our attention would be nobly paid Thus to compare the Bachelor and Maid. Frank as she is, replied the Squire, nor one Is more disposed to show what she has done With time, or time with her; yet all her care And every trial she might not declare To one a stranger; but to me, her friend, She has the story of those trials penn'd; These shalt thou hear, for well the maid I know,

And will her efforts and her conquests show. Jacques is abroad, and we alone shall dine, And then to give this lady's tale be mine; Thou wilt attend to this good spinster's life, And grieve and wonder she is not a wife; But if we judge by either words or looks Her mode of life, her morals, or her books, Her pure devotion, unaffected sense, Her placid air, her mild benevolence, Her gay good humour, and her manners free, She is as happy as a maid can be; If as a wife, I know not, and decline Question like this, till I can judge of thine. Then from a secret hoard drew forth the Squire

His tale, and said: Attention I require— My verse you may condemn, my theme you must admire.

I to your kindness speak, let that prevail, And of my frailty judge as beings frail.—

My father dying, to my mother left
An infant charge, of all things else bereft;
Poor, but experienced in the world, she knew
What others did, and judged what she
could do;

Beauty she justly weigh'd, was never blind To her own interest, and she read mankind: She view'd my person with approving glance, And judged the way my fortune to advance; Taught me betimes that person to improve, And make a lawful merchandize of love; Bade me my temper in subjection keep, And not permit my vigilance to sleep; I was not one, a miss, who might presume Now to be crazed by mirth, now sunk in

Nor to be fretful, vapourish, or give way To spleen and anger, as the wealthy may; But I must please, and all I felt of pride, Contempt, and hatred, I must east aside. 'Have not one friend,' my mother cried, 'not one;

That bane of our romantic triflers shun; Suppose her true, can she afford you aid? Suppose her false, your purpose is betray'd; And then in dubious points, and matters nice, How can you profit by a child's advice? While you are writing on from post to post, Your hour is over, and a man is lost; Girls of their hearts are scribbling; their desires.

And what the folly of the heart requires, Dupes to their dreams—but I the truth impart,

You cannot, child, afford to have a heart; Think nothing of it; to yourself be true, And keep life's first great business in your view;—

Take it, dear Martha, for a useful rule, She who is poor is ugly or a fool; Or, worse than either, has a bosom fill'd With soft emotions, and with raptures thrill'd. Read not too much, nor write in verse or

For then you make the dull and foolish foes; Yet those who do, deride not nor condemn. It is not safe to raise up foes in them; For though they harm you not, as blockheads do,

There is some malice in the scribbling crew.' Such her advice; full hard with her had dealt The world, and she the usage keenly felt.

Keep your good name,' she said, 'and that to keep

You must not suffer vigilance to sleep: Some have, perhaps, the name of chaste retain'd,

When nought of chastity itself remain'd; But there is danger—few have means to blind The keen-eyed world, and none to make it kind.

And one thing more—to free yourself from

Never a secret to your friend disclose; Secrets with girls, like loaded guns with boys.

Are never valued till they make a noise;
To show how trusted, they their power
display;

To show how worthy, they the trust betray; Like pence in children's pockets secrets lie In female bosoms—they must burn or fly. Let not your beart be soften'd; if it be, Let not the man his softening influence see; For the most fond will sometimes tyrants

And wound the bosom where they trace the

But to your fortune look, on that depend For your life's comfort, comforts that atten On wealth alone—wealth gone, they have their end.'

Such were my mother's cares to mend my lot And such her pupil they succeeded not.

conceived the person I had then lead to serious thoughts some wealthy

men. aving none their purpose to oppose ther thought I was the very child om the old and amorous are beguiled; dly gay, so ignorantly fair, re, no doubt, as sleeping infants are: had lessons how to look and move, repeat, make merchandize of love. it was tried if one so young could bring

ary men to buy the binding ring; the taper finger, to whose tip ad old swain would press his withering lip,

the strong charm :- and one would win my heart

assuming youth-a trying part; he supposed, all knew the young were

would show that spirit in the old; they loved to hear the rattling tongue, would talk as idly as the young; w the vices our Lotharios boast. would show of every vice the ghost, il's self, without disguise or dress, its own pure native ugliness; the drunkenness of slaves to prove ateful, but that seeing, I might love. ve me out, and I was pleased to see himself, it served as care for me; would tell me, that he should not spare

orse, or carriage, if I were not there; ed at last, my malice I obey'd, tiling said, 'Sir, I am not afraid.' heck'd his spirit; but he said, 'Could

harge so rich, you would be careful too.

indeed, so very slowly drove, ee dismiss'd the over-cautious love.

at admirer was of equal age. sh'd the child's affection to engage, ep the fluttering bird a victim in his

cage : d no portion of his rival's glee, avely praised the gravity in me; ms, moral, both in word and deed, armly disputations in his creed: n his younger time, as we were told, erefore like a penitent when old. ! he should wish a lively girl to look he methods his repentance took. e would say, he was no more a rake ander money for his passions' sake; on proper terms, as man discreet, h my mother was disposed to treat, om he told, the price of beauty fell y market, and but few could sell; de in India, once alive and brisk, verdone, and scarcely worth the risk. If she was ill, he found her well attired;

Then stoop'd to speak of board, and what for life

A wife would cost-if he should take a wife. Hardly he bargain'd, and so much desired, That we demurr'd; and he, displeased, retired,

And now I hoped to rest, nor act again The paltry part for which I felt disdain, When a third lover came within our view, And somewhat differing from the former two; He had been much abroad, and he had seen The world's weak side, and read the hearts of men;

But all, it seem'd, this study could produce, Was food for spleen, derision, and abuse; He levell'd all, as one who had intent To clear the vile and spot the innocent; He praised my sense, and said I ought to be From girl's restraint and nursery-maxims free;

He praised my mother; but he judged her wrong

To keep us from th' admiring world so long; He praised himself; and then his vices named, And call'd them follies, and was not ashamed. He more than hinted that the lessons taught By priests were all with superstition fraught; And I must think them for the crowd design'd, Not to alarm the free and liberal mind. Wisdom with him was virtue. They were

wrong

And weak, he said, who went not with the throng;

Man must his passions order and restrain In all that gives his fellow-subjects pain; But yet of guilt he would in pity speak, And as he judged, the wicked were the weak. Such was the lover of a simple maid, Who seem'd to call his logic to his aid, And to mean something: I will not pretend To judge the purpose of my reasoning friend, Who was dismiss'd, in quiet to complain That so much labour was bestow'd in vain.

And now my mother seem'd disposed to try A life of reason and tranquillity; Ere this, her health and spirits were the best,

Hers the day's trifling, and the nightly rest; But something new was in her mind instill'd; Unquiet thoughts the matron-bosom fill'd; For five and forty peaceful years she bore Her placid looks, and dress becoming wore: She could a compliment with pleasure take, But no absurd impression could it make. Now were her nerves disorder'd: she was weak,

And must the help of a physician seek; A Scotch physician, who had just began To settle near us, quite a graceful man, And very clever, with a soft address, That would his meaning tenderly express. Sick as my mother seem'd, when he inquired

But I, who thrice was woo'd, had lovers three, Must now again a very infant be; While the good lady, twenty years a wife, Was to decide the colour of his life: And she decided. She was wont t' appear To these unequal marriages severe : Her thoughts of such with energy she told, And was repulsive, dignified, and cold; But now, like monarchs weary of a throne, She would no longer reign-at least alone. She gave her pulse, and, with a manner sweet. Wish'd him to feel how kindly they could beat;

And 'tis a thing quite wonderful to tell How soon he understood them, and how well.

Now, when she married, I from home was sent, With grandmamma to keep perpetual Lent; For she would take me on conditions cheap, For what we scarcely could a parrot keep: A trifle added to the daily fare

Would feed a maiden who must learn to spare. With grandmamma I lived in perfect case; Consent to starve, and I was sure to please. Full well I knew the painful shifts we made Expenses all to lessen or evade,

And tradesmen's flinty hearts to soften and persuade.

Poor grandmamma among the gentry dwelt Of a small town, and all the honour felt; Shrinking from all approaches to disgrace That might be mark'd in so genteel a place; Where every daily deed, as soon as done, Ran through the town as fast as it could rnn:-

At dinners what appear'd-at cards who lost or won.

Our good appearance through the town was known,

Hunger and thirst were matters of our own; And you would judge that she in scandal dealt

Who told on what we fed, or how we felt. We had a little maid, some four feet high, Who was employ'd our household stores to buy ;

For she would weary every man in trade, And tease t' assent whom she could not

Methinks I see her, with her pigmy light, Precede her mistress in a moonless night; From the small lantern throwing through the street

The dimm'd effulgence at her lady's feet; What time she went to prove her well-known

With rival friends at their beloved quadrille. \*And how's your pain?' inquired the gentle maid.

For that was asking if with luck she play'd; And this she answer'd as the cards decreed, O Biddy! ask not-very bad indeed;

She purchased wares so showy and so fine, Or, in more cheerful tone, from spirit light. The venders all believed th' indulgence 'Why, thank you, Biddy, pretty well to-night.'

The good old lady often thought me vain. And of my dress would tenderly complain; But liked my taste in food of every kind, As from all grossness, like her own, refined: Yet when she hinted that on herbs and bread Girls of my age and spirit should be fed. Whate'er my age had borne, my flesh and

Spirit and strength; the interdict withstood: But though I might the frugal soul offend Of the good matron, now my only friend, And though her purse suggested rules so strict:

Her love could not the punishment inflict: She sometimes watch'd the morsel with a frown.

And sigh'd to see, but let it still go down. Our butcher's bill, to me a monstrous sum, Was such , that summon'd , he forbore to come:

Proud man was he, and when the bill was paid. He put the money in his bag and play'd, Jerking it up, and catching it again, And poising in his hand in pure disdain; While the good lady, awed by man so proud, And yet disposed to have her claims allow'd. Balanced between humility and pride, Stood a fall'n empress at the butcher's side, Praising his meat as delicate and nice-'Yes, madam, yes! if people pay the price.' So lived the lady, and so murmur'd 1, In all the grief of pride and poverty: Twice in the year there came a note to tell How well mamma, who hoped the child was

It was not then a pleasure to be styled, By a mamma of such experience, Child! But I suppress'd the feelings of my pride, Or other feelings set them all aside.

There was a youth from college, just the one I judged mamma would value as a son; He was to me good, handsome, learn'd, genteel, I cannot now what then I thought reveal; But, in a word, he was the very youth Who told me what I judged the very truth. That love like his and charms like mine agreed,

For all description they must both exceed Yet scarcely can I throw a smile on things So painful, but that Time his comfort brings, Or rather throws oblivion on the mind, For we are more forgetful than resign'd. We both were young, had heard of love and read,

And could see nothing in the thing to dread, But like a simple pair our time employ'd In pleasant views to be in time enjoy'd; When Frederick came, the kind old lady smiled

To see the youth so taken with her child:

e planted in a vacant breast pes and fears that robb'd it of its rest. appear'd so right, so fair, so just, ely might the lovely prospect trust; our Frederick and his charmer found And, vulgar wretches! sold whate'er they ey were standing on fallacious ground: the father of the youth could do ne and now he must himself pursue in life; and, honest truth to state, not fitted for a candidate:

had nothing in this world below, hat a Scotch physician could bestow, r a pittance took my mother's hand, isposed, what had they to command? se were after-fears, nor came t' annoy der children in their dreams of joy alk'd of glebe and garden, tithe and rent,

w a fancied income should be spent; riends, what social parties we should sec.

e with what genteel economy; we gave our hearts as children give, ught of living as our neighbours live.

m assured ourselves that all was well, right our friends of these designs to tell;

we parted.-Grandmamma, amazed, r child with fond compassion gazed; ions tears appear'd, but not a word weeping till she cried, 'Good Lord!' n, with hurried motion, sought the stairs.

ling Biddy, bade her come to prayers. good lady early in her life ght the altar by her friends' advice, will offering, but a sacrifice: e a forward girl and eager boy alk of life, and turn their heads with

mamma I wrote in just the way and said what dreaming lasses say; indsome Frederick was, by all confess'd,

Il he look'd, how very well he dress'd; sarning much , that would for both provide.

ther's darling, and his father's pride, n be loves me more than mind can gness.

eart conceive, or eloquence express.

er came a doubtful mind to ease, hat was worse, no Frederick came to please;

gegane - so thought our little maid to see me! I was much afraid; the garden round, and deeply sigh'd, grandmamma grew faint! and dropt. and died:

oung man, who came with unsoil'd feet |"A fate so awful and so sudden drove best room, and neither drank nor eat: All else away, and half extinguish'd love.

Strange people came; they search'd the house

found:

The secret hoards that in the drawers were

The silver toys that with the tokens slept, The precious beads, the corals with their bells,

That laid secure, lock'd up in secret cells, The costly silk, the tabby, the brocade, The very garment for the wedding made, Were brought to sale, with many a jest thereon!

'Going - a bridal dress - for - Going! -Gone.

That ring, dear pledge of early love and true, That to the wedded finger almost grew, Was sold for six and ten-pence to a Jew! Great was the fancied worth; but ah! how small

The sum thus made, and yet how valued all! But all that to the shameful service went, Just paid the bills, the burial, and the rent; And I and Biddy, poor deserted maids! Were turn'd adrift to seek for other aids.

Now left by all the world, as I believed, I wonder'd much that I so little grieved; Yet I was frighten'd at the painful view Of shiftless want, and saw not what to do: In times like this the poor have little dread, They can but work, and they shall then be fed; And Biddy cheer'd me with such thoughts as this,

'You'll find the poor have their enjoyments, Miss!

Indeed I saw, for Biddy took me home To a forsaken hovel's cold and gloom; And while my tears in plentcons flow were shed.

With her own hands she placed her proper bed.

Reserved for need-A fire was quickly made, And food, the purchase for the day, display'd: She let in air to make the damps retire, Then placed her sad companion at her fire; She then began her wonted peace to feel, She bought her wool, and sought her fayourite wheel,

That as she turn'd, she sang with sober glee, Begone, dull Care! I'll have no more with

thee; Then turn'd to me, and bade me weep no more.

But try and taste the pleasures of the poor.

When dinner came, on table brown and bare Were placed the humblest forms of earthen placed,

For appetite provided, not for taste : I look'd disgusted, having lately seen All so minutely delicate and clean; Yet, as I sate, I found to my surprise A vulgar kind of inclination rise, And near my humble friend, and nearer drew, Tried the strange food, and was partaker too.

I walk'd at eve, but not where I was seen, And thought, with sorrow, what can Fre-derick mean?

I must not write, I said, for I am poor; And then I wept till I could weep no more. Kind-hearted Biddy tried my griefs to heal, This is a nothing to what others feel; Life has a thousand sorrows worse than this, A lover lost is not a fortune, Miss! One goes, another comes, and which is best There is no telling-set your heart at rest.'

At night we pray'd-I dare not say a word Of our devotion, it was so absurd; And very pious upon Biddy's part, But mine were all effusions of the heart; While she her angels call'd their peace to shed.

And bless the corners of our little bed. All was a dream! I said, is this indeed To be my life? and thus to lodge and feed, To pay for what I have, and work for what I need?

Must I be poor? and Frederick, if we meet, Would not so much as know me in the street ? Or, as he walk'd with ladies, he would try To be engaged as we were passing by-And then I wept to think that I should grow Like them whom he would be ashamed to know.

On the third day, while striving with my fate, And hearing Biddy all its comforts state. Talking of all her neighbours, all her schemes. Her stories, merry jests, and warning dreams; With tales of mirth and murder! O! the nights Past, said the maiden, in such dear delights. And I was thinking, can the time arrive When I shall thus be humbled, and survive?-Then I beheld a horse and handsome gig. With the good air, tall form, and comely wig Of Doctor Mackey-I in fear began To say, Good heaven, preserve me from the

man! But fears ill reason, - heaven to such a mind Had lent a heart compassionate and kind. From him I learnt that one had call'd to know What with my hand my parents could bestow; And when he learn'd the truth, in high disdain

He told my fate, and home return'd again. 'Nay, be not grieved, my lovely girl; but few Wed the first love, however kind and true;

With one blue dish, on which our food was Something there comes to break the strongest vow.

Or mine had been my gentle Mattie now. When the good lady died-but let me leave All gloomy subjects- 'tis not good to grieve.' Thus the kind Scotchman sootlfed me; he sustain'd

A father's part, and my submission gain'd: Then my affection; and he often told My sterner parent that her heart was cold: He grew in honour-he obtain'd a name-And now a favourite with the place became: To me most gentle, he would condescend To read and reason, be the guide and friend ; He taught me knowledge of the wholesome kind.

And fill'd with many a useful truth my mind: Life's common burden daily lighter grew; And even Frederick lessen'd in my view: Cold and repulsive as he once appear'd, He was by every generous act endear'd; And, above all, that he with ardour fill'd My soul for truth-a love by him instill'd: Till my mamma grew jealous of a maid To whom an husband such attention paid: Not grossly jealous; but it gave her pain, And she observed, 'He made her daughter vnin;

And what his help to one who must not look To gain her bread by poring on a book?' This was distress; but this, and all beside. Was lost in grief-my kinder parent died, When praised and loved, when joy and health he gave,

He sank lamented to an early grave: Then love and woe-the parent and the child. Lost in one grief, allied and reconciled.

Yet soon a will, that left me half his worth, To the same spirit gave a second birth: But 'twas a mother's spleen; and she indeed Was sick, and sad, and had of comfort need; I watch'd the way her anxious spirit took, And often found her musing o'er a book; She changed her dress, her church, her priest, her prayer,

Join'd a new sect, and sought her comforts there;

Some strange coarse people came, and were so free

In their addresses, they offended me; But my mamma threw all her pride away-More humble she as more assuming they 'And what,' they said, as having power. 'are now

The inward conflicts? do you strive? and how?

Themselves confessing thoughts so new and wild.

I thought them like the visions of a child. 'Could we,' they ask, 'our best good deeds condemn?

And did we long to touch the garment's hem? And was it so with us? for so it was with

inger few assumed a softer part, ied to shake the fortress of my heart; is my pliant mother lent her aid, ish'd the winning of her erring maid: constrain'd her female friends to hear ; uffer'd not a bearded convert near: gh more than one attempted, with their whine.

Sister! sister! how that heart of thine? his was freedom I for ever check'd: was a heart no brother could affect.

would I hear the preacher, and receive ropping dew of his discourse at eve? oft, sweet words?' I gave two precious bours

ar of gifts and graces, helps and powers; a pale youth, who should dismiss the flock,

to my bosom an electric shock. in that act he look'd upon my face in that all-equalizing place: hough he sought me, would he lay aside cold, dead freedom, or their dull, sad

pride. conversion he with triumph spoke, be orders from a bishop took : how his father's anger he had braved; ife himself, his erring neighbours saved. rejoiced a sister to behold the members of his favourite fold; d not sought me, the availing call aded all his love, and had it all; w thus met, it must be heaven's design. !! I thought, it never shall be mine; e must wed. He was not rich : and I f the earthly good a mean supply; sufficed. Of his conversion then id, and labours in converting men; was chosen all their bands amonger Daniel! honour'd, though so young. I'd me sister: show'd me that he knew I possess'd; and told what it would do; iks, I judge, express'd my full disdain; was given to the man in vain: preach till they are proud, and pride

the youth once timid, mild, polite? dinus now, and sick ning to the sight! that he sees, and yet so truly blind, all this blight and mildew on the mind ! d, the solemn creature heard me vow I was not disposed to take him now. art thou changed, fair maiden? changed thy heart?

disturbs the brain.

er'd, 'No; but I perceive thou art.'

as my mother sad, her nerves relax'd, ir small income for advice was tax'd, I, who long'd for change and freedom,

And so they were, and every neighbouring scene,

That make the bosom, like the clime, serene; Yet were her teachers loth to yield assent; And not without the warning voice we went; And there was secret counsel all unknown To me-but I had counsel of my own. And now there pass'd a portion of my time In ease delicious, and in joy sublime-With friends endear'd by kindness - with

delight, In all that could the feeling mind excite, Or please, excited; walks in every place Where we could pleasure find and beauty trace.

Or views at night, where on the rocky steep Shines the full moon, or glitters on the deep. Yes, they were happy days; but they are fied! All now are parted—part are with the dead! Still it is pleasure, though 'tis mix'd with pain, To think of joys that cannot live again! Here cannot live; but they excite desire Of purer kind, and heavenly thoughts inspire! And now my mother, weaken'd in her mind, Her will, subdued before, to me resign'd. Wean'd from her late directors, by degrees She sank resign'd, and only sought for case: In a small town upon the coast we fix'd; Nor in amusement with associates mix'd. My years-but other mode will I pursue, And count my time by what I sought to do. And was that mind at ease? could I avow That no once leading thoughts engaged me now ?

Was I convinced th' enthusiastic man Had ruin'd what the loving boy began? I answer doubting-I could still detect Feelings too soft-yet him I could reject-Feelings that came when I had least employ, When common pleasures I could least enjoy-When I was pacing lonely in the rays Of a full moon, in lonely walks and ways-When I was sighing o'er a tale's distress, And paid attention to my Bible less. These found, I sought me remedies for these; I suffer'd common things my mind to please, And common pleasures: seldom walk'd alone, Nor when the moon upon the waters shone; But then my candles lit, my window closed, My needle took, and with my neighbours prosed:

And in one year-nay, ere the end of one, My labour ended, and my love was done. My heart at rest, I boldly look'd within, And dared to ask it of its secret sin; Alas! with pride it answer'd: Look around, And tell me where a better heart is found. And then I traced my virtues: O! how few, In fact, they were, and yet how vain I grew; Thought of my kindness, condescension, case,

My will,my wishes, nay, my power to please; I judged me prudent, rational, discreet, And void of folly, falsehood, and deceit; I read, not lightly, as I some had known, a and Sidmouth's balmy air be tried; But made an author's meaning all my own; In short, what lady could a poet choose As a superior subject for his muse? So said my heart; and Conscience straight replied-

'I say the matter is not fairly tried: I am offended, burt, dissatisfied; First of the Christian graces, let me see What thy pretensions to humility? Art thou prepared for trial? Wilt thou say I am this being, and for judgment pray? And with the gallant Frenchman, wilt thou

When to thy judge presented, thus am I-Thus was I form'd - these talents I posвсяв'd-

So I employ'd them-and thou knowst the rest?

Thus Conscience; and she then a picture drew.

And bade me think and tremble at the view. One I beheld-a wife, a mother-go To gloomy scenes of wickedness and woe; She sought her way through all things vile and base,

And made a prison a religious place: Fighting her way-the way that angels fight With powers of darkness-to let in the light; Tell me, my heart, hast thou such victory won As this, a sinner of thy sex, has done, And calls herself a sinner? What art thou? And where thy praise and exaltation now? Yet is she tender, delicate, and nice, And shrinks from all depravity and vice; Shrinks from the ruffian gaze, the savage gloom,

That reign where guilt and misery find a home:

Guilt chain'd, and misery purchased; and with them

All we abhor, abominate, condemn-The look of scorn, the scowl, th' insulting leer Of shame, all fix'd on her who ventures here: Yet all she braved! she kept her stedfast eye On the dear cause, and brush'd the baseness by So would a mother press her darling child Close to her breast, with tainted rags defiled.

But thou hast talents truly! say the ten: Come, let us look at their improvement then. What hast thou done to aid thy suffering kind, To help the sick, the deaf, the lame, the blind ? Hast thou not spent thy intellectual force On books abstruse, in critical discourse? Wasting in useless energy thy days, And idly listening to their common praise, Who can a kind of transient fame dispense, And say-a woman of exceeding sense. Thus tried, and failing, the suggestions fled. And a corrected spirit reign'd instead.

My mother yet was living; but the flame Of life now flash'd, and fainter then became; A parent looking as a child to me.

And now our humble place grew wond rous

Came gallant persons in their red array: All strangers welcome there, extremely welcome they

When in the church I saw inquiring eyes Fix'd on my face with pleasure and surprise; And soon a knocking at my door was heard; And soon the lover of my youth appear'd-Frederick, in all his glory, glad to meet, And say, his happiness was now complete. He told his flight from superstitions zeal; But first what torments he was doom'd to feel:-

The tender tears he saw from women fall-The strong persuasions of the brethren all-The threats of crazed enthusiasts, bound to keep

The struggling mind, and awe the straying sheep-

From these, their love, their curses, and their creed.

Was I by reason and exertion freed.' Then, like a man who often had been told And was convinced success attends the bold, His former purpose he renew'd, and swore He never loved me half so well before: Before he felt a something to divide The heart, that now had not a love beside.

In earlier times had I myself amused, And first my swain perplex'd, and then refused ;-

Cure for conceit; - but now in purpose grave,

Strong and decisive the reply I gave. Still he would come, and talk as idlers do, Both of his old associates and his new; Those who their dreams and reveries receive For facts, and those who would not facts believe.

He now conceived that truth was hidden, placed

He knew not where, she never could be traced; But that in every place, the world around, Might some resemblance of the nymph be found:

Yet wise men knew these shadows to be vain, Such as our true philosophers disdain-They laugh to see what vulgar minds purane

Truth, as a mistress, never in their view-But there the shadow flies, and that, they cry, is true.

Thus, at the college and the meeting train'd. My lover seem'd his acme to have gain'd; With some compassion I essay'd a cure: 'If truth be hidden, why art thou so sure ?' This he mistook for tenderness, and cried, 'If sure of thee, I care not what beside!" Compell'd to silence, I, in pure disdain, Withdrew from one so insolent and vain; He then retired; and I was kindly told, I made it pleasant, and was pleased to see 'In pure compassion grew estranged and My mother died; but, in my grief, drew near And, thrice entreated by a lover's prayer, A bosom-friend, who dried the useless tear; We lived together: we combined our shares Of the world's good, and learn'd to brave its cares:

We were the ladies of the place, and found Protection and respect the country round; We gave, and largely, for we wish'd to live In good repute-for this 'tis good to give; Our annual present to the priest convey'd Was kindly taken :- we in comfort pray'd; There none molested in the crimson pew The worthy ladies, whom the vicar knew: And we began to think that life might be, Not happy all, but innocently free.

My friend in early life was bound to one Of gentle kindred, but a younger son. He fortune's smile with perseverance woo'd, And wealth beneath the burning sun pursued: There, urged by love and youthful hope, he went

Loth; but 'twas all his fortune could present. From hence he wrote; and, with a lover's fears.

and gloomy fondness, talk'd of future years ; To her devoted, his Priscilla found His faithful heart still suffering with its wound,

That would not heal. A second time she heard;

And then no more: nor lover since appear'd; Year after year the country's fleet arrived, Confirm'd her fear, and yet her love survived; It still was living; yet her hope was dead, And youthful dreams, nay, youth itself, was fled;

And he was lost: so urged her friends, so she At length believed, and thus retired with me; She would a dedicated vestal prove,

And give her virgin vows to heaven and love; She dwelt with fond regret on pleasures past, With ardent hope on those that ever last; Pions and tender, every day she view'd With solemn joy our perfect solitude; Her reading, that which most delighted her, That soothed the passions, yet would gently

stir: The tender, softening, melancholy strain, That cansed not pleasure, but that vanquish'd pain,

In tears she read, and wept, and long'd to rend again.

But other worlds were her supreme delight, And there, it seem'd, she long'd to take her flight:

Yet patient, pensive, arm'd by thoughts sublime,

She watch'd the tardy steps of lingering time.

My friend, with face that most would handsome call, Process'd the charm that wins the heart of all:

She thrice refused him with determined air. No! had the world one monarch, and was he All that the heart could wish its lord to be .-Lovely and loving, generous, brave, and true,-

Vain were his hopes to waken hers unew!' For she was wedded to ideal views, And fancy's prospects, that she would not lose.

Would not forego to be a mortal's wife, And wed the poor realities of life.

There was a day, ere yet the autumn closed, When, ere her wintry wars, the earth reposed, When from the yellow weed the feathery crown,

Light as the curling smoke, fell slowly down; When the wing'd insect settled in our sight, And waited wind to recommence her flight; When the wide river was a silver sheet, And on the ocean slept th' unanchor'd fleet; When from our garden, as we look'd above, There was no cloud, and nothing seem'd to move;

Then was my friend in ecstasies-she cried, There is, I feel there is, a world beside! Martha, dear Martha! we shall hear not then Of hearts distress'd by good or evil men, But all will constant, tender, faithful be-So had I been, and so had one with me; But in this world the fondest and the best Are the most tried, most troubled, and distress'd:

This is the place for trial, here we prove, And there enjoy, the faithfulness of love. Nay, were he here in all the pride of youth, With honour, valour, tenderness, and truth, Entirely mine, yet what could I secure, Or who one day of comfort could insure? No! all is closed on earth, and there is now Nothing to break th' indissoluble vow; But in that world will be th' abiding bliss, That pays for every tear and sigh in this.'

Such her discourse, and more refined it grew, Till she had all her glorious dream in view; And she would further in that dream proceed Than I dare go, who doubtfully agreed: Smiling I ask'd, again to draw the soul From flight so high, and fancy to control, If this be truth, the lover's happier way Is distant still to keep the purposed day: The real bliss would mar the fancied joy, And marriage all the dream of love destroy. She softly smiled, and as we gravely talk'd, We saw a man who up the gravel walk'd, Not quite erect, nor quite by age depress'd, A travell'd man, and as a merchant dress'd; Large chain of gold upon his watch he wore.

Small golden buckles on his feet he bore; A head of gold his costly cane display'd, And all about him love of gold betray'd.

Of comely maidens met with serious air; Till one exclaim'd, and wildly look'd around, O heav'n, 'tis Paul! and dropt upon the ground;

But she recover'd soon, and you must guess What then ensued, and how much happiness. They parted lovers, both distress'd to part! They met as neighbours, heal'd and whole of

She in his absence look'd to heaven for bliss, He was contented with a world like this; And she prepared in some new state to meet The man now seeking for some snug retreat. He kindly told her he was firm and true, Nor doubted her, and bade her then adieu! What shall I do? the sighing maid began, How lost the lover! O, how gross the man. For the plain dealer had his wish declared, Nor she, devoted victim! could be spared: He spoke as one decided; she as one Who fear'd the love, and would the lover shun. O Martha, sister of my soul! how dies Each lovely view! for can I truth disguise, That this is he? No! nothing shall persuade; This is a man the naughty world has made, An eating drinking buying bargaining man-And can I love him? No! I never can. What once he was, what fancy gave beside, Full well I know, my love was then my pride; What time has done, what trade and travel wrought.

You see! and yet your sorrowing friend is sought;

But can I take him ?- Take him not, I cried, If so averse-but why so soon decide?

Meantime a daily guest the man appear'd, Set all his sail, and for his purpose steer'd; Loud and familiar, loving, fierce and free, He overpower'd her soft timidity? Who, weak and vain, and grateful to behold The man was hers, and hers would be the gold;

Thus sundry motives, more than I can name, Leagued on his part, and she a wife became. A home was offer'd, but I knew too well What comfort was with married friends to dwell:

I was resign'd, and had I felt distress, Again a lover offer'd some redress; Behold, a hero of the buskin hears My loss, and with consoling love appears; Frederick was now a hero on the stage, In all its glories, rhapsody, and rage; Again himself he offer'd, offer'd all That his an hero of the kind can call: He for my sake would hope of fame resign, And leave the applause of all the world for mine.

Hard fate was Frederick's, never to succeed, Yet ever try-but so it was decreed: His mind was weaken'd; he would laugh and

And swore profusely I had murder'd sleep,

This comely man moved onward, and a pair | Had quite unmann'd him, eleft his heart in twain.

And he should never be himself again.

He was himself; weak, nervous, kind, and poor. Ill dress'd and idle, he besieged my door, Borrow'd,-or, worse. made verses on my charms.

And did his best to fill me with alarms; I had some pity, and I sought the price Of my repose-my hero was not nice; There was a loan, and promise I should be From all the efforts of his fondness free, From hunger's future claims, or those of vanity.

Yet, said he, bowing, do to study take! O! what a Desdemona wouldst thou make! Thus was my lover lost; yet even now He claims one thought, and this we will allow. His father lived to an extreme old age, But never kind! - his son hud left the stage, And gain'd some office, but an humble place, And that he lost! Want sharpen'd his disgrace, Urged him to seek his father-but too late, His jealous brothers watch'd and barr'd the

The old man died; but there is one who pays A moderate pension for h's latter days. Who, though assured inquiries will offend, Is ever asking for this unknown friend; Some partial lady, whom he hopes to find As to his wants so to his wishes kind. Be still, a cool adviser sometimes writes-Nay, but, says he, the gentle maid invites-O, let me know the young! the soft! the fair!

Old man, 'tis answer'd, take thyself to prayer! Be clean, be sober, to thy priest apply. And-dead to all around thee-learn to die!

Now had I rest from life's strong hopes and fears.

And no disturbance mark'd the flying years; So on in quiet might those years have past, But for a light adventure, and a last. A handsome boy, from school-day bondage

Came with mamma to gaze upon the sea; With soft blue eye he look'd upon the waves, And talk'd of treacherous rocks, and seamen's graves

There was much sweetness in his boyish smile.

And signs of feelings frank, that knew not

guile.
The partial mother, of her darling proud, Besought my friendship and her own avow'd; She praised her Rupert's person, spirit, case, How fond of study, yet how form'd to please; In our discourse he often bore a part, And talk'd, heaven bless him, of his feeling

heart:

He spoke of pleasures souls like his enjoy. And hated Lovelace like a virtuous boy;

t for Clementina's holy strife, as Sir Charles as large and true as life: rtue's heroines was his soul distress'd; love and guileless honour fill'd his breast,

as the subjects drew the frequent sigh, ar stood trembling in his large blue eye, oftly he exclaim'd: Sweet, sweetest sympathy!

thus I heard the handsome stripling speak,

d assent, and thought to pat his cheek; hen I saw the feelings blushing there, if emotions strong, they said—forbear! outh would speak of his intent to live at estate which heaven was pleased to

give,
with the partner of his joys to dwell,
irse the virtues that he loved so well;
imble good of happy swains to share,
im the cottage drive distress and care;
dear infants make some pleasures
known.

ach, he gravely said, the virtues to his own.

ed to read in verse, and verse-like prose, ftest tales of love-inflicted woes; looking fondly, he would smile and cry, a no bliss in sensibility?

lk'd together, and it seem'd not harm ing thought with thought, and arm with arm,

dear boy would talk too much of bliss, distinctly murmur—such as this. no maternal wish her heart beguiled, dy call'd her son the darling child; with some nearer view her speech

began, anged her phrase, and said, the good young man!

st, when hinting of some future bride, oman's prudence in the mother's pride, cent fear and conscious folly strove food presumption and aspiring love; w too plain to me the strife appear'd, hat he sought I knew, and what he fear'd;

embling hand and frequent sigh disclosed

ish that pendence, care, and time

opposed.

not pleased, will you demand?—Amused ish lave, that woman's pride refused?

acknowledge, and from day to day ed no longer at such game to play; forbore, though to my purpose true, mly fix'd to bid the youth adicu.

was a moonlight-eve, serenely cool, he vast occan seem'd a mighty pool; esmall rippling waves that gently beat, reciy heard them falling, at our feet: ther absent, absent every sound ery sight that could the youth confound; The arm, fast lock'd in mine, his fear betray'd, And when he spoke not his designs convey'd; He oft-times gasp'd for breath, he tried to speak,

And studying words, at last had words to seek. Silent the boy, by silence more betray'd, And fearing lest he should appear afraid, He knelt abruptly, and his speech began—'Pity the pangs of an unhappy man.'
'Be sure,' I answer'd, 'and relieve them too—

'Be sure,' I answer'd, 'and relieve them too— But why that posture? What the woes to you?

To feel for others' sorrows is humane, But too much feeling is our virtue's bane. Come, my dear Rupert! now your tale disclose.

That I may know the sufferer and his woes, Know there is pain that wilful man endures, That our reproof and not our pity cures; For though for such assumed distress we grieve,

Since they themselves as well as us deceive, Yet we assist not.'—The unhappy youth, Unhappy then, beheld not all the truth.

O! what is this? exclaim'd the dubious boy, Words that confuse the being they destroy? So have I read the gods to madness drive The man condemn'd with adverse fate to strive;

O! make thy victim though by misery sure, And let me know the pangs I must endure; For, like the Grecian warrior, I can pray Falling, to perish in the face of day.

Pretty, my Rupert; and it proves the use Of all that learning which the schools pro-

But come, your arm - no trembling, but attend

To sober truth, and a maternal friend. You ask for pity?—O! indeed I do. Well then, you have it, and assistance too: Suppose us married!—O! the heavenly thought!

Nay - nay, my friend, be you by wisdom taught;

For wisdom tells you, love would soon subside, Fall, and make room for penitence and pride; Then would you meet the public eye, and

Your private taste, and be o'erwhelm'd with

How must it then your bosom's peace destroy To hear it said: The mother and her boy! And then to show the sneering world it lies, You would assume the man, and tyrannize; Ev'n Time, Care's general soother, would augment

Your self-reproaching, growing discontent. Add twenty years to my precarious life, And lo! your aged, feeble, wailing wife; Displeased, displeasing, discontented, blamed; Both, and with cause, ashaming and ashamed: When I shall bend beneath a press of time, Thou wilt be all erect in manhood's prime; Then wilt thou fly to younger minds t' as-

Thy bosom's pain, and I in jealous age
Shall move contempt, if still; if active, rage:
And though in anguish all my days are past,
Yet far beyond thy wishes they may last;
May last till thon, thy better prospects fled,
Shalt have no comfort when thy wife is dead.
Then thou in turn, though none will call

thee old,
Wilt feel thy spirit fled, thy bosom cold;
No strong or eager wish to wake the will,
Life will appear to stagnate and be still,
As now with me it slumbers; O! rejoice
That I attend not to that pleading voice;
So will new hopes this troubled dream
succeed,

And one will gladly hear my Rupert plead.

Ask you, while thus I could the youth deny Was I unmoved?—Inexorable I, Fix'd and determined: thrice he made his

prayer,
With looks of sadness first, and then despair;
Thrice doom'd to bear refusal, not exempt,
At the last effort, from a slight contempt.
Did his distress, his pains, your joy excite?—
No; but I fear'd his perseverance might.
Was there no danger in the moon's soft rays,
To hear the handsome stripling's earnest

Was there no fear that while my words

The eager youth, I might myself be moved?
Not for his sake alone I cried, persist
No more, and with a frown the cause
dismiss'd.

Seek you th' event?—I scarcely need reply, Love, unreturn'd, will languish, pine, and die: We lived awhile in friendship, and with joy I saw depart in peace the amorous boy. We met some ten years after, and he then Was married, and as cool as married men; He talk'd of war and taxes, trade and farms, And thought no more of me, or of my charms. We spoke; and when, alluding to the past, Something of meaning in my look I cast, He, who could never thought or wish disguise,

Look'd in my face with trouble and surprise; To kill reserve, I seized his arm, and cried: Know me, my lord! when laughing, he

replied,
Wonder'd again, and look'd upon my face,
And seem'd unwilling marks of time to trace;
But soon I brought him fairly to confess,
That boys in love judge ill of happiness.

Love had his day—to graver subjects led, My will is govern'd, and my mind is fed; And to more vacant bosoms I resign The hopes and fears that once affected mine.

# BOOK XII.

## SIR OWEN DALE.

Again the Brothers saw their friend the Priest,

Who shared the comforts he so much increased;

Absent of late—and thus the Squire address'd, With welcome smile, his ancient friend and guest:

What has detain'd thee? some parochial case? Some man's descriton, or some maid's disgrace?

Or wert thou call'd, as parish-priest, to give Name to a new-born thing that would not live.

That its weak glance upon the world had thrown,

And shrank in terror from the prospect shown?

Or hast thou heard some dying wretch deplore, That of his pleasures he could taste no more?

That of his pleasures he could taste no more? Who wish'd thy aid his spirits to sustain, And drive away the fears that gave him pain? For priests are thought to have a patent charm.

To ease the dying sinner of alarm: Or was thy business of the carnal sort, And thou wert gone a patron's smile to court, And Croft or Creswell wouldst to Binning add.

Or take, kind soul! whatever could be had? Once more I guess: th'election now is near; My friend, perhaps, issway'd, by hope or fear, And all a patriot's wishes, forth to ride. And hunt for votes to prop the fay'rite side!

More private duty called me hence, to pay My friends respect on a rejoicing day, Replied the Rector: there is born a son, Pride of an ancient race, who pray'd for one, And long desponded. Would you hear the

Ask, and 'tis granted-of Sir Owen Dale?

Grant, said the Brothers, for we humbly ask;
Ours be the gratitude, and thine the task:
Yet dine we first: then to this tale of thine,
As to thy sermon, seriously incline:
In neither case our rector shall complain,
Of this recited, that composed in vain.
Something we heard of vengeance, who
appall'd,

Like an infernal spirit, him who call'd; And, ere he vanish'd, would perform his part, Inflicting tortures on the wounded heart; Of this but little from report we know: If you the progress of revenge can show, Give it, and all its horrors, if you please, We hear our neighbour's sufferings much

at case.

at so? For do not men delight—
I them men—our bruisers to excite,
ge with bribing gold, and feed them
for the fight?

yond common strength, of giant size, reat'ning terrors in each other's eyes; in their naked, native force display'd, aswers look, affrighting and afraid; skill, like spurs and feeding, gives the arm

cked power to do the greater harm: I in the strife, the falling man sustains sulting shout, that aggravates his

pains:—
n bear this; and shall thy hearers heed
of human sufferings? Come! proceed,
arged, the worthy Rector thought it

noral truth, as preface, to repeat; ion serious, — common-place, 'tis true,—

would act as he was wont to do, ing his morals in his neighbour's view.

w the passions, insolent and strong, our weak minds their rapid course along;

is the madness of their will obey; ie, and leave us to our griefs a prey!

cen Dale his fortieth year had seen, temper placid, and with mind serene; early married to an easy wife, ed in comfort a domestic life: k of his affairs a prudent care, as by early habit led to spare; a miser, but in pure good taste, corn'd the idle wantonness of waste, the lessons he from prudence took written in his mind, as in a book: what to do he read, and what to shun; I commanded was with promptness done:

m'd without a passion to proceed, whose passions no correction need; me believed those passions only slept, ere in bounds by early habits kept: as they were by fetters worn so long, were who judged them a rebellious throng.

se he stood, not as a hero true, ought his foes, and in the combat slew, e who all those foes, when sleeping, found,

mresisted, at his pleasure bound.

aght—for I was one—that we espice
adications strong of dormant pride;
his wish in peace with all to live;
could pardon, but could not forgive;
here were times when stern defiance
shook

oral man, and threaten'd in his look.

Should these flerce passions—so we reason'd —break

Their long-worn chain, what ravage will they make! In vain will prudence then contend with

pride,
And reason vainly bid revenge subside;
Anger will not to meek persuasion bend,
Nor to the pleas of hope or fear attend:
What curb shall, then, in their disorder'd

Check the wild passions? what the calm replace?

Virtue shall strive in vain; and has he help in grace?

While yet the wife with pure discretion ruled,

The man was guided, and the mind was school'd;

But then that mind unaided ran to waste: He had some learning, but he wanted taste: Placid, not pleased—contented, not employ'd,—

He neither time improved, nor life enjoy'd. That wife expired, and great the loss sustain'd,

Though much distress he neither felt nor feign'd;

He loved not warmly; but the sudden stroke Deeply and strongly on his habits broke. He had no child to soothe him, and his farm,

His sports, his speculations, lost their charm; Then would he read and travel, would frequent

Life's busy scenes, and forth Sir Owen went: The mind, that now was free, unfix'd, uncheck'd.

Read and observed with wonderful effect; And still the more he gain'd, the more he long'd

To pay that mind his negligence had wrong'd; He felt his pleasures rise as he improved; And, first enduring, then the labour loved. But, by the light let in, Sir Owen found Some of those passions had their chain

As from a trance they rose to act their part, And seize, as due to them, a feeling heart. His very person now appear'd refined, And took some graces from th' improving

mind:
He grew polite without a fix'd intent,
And to the world a willing papil went.
Restore him twenty years,—restore him
ten.—

And bright had been his earthly prospect then;

But much refinement, when it late arrives, May be the grace, not comfort, of our lives.

Now had Sir Owen feeling; things of late Indifferent, he began to love or hate;

What once could neither good nor ill impart | Kindly she listen'd, and in turn essay'd Now pleased the senses, and now touch'd the heart;

Prospects and pictures struck th' awaken'd sight,

And each new object gave a new delight. He, like th' imperfect creature who had shaped

A shroud to hide him, had at length escaped; Changed from his grub-like state, to crawl no more,

But a wing'd being, pleased and form'd to

Now, said his friends, while thus his views

improve,
And his mind softens, what if he should love? True; life with him has yet serene appear'd, And therefore love in wisdom should be fear'd:

Forty and five his years, and then to sigh For beauty's favour!-Son of frailty, fly! Alas! he loved; it was our fear, but ours, His friends' alone. He doubted not his pow'rs To win the prize, or to repel the charm, To gain the battle, or escape the harm; For he had never yet resistance proved, Nor fear'd that friends should say-'Alas! he loved.

Younger by twenty years, Camilla found Her face unrivall'd when she smiled or frown'd:

Of all approved; in manner, form, and air, Made to attract; gay, elegant, and fair: She had, in beauty's aid, a fair pretence To cultivated, strong intelligence For she a clear and ready mind had fed With wholesome food; unhurt by what she read :

She loved to please; but, like her dangerous BCX.

To please the more whom she design'd to vex. This heard Sir Owen, and he saw it true; It promised pleasure, promised danger too; But this he knew not then, or slighted if he knew.

Yet he delay'd, and would by trials prove That he was safe; would see the signs of love;

Would not address her while a fear remain'd; But win his way, assured of what he gain'd. This saw the lady, not displeased to find A man at once so cautious and so blind: She saw his hopes that she would kindly

show Proofs of her passion-then she his should know.

So, when my heart is bleeding in his sight. His love acknowledged will the pains requite; It is, when conquer'd, he the heart regards; Well, good Sir Owen! let us play our cards.'

To pay th' applauses—and she amply paid: A beauty flattering!—beauteous flatterers feel

The ill you cause, when thus in praise you deal;

For surely he is more than man, or less, When praised by lips that he would die to

And yet his senses undisturb'd can keep, Can calmly reason, or can soundly sleep. Not so Sir Owen; him Camilla praised, And lofty hopes and strong emotions raised; This had alone the strength of man subdued; But this enchantress various arts pursued. Let others pray for music-others pray'd In vain:-Sir Owen ask'd, and was obey'd; Let others, walking, sue that arm to take. Unmoved she kept it for Sir Owen's sake; Each small request she granted, and though small.

He thought them pledges of her granting all. And now the lover, casting doubt aside, Urged the fond suit that-could not be denied;

Joy more than reverence moved him when he said,

Now banish all my fears, angelic maid!" And as she paused for words, he gaily cried, I must not, cannot, will not be denied.'
Ah! good Sir Owen, think not favours, such As artful maids allow, amount to much; The sweet, small, poison'd baits, that take the eye

And win the soul of all who venture nigh. Camilla listen'd, paused, and look'd surprise, Fair witch! exulting in her witcheries! She turn'd aside her face, withdrew her hand, And softly said, 'Sir, let me understand.' 'Nay, my dear lady! what can words explain, If all my looks and actions plead in vain? I love'—She show'd a cool respectful air, And he began to falter in his prayer, Yet urged her kindness — Kindness she

It was esteem, she felt it, and express'd, For her dear father's friend; and was it right That friend of his-she thought of hersto slight?

This to the wond'ring lover strange and new. And false appear'd-he would not think it

Still he pursued the lovely prize, and still Heard the cold words, design'd his hopes to kill ;

He felt dismay'd, as he perceived success Had inverse ratio, more obtaining less; And still she grew more cool in her replies, And talk'd of age and improprieties. Then to his friends, although it hurt his

pride, And to the lady's, he for aid applied; Who kindly woo'd for him, but strongly were denied.

He spake her praise in terms that love affords. And now it was those fiercer passions rose By words select, and looks surpassing words: Urged by his love to murder his repose; And now it was those fiercer passions rose, ierce Revenge for such contemptuous wrong;

us he grew, and Jealousy supplied aind with rage, unsoothed, unsatisfied; crievous were the pangs of deeply wounded Pride.

nerous soul had not the grief sustain'd, he not thought, 'Revenge may be obtain'd.

la grieved, but grief was now too late; ush'd her fears, and left th' event to fate;

years elapsed, nor knew Sir Owen yet to repay the meditated debt ; ovely foe was in her thirtieth year, w the favourite of the heart appear; ure less sprightly the fair nymph became,

poke of former levities with shame: is, alas! was not in time confess'd, engeance waited in Sir Owen's breast. w the time arrives-the maid must feel rieve for wounds that she refused to heal.

wen, childless, in his love had rear'd er's son, and now the youth appear'd the pride of manhood, and, beside, all a soldier's spirit and his pride: t and poor, with all that arms bestow, ants that captains in their quarters know;

his uncle's generous heart was due aise, that wants of any kind were few. he appear'd, Sir Owen felt a joy wn before, his vengeance bless'd the

boym I dare confide a cause so just; him she may-O! could I say, she must.

fix'd, he more than usual kindness show'd,

t the Captain name the debt he owed ; hen he spoke of gratitude, exclaim'd, arest Marden! make me not ashamed ; or a friend should do the best he can, just obliged is the obliging man; you wish to give as well as take, ay a debtor of your uncle make.'

n was earnest in his wish to know e could best his grateful spirit show. the third dinner had their powers renew'd.

uit and wine upon the table stood; re brought comfort, and the warmth it lent

rful spirit to the feelings sent, thus the Uncle-Morden, I depend u for aid-assist me as a friend: vell I know that you would much forego,

e shook his soul to be deceived so long, | Charles, I am wrong'd, insulted-nay, be Nor look so fiercely,-there are none to kill.

I loved a lady, somewhat late in life,

Perhaps too late, and would have made a wife: Nay, she consented; for consent I call

The mark'd distinction that was seen of all, And long was seen; but when she knew my pain,

Saw my first wish her favour to obtain, And ask her hand-no sooner was it ask'd, Than she, the lovely Jezebel, unmask'd; And by her haughty airs, and scornful pride, My peace was wounded-nay, my reason tried;

I felt despised and fallen when we met, And she, oh folly! looks too lovely yet; Yet love no longer in my bosom glows, But my heart warms at the revenge it owes.

O! that I saw her with her soul on fire, Desperate from love, and sickening with desire;

While all beheld her just, unpitied pain, Grown in neglect, and sharpen'd by disdain! Let her be jealous of each maid she sees, Striving by every fruitless art to please, And when she fondly looks, let looks and fondness tease!

So, lost on passion's never resting sea, Hopeless and helpless, let her think of me! Charles, thou art handsome, nor canst want the art

To warm a cold or win a wanton heart: Be my avenger-Charles, with smile, not vain.

Nor quite unmix'd with pity and disdain, Sate mute in wonder; but he sate not long Without reflection:—Was Sir Owen wrong? So must I think; for can I judge it right To treat a lovely lady with despite? Because she play'd too roughly with the love Of a fond man whom she could not approve; And yet to vex him for the love he bore Is cause enough for his revenge, and more. But, thoughts, to council!-Do I wear a charm

That will preserve my citadel from harm? Like the good knight, I have a heart that feels

The wounds that beauty makes and kindness heals:

Beauty she has, it seems, but is not kind-So found Sir Owen, and so I may find. Yet why, oh heart of tinder, why afraid? Comes so much danger from so fair a maid? Wilt thou be made a voluntary prize To the fierce firing of two wicked eyes? Think her a foc, and on the danger rush, Nor let thy kindred for a coward blush. But how if this fair creature should incline arh endure, to wreak me on my foe. To think too highly of this love of mine,

And, taking all my counterfeit address For sterling passion, should the like profess? Nay, this is folly; or if I perceive Aught of the kind, I can but take my leave; And if the heart should feel a little sore, Contempt and anger will its ease restore. Then, too, to his all-bounteous hand I owe All I possess, and almost all I know; And shall I for my friend no hazard run, Who seeks no more for all his love has done? 'Tis but to meet and bow, to talk and smile, To act a part, and put on love awhile: And the good knight shall see, this trial made, That I have just his talents to persuade; For why the lady should her heart bestow On me, or I of her enamour'd grow, There's none can reason give, there's none can danger show.

These were his rapid thoughts, and then he spoke:

I make a promise, and will not revoke; You are my judge in what is fit and right, And I obey you-bid me love or fight; Yet had I rather, so the act could meet With your concurrence,-not to play the cheat ;

In a fair cause '- Charles, fighting for your

Did you e'er judge the merits of the thing? Show me a monarch who has cause like mine, And yet what soldier would his cause decline?

Poor Charles or saw not, or refused to see, How weak the reasoning of our hopes may be, And said-Dear uncle, I my king obey'd, And for his glory's sake the soldier play'd; Now a like duty shall your nephew rule, And for your vengeance I will play the fool.' 'Twas well; but ere they parted for repose, A solemn oath must the engagement close. 'Swear to me, nephew, from the day you meet

This cruel girl, there shall be no deceit; That by all means approved and used by man You win this dangerous woman, if you can; That being won, you my commands obey, Leave her lamenting, and pursue your way; And that, as in my business, you will take My will as guide, and no resistance make: Take now an oath—within the volume look, There is the Gospel-swear, and kiss the book.'

'It cannot be,' thought Charles, 'he cannot

In this strange humour,-it is all a jest, All but dissimulation-Well, sir, there; Now I have sworn as you would have me swear.

'Tis well, the uncle said in solemn tone; Now send me vengeance, Fate, and groan for groan!

The time is come: the soldier now must meet Alas! obedience was an easy task,

They meet; each other's look the pair explore,

And, such their fortune, wish'd to part no more.

Whether a man is thus disposed to break An evil compact he was forced to make, Or whether some contention in the breast Will not permit a feeling heart to rest; Or was it nature, who in every case Has made such mind subjected to such face; Whate'er the cause, no sooner met the pair Than both began to love, and one to feel despair.

But the fair damsel saw with strong delight Th' impression made, and gloried in the

sight:

No chilling doubt alarm'd her tender breast, But she rejoiced in all his looks profess'd; Long ere his words her lover's hopes convey'd They warm'd the bosom of the conscious maid;

One spirit seem'd each nature to inspire, And the two hearts were fix'd in one desire.

Now, thought the courteous maid, my father's friend

Will ready pardon to my fault extend; He shall no longer lead that hermit's life, But love his mistress in his nephew's wife; My humble duty shall his anger kill, And I who fled his love will meet his will, Prevent his least desire, and every wish fulfil. Hail, happy power! that to the present lends Such views; not all on Fortune's wheel depends,

Hope, fair enchantress, drives each cloud And now enjoys the glad, but distant day.

Still fears ensued; for love produces fear .-'To this dear maid can I indeed be dear? My fatal oath, alas! I now repent; Stern in his purpose, he will not relent; Would, ere that oath, I had Camilla seen! I had not then my honour's victim been: I must be honest, yet I know not how, "Tis crime to break, and death to keep my vow.

Sir Owen closely watch'd both maid and man, And saw with joy proceed his cruel plan: Then gave his praise-She has it-has it deep

In her capricious heart,-it murders sleep; You see the looks that grieve, you see the eyes that weep;

Now breathe again, dear youth, the kindling fire

And let her feel what she could once inspire.

Th' unconscious object of the sworn deceit. So might be cherish what he meant to ask;

ht occasion, he forbad delay; I vow foregone he taught the youth a of passion, and the words of truth; of woman's caution, doubt, and fear, her credit all she wish'd to hear; at passion ruled in either breast. th believed the truth that both profess'd.

'mid all her new-born hopes, the

Camilla saw through all disguise, and apprehension-Charles, who

now for his duty, and abhorr'd his vow, full fact, and it endear'd him more ; her power, and pardon'd all he swore, his vow he could his wish prefer, d the man who gave his world for her.

nust they do, and how their work begin,

y that temper to their wishes win? ied, they fail'd; and all they did t' assuage

apest of his soul provoked his rage; de met the youth with angry look, ed, Remember, sir, the oath you

took; ve my pity, Charles, but nothing more,

nd death only, shall her peace restore; I dying ?- I shall live to view riot's sorrow, and enjoy it too. Words offend you? I have borne for

vears ed anguish, shed derided tears, ern in every look, endured the stare fering fools, who never felt a care; all eyes were fix'd, and I the while d the insult of a rival's smile.
Il I now—entangled thus my foe, est vengeance for a boy forego? forewarn'd, forearm'd? Shall this be

borne, e cheated, Charles, and thou forsworn? t, I say, for thou mayst change as well

tence graven on the gates of hellid adieu to hope, here hopeless beings dwell.

she love thee, Charles? I cannot live

nr'd, unrevenged-I may forgive, hy math I bind thee; on thy soul my injured spirit to control; to soften, I am hard of heart, by insult :- leave her now, and

part, me know she grieves while I enjoy her smart.'

red soon, for Love prepared his way, To his obedience made his wishes stoop, And now admitted, now excluded hope; As lovers do, he saw a prospect fair, And then so dark, he sank into despair.

> The uncle grieved; he even told the youth That he was sorry, and it seem'd a truth; But though it vex'd, it varied not his mind, He bound himself, and would his nephew bind. I told him this, placed danger in his view. Bade him be certain, bound him to be true; And shall I now my purposes reject, Because my warnings were of no effect?' Thus felt Sir Owen as a man whose cause Is very good-it had his own applause.

Our knight a tenant had in high esteem, His constant boast, when justice was his theme:

He praised the farmer's sense, his shrewd discourse,

Free without rudeness, manly, and not coarse; As farmer, tenant, nay, as man, the knight Thought Ellis all that is approved and right; Then he was happy, and some envy drew, For knowing more than other farmers knew; They call'd him learned, and it sooth'd their pride,

While he in his was pleased and gratified. Still more t' offend, he to the altar led The vicar's niece, to early reading bred; Who, though she freely ventured on the life, Could never fully be the farmer's wife; She had a softness, gentleness, and ease, Sure a coarse mind to humble and displease: O! had she never known a fault beside, How vain their spite, how impotent their

pride! Three darling girls the happy couple bless'd, Who now the sweetest lot of life possess'd; For what can more a grateful spirit move Than health, with competence, and peace, with love?

Ellis would sometimes, thriving man! retire To the town-inn, and quit the parlour-fire; But he was ever kind where'er he went, And trifling sums in his amusements spent: He bought, he thought for her-she should

have been content: Oft, when he cash received at Smithfield-mart, At Cranbourn-alley he would leave a part; And, if to town he follow'd what he sold, Sure was his wife a present to behold. Still, when his evenings at the inn were spent, She mused at home in sullen discontent; And, sighing, yielded to a wish that some With social spirit to the farm would come: There was a farmer in the place, whose name, And skill in rural arts, was known to fame; first in anger to the knight replied, He had a pupil, by his landlord sent, it the clog upon his soul, and sigh'd: On terms that gave the parties much content; learn.

With aught beside his guide had no concern: He might to neighb'ring towns or distant ride.

And there amusements seek without a guide: With handsome prints his private room was graced.

His music there, and there his books were placed:

Men knew not if he farm'd, but they allow'd him taste.

Books, prints, and music, cease, at times, to charm.

And sometimes men can neither ride nor farm; They look for kindred minds, and Cecil found, In Farmer Ellis, one inform'd and sound; But in his wife-I hate the fact I tell-A lovely being, who could please too well: And he was one who never would deny Himself a pleasure, or indeed would try. Early and well the wife of Ellis knew Where danger was, and trembled at the view ; So evil spirits tremble, but are still Evil. and lose not the rebellious will: She sought not safety from the fancied crime, And why retreat before the dangerous time? Oft came the student of the farm and read, And found his mind with more than reading fed:

This Ellis seeing, left them, or he staid, As pleased him, not offended nor afraid: He came in spirits with his girls to play, Then ask excuse, and, laughing, walk away When, as he enter'd, Cecil ceased to read, He would exclaim: Proceed, my friend, proceed!

Or, sometimes weary, would to bed retire, And fear and anger by his ease inspire. My conversation does he then despise? Leaves he this slighted face for other eyes? So said Alicia; and she dwelt so long Upon that thought, to leave her was to wrong.

Alas! the woman loved the soothing tongue, That yet pronounced her beautiful and young;

The tongue that, seeming careless, ever

praised; The eye that roving on her person gazed; The ready service, on the watch to please; And all such sweet, small courtesies as these. Still there was virtue, but a rolling stone On a hill's brow is not more quickly gone; The slightest motion,-ceasing from our care.-

A moment's absence, - when we're not aware.

When down it rolls, and at the bottom lies, Sunk, lost, degraded, never more to rise! Far off the glorious height from whence it Bring death in view, and then the stroke fell.

With all things base and infamous to dwell. And draw out tortures till his life should code

The youth those arts, and those alone, should | Friendship with woman is a dangerous thing-

Thence hopes avow'd and bold confessions spring :

Frailties confess'd to other frailties lead. And new confessions new desires succeed; And, when the friends have thus their hearts disclosed,

They find how little is to guilt opposed. The foe's attack will on the fort begin, When he is certain of a friend within.

When all was lost,-or, in the lover's sight. When all was won,-the lady thought of flight.

'What! sink a slave?' she said, 'and with deceit

The rigid virtue of a husband meet? No! arm'd with death, I would his fury brave.

And own the justice of the blow he gave! But thus to see him easy, careless, cold, And his confiding folly to behold; To feel incessant fears that he should read, In looks assumed, the cause whence they proceed,

I cannot brook; nor will I here abide Till chance betrays the crime that shame would hide:

Fly with me, Henry!' Henry sought in vain To sooth her terrors and her griefs restrain: He saw the lengths that women dared to go, And fear'd the husband both as friend and foe. Of farming weary-for the guilty mind Can no resource in guiltless studies find, Left to himself, his mother all unknown, His titled father, loth the boy to own, Had him to decent expectations bred, A favour'd offspring of a lawless bed; And would be censure one who should pursue The way he took? Alicia yet was new: Her passion pleased him: he agreed on flight: They fix'd the method, and they chose the night.

Then, while the Farmer read of public crimes,

Collating coolly Chronicles and Times, The flight was taken by the guilty pair, That made one passage in the columns there.

The heart of Ellis bled; the comfort, pride, The hope and stay of his existence died; Rage from the ruin of his peace arose, And he would follow and destroy his foes; Would with wild haste the guilty pair pursue, And when he found-Good heaven! what would be do?

That wretched woman he would wildly seize, And agonize her heart, his own to ease; That guilty man would grasp, and in her sight Insult his pangs, and her despair excite; suspend,

O! it should stand recorded in all time, How they transgress'd, and he avenged the crime!

In this had world should all his business cease, He would not seek—he would not taste of peace:

But wrath should live till vengeance had her due,

And with his wrath his life should perish too.
His girls—not his—he would not be so weak—
Child was a word he never more must speak!
How did he know what villains had defiled
His honest bed?—He spurn'd the name of
child:

Keep them he must; but he would coarsely hide

Their forms, and nip the growth of woman's pride;

He would consume their flesh, abridge their food,

And kill the mother-vices in their blood.

All this Sir Owen heard, and grieved for all; He with the husband mourn'd Alicia's fall; But urged the vengeance with a spirit

As one whose own rose high against the wrong:

He saw his tenant by this passion moved, Sharrd in his wrath, and his revenge approved.

Years now unseen, he mourn'd this tenant's fate.

And wonder'd how he bore his widow'd state; Still he would mention Ellis with the pride Of one who felt himself to worth allied: Such were his notions—had been long, but

He wish'd to see if vengeance lived, and how: He doubted not a mind so strong must feel Most righteously, and righteous measures deal.

Then would be go, and haply he might find Some new excitement for a weary mind; Might learn the miseries of a pair undone, One scorn'd and hated, lost and perish'd one: Tes, he would praise to virtuous anger give, And so his vengeance should be nursed and live.

Ellis was glad to see his landlord come, A transient joy broke in upon his gloom, And pleased he led the knight to the superior

Where she was wont in happier days to sit, Who paid with smiles his condescending wit. There the sad husband, who had seldom been Where prints acquired in happier days were

Now struck by these, and carried to the past, A painful laok on every object cast:

Sir Owen saw his tenant's troubled state, But still he wish'd to know the offenders' fate.

'Know you they suffer, Ellis?' - Ellis knew; 'Tis well! 'tis just! but have they all their
due?

Have they in mind and body, head and heart,

Sustain'd the pangs of their accursed part?'
'They have!'--'Tis well!'--'and wants
enough to shake

The firmest mind, the stoutest heart to break.'
But have you seen them in such misery
dwell?'

'In misery past description.'—'That is well.'
'Alas! Sir Owen, it perhaps is just,—
Yet I began my purpose to distrust;
For they to justice have discharged a debt,

That vengeance surely may her claim forget.'
'Man, can you pity?'—'As a man I feel
Miseries like theirs.'—'But never would you
heal?'

Hear me, Sir Owen:-I had sought them long,

Urged by the pain of ever present wrong, Yet had not seen; and twice the year came round—

Years hateful now—ere I my victims found: But I did find them in the dungeon's gloom Of a small garret—a precarious home,

For that depended on the weekly pay, And they were sorely frighten'd on the day; But there they linger'd on from week to week, Haunted by ills of which 'tis hard to speak, For they are many and vexatious all,

The very smallest—but they none were small. The roof, unceil'd in patches, gave the snow Entrance within, and there were heaps below; I pass'd a narrow region dark and cold, The strait of stairs to that infectious hold; And, when I enter'd, Misery met my view In every shape she wears, in every hue.

In every shape she wears, in every hue, And the black icy blast across the dungeon flew; There frown'd the ruin'd walls that once

were white; There gleam'd the panes that once admitted light;

There lay unsavoury scraps of wretched food; And there a measure, void of fuel, stood. But who shall part by part describe the state Of these, thus follow'd by relentless fate? All, too, in winter, when the icy air

Breathed its bleak venom on the guilty pair. That man, that Cecil!—he was left, it seems, Unnamed, unnoticed: farewell to his dreams! Heirs made by law rejected him of course, And left him neither refuge nor resource:—Their father's? No: he was the harlot's son Who wrong'd them, whom their duty bade

them shun; And they were duteous all, and he was all undone.

Now the lost pair, whom better times had led To part disputing, shared their sorrow's bed: shared

Scraps to their hunger by the hungry spared.'

'Man! my good Ellis! can you sigh?'-1 can:

In short, Sir Owen, I must feel as man; And could you know the miseries they endured,

The poor, uncertain pittance they procured; When, laid aside the needle and the pen, Their sickness won the neighbours of their den.

Poor as they are, and they are passing poor, To lend some aid to those who needed more:

Then, too, an ague with the winter came, And in this state-that wife I cannot name Brought forth a famish'd child of suffering and of shame.

This had you known, and traced them to this scene,

Where all was desolate, defiled, unclean, A fireless room, and, where a fire had place, The blast lond howling down the empty space,

You must have felt a part of the distress, Forgot your wrongs, and made their suffering less!'

Sought you them, Ellis, from the mean intent

To give them succour?'-'What indeed I meant

At first was vengeance; but I long pursued The pair, and I at last their misery view'd In that vile garret, which I cannot paint-The sight was loathsome, and the smell was faint;

And there that wife,-whom I had loved so well.

And thought so happy, was condemn'd to dwell;

The gay, the grateful wife, whom I was glad To see in dress beyond our station clad, And to behold among our neighbours fine, More than perhaps became a wife of mine; And now among her neighbours to explore, And see her poorest of the very poor!-I would describe it, but I bore a part, Nor can explain the feelings of the heart; Yet memory since has aided me to trace The horrid features of that dismal place. There she reclined unmoved, her bosom bare To her companion's unimpassion'd stare, And my wild wonder :- Seat of virtue! chaste As lovely once! O! how wert thou disgraced! Upon that breast, by sordid rags defiled, Lay the wan features of a famish'd child;-That sin-born babe in utter misery laid, Too feebly wretched even to cry for aid; The ragged sheeting, o'er her person drawn, Served for the dress that hunger placed in Of your just anger?-when you saw their

Their bed !- I shudder as I speak-and | At the bed's feet the man reclined his frame: Their chairs were perish'd to support the flame

> That warm'd his agned limbs; and, sad to see, That shook him fiercely as he gazed on me.

> I was confused in this unhappy view: My wife! my friend! I could not think it true;

> My children's mother,-my Alicia,-laid On such a bed! so wretched, -so afraid! And her gay, young seducer, in the guise Of all we dread, abjure, defy, despise, And all the fear and terror in his look, Still more my mind to its foundation shook. At last he spoke:—'Long since I would have died,

> But could not leave her, though for death I sigh'd,

> And tried the poison'd cup, and dropp'd it as I tried.

> She is a woman, and that famish'd thing Makes her to life, with all its evils, cling: Feed her, and let her breathe her last in peace,

> And all my sufferings with your promise cease!'

Ghastly he smiled:- I knew not what I felt, But my heart melted-hearts of flint would melt,

To see their anguish, penury, and shame, How base, how low, how groveling they became :

I could not speak my purpose, but my eyes And my expression bade the creature rise.

Yet, O! that woman's look! my words are

Her mix'd and troubled feelings to explain; True, there was shame and consciousness of fall.

But yet remembrance of my love withal, And knowledge of that power which she would now recal.

But still the more that she to memory brought.

The greater anguish in my mind was wrought;

The more she tried to bring the past in view. She greater horror on the present threw; So that, for love or pity, terror thrill'd My blood, and vile and odious thoughts instill'd.

This war within these passions in their strife. If thus protracted, had exhausted life; But the strong view of these departed years Caused a full burst of salutary tears, And as I wept at large, and thought alone, I felt my reason re-ascend her throne.'

My friend! Sir Owen answer'd, what became

shown th, if not joy-their sufferings were their own.

or them! their own in very deed! ey of mercy had the greater need; own by purchase, for their frailty paid,

nted heaven's own justice human aid? eing this, could I beseech my God eper misery, and a heavier rod?ould you help them?-Think, Sir

Owen, how hem then-methinks I see them now! d not food, nor aught a mother needs, r another life and dearer feeds: er speechless; on her wither'd breast ther'd child extended, but not prest, ought, with moving lip and feeble cry, stinct! for the fount without supply. was all a grievous, odious scene, all was dismal, melancholy, mean, ith compell'd neglect, unwholesome, and unclean;

rm,-that eye,-the cold, the sunken cheek.

III, Sir Owen-fiercely miseries speak! u relieved ?-If hell's seducing crew en that sight, they must have pitied too.

re was thine-thou hadst the power, the right;

e it up was heaven's own act to slight. e not, Sir, of rights, and wrongs, or powers!

it written-Vengeance is not ours!

Ellis, well !- I find these female foes, d or ill, will murder our repose; , when Satan tempts them, take the cup, uit of their foul sin, and drink it up: all our pity all our claims remit, the sinners of their guilt acquit? at, Sir Owen, will our vengeance do? ws us when we our foe pursue, s we strike the blow, it smites the smiters too.

didst thou, man? I brought them to

your larches,-a sequester'd spot, dwells the woman: I believe her mind

enlighten'd-I am sure resign'd: ave her infant, though with aching heart

tering spirit, to be nursed apart .at vile scoundrel Y-Nay, his name restore,

Il him Cecil,-for he is no more: my vain help was offer'd, he was past uan aid, and shortly breathed his last; s heart open'd, and he lived to see a himself, and find a friend in me

your triumph, and you should have Strange was their parting, parting on the day I offer'd help, and took the man away, Sure not to meet again, and not to live And taste of joy-He feebly cried: Forgive! I have thy guilt, thou mine, but now adieu! Tempters and tempted! what will thence

> I know not, dare not think !- He said, and he withdrew.

> But, Ellis, tell me, didst thou thus desire To heap upon their heads those coals of fire? If fire to melt, that feeling is confest,-If fire to shame, I let that question rest; But if aught more the sacred words imply, I know it not-no commentator I .-Then did you freely from your soul forgive?

> Sure as I hope before my Judge to live, Sure as I trust his mercy to receive, Sure as his word I honour and believe, Sure as the Saviour died upon the tree For all who sin,-for that dear wretch and

> Whom never more on earth will I forsake or sec.

> Sir Owen softly to his bed adjourn'd, Sir Owen quickly to his home return'd: And all the way he meditating dwelt On what this man in his affliction felt; How he, resenting first, forbore, forgave, His passion's lord, and not his anger's slave: And as he rode he seem'd to fear the deed Should not be done, and urged unwonted

> Arrived at home, he scorn'd the change to hide,

> Nor would indulge a mean and selfish pride, That would some little at a time recal Th' avenging vow; he now was frankness all: He saw his nephew, and with kindness spoke-

> Charles, I repent my purpose, and revoke, Take her-I'm taught, and would I could repay

The generous teacher; hear me, and obey: Bring me the dear coquette, and let me vow On lips half perjured to be passive now: Take her, and let me thank the powers

divine She was not stolen when her hand was mine,

Or when her heart-Her smiles I must forget

She my revenge, and cancel either debt-

Here ends our tale, for who will doubt the bliss

Of ardent lovers in a case like this? And if Sir Owen's was not half so strong, It may, perchance, continue twice as long.

### BOOK XIII.

#### DELAY HAS DANGER.

THREE weeks had pass'd, and Richard rambles now

Far as the dinners of the day allow; He rode to Farley Grange and Finley Mere, That house so ancient, and that lake so clear: He rode to Ripley through that river gay, Where in the shallow stream the loaches

play, And stony fragments stay the winding stream, And gilded pebbles at the bottom gleam, Giving their yellow surface to the sun, And making proud the waters as they run: It is a lovely place, and at the side Rises a mountain-rock in rugged pride; And in that rock are shapes of shells, and forms

Of creatures in old worlds, of nameless worms

Whose generations lived and died ere man, A worm of other class, to crawl began.

There is a town call'd Silford, where his steed

Our traveller rested-He the while would feed

His mind by walking to and fro, to meet, He knew not what adventure, in the street: A stranger there, but yet a window-view Gave him a face that he conceived he knew:

He saw a tall, fair, lovely lady, dress'd As one whom taste and wealth had jointly bless'd;

He gazed, but soon a footman at the door Thundering, alarm'd her, who was seen no more.

This was the lady whom her lover bound In solemn contract, and then proved unsound: Of this affair I have a clouded view. And should be glad to have it clear'd by you. So Richard spake, and instant George replied: I had the story from the injured side, But when resentment and regret were gone. And pity (shaded by contempt) came on. Frail was the hero of my tale, but still Was rather drawn by accident than will; Some without meaning into guilt advance, From want of guard, from vanity, from chance;

Man's weakness flies his more immediate

pain,
A little respite from his fears to gain; And takes the part that he would gladly fly, If he had strength and courage to deny. But now my tale, and let the moral say, When hope can sleep, there's Danger in Delay.

Not that for rashness, Richard, I would For unadvised alliance: No, indeed:

Think ere the contract-but, contracted, stand

No more debating, take the ready hand: When hearts are willing, and when fears subside,

Trust not to time, but let the knot be tied; For when a lover has no more to do, He thinks in leisure, what shall I pursue? And then who knows what objects come in view?

For when, assured, the man has nought to keep

His wishes warm and active, then they sleep: Hopes die with fears; and then a man must

All the gay visions, and delicious views, Once his mind's wealth! He travels at his ease.

Nor horrors now nor fairy-beauty sees: When the kind goddess gives the wish'd assent.

No mortal business should the deed prevent; But the bless'd youth should legal sanction

seek Ere yet th' assenting blush has fled the cheek.

And-hear me, Richard,-man has reptilepride

That often rises when his fears subside; When, like a trader feeling rich, he now Neglects his former smile, his humble bow, And, conscious of his hoarded wealth, assumes

New airs, nor thinks how odious he becomes. There is a wandering, wavering train of thought

That something seeks where nothing should be sought.

And will a self-delighted spirit move To dare the danger of pernicious love.

First be it granted all was duly said By the fond youth to the believing maid; Let us suppose with many a sigh there came The declaration of the deathless flame;— And so her answer-She was happy then, Bless'd in herself, and did not think of men; And with such comforts in her present state, A wish to change it was to tempt her fate; That she would not; but yet she would confess

With him she thought her hazard would be less;

Nay, more, she would esteem, she would regard express:

But to be brief-if he could wait and see In a few years what his desires would be .-Henry for years read months, then weeks, nor found

The lady thought his judgment was unsound; 'For months read weeks,' she read it to his praise.

And had some thoughts of changing it to days.

And here a short excursion let me make, A lover tried, I think, for lovers' sake; And teach the meaning in a lady's mind When you can none in her expressions find: Words are design'd that meaning to convey, But often Yea is hidden in a Nay! And what the charmer wills, some gentle

hints betray. Then, too, when ladies mean to yield at

length, They match their reasons with the lover's

strength, And, kindly cautious, will no force employ But such as he can baffle or destroy. As when heroic lovers beauty woo'd, And were by magic's mighty art withstood, The kind historian, for the dame afraid, Gave to the faithful knight the stronger aid. A downright No! would make a man despair, Or leave for kinder nymph the cruel fair; But No! because I'm very happy now, Because I dread th' irrevocable vow, Because I fear papa will not approve, Because I love not-No, I cannot love; Because you men of Cupid make a jest, Because-in short, a single life is best. A No! when back'd by reasons of such

force, Invites approach, and will recede of course. Ladies, like towns besieged for honour's sake, Will some defence or its appearance make; On first approach there's much resistance

And conscious weakness hides in bold parade; With lofty looks, and threat'nings stern and

proud, Come, if you dare, is said in language loud, But if th' attack be made with care and skill, Come, says the yielding party, if you will; And Henry stay'd, he sometimes named a Then each the other's valiant acts approve, And twine their laurels in a wreath of love. But still my lord was kind, and Henry still

We now retrace our tale, and forward go,-Thus Henry rightly read Cecilia's No! His prodect father, who had duly weigh'd, And well approved the fortune of the maid, Not much resisted, just enough to show He knew his power, and would his son should know.

Harry, I will, while I your bargain make, That you a journey to our patron take: I know her guardian; care will not become A lad when courting; as you must be dumb, You may be absent; I for you will speak, And ask what you are not supposed to seek. Then came the parting hour, and what arise When lovers part! expressive looks and eyes, Tender and tear-full, - many a fond adien, And many a rall the sorrow to renew; ghs such as lovers only can explain, and words that they might undertake in vain-

Cocilia liked it not; she had, in truth, No mind to part with her enamour'd youth;

But thought it foolish thus themselves to cheat.

And part for nothing but again to meet. Now Henry's father was a man whose heart Took with his interest a decided part; He knew his Lordship, and was known for acts

That I omit,-they were acknowledged facts;

An interest somewhere; I the place forget, And the good deed-no matter-'twas a debt: Thither must Henry, and in vain the maid Express'd dissent-the father was obey'd. But though the maid was by her fears assail'd, Her reason rose against them, and prevail'd; Fear saw him hunting, leaping, falling-led, Maim'd and disfigured, groaning to his bed; Saw him in perils, duels,-dying,-dead. But Prudence answer'd: Is not every maid With equal cause for him she loves afraid? And from her guarded mind Cecilia threw The groundless terrors that will love pursue. She had no doubts, and her reliance strong Upon the honour that she would not wrong: Firm in herself, she doubted not the truth-Of him, the chosen, the selected youth; Trust of herself a trust in him supplied, And she believed him faithful, though untried: On her he might depend, in him she would confide.

If some fond girl express'd a tender pain Lest some fair rival should allure her swain, To such she answer'd, with a look severe, Can one you doubt be worthy of your fear?

My lord was kind,-a month had pass'd away

must stay:

His father's words to him were words of fate-

Wait, 'tis your duty; 'tis my pleasure, wait!

In all his walks, in hilly heath or wood, Cecilia's form the pensive youth pursued; In the gray morning, in the silent noon, In the soft twilight, by the sober moon, In those forsaken rooms, in that immense saloon;

And he, now fond of that seclusion grown, There reads her letters, and there writes his own.

Here none approach, said he, to interfere, But I can think of my Cecilia here! But there did come - and how it came to pass Who shall explain?-a mild and blue-eyed lass ;-

It was the work of accident, no doubt-The cause unknown-we say, as things fall out;-

The damsel enter'd there, in wand'ring round about:

At first she saw not Henry; and she ran, As from a ghost, when she beheld a man.

She was esteem'd a beauty through the Hall, And so admitted, with consent of all; And, like a treasure, was her beauty kept From every guest who in the mansion slept; Whether as friends who join'd the noble pair,

Or those invited by the steward there.

She was the daughter of a priest, whose life Was brief and sad: he lost a darling wife, And Fanny then her father, who could save But a small portion; but his all he gave, With the fair orphan, to a sister's care, And her good spouse: they were the ruling

pair— Steward and steward's lady—o'er a tribe, Each under each, whom I shall not describe.

This grave old couple, childless and alone, Would, by their care, for Fanny's loss atone: She had been taught in schools of honest

And to the Hall, as to a home, she came, My lord assenting: yet, as meet and right, Fanny was held from every hero's sight, Who might in youthful error cast his eyes On one so gentle as a lawful prize, On border-land, whom, as their right or

A youth from either side might bear away. Some handsome lover of th' inferior class Might as a wife approve the lovely lass; Or some invader from the class above, Who, more presuming, would his passion

By asking less-love only for his love.

This much experienced aunt her fear express'd,

And dread of old and young, of host and guest. Go not, my Fanny, in their way, she cried, It is not right that virtue should be tried; So, to be safe, be ever at my side. She was not ever at that side; but still Observed her precepts, and obey'd her will. But in the morning's dawn and evening's gloom

She could not lock the damsel in her room; And Fanny thought, I will ascend these stairs To see the chapel,—there are none at prayers; None, she believed, had yet to dress return'd, By whom a timid girl might be discern'd: In her slow motion, looking, as she glides, On pictures, busts, and what she met besides, And speaking softly to herself alone, Or singing low in melancholy tone; And thus she rambled through the still domain.

Room after room, again, and yet again.

But, to retrace our story, still we say, To this saloon the maiden took her way; Where she beheld our youth and frighten'd

And so their friendship in her fear began. But dare she thither once again advance, And still suppose the man will think it chance? Nay, yet again, and what has chance to do With this?—I know not: doubtless Fanny knew.

Now, of the meeting of a modest maid And sober youth why need we be afraid? And when a girl's amusements are so few As Fanny's were, what would you have her do? Reserved herself, a decent youth to find, And just be civil, sociable, and kind, And look together at the setting sun, Then at each other—What the evil done? Then Fanny took my little lord to play, And bade him not intrude on Henry's way: O, he intrudes not! said the youth, and grew Fond of the child, and would amuse him too; Would make such faces, and assume such

He loved it better than his gayest books.

When man with man would an acquaintance seek.

He will his thoughts in chosen language speak;

And they converse on divers themes, to find If they possess a corresponding mind; But man with woman has foundation laid, And built up friendship ere a word is said! Tisnot with words that they their wishes tell. But with a language answering quite as well; And thus they find, when they begin t'explore Their way by speech, they knew it all before. And now it chanced again the pair, when dark.

Met in their way, when wandering in the park; Not in the common path, for so they might, Without a wonder, wander day or night; But, when in pathless ways their chance will bring

A musing pair, we do admire the thing. The youth in meeting read the damsel's face, As if he meant her inmost thoughts to trace; On which her colour changed, as if she meant To give her aid, and help his kind intent. Both smiled and parted, but they did not speak.

The smile implied: Do tell me what you seek: They took their different ways with erring feet.

And metagain, surprised that they could meet; Then must they speak — and something of the air

Is always ready — "Tis extremely fair!
It was so pleasant! Henry said; the beam
Of that sweet light so brilliant on the stream
And chiefly yonder, where that old cascade
Has for an age its simple music made;

delightful, soothing, and serene! n not feel it? not enjoy the scene? hing it has that words will not express, ther hide, and make th'enjoyment less: hat our souls conceive, 'tis what our

Fanny's heart at these same words confess'd

cell he painted, and how rightly guess'd; while they stood admiring their retreat, found something like a mossy seat; anny sat not; no, she rather pray'd he might leave him, she was so afraid sir, of you; your goodness I can trust, alks are so censorious and unjust, make no difference, they pay no regard r true meaning, which is very hardery cruel; great the pain it cost e such pleasure, but it must be lost: ople know how free from thought of ill meaning is, their malice would be still.'s she wept; at least a glittering gem in each eye, and there was fire in them.

they fell, the sparkles, at his feet, t emotions very warm and sweet. ely creature! not more fair than good, admired, by some it seems, pursued, lf-protected by her virtue's force enscious truth—What evil in discourse one so guarded, who is pleased to trust if with me, reliance strong and just?

over then believed he must not seem of the maid who gave him her esteem; anly this; Cecilia had his heart, was lawful with his time to part; and be wrong in her to take amiss insus friendship for a girl like this; or disloyal he would never prove, adness here took nothing from his love: rs to serve a foreign prince are known, not on present duty to their own; ough sur bosom's queen we still prefer, e not always on our knees to her. a present, witness you fair moon, an bright orbs, that fate would change

devotion; but the absent sun
aus no longer when his course is run;
en those starry twinklers may obtain
be worship till he shines again.

ather still commanded: Wait awhile!

he son answer'd in submissive style,
ed, but obedient; and obedience tensed
dy's spirit more than grieving pleased:
he should grieve in absence was most fit,
at that he to absence should submit;
her letters might be traced reproof,
t indeed, but visible enough;
should the wandering of his heart
have stay'd;

the wanderer was the vainer made.

The parties daily met, as by consent, And yet it always seem'd by accident; Till in the nymph the shepherd had been blind

If he had fail'd to see a manner kind, With that expressive look, that seem'd to say, You do not speak, and yet you see you may.

O! yes, he saw, and he resolved to fly, And blamed his heart, unwilling to comply: He sometimes wonder'd how it came to pass, That he had all this freedom with the lass; Reserved herself, with strict attention kept, And care and vigilance that never slept: 'How is it thus that they a beauty trust With me, who feel the confidence is just? And they, too, feel it; yes, they may confide.'—

He said in folly, and he smiled in pride.
"Fis thus our secret passions work their way,
And the poor victims know not they obey.

Familiar now became the wandering pair, And there was pride and joy in Fanny's air; For though his silence did not please the maid She judged him only modest and afraid; The gentle dames are ever pleased to find Their lovers dreading they should prove unkind;

So, blind by hope, and pleased with prospects gay,

The generous beauty gave her heart away Before he said, I love!—alas! he dared not say.

Cecilia yet was mistress of his mind, But oft he wish'd her, like his Fanny, kind; Her fondness soothed him, for the man was vain.

And he perceived that he could give her pain: Cecilia liked not to profess her love,
But Fanny ever was the yielding dove;
Tender and trusting, waiting for the word,
And then prepared to hail her bosom's lord.
Cecilia once her honest love avow'd,
To make him happy, not to make him proud;
But she would not, for every asking sigh,
Confess the flame that waked his vanity;
But this poor maiden, every day and hour,
Would, by fresh kindness, feed the growing

And he indulged, vain being! in the joy, That he alone could raise it, or destroy; A present good, from which he dared not fly, Cecilia absent, and his Fanny by.

O! vain desire of youth, that in the hour Of strong temptation, when he feels the power, And knows how daily his desires increase, Yet will he wait, and sacrifice his peace, Will trust to chance to free him from the

Of which, long since, his conscience said, beware!

Or look for strange deliverance from that ill, That he might fly, could be command the will! How can be freedom from the future seek, Who feels already that he grows too weak? And thus refuses to resist, till time Removes the power, and makes the way for crime:

Yet thoughts he had, and he would think:

Forego
My dear Cecilia? not for kingdoms! No!
But may I, ought I not the friend to be
Of one who feels this fond regard for me?
I wrong no creature by a kindness lent
To one so gentle, mild, and innocent;
And for that fair one, whom I still adore,
By feeling thus I think of her the more;
And not unlikely, for our thoughts will tend
To those whom we are conscious we offend.
Had Reason whisper'd: Has Cecilia leave
Some gentle youth in friendship to receive,
And be to him the friend that you appear
To this soft girl?—would not some jealous

Proclaim your thoughts, that he approach'd too near?

But Henry, blinded still, presumed to write Of one in whom Cecilia would delight; A mild and modest girl, a gentle friend, If,as he hoped, her kindness would descend—But what he fear'd to lose or hoped to gain By writing thus, he had been ask'd in vain. It was his purpose, every morn he rose, The dangerous friendship he had made to close;

It was his torment nightly, ere he slept,
To feel his prudent purpose was not kept.
True, he has wonder'd why the timid maid
Meets him so often, and is not afraid;
And why that female dragon, fierce and keen,
Has never in their private walks been seen;
And often he has thought: What can their
silence mean?

They can have no design, or plot, or plan,—
In fact, I know not how the thing began,—
'Tis their dependence on my credit here,
And fear not, nor, in fact, have cause to fear.
But did that pair, who seem'd to think that all
Unwatch'd will wander and unguarded fall,
Did they permit a youth and maid to meet
Both unreproved? were they so indiscreet?
This sometimes enter'd Henry's mind, and
then.

Who shall account for women or for men? He said, or who their secret thoughts explore? Why do I vex me? I will think no more. My Lord of late had said, in manner kind. My good friend Harry, do not think us blind! Letters had pass'd, though he had nothing seen.

His careful father and my Lord between; But to what purpose was to him unknown— It might be borough-business, or their own. Fanny, it seem'd, was now no more in dread, If one approach'd, she neither fear'd nor fled: He mused on this;—but wherefore her alarm? She knows me better, and she dreads no harm.

Or look for strange deliverance from that ill, Something his father wrote that gave him That he might fly, could be command the will!

I know not, son, if you should yet remain;— Be cautions, Harry, favours to procure We strain a point, but we must first be sure: Love is a folly,—that, indeed, is true,— But something still is to our honour due, So I must leave the thing to my good Lord and you.—

But from Cecilia came remonstrance strong: You write too darkly, and you stay too long: We hear reports; and, Henry,—mark me well,—

I heed not every tale that triflers tell;— Be you no trifler; dare not to believe That I am one whom words and vows deceive: You know your heart, your hazard you will learn,

And this your trial—instantly return.— Unjust, injurious, jealous, cruel maid! Am I a slave, of haughty words afraid? Can she who thus commands expect to be "obey'd?

O! how unlike this dear assenting soul.
Whose heart a man might at his will control!
Uneasy, anxious, fill'd with self-reproof.
He now resolved to quit his patron's roof;
And then again his vacillating mind
To stay resolved, and that her pride should
find:

Debating thus, his pen the lover took, And chose the words of anger and rebuke.

Again, yet once again, the conscious pair Met, and 'O, speak!' was Fanny's silent prayer. And, 'I must speak,' said the embarrass'd

'Must save my honour, must confess the truth:

Then I must lose her; but, by slow degrees. She will regain her peace, and I my ease.' Ah! foolish man; to virtue true nor vice, He buys distress, and self-esteem the price; And what his gain?—a tender smile and sigh From a fond girl to feed his vanity. Thus, every day they lived, and every time They met increased his anguish and his crime. Still in their meetings they were ofttimes nigh The darling theme, and then pass'd trembling

On those occasions Henry often tried For the sad truth—and then his heart denied The utterance due: thus daily be became The prey of weakness, vanity, and shame. But soon a day, that was their doubts to

On the fond maid and thoughtless youth arose. Within the park, beside the bounding brook. The social pair their usual ramble took; And there the steward found them: they could trace

News in his look, and gladness in his face. He was a man of riches, bluff and hig. With clean brown broad-cloth, and with white cut wig: re a cane of price, with riband tied,
fut spaniel waddled at his side:
cry being whom he met he gave
ooks expressive; civil, gay, or grave,
ondescending all; and each declared nuch he govern'd, and how well he fared.

reat man bow'd, not humbly, but his

r'd familiar converse to allow: rembling Fanny, as he came in view, n the chestnut-grove in fear withdrew; Henry wonder'd, not without a fear, it which brought th' important man so near :

was dispersed by-My esteem'd young man!

with condescending grace beganh you with youthful frankness nobly trust

Fanny's friends, and doubtless think them just;

th you have not, with craving soul, applied

and ask'd the fortune of your bride, our care that you shall not lament ave has made you so improvident. shan maid-Your patience! you shall have

ime to speak, I now attention crave ;dear girl! has in my spouse and me s of a kind we wish our friends to be, of the poorest-nay, sir, no reply, all not need-and we are born to die: e yet crawls on earth, of whom, I say, that he has he cannot take away; other's father, one who has a store world's good, and always looks for more;

ext his money, loves the girl at heart, e will have it when they come to part.

id the youth, his terrors all awake, ne, I pray, I beg, for mercy's sake! ere the secrets of my soul confess'd, you admit the truths that I protest ch-your pardon-Pardon! good, my my friend.

alone will pardon, I commend: you that I have no remembrance left thful lave, and Cupid's cunning theft? ymphs will listen when their swains persuade,

carts are gain'd, and how exchange is made?\_

sir, your hand-In mercy, hear me now!-

t hear you, time will not allow: ow my station, what on me depends, er seeded-but we part as friends; re comes one who will the whole explain.

ter self-and we shall meet again .ntreat.-Then be entreaty made

A little teasing, but she will comply. And loves her niece too fondly to deny .-O! he is mad, and miserable 1! Exclaim'd the youth; but let me now collect My scatter'd thoughts, I something must effect.

Hurrying she came-Now, what has he confess'd,

Ere I could come to set your heart at rest? What! he has grieved you! Yet he, too, approves

The thing! but man will tease you, if he loves. But now for business: tell me, did you think That we should always at your meetings wink?

Think you, you walk'd unseen? There are who bring

To me all secrets-O, you wicked thing! Poor Fanny! now I think I see her blush, All red and rosy, when I beat the bush; And hide your secret, said I, if you dare! So out it came, like an affrighten'd hare. Miss! said I, gravely; and the trembling maid Pleased me at heart to see her so afraid; And then she wept ;- now, do remember this, Never to chide her when she does amiss; For she is tender as the callow bird, And cannot bear to have her temper stirr'd :-Fanny, I said, then whisper'd her the name, And caused such looks-Yes, yours are just the same :

But hear my story - When your love was known

For this our child-she is, in fact, our own-Then, first debating, we agreed at last To seek my Lord, and tell him what had past. To tell the Earl?'-Yes, truly, and why not? And then together we contrived our plot. Eternal God!'-Nay, be not so surprised,-In all the matter we were well advised; We saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there, And said to Johnson: Johnson, take a chair: True, we are servants in a certain way, But in the higher places so are they; We are obey'd in ours, and they in theirs obey-

So Johnson bow'd, for that was right and fit, And had no scruple with the Earl to sit-Why look you so impatient while I tell What they debated?-you must like it well.

Let them go on, our gracious Earl began; They will go off, said, joking, my good man: Well! said the Countess, --she's a lover's friend,-

What if they do, they make the speedier end-But be you more composed, for that dear child Is with her joy and apprehension wild: O! we have watch'd you on from day to day, There go the lovers! we were wont to say-But why that look? - Dear Madam, I implore

A single moment!'-I can give no more: a woman, one you may persuade; Said I to Fanny—'tis his sister's, then,

Replied the maid. - No! never must you | Had reason guided anger, govern'd zeal, stray; | Or chosen words to make a lover feel,

Or hide your wanderings, if you should, I pray;

I know, at least I fear, the best may err, But keep the by-walks of your life from her: That youth should stray is nothing to be told.

When they have sanction in the grave and old, Who have no call to wander and transgress, But very love of change and wantonness. I prattle idly, while your letters wait, And then my Lord has much that he would

All good to you—do clear that clonded face, And with good looks your lucky lot embrace. Now, mind that none with her divide your heart.

For she would die ere lost the smallest part;
And I rejoice that all has gone so well,
For who th'effect of Johnson's rage can tell?
He had his fears when you began to meet,
But I assured him there was no deceit:
He is a man who kindness will requite,
But injured once, revenge is his delight;
And he would spend the best of his estates
To ruin, goods and body, them he hates;
While he is kind enough when he approves
A deed that's done, and serves the man he
loves:

Come, read your letters—I must now be gone, And think of matters that are coming on.

Henry was lost,—his brain confused, his soul Dismay'd and sunk, his thoughts beyond control;

Borne on by terror, he foreboding read Cecilia's letter! and his courage fled; All was a gloomy, dark, and dreadful view, He felt him guilty, but indignant too:— And as he read, he felt the high disdain Of injured men—'She may repent, in vain.'

Cecilia much had heard, and told him all That scandal taught—'A servant at the Hall, Or servant's daughter, in the kitchen bred, Whose father would not with her mother wed, Was now his choice! a blushing fool, the toy, Or the attempted, both of man and boy; More than suspected, but without the wit Or the allurements for such creatures fit; Nor virtuous though unfeeling, cold as ice And yet not chaste, the weeping fool of vice; Yielding, not tender; feeble, not refined; Her form insipid, and without a mind. Rival! she spurn'd the word; but let him

warn'd as he was! beyond the present day, Whate'er his patron might object to this, The uncle-butler, or the weeping miss—Let him from this one single day remain, And then return! he would to her, in vain; There let him then abide, to carn, or crave Food undescryed! and be with slaves a slave.

Had reason guided anger, govern'd zeal, Or chosen words to make a lover feel, She might have saved him—anger and abuse Will but defiance and revenge produce. Unjust and cruel, insolent and proud! He said, indignant, and he spoke aloud. Butler! and servant! Gentlest of thy sex, Thou wouldst not thus a man who loved thee

Thou wouldst not thus to vile report give ear, Nor thus enraged for fancied crimes appear; I know not what, dear maid!—if thy soft smiles were here.

And then, that instant, there appear'd the maid,

By his sad looks in her approach dismay'd; Such timid sweetness, and so wrong'd, did more

Than all her pleading tenderness before.

In that weak moment, when distain and pride, And fear and fondness, drew the man aside, In this weak moment—Wilt thou, he began, Be mine? and joy o'er all her features ran; I will! she softly whisper'd; but the roar Of scannon would not strike his spirit more; Ev'n as his lips the lawless contract seal'd He felt that conscience lost her seven-fold shield.

And honour fled; but still he spoke of love, And all was joy in the consenting dove.

That evening all in fond discourse was spent, When the sad lover to his chamber went, To think on what had past, to grieve and

to repent:
Early he rose, and look'd with many a sigh
On the red light that fill'd the eastern sky;
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
To hail the glories, of the new-born day:
But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow,
And the cold stream curl'd onward as the
gale

From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale;

On the right side the youth a wood survey'd, With all its dark intensity of shade; Where the rough wind alone was heard to move.

In this, the pause of nature and of love. When now the young are rear'd, and when

Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold— Far to the left he saw the buts of men. Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen; Before him swallows, gathering for the sea. Took their short flights, and twitter'd so the lea,

And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,

And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun; All these were sad in nature, or they took Sadness from him, the likeness of his look, of his mind—he ponder'd for a while, i met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile, much remain'd; for money and my Lord made the father of the youth accord; prudence half resisted, half obey'd, scorn kept still the guardians of the

ia never on the subject spoke, eem'd as one who from a dream awoke; I was peace, and soon the married pair with fair fortune in a mansion fair.

years had pass'd, and what was Henry then?

most repining of repenting men;
a fond, teasing, anxious wife, afraid
Il attention to another paid:
sowerless she her husband to amuse,
but t' entreat, implore, resent, accuse:
us and tender, conscious of defects,
nerits little, and yet much expects;
ooks for love that now she cannot see,
sighs for joy that never more can be;
is retirements her complaints intrude,
fond reproof endears his solitude:
e he her weakness (once her kindness)
sees,

his affections in her languor freeze;
et, uncheck'd by hope, devours his mind,
els unhappy, and he grows unkind.
! to be taken by a rosy check,
eyes that cease to sparkle or to speak;
! for this child my freedom to resign,
a one the glory of her sex was mine;
e from this burthen to my soul I hide,
hink what Fate has dealt, and what

denied.

t fiend possess'd me when I tamely gave orced assent to be an idiot's slave?

beauty vanish'd, what for me remains?

ternal clicking of the galling chains:

person truly I may think my own,

without pleasure, without triumph shown:

int she sits, her children at her knees, gives up all her feeble powers to please; in I. unmoved, or moved with scorn, behold,

ing as ice, as vapid and as cold."

was his fate, and he must yet endure self-contempt that no self-love can cure: business call'd him to a wealthy town a unprepared for more than Fortune's frown;

e at a house he gave his luckless name, master absent, and Cecilia came; ppy man! he could not, dared not speak, look'd around, as if retreat to seek: she allow'd not; but, with brow severe, I him his business, sternly bent to hear; ad no courage, but he view'd that face he sought for sympathy and grace; some kind returning thought to trace;

In vain; not long he waited, but with air, That of all grace compell'd him to despair, She rang the bell, and, when a servant came, Left the repentant traitor to his shame; But, going, spoke: Attend this person out, And if he speaks, hear what he comes about! Then, with cool curtesy, from the room withdrew,

That seem'd to say: Unhappy man, adieu!

Thus will it be when man permits a vice First to invade his heart, and then entice; When wishes vain and undefined arise, And that weak heart deceive, seduce, surprise; When evil Fortune works on Folly's side, And rash Resentment adds a spur to Pride; Then life's long troubles from those actions come.

In which a moment may decide our doom.

# BOOK XIV.

#### THE NATURAL DEATH OF LOVE.

RICHARD one month had with his Brother been.

And had his guests, his friends, his favourites seen:

Had heard the Rector, who with decent force, But not of action, aided his discourse: A moral teacher! some, contemptuous, cried; He smiled, but nothing of the fact denied, Nor, save by his fair life, to charge so strong replied.

Still, though he bade them not on aught rely That was their own, but all their worth deny, They call'd his pure advice his cold morality; And though he felt that earnestness and zeal, That made some portion of his hearers feel, Nay, though he loved the minds of men to

To the great points that form the Christian's creed,

Still he offended, for he would discuss Points that to him seem'd requisite for us; And urge his flock to virtue, though he knew The very heathen taught the virtues too: Nor was this moral minister afraid To ask of inspiration's self the aid Of truths by him so sturdily maintain'd, That some confusion in the parish reign'd; Heathens, they said, can tell us right from

Wrong,
But to a Christian higher points belong.
Yet Jacques proceeded, void of fear and shame,
In his old method, and obtain'd the name
Of Moral Preacher—yet they all agreed,
Whatever error had defiled his creed,

Whatever error had defiled his creed, His life was pure, and him they could commend,

some kind returning thought to trace: Not as their guide, indeed, but as their friend :

Truth, justice, pity, and a love of peace, Were his—but there must approbation cease; He either did not, or he would not see, That if he meant a favourite priest to be He must not show, but learn of them the way To truth—he must not dictate, but obey: They wish'd him not to bring them further light.

But to convince them that they now were right,

And to assert that justice will condemn All who presumed to disagree with them: In this he fail'd; and his the greater blame, For he persisted, void of fear or shame. Him Richard heard, and by his friendly aid Were pleasant views observed and visits paid; He to peculiar people found his way, And had his question answer'd: Who are they?

Twice in the week came letters, and delight Beam'd in the eye of Richard at the sight; Letters of love, all full and running o'er, The paper fill'd till it could hold no more; Cross'd with discolour'd ink, the doublings full.

No fear that love should find abundance dull; Love reads unsated all that love inspires, When most indulged, indulgence still re-

Looks what the corners, what the crossings tell,

And lifts each folding for a fond farewell. George saw and smiled—'To lovers we allow All this o'erflowing, but a husband thon! A father too; can time create no change! Married, and still so foolish?—very strange! What of this wife or mistress is the art?'—'The simple truth, my Brother, to impart, Her heart, whene'er she writes, feels writing to a heart.'

Fortune, dear Richard, is thy friend—a wife Like thine must soften every care of life, And all its woes—I know a pair, whose lives Run in the common track of men and wives; And half their worth, at least, this pair

Could they like thee and thy Matilda live. They were, as lovers, of the fondest kind, With no defects in manner or in mind; In habit, temper, prudence, they were those Whom, as examples, I could once propose; Now this, when married, you no longer trace.

But discontent and sorrow in the place:
Their pictures, taken as the pair I saw
In a late contest, I have tried to draw;
Tis but a sketch, and at my idle time
I put my couple in the garb of rhyme:
Thou art a critic of the milder sort,
And thou wilt judge with favour my report.

Let me premise, twelve months have flown away. Swiftly or sadly, since the happy day. Let us suppose the couple left to spend Some hours without engagement or a friend; And be it likewise on our mind impress'd They pass for persons happy and at rest; Their love by Hymen crown'd, and all their prospects bless'd.

Love has slow death and sudden: wretches

That fate severe—the sudden death of love; It is as if, on day serenely bright, Came with its horrors instantaneous night; Others there are with whom love slies away In gradual waste and unperceived decay; Such is that death of love that nature finds Most fitted for the use of common minds, The natural death; but doubtless there are

Who struggle hard when they perceive it come;

Loth to be loved no longer, loth to prove To the once dear that they no longer love; And some with no successless arts will strive To keep the weak'ning, fluttering flame alive. But see my verse; in this I try to paint The passion failing, fading to complaint, The gathering grief for joys remember'd yet, The vain remonstrance, and the weak regret: First speaks the wife in sorrow, she is grieved T'admit the truth, and would be still deceived.

#### HENRY AND EMMA.

E. Well, my good sir, I shall contend no more;
But, O! the vows you made, the oaths you swore—

H. To love you always;—I confess it true; And do I not? If not, what can I do? Moreover think what you yourself profess'd, And then the subject may for ever rest.

E. Yes, sir, obedience I profess'd; I know My debt, and wish to pay you all I owe, Pay without murmur; but that yow was made To you, who said it never should be paid:—Now truly tell me why you took such care To make me err? I ask'd you not to swear, But rather hoped you would my mind direct. And say, when married, what you would expect.

You may remember—it is not so long Since you affirm'd that I could not be wrong; I told you then—you recollect, I told The very truth—that humour would not

Not that I thought, or ever could suppose. The mighty raptures were so soon to close— Poetic flights of love all sunk in sullen prose. or remember how you used to hang by looks? your transports when I sang? d—you melted into tears; I moved words, and motion, how you all ap-

when Emma reign'd, a time when Henry loved:

collect?

cs, surely; and then why
cedless truths! do I the facts deny?
is remonstrance I can see no need,
impatience—if you do, proceed.

! that is now so cool, and with a smile barpens insult—I detest the style; ow I talk of styles, with what delight ad my lines—I then, it seems, could write:

t, when I was present, you could see e dear object, and you lived for me; w, sir, what your pleasure? Let me dress,

peak, or write, and you your sense express

pnor taste—my words are not correct; do is failing or defect—

rror you will seek, some blunder will detect;

hat can such dissatisfaction prove? ou, Henry, you have ceased to love.

own it not; but if a truth it be, e fault of nature, not of me, ther you, my love, the fairy-tale, the young pairs were spell-bound in the vale?

all around them gay or glorious seem'd,

bright views and ceaseless joys they dream'd;

love and infant life no more could give-

give aid but half, when they exclaim'd: We live!

a so light, so lovely, so serene, t a trouble to be heard or seen; elting into truth, the vision fled, ere came miry roads and thorny ways instead.

as our fate, my charmer! we were found

ering pair, by roguish Cupid bound; t I saw was gifted to inspire iews of bliss, and wake intense desire that never pall, of flights that never

was that purple light of love, that bloom,

dent passions in their growth assume, tre enjoyment of the soul—O! weak rds such loves and glowing thoughts to speak! I sought to praise thee, and I felt disdain Of my own effort; all attempts were vain. Nor they alone were charming; by that light All loved of thee grew lovely in my sight; Sweet influence not its own in every place Was found, and there was found in all things grace;

Thy shrubs and plants were seen new bloom to bear,

Not the Arabian sweets so fragrant were, Nor Eden's self, if aught with Eden might compare.

You went the church-way-walk, you reach'd the farm,

And gave the grass and babbling springs a charm;

Crop, whom you rode, - sad rider though you be,-

Thenceforth was more than Pegasus to me: Have I not woo'd your snarling cur to bend To me the paw and greeting of a friend? And all his surly ugliness forgave,

Because, like me, he was my Emma's slave? Think you, thus charm'd, I would the spell revoke?

Alas! my love, we married, and it broke! Yet no deceit or falsehood stain'd my breast, What I asserted might a saint attest; Fair, dear, and good thou wert, nay, fairest,

Nor shame, nor guilt, nor falsehood I avow, But 'tis by heaven's own light I see thee

And if that light will all those glories chase,

'Tis not my wish that will the good replace.

E. O! sir, this boyish tale is mighty well, But 'twas your falsehood that destroy'd the spell:

Speak not of nature, 'tis an evil mind That makes you to accustom'd beauties blind; You seek the faults yourself, and then complain you find.

H. I sought them not; but, madam, 'tis in vain

The course of love and nature to restrain; Lo! when the buds expand the leaves are green,

Then the first opening of the flower is seen; Then comes the honied breath and rosy smile, That with their sweets the willing sense beguile;

But, as we look, and love, and taste, and praise,

And the fruit grows, the charming flower decays;

Till all is gather'd, and the wintry blast Moans o'er the place of love and pleasure past. So 'tis with beauty,—such the opening grace And dawn of glory in the youthful face; Then are the charms unfolded to the sight, Then all is loveliness and all delight; The nuptial tie succeeds, the genial hour, And, lo! the falling off of beauty's flower; So, through all nature is the progress made .

The bud, the bloom, the fruit,-and then we fade.

Then sigh no more, -we might as well retain The year's gay prime as bid that love remain, That fond, delusive, happy, transient spell, That hides us from a world wherein we dwell.

And forms and fits us for that fairy-ground, Where charming dreams and gay conceits abound;

" Till comes at length th' awakening strife and care, That we, as tried and toiling men, must

share.

E. O! sir, I must not think that heaven approves Ungrateful man or unrequited loves; Nor that we less are fitted for our parts By having tender souls and feeling hearts

H. Come, my dear friend, and let us not refuse The good we have, by grief for that we lose;

But let us both the very truth confess; This must relieve the ill, and may redress.

E. O! much I fear! I practised no deceit, Such as I am I saw you at my feet; If for a goddess you a girl would take, "Tis you yourself the disappointment make.

H. And I alone?-O! Emma, when I pray'd

For grace from thee, transported and afraid, Now raised to rapture, now to terror doom'd. Was not the goddess by the girl assumed? Did not my Emma use her skill to hide— Let us be frank-her weakness and her pride? Did she not all her sex's arts pursue, To bring the angel forward to my view? Was not the rising anger oft suppress'd? Was not the waking passion hush'd to rest? And when so mildly sweet you look'd and spoke,

Did not the woman deign to wear a cloak? A cloak she wore, or, though not clear my sight,

I might have seen her-Think you not I might?

E. O! this is glorious!-white your passion lives,

To the loved maid a robe of grace it gives; And then, unjust! beholds her with surprise, Unrobed, ungracious, when the passion

H. For this, my Emma, I to Heaven appeal, I felt entirely what I seem'd to feel; Thou wert all precious in my sight, to me The being angels are supposed to be; And am I now of my deception told, Because I'm doom'd a woman to behold?

E. Sir! in few words I would a question ask-

Mean these reproaches that I wore a mask? Mean you that I by art or caution tried To show a virtue, or a fault to hide?

H. I will obey you-When you seem'd to feel

Those books we read, and praised them with such zeal,

Approving all that certain friends approved, Was it the pages, or the praise you loved? Nay, do not frown-I much rejoiced to find Such early judgment in such gentle mind; But, since we married, have you deign'd to look

On the grave subjects of one favourite book? Or have the once-applauded pages power T' engage their warm approver for an hour? Nay, hear me farther-When we view'd that dell,

Where lie those ruins-you must know it well-

When that worn pediment your walk delay'd, And the stream gushing through the arch decay'd;

When at the venerable pile you stood, Till the does ventured on our solitude, We were so still! before the growing day Call'd us reluctant from our seat away Tell me, was all the feeling you express'd The genuine feeling of my Emma's breast? Or was it borrow'd, that her faithful slave The higher notion of her taste might have? So may I judge, for of that lovely scene The married Emma has no witness been; No more beheld that water, falling, flow Through the green fern that there delights

Once more permit me—Well, I know, you feel For suffering men, and would their sufferings heal,

But when at certain huts you chose to call, At certain seasons, was compassion all? I there beheld thee, to the wretched dear As angels to expiring saints appear When whispering hope-I saw an infant press'd

And hush'd to slumber on my Emma's breast! Hush'd be each rude suggestion!-Well I know

With a free hand your bounty you bestow And to these objects frequent comforts send But still they see not now their pitying friem A merchant, Emma, when his wealth h states.

Though rich, is faulty if he over-rates

store; and, gaining greater trust deception, should we deem him just? ir singleness of heart you hide or frailty, when your truth is tried, has drawn aside the veil of love, be sorry, but we must approve; cied charms no more our praise compel,

ibly shines the worth that stands so well.

precious are you all, and prizes too, we take such guilty pains for you? It not—As long as passion lasts, a about the chosen maid it casts; poor girl has little more to do st to keep in sight as you pursne; to a ruin leads her; you behold, ight the angel of her taste is told; a a cottage leads you, and you trace sus pity in the angel's face; a a work you chauce to recommend, as it well—at least, she likes the friend;

n it chances this no more is done, not left one virtue—No! not one! t said, good sir, we use such art, t done to hold a fickle heart, a roving eye?—Is that design d or wicked that would keep you

mine?
fess the art, I would proceed
of such that every maid has need.
ien you flatter—in your language—
praise,

wn view you must our value raise; it we not, to this mistaken man, is like his picture as we can? vill call—nay, trent us as divine, not something to your thoughts incline?

f sense will worship whom they love, on the idol will the error prove? show him all her glory is pretence, the an idiot of this man of sense? so, suppose we should his praise refuse,

r his mind, we may our lover lose; on make us more than nature makes, no doubt, consent to your mistakes; l, we know, until the frenzy cools, ie transient paradise of fools; y fled, you quit the blissful state, th for ever bars the golden gate.

ue! but how ill each other to upbraid, nur fault that we no longer staid;

en fate our lingering love supprest, a casy death, and calmly sank to rest: r sex is the delusion lent, n it fails us, we should rest content, tel to reproach, when bootless to

to reproach, when b

E. Then wise the lovers who consent to

And always lingering, never try the state; But hurried on, by what they call their pain And I their bliss, no longer they refrain; To ease that pain, to lose that bliss, they run To the church-magi, and the thing is done; A spell is utter'd, and a ring applied, And forth they walk a bridegroom and a bride:

To find this counter-charm, this marriagerite,

Has put their pleasant fallacies to flight! But tell me, Henry, should we truly strive, May we not bid the happy dream revive?

H. Alas! they say when weakness or when vice

Expels a foolish pair from Paradise, The guardian power to prayer has no regard, The knowledge once obtain'd, the gate is barr'd;

Or could we enter we should still repine, Unless we could the knowledge too resign. Yet let us calmly view our present fate, And make a humbler Eden of our state; With this advantage, that what now we gain, Experience gives, and prudence will retain.

E. Ah! much I doubt—when you in fury broke

That lovely vase by one impassion'd stroke, And thousand china-fragments met my sight, Till rising anger put my grief to flight; As well might you the beauteous jar repiece, As joy renew and bid vexation cease.

H. Why then 'tis wisdom, Emma, not to keep

These griefs in memory; they had better sleep.

There was a time when this heaven-guarded isle,

Whose valleys flourish—nay, whose mountains smile,

Was steril, wild, deform'd, and beings rude Creatures scarce wilder than themselves pursued;

The sea was heard around a waste to howl,

The night-wolf answer'd to the whooting
owl,

And all was wretched—Yet who now surveys The land, withholds his wonder and his praise?

Come, let us try and make our moral view Improve like this—this have we power to do.

E. O! I'll be all forgetful, deaf and dumb, And all you wish, to have these changes come.

H. And come they may, if not as heretofore, We cannot all the lovely vase restore; What we beheld in Love's perspective glass Has pass'd away—one sigh! and let it pass—It was a blissful vision, and it fled, And we must get some actual good instead: Of good and evil that we daily find,

That we must hoard, this banish from the mind;

The food of Love, that food on which he thrives,

To find must be the business of our lives; And when we know what Love delights to see, We must his guardians and providers be. As careful peasants, with incessant toil, Bring earth to vines in bare and rocky soil, And, as they raise with care each scanty heap,

Think of the purple clusters they shall reap; So those accretions to the mind we'll bring, Whence fond regard and just esteem will spring;

Then, though we backward look with some

On those first joys, we shall be happy yet. Each on the other must in all depend, The kind adviser, the unfailing friend; Through the rough world we must each other aid.

Leading and led, obeying and obey'd;
Favour'd and favouring, eager to believe
What should be truth—unwilling to perceive
What might offend—determined to remove
What has offended; wisely to improve
What pleases yet, and guard returning love.
Nor doubt, my Emma, but in many an hour
Fancy, who sleeps, shall wake with all her
power;

And we shall pass—though not perhaps remain—

To fairy-land, and feel its charm again.

## BOOK XV.

#### GRETNA GREEN.

I met, said Richard, when return'd to dine, In my excursion, with a friend of mine; Friend! I mistake,—but yet I knew him well.

Ours was the village where he came to dwell; He was an orphan born to wealth, and then Placed in the guardian-care of cautious men; When our good parent, who was kindness all, Fed and caress'd him when he chose to call; And this he loved, for he was always one For whom some pleasant service must be done,

Or he was sullen—He would come and play At his own time, and at his pleasure stay; But our kind parent soothed him as a boy Without a friend; she laved he should enjoy A day of ease, and strove to give his mind employ:

She had but seldom the desired success, And therefore parting troubled her the less; Two years he there remain'd, then went

his way,
I think to school, and him I met to-day.
I heard his name, or he had pass'd unknown.
And, without scruple, I divulged my own;
His words were civil, but not much express'd,
'Yes! he had heard I was my Brother's

guest; Then would explain, what was not plain to me. Why he could not a social neighbour be: He envied you, he said, your quiet life, And me a loving and contented wife; You, as unfetter'd by domestic bond. Me, as a husband and a father fond: I was about to speak, when to the right The road then turn'd, and lo! his house in sight.

'Adieu!' he said, nor gave a word or sign Of invitation—'Yonder house is mine; Your Brother's I prefer, if I might choose—But, my dear Sir, you have no time to lose.' Say, is he poor? or has he fits of spleen? Or is he melancholy, moped, or mean? So cold, so distant—I bestow'd some pains Upon the fever in my Irish veins.

Well, Richard, let your native wrath le tamed, The man has half the evils you have named; He is not poor, indeed, nor is he free

From all the gloom and care of poverty.

But is he married?—Hush! the bell, my

friend;
That business done, we will to this attend;
And, o'er our wine engaged, and at our case.
We may discourse of Belwood's miscries;
Not that his sufferings please me—No, indeed;
But I from such am happy to be freed.

Their speech, of course, to this misfortune led.

A weak young man improvidently wed. Weak, answer'd Richard; but we do him wrong

To say that his affection was not strong. That we may doubt, said George; in men so weak

You may in vain the strong affections seek; They have strong appetites; a fool will eat As long as food is to his palate sweet; His rule is not what sober nature needs, But what the palate covets as he feeds; He has the passions, anger, envy, fear. As storm is angry, and as frost severe; Uncheck'd, he still retains what nature gars. And has what creatures of the forest have. Weak boys, indulged by parents just at the second control of the strong parents.

Will with much force of their affectisa speak;

hold,

he fond boys grow insolent and cold. woo with warmth, and grieve to be denied;

his is selfish ardour,-all the zeal eir pursuit is from the wish they feel aselves? and when the favourite object

fly? or that object's sake, with her requests comply?

sickly love is fed with hopes of joy, lees damp it, and delays destroy; that to virtuous acts will some excite,

hers but provokes an appetite; tter minds, when Love possession takes neets with peril, he the reason shakes; these weak natures, when they love

profess, r regard their small concerns the less. true and genuine love has Quixoteflights

be allow'd-in vision it delights; in its loftiest flight, its wildest dream, omething in it that commands esteem; his poor love to no such region soars, Sancho-like, its selfish loss deplores; own merit and its service speaks, full reward for all its duty seeks.

n a rich boy, with all the pride of vouth.

a poor beauty, will you doubt his truth?

love is tried-it indiscreet may be, unst be generous'-That I do not see; at this time the balance of the mind s or that way by the weights inclined; is scale beauty, wealth in that abides, bious balance, till the last subsides; ge are not poised in just the equal state.

the ass stands stock-still in the debate; gh when deciding he may slowly pass ong for both-the nature of the ass; but an impulse that he must obey n he resigns one bundle of the hay.

your friend Belwood, whom his guardians sent

octor Sidmere-full of dread he went; er they call'd him-he was not of us, there he was -we need not now discuss : t a school, he had a daughter fair, id, as angels,—say, as women are. this beauty, had a figure light, face was handsome, and her eyes were

bright; voice was music, not by anger raised; sweet her dimple, either pleased or praised;

et mamma th' accustom'd sweets with- | All round the village was her fame allow'd, She was its pride, and not a little proud. The ruling thought that sway'd her father's mind

Was this-I am for dignity design'd: Riches he rather as a mean approved, Yet sought them early, and in seeking loved; For this he early made the marriage-vow, But fail'd to gain-I recollect not how; For this his lady had his wrath incurr'd, But that her feelings seldom could be stirr'd; To his fair daughter, famed as well as fair, He look'd, and found his consolation there.

The Doctor taught of youth some half a score,

Well-born and wealthy-He would take no more

His wife, when peevish, told him, 'Yes! and glad'-

It might be so-no more were to be had: Belwood, it seems, for college was design'd, But for more study he was not inclined: He thought of labouring there with much dismay

And motives mix'd here urged the long delay. He now on manhood verged, at least began To talk as he supposed became a man. Whether he chose the college or the school Was his own act, and that should no man rule;

He had his reasons for the step he took, Did they suppose he stay'd to read his book?' Hopeless, the Doctor said: 'This boy is one With whom I fear there's nothing to be done.'

His wife replied, who more had guess'd or knew,

You only mean there's nothing he can do; Ev'n there you err, unless you mean indeed That the poor lad can neither think nor read.' What credit can I by such dunce obtain?' 'Credit? I know not-you may something gain;

'Tis true he has no passion for his books, But none can closer study Clara's looks; And who controls him? now his father's gone, There's not a creature cares about the son. If he be brought to ask your daughter's hand, All that he has will be at her command; And who is she? and whom does she obey? Where is the wrong, and what the danger,

pray? Becoming guide to one who guidance needs Is merit surely-If the thing succeeds, Cannot you always keep him at your side, And be his honour'd guardian and his guide? And cannot I my pretty Clara rule?
Is not this better than a noisy school?'
The Doctor thought and mused, he felt and

fear'd, Wish'd it to be-then wish'd he had not heard;

But he was angry-that at least was right, And gave him credit in his lady's sight;-

severe,

He said: Consider, Madam, think and fear; But, ere they parted, softening to a smile, Farewell! said he-I'll think myself awhile.

James and his Clara had, with many a pause And many a doubt, infringed the Doctor's laws;

At first with terror, and with eyes turn'd round

On every side for fear they should be found: In the long passage, and without the gate, They met, and talk'd of love and his estate; Sweet little notes, and full of hope, were laid Where they were found by the attentive maid;

And these she answer'd kindly as she could, But still 'I dare not' waited on 'I would; Her fears and wishes she in part confess'd, Her thoughts and views she carefully suppress'd;

Her Jemmy said at length: He did not heed His guardian's anger—What was he, indeed? A tradesman once, and had his fortune gain'd In that low way, -such anger he disdain'd-He loved her pretty looks, her eyes of blue, Her auburn-braid, and lips that shone like dew;

And did she think her Jemmy stay'd at school To study Greek?-What, take him for a fool?

Not he, by Jove! for what he had to seek He would in English ask her, not in Greek; Will you be mine? are all your scruples gone ?

Then let's be off-I've that will take us on .-'Twas true; the clerk of an attorney there Had found a Jew,-the Jew supplied the heir.

Yet had he fears—My guardians may condemn

The choice I make-but what is that to them?

The more they strive my pleasure to restrain The less they'll find they're likely to obtain; For when they work one to a proper cue, What they forbid one takes delight to do.

Clara exulted—now the day would come Belwood must take her in her carriage home:

Then I shall hear what Envy will remark When I shall sport the ponies in the Park; When my friend Jane will meet me at the ball,

And see me taken out the first of all; I see her looks when she beholds the men All crowd about me-she will simper then, And cry with her affected air and voice, O! my sweet Clara, how do I rejoice At your good fortune !- Thank you, dear, say 1;

Then, milder grown, yet something still | Mamma look'd on with thoughts to these allied.

She felt the pleasure of reflected pride; She should respect in Clara's honour find-But she to Clara's secret thoughts was blind; O! when we thus design we do but spread Nets for our feet, and to our toils are led : Those whom we think we rule their views attain,

And we partake the guilt without the gain.

The Doctor long had thought, till he became A victim both to avarice and shame; From his importance, every eye was placed On his designs-How dreadful if disgraced! O! that unknown to him the pair had flown To that same Green, the project all their own!

And should they now be guilty of the act, Am not I free from knowledge of the fact? Will they not, if they will? - "Tis thus we meet

The check of conscience, and our guide defeat. This friend, this spy, this counsellor at rest, More pleasing views were to the mind address'd.

The mischief done, he would be much displeased,

For weeks, nay, months, and slowly be

Yet of this anger if they felt the dread, Perhaps they dare not steal away to wed; And if on hints of mercy they should go, He stood committed-it must not be so. In this dilemma either horn was hard,-Best to seem careless, then, and off one's

And, lest their terror should their flight prevent.

His wife might argue-fathers will relent On such occasions-and that she should share The guilt and censure was her proper care. Suppose them wed, said he, and at my feet. must exclaim that instant-Vile deceit! Then will my daughter, weeping, while they kneel.

For its own Clara beg my heart may feel: At last, but slowly, I may all forgive, And their adviser and director live.

When wishes only weak the heart surprise, Heaven, in its mercy, the fond prayer denies; But when our wishes are both base and weak.

Heaven, in its justice, gives us what we seek. All pass'd that was expected, all prepared To share the comfort-What the comfort shared?

The married pair, on their return, agreed That they from school were now completely freed :

Were man and wife, and to their mansion

But some there are that could for envy die. Should boldly drive, and their intents avou:

acting guardian in the mansion reign'd, thither driving, they their will explain'd: man awhile discoursed in language high, ward was sullen, and made brief reply; when he saw th' opposing strength decline,

ravely utter'd—'Sir, the house is mine!'
like a lion, lash'd by self-rebuke,
wa defence he bravely undertook.
!! be it right or wrong, the thing is past;
cannot hinder what is tight and fast:
church has tied us: we are hither come

church has tied us; we are hither come ur own place, and you must make us room.'

man reflected—'You deserve, I know, sh young man! what fortune will bestow:

unishment from me your actions need, se pains will shortly to your fault succeed.'

was quite angry, wondering what was meant ich expressions—Why should he repent?

trial came.—The wife conceived it right be her parents; So, he said, she might, a had any fancy for a jail, apon him no creature should prevail; he would never be again the fool and starve, or study at a school! but to see her parents!!—Well! the sight

t give her pleasure—very like it might, he might go; but to his house restored, could not now be catechised and bored. is her duty;—Well! said he again, is you may go—and there you may

remain!

dy this?-Even so: he heard it said rash and heedless was the part he play'd; ave of money in his spirit dwelt, here repentance was intensely felt: nardian told him he had bought a toy sfold price, and bargain'd like a boy: at truth, and wrought to fierce disdain. ere his loss should be no woman's gain; ble she might share, his name she must, f aught more-she gets it upon trust. few weeks his pride her face display'den began to thwart her, and upbraid; rew imperious, insolent, and loudfinded weakness made his folly proud; suld be master, -she had no pretence unsel him, as if he wanted sense; ast inform her, she already cost than her worth, and more should not

be lost; till concluding, 'if your will be so you must see the old ones, do it—go!'

weeks the Doctor waited, and the while ady preach'd in no consoling style:

At last she fear'd that rustic had convey'd Their child to prison—yes, she was afraid,— There to remain in that old hall alone With the vile heads of stags, and floors of

Why did you, sir, who know such things so well,

And teach us good, permit them to rebel? Had you o'erawed and check'd them when in sight,

They would not then have ventured upon flight-

Had you '-'Out, serpent! did not you begin? What! introduce, and then upbraid the sin? For sin it is, as I too well perceive: But leave me, woman, to reflection leave; Then to your closet fly, and on your knees Beg for forgiveness for such sins as these.' A moody morning! with a careless air Replied the wife—Why counsel me to prayer? I think the lord and teacher of a school Should pray himself, and keep his temper cool.

Calm grew the husband when the wife was

The game, said he, is never lost till won:
"Tis true, the rebels fly their proper home,
They come not nigh, because they fear to

And for my purpose fear will doubtless prove Of more importance and effect than love;— Suppose me there—suppose the carriage

Down on her knees my trembling daughter drops;

Slowly I raise her, in my arms to fall, And call for mercy as she used to call; And shall that boy, who dreaded to appear Before me, cast away at once his fear? "Tis not in nature! He who once would cower Beneath my frown, and sob for half an hour;

He who would kneel with motion prompt and quick

If I but look'd—as dogs that do a trick; He still his knee-joints flexible must feel, And have a slavish promptitude to kneel;— Soon as he sees me he will drop his lip, And bend like one made ready for the whip: O! come, I trifle, let me haste away— What! throw it up, when I have cards to

play?—
The Doctor went, a self-invited guest;
He met his pupil, and his frown repress'd,
For in those lowering looks he could discern
Resistance sullen and defiance stern;
Yet was it painful to put off his style
Of awful distance, and assume a smile:
So between these, the gracious and the grand,
Succeeded nothing that the Doctor plann'd.
The sullen youth, with some reviving dread,
Bow'd and then hang'd disconsolate his head;
And, muttering welcome in a muffled tone,
Stalk'd cross the park to meditate alone,
Saying, or rather seeming to have said,
Go! seek your daughter, and be there obey'd.

He went-The daughter her distresses told, | War was perpetual: on a first attack But found her father to her interests cold; He kindness and complacency advised; She answer'd, these were sure to be despised; That of the love her husband once possess'd Not the least spark was living in his breast; The boy repented, and grew savage soon; There never shone for her a honey-moon. Soon as he came, his cares all fix'd on one, Himself, and all his passion was a gun; And though he shot as he did all beside, It still remain'd his only joy and pride: He left her there,-she knew not where he

went,-But knew full well he should the slight repent;

She was not one his daily taunts to bear, He made the house a hell that he should share:

For, till he gave her power herself to please, Never for him should be a moment's ease. He loves you, child! the softening father cried :-

He loves himself, and not a soul beside: Loves me !- why, yes, and so he did the pears You caught him stealing-would he had the

fears! Would you could make him tremble for his life,

And then to you return the stolen wife, Richly endow'd-but, oh! the idiot knows The worth of every penny he bestows. Were he but fool alone, I'd find a way To govern him, at least to have my day; Or were he only brute, I'd watch the hour, And make the brute-affection yield me power; But silly both and savage-oh! my heart! It is too great a trial!—we must part.—
'Oblige the savage by some act!'—The debt,
You find, the fool will instantly forget; Oblige the fool with kindness or with praise, And you the passions of the savage raise .-'Time will do much.'-Can time my name restore ?

'Have patience, child.'-I am a child no more.

Nor more dependent; but, at woman's age, I feel that wrongs provoke me and enrage: Sir, could you bring me comfort, I were

But keep your counsel for your boys at school.

The Doctor then departed-Why remain To hear complaints, who could himself complain,

Who felt his actions wrong, and knew his efforts vain?

The sullen youth, contending with his fate, Began the darling of his heart to hate; Her pretty looks, her auburn braid, her face, All now remain'd the proofs of his disgrace; While, more than hateful in his vixen's eyes, He saw her comforts from his griefs arise; Who felt a joy she strove not to conceal, When their expenses made her miser feel.

She gain'd advantage, he would turn his back: And when her small shot whistled in his cars, He felt a portion of his early fears; But if he turn'd him in the battle's heat. And fought in earnest, hers was then defeat; His strength of oath and curse brought little harm.

But there was no resisting strength of arm. Yet wearied both with war, and vex'd at heart,

The slaves of passion judged it best to part: Long they debated, nor could fix a rate For a man's peace with his contending mate: But mutual hatred, scorn, and fear, assign'd That price-that peace it was not theirs to find.

The watchful husband lived in constant hope To hear the wife had ventured to elope; But though not virtuous, nor in much

discreet, He found her coldness would such views defeat;

And thus, by self-reproof and avarice scourged.

He wore the galling chains his folly forged. The wife her pleasures, few and humble,

And with anticipated stipend bought; Without a home, at fashion's call she fled To an hired lodging and a widow'd bed; Husband and parents banish'd from her mind, She seeks for pleasures that she cannot find; And grieves that so much treachery was employ'd

To gain a man who has her peace destroy'd. Yet more the grieving father feels distress, His error greater, and his motives less; He finds too late, by stooping to deceit, It is ourselves and not the world we cheat; For, though we blind it, yet we can but feel That we have something evil to conceal; Nor can we by our utmost care be sure That we can hide the sufferings we endure

#### BOOK XVI.

LADY BARBARA; OR, THE GHOST.

THE Brothers spoke of Ghosts,-a favourite theme

With those who love to reason or to dream; And they, as greater men were wont to do, Felt strong desire to think the stories true: Stories of spirits freed, who came to prove To spirits bound in flesh that yet they love. To give them notice of the things below, Which we must wonder how they came to know.

Or known, would think of coming to relate To creatures who are tried by unknown

Warning, said Richard, seems the only thing | Or looks for pardon ere the ill be done, That would a spirit on an errand bring; To turn a guilty mind from wrong to right A ghost might come, at least I think it might .-

But, said the Brother, if we here are tried, A spirit sent would put that law aside; It gives to some advantage others need, Or hurts the sinner should it not succeed: If from the dead, said Dives, one were sent To warn my brethren, sure they would repent:

But Abraham answer'd, if they now reject The guides they have, no more would that effect;

Their doubts too obstinate for grace would prove.

For wonder hardens hearts it fails to move. Suppose a sinner in an hour of gloom, And let a ghost with all its horrors come; From lips unmoved let solemn accents flow, Solemn his gesture be, his motion slow; Let the waved hand and threatening look

impart Truth to the mind and terror to the heart; And, when the form is fading to the view, Let the convicted man cry: this is true! Alas! how soon would doubts again invade The willing mind, and sins again persuade! I saw it-What ?- I was awake, but how? Not as I am, or I should see it now: It spoke, I think,-I thought, at least, it

spoke. And look'd alarming-yes, I felt the look. But then in sleep those horrid forms arise, That the soul sees,-and, we suppose, the

cycs,-And the soul hears,-the senses then thrown by,

She is herself the car, herself the eye; A mistress so will free her servile race For their own tasks, and take herself the

place: In alrep what forms will ductile oncy take, And what so common as to drea awake? On others thus do ghostly guests intrude? Or why am I by such advice pursued? One out of millions who exist, and why They know not-cannot know-and such

am I: And shall two beings of two worlds, to meet, The laws of one, perhaps of both, defeat? It cannot be-But if some being lives Who such kind warning to a favourite gives, Let him these doubts from my dull spirit

clear, And once again, expected guest! appear. And if a second time the power complied, Why is a third, and why a fourth denied? Why not a warning ghost for ever at our side ?

Ah. foolish being! thou hast truth enough, Augmented guilt would rise on greater

Blind and imperious passion disbelieves, Or madly scorns the warning it receives,

Because 'tis vain to strive our fate to shun; In spite of ghosts, predestined woes would come,

And warning add new terrors to our doom. Yet there are tales that would remove our

The whisper'd tales that circulate about, That in some noble mansion take their rise, And told with secrecy and awe, surprise: It seems not likely people should advance, For falsehood's sake, such train of circumstance;

Then the ghosts bear them with a ghostlike grace,

That suits the person, character, and place. But let us something of the kind recite: What think you, now, of Lady Barbara's spright?\_

I know not what to think; but I have heard A ghost, to warn her or advise, appear'd; And that she sought a friend before she died To whom she might the awful fact confide, Who seal'd and secret should the story keep Till Lady Barbara slept her final sleep, In that close bed, that never spirit shakes, Nor ghostly visitor the sleeper wakes .-Yes, I can give that story, not so well As your old woman would the legend tell, But as the facts are stated; and now hear How ghosts advise, and widows persevere.

When her lord died, who had so kind a heart, That any woman would have grieved to part, It had such influence on his widow's mind, That she the pleasures of the world resign'd, Young as she was, and from the busy town Came to the quiet of a village down; Not as insensible to joys, but still With a subdued but half-rebellious will; For she had passions warm, and feeling

strong, With a right mind, that dreaded to be wrong;

Yet she had wealth to tie her to the place Where it procures delight and veils disgrace; Yet she had beauty to engage the eye, A widow still in her minority; Yet she had merit worthy men to gain, And yet her hand no merit could obtain; For, though secluded, there were trials made, When he who soften'd most could not

persuade; Awhile she hearken'd as her swain proposed, And then his suit with strong refusal closed. Thanks, and farewell!-give credit to my word.

That I shall die the widow of my lord; 'Tis my own will, I now prefer the state,— If mine should change, it is the will of fate. Such things were spoken, and the hearers cried.

'Tis very strange,-perhaps she may be tried.

The lady past her time in taking air, In working, reading, charities, and prayer; In the last duties she received the aid Of an old friend, a priest, with whom she

pray'd;
And to his mansion with a purpose went,
That there should life be innocently spent;
Yet no cold vot'ress of the cloister she,
Warm her devotion, warm her charity;
The face the index of a feeling mind,
And her whole conduct rational and kind.
Though rich and noble, she was pleased to
slide

Into the habits of her reverend guide,
And so attended to his girls and boys,
She seem'd a mother in her fears and joys;
On her they look'd with fondness, something
check'd

By her appearance, that engaged respect; For still she dress'd as one of higher race, And her sweet smiles had dignity and grace.

George was her favourite, and it gave her joy To indulge and to instruct the darling boy; To watch, to soothe, to check the forward child,

Who was at once affectionate and wild; Happy and grateful for her tender care, And pleased her thoughts and company to share.

George was a boy with spirit strong and high, With handsome face, and penetrating eye; O'er his broad forehead hung his locks of brown.

That gave a spirit to his boyish frown;
'My little man,' were words that she applied
To him, and he received with growing pride;
Her darling even from his infant years
Had something touching in his smiles and
tears;

And in his boyish manners he began To show the pride that was not made for man; But it became the child, the mother cried, And the kind lady said it was not pride. George, to his cost, though sometimes to

his praise,
Was quite a hero in these early days,
And would return from heroes just as stout,
Blood in his crimson cheek, and blood without.
What! he submit to vulgar boys and low,
He bear an insult, he førget a blow!
They call'd him Parson—let his father bear
His own reproach, it was his proper care;
He was no parson, but he still would teach
The boys their manners, and yet would not
preach.'

The father, thoughtful of the time foregone, Was loth to damp the spirit of his son; Rememb'ring he himself had early laurels won:

The mother, frighten'd, begg'd him to refrain, And not his credit or his linen stain;

While the kind friend so gently blamed the deed,

He smiled in tears, and wish'd her to proceed; For the boy pleased her, and that roguish eye And during look were cause of many a sigh, When she had thought how much would such

quick temper try!
And oft she felt a kind of gathering gloom,
Sad, and prophetic of the ills to come.
Years fled unmark'd; the lady taught no more
Th' adopted tribe as she was wout before;
But by her help the school the lasses sought,
And by the vicar's self the boy was taught;
Not unresisting when that cursed Greek
Ask'd so much time for words that none
will speak.

What can men worse for mortal brain contrive

Than thus a hard dead language to revive! Heav'ns, if a language once be fairly dead, Let it be buried, not preserved and read, The bane of every boy to decent station bred; If any good these crabbed books contain. Translate them well, and let them then

remain;
To one huge vault convey the useless store,
Then lose the key, and never find it more.'
Something like this the lively boy express'd,
When Homer was his torment and his jest.

George, said the father, can at pleasure seize The point he wishes, and with too much ease; And hence, depending on his powers and vain, He wastes the time that he will sigh to gain. The partial widow thought the wasted days He would recover, urged by love and praise; And thus absolved, the boy, with grateful mind.

Repaid a love so useful and so blind; Her angry words he loved, although he fear'd,

And words not angry doubly kind appear'd. George, then on manhood verging, felt the charms

Of war, and kindled at the world's alarms; Yet war was then, though spreading wide and far,

A state of peace to what has since been war; "Twas then some dubious claim at sea or land,

That placed a weapon in a warrior's hand; But in these times the causes of our strife Are hearth and altar, liberty and life.

George, when from college he return'd, and heard

His father's questions, cool and shy appear'd. Who had the honours?—Honour! said the

youth,
Honour at college—very good, in truth!
What hours to study did he give?—He gave
Enough to feel they made him like a slave—
In fact, the Vicar found if George should rise
'Twas not by college-rules and exercise.

At least the time for your degree abide, And be ordain'd, the man of peace replied; Then you may come and aid me while I

And watch, and shear th' hereditary sheep; Choose then your spouse.—That heard the youth, and sigh'd, Nor to aught else attended or replied.

George had of late indulged unusual fears And dangerous hopes: he wept unconscious tears;—

Whether for camp or college, well he knew He must at present bid his friends adieu; His father, mother, sisters, could he part With these, and feel no sorrow at his heart?

But from that lovely lady could be go?
That fonder, fairer, dearer mother?—No!
For while his father spoke, he fix'd his eyes
On that dear face, and felt a warmth arise,
A trembling flush of joy, that he could ill
disguise—

Then ask'd himself from whence this growing bliss,

This new-found joy, and all that waits on this?

Why sinks that voice so sweetly in mine ear?
What makes it now a livelier joy to hear?
Why gives that touch—Still, still do I
retain

The fierce delight that tingled through each vein-

Why at her presence with such quickness flows

The vital current?—Well a lover knows.
O! tell me not of years,—can she be old?
Those eyes, those lips, can man unmoved behold?

Has time that bosom chill'd? are cheeks so rosy cold?

No. she is young, or I her love t' engage Will grow discreet, and that will seem like age;

But speak it not; Death's equalizing arm levels not surer than Love's stronger charm, That bids all inequalities be gone,

That laughs at rank, that mocks comparison. There is not young or old, if Love decrees, lie levels orders, he confounds degrees; There is not fair, or dark, or short, or tall, Or grave, or sprightly—Love reduces all; lie makes unite the pensive and the gay, Gives something here, takes something

there away;
From each abundant good a portion takes,
And for each want a compensation makes;
Then tell me not of years—Love, power
divine.

Takes, as he wills, from hers, and gives to mine.

And she, in truth, was lovely-Time had strown

No snows on her, though he so long had flown;

The purest damask blossom'd in her cheek, The eyes said all that eyes are wont to speak; Her pleasing person she with care adorn'd, Nor arts that stay the flying graces scorn'd; Nor held it wrong these graces to renew, Or give the fading rose its opening hue; Yet few there were who needed less the art To hide an error, or a grace impart.

George, yet a child, her faultless form admired,

And call'd his fondness love, as truth required; But now, when conscious of the secret flame, His bosom's pain, he dared not give the name:

In her the mother's milder passion grew, Tender she was, but she was placid too; From him the mild and filial love was gone, And a strong passion came in triumph on. Will she, he cried, this impious love allow? And, once my mother, be my mistress now? The parent-spouse? how far the thought from her,

And how can I the daring wish aver? When first I speak it, how will those dear eyes

Gleam with awaken'd horror and surprise; Will she not, angry and indignant, fly From my imploring call, and bid me die? Will she not shudder at the thought, and say, My son! and lift her eyes to heaven, and

pray?

Alas! I fear—and yet my soul she won
While she with fond endearments call'd me
son!

Then first I felt-yet knew that I was wrong-

This hope, at once so guilty and so strong: She gave—I feel it now—a mother's kiss, And quickly fancy took a bolder bliss; But hid the burning blush, for fear that eye Should see the transport, and the bliss deny: O! when she knows the purpose I conecal, When my fond wishes to her bosom steal, How will that angel fear? How will the woman feel?

And yet perhaps this instant, while I speak, She knows the pain I feel, the cure I seek; Better than I she may my feelings know, And nurse the passion that she dares not show:

She reads the look,—and sure my eyes have

To her the power and triumph of her own,— And in maternal love she veils the flame That she will heal with joy, yet hear with shame.

Come, let me then—no more a son—reveal The daring hope, and for her favour kneel; Let me in ardent speech my meanings dress, And, while I mourn the fault, my love

And, once confess'd, no more that hope resign,

For she or misery henceforth must be mine.

O! what confusion shall I see advance On that dear face, responsive to my glance! Sure she can love!-In fact, the youth was right;

She could, but love was dreadful in her sight; Love like a spectre in her view appear'd, The nearer he approach'd the more she fear'd. But knew she, then, this dreaded love? She guess'd

That he had guilt-she knew he had not rest: She saw a fear that she could ill define, And nameless terrors in his looks combine; It is a state that cannot long endure, And yet both parties dreaded to be sure.

All views were past of priesthood and a gown,

George, fix'd on glory, now prepared for town:

But first this mighty hazard must be run, And more than glory either lost or won: Yet, what was glory? Could he win that heart

And gain that hand, what cause was there to part?

Her love afforded all that life affords-Honour and fame were phantasics and words. But he must see her-She alone was seen In the still evening of a day serene: In the deep shade beyond the garden-walk They met, and talking, ceased and fear'd to

talk; At length she spoke of parent's love,-and now

He hazards all-'No parent, lady, thou! None, none to me! but looks so fond and mild

Would well become the parent of my child.' She gasp'd for breath-then sat as one resolved

On some high act, and then the means revolved.

It cannot be, my George, my child, my son! The thought is misery !- Guilt and misery shun:

Far from us both be such design, oh, far! Let it not pain us at the awful bar. Where souls are tried, where known the

That I sustain, and all of either heart. To wed with thee I must all shame efface, And part with female dignity and grace: Was I not told, by one who knew so well This rebel heart, that it must not rebel? Were I not warn'd, yet Reason's voice

would cry, Retreat, resolve, and from the danger fly! If Reason spoke not, yet would woman's pride\_

A woman will by better counsel guide; And should both Pride and Prudence plead in vain,

There is a warning that must still remain. And, though the heart rebell'd, would ever cry : Refrain.

He heard, he grieved-so check'd, the

eager youth
Dared not again repeat th' offensive truth,
But stopp'd, and fix'd on that loved face an eye

Of pleading passion, trembling to reply; And that reply was hurried, was express'd With bursts of sorrow from a troubled breast;

He could not yet forbear the tender suit, And dare not speak-his eloquence was mute

But this not long, again the passion rose In him, in her the spirit to oppose: Yet was she firm; and he, who fear'd the calm

Of resolution, purposed to alarm, And make her dread a passion strong and wild-

He fear'd her firmness while her looks were mild :

Therefore he strongly, warmly urged his prayer

Till she, less patient, urged him to forhear. I tell thee, George, as I have told before, I feel a mother's love, and feel no more; A child I bore thee in my arms, and how Could I-did prudence yield-receive thee now?

At her remonstrance hope revived, for oft He found her words severe, her accents soft; In eyes that threaten'd tears of pity stood, And truth she made as gracious as she could ;-

But, when she found the dangerous youth would seek

His peace alone, and still his wishes speak, Fearful she grew, that, opening thus his heart.

He might to hers a dangerous warmth impart:

All her objections slight to him appear'd,-But one she had, and now it must be heard. Yes, it must be! and he shall understand What powers, that are not of the world, command ;

So shall be cease, and I in peace shall live-Sighing she spoke-that widowhood can

give! Then to her lover turn'd, and gravely said: Let due attention to my words be paid; Meet me to-morrow, and resolve t' obey; Then named the hour and place, and went

her way. Before that hour, or moved by spirit vain, Or woman's wish to triumph and complaint She had his parents summon'd, and had

shown Their son's strong wishes, nor conceal'd her own:

And do you give, she said, a parent's aid To make the youth of his strange love afraid:

And, be it ain or not, be all the shame display'd.

grieve.

d suspicious on this child of Eve: d his boy, though wild, had never dared

f love, had not rebuke been spared; plied, in mild and tender tone, in, and therefore shame has none. rent ages of the pair he knew, as well their different fortunes too: just man; but difference in his

sight the match unequal made it right: his friend united, and become wn hearth-the comforts of his

homewrong? Perhaps it was her pride the distance, and the youth denied? hing widow heard, and she retired, what her ancient friend desired; d not, therefore, to the youth complain,

ood father wish'd him to refrain; not add, your parents, George, obey,

your absence-no such will had they.

h' appointed minute met the pair, 'd to meet: George made the lover's prayer,-

heard kindly; then the lady tried m spirit, felt it, and replied : that I love thee why should I

suppress? love that virtue may profess-frown not, tender, fix'd, sincere; for dearer ties by much too dear, must not be, thou art so very near: not reason, prudence, pride agree, feelings, that it must not be? not so, I shun the task no more. to thee thy better self restore. , and hope not; to the tale I tell hey me, and let all he well: orbad to me, and thou wilt find a ardent views must be resign'd; m thy bosom all such thoughts remove.

the curse of interdicted love at first assail thee, wait awhile, my sadness with satiric smile; t much of other worlds we know, a spirit speaks in this below, is speech and intercourse; and now

of what I tell I first avow. I be in all, and be attentive thou.

Rateliffe, taught and train'd to live pride that ancestry can give; rother, when our mother died, dear offices of friend and guide; This world was lost in thinking of the next:

old Pastor wonder'd, seem'd to My father early taught us all he dared, And for his bolder flights our minds prepared: He read the works of deists, every book From crabbed Hobbes to courtly Bolingbroke;

> And when we understood not, he would cry Let the expressions in your memory lie, The light will soon break in, and you will find

> Rest for your spirits, and be strong of mind! Alas! however strong, however weak, The rest was something we had still to seek! He taught us duties of no ardnous kind, The easy morals of the doubtful mind; He bade us all our childish fears control, And drive the nurse and grandam from the soul;

> Told us the word of God was all we saw, And that the law of nature was his law; This law of nature we might find abstruse, But gain sufficient for our common use. Thus, by persuasion, we our duties learn'd, And were but little in the cause concern'd.

> We lived in peace, in intellectual case, And thought that virtue was the way to please.

> And pure morality the keeping free From all the stains of vulgar villany. But Richard, dear enthusiast! shunn'd reproach,

He let no stain upon his name encroach; But fled the hated vice, was kind and just, That all must love him, and that all might trust.

Free, sad discourse was ours; we often sigh'd

To think we could not in some truths confide:

Our father's final words gave no content, We found not what his self-reliance meant: To fix our faith some grave relations sought, Doctrines and creeds of various kind they brought,

And we as children heard what they as doctors taught. Some to the priest referr'd us, in whose book

No unbeliever could resisting look: Others to some great preacher's, who could tame

The fiercest mind, and set the cold on flame; For him no rival in dispute was found Whom he could not confute or not confound. Some mystics told us of the sign and seal, And what the spirit would in time reveal, If we had grace to wait, if we had hearts

to feel: Others, to Reason trusting, said, believe As she directs, and what she proves receive; While many told us, it is all but guess, Stick to your church, and calmly acquiesce. Thus, doubting, wearied, hurried, and perplex'd,

hate

This clash of thought, this ever doubting state;

For ever seeking certainty, yet blind In our research, and puzzled when we find. Could not some spirit, in its kindness, steal Back to our world, and some dear truth reveal?

Say there is danger,-if it could be done, Sure one would venture-I would be the one; And when a spirit-much as spirits might-I would to thee communicate my light!

I sought my daring brother to oppose, But awful gladness in my bosom rose: I fear'd my wishes; but through all my frame

A bold and elevating terror came: Yet with dissembling prudence I replied, Know we the laws that may be thus defied? Should the free spirit to th' embodied tell The precious secret, would it not rebel? Yet while I spoke I felt a pleasing glow Suffuse my cheek at what I long'd to know; And I, like Eve transgressing, grew more bold.

And wish'd to hear a spirit and behold. I have no friend, said he, to not one man Can I appear; but, love! to thee I can: Who first shall die-I wept, but-I agree To all thou sayst, dear Richard! and would be The first to wing my way, and bring my news to thee.

Long we conversed, but not till we perceived A gathering gloom - Our freedom gain'd, we grieved;

Above the vulgar, as we judged, in mind, Below in peace, more sad as more refined; "Twas joy, 'twas sin-Offenders at the time, We felt the hurried pleasure of our crime With pain that crime creates, and this in both-

Our mind united as the strongest oath. O, my dear George! in ceasing to obey, Misery and trouble meet us in our way! I felt as one intruding in a scene Where none should be, where none had ever been:

Like our first parent, I was new to sin, But plainly felt its sufferings begin: In nightly dreams I walk'd on soil unsound, And in my day-dreams endless error found. With this dear brother I was doom'd to part. Who, with an husband, shared a troubled heart:

My lord I honour'd; but I never proved The madd'ning joy, the boast of some who loved:

It was a marriage that our friends profess'd Would be most happy, and I acquiesced; And we were happy, for our love was calm, Not life's delicious essence, but its balm.

When spoke my brother-From my soul I My brother left us,-dear, unhappy boy! He never seem'd to taste of earthly joy, Never to live on earth, but ever strove To gain some tidings of a world above. Parted from him, I found no more to please, Ease was my object, and I dwelt in ease; And thus in quiet, not perhaps content, A year in wedlock, lingering time! was spent.

> One night I slept not, but I courted sleep, And forced my thoughts on tracks they could

> Till nature, wearied in the strife, reposed, And deep forgetfulness my wanderings closed. My lord was absent - distant from the bed A pendent lamp its soften'd lustre shed; But there was light that chased away the gloom,

> And brought to view each object in the room: These I observed ere yet I sunk in sleep, That, if disturb'd not, had been long and deep.

I was awaken'd by some being nigh. It seem'd some voice, and gave a timid cry,-When sounds, that I describe not, slowly broke On my attention-Be composed, and look !-I strove, and I succeeded; look'd with awe, But yet with firmness, and my brother saw.

George, why that smile?-By all that God has done.

By the great Spirit, by the blessed Son, By the one holy Three, by the thrice holy One,

I saw my brother,—saw him by my bed, And every doubt in full conviction fled !-It was his own mild spirit-He awhile Waited my calmness with benignant smile; So softly shines the veiled aun, till pust The cloud, and light upon the world is cast: That look composed and soften'd I survey'd, And met the glance fraternal less afraid; Though in those looks was something of command

And traits of what I fear'd to understand.

Then spoke the spirit-George, I pray, attend

First, let all doubts of thy religion end-The word reveal'd is true: inquire no more, Believe in meekness, and with thanks adore: Thy priest attend, but not in all rely, And to objectors seek for no reply: Truth, doubt, and error, will be mix'd below-Be thou content the greater truths to know, And in obedience rest thee-For thy life Thou needest counsel-now a happy wife, A widow soon! and then, my sister, then Think not of marriage, think no more of men:-

Life will have comforts; thou wilt much enjoy Of moderate good, then do not this destroy; thou again'-Art thou attending ?-"wed,

thy ways will growl, and anguish haunt thy bed:

r's warning on thy heart engrave: t a mistress-then be not a slave! thou again that hand in fondness

give, e of misery art thou doom'd to live! thou weep, lament, implore, complain!

thou meet derision and disdain! to heaven in doubt, and kneel to man in vain!

dst of woes to tender bosoms sentall with tenfold agony be rent; of anguish shall new years bestow, ill on thought and grief on reason grow,

th' advice I give increase the ill I show.'

marriage !- No !- by all that's dear! loud-The spirit bade me hear, vill be trial,-how I must not say, I cannot-listen, and obey !thy will-th' event I cannot see, y cannot, but thy will is free: ep not, sister-spirits can but guess, ordnin-but do not wed distress; would rashly venture on a snare?' I answer'd. - No, thou must not awear.

or I had sworn; but still the vow , was in my mind, and there is now: O never!-Why that sullen air? thou-ungenerous! - I would wed despair?

at told me thus? and then I cried, in bliss ?- but nothing he replied, my fate, for that he came to show, ight else permitted me to know. rn'd, forearm thee, and thy way pursue,

thou wilt, not flow'ry-now, adieu!' not thus, I cried, for this will seem k of sleep, a mere impressive dream; some token, that I may indeed suggestions of my doubts be freed! a token-ere the week be fled ings greet thee from the newly dead.' t, I said, with courage not my own, ome signal of thy presence shown; this visit with the rising day d be melted like a dream away. an! woman: ever anxious still the knowledge, not to curb the will! ot promised?—Child of sin, attend t a lying spirit of thy friend: thy hand!—I gave it, for my soul grawn ardent, and above control : stretch'd it forth, and felt the hold wy fingers, more than icy cold: ant vanish'd the beloved shade!

h, and wed no more; by passion led, Strange it will seem, but, ere the morning

I slept, nor felt disorder in my frame: Then came a dream-I saw my father's shade, But not with awe like that my brother's made; And he began-What! made a convert, child? Have they my favourite by their creed beguiled?

Thy brother's weakness I could well foresee, But had, my girl, more confidence in thee: Art thou, indeed, before their ark to bow? I smiled before, but I am angry now: Thee will they bind by threats, and thou

wilt shake At tales of terror that the miscreants make: Between the bigot and enthusiast led, Thou hast a world of miseries to dread: Think for thyself, nor let the knaves or fools Rob thee of reason, and prescribe thee rules.

Soon as I woke, and could my thoughts collect, What can I think, I cried, or what reject? Was it my brother? Aid me, power divine! Have I not seen him, left he not a sign? Did I not then the placid features trace That now remain-the air, the eye, the face? And then my father-but how different seem These visitations—this, indeed, a dream! Then for that token on my wrist-'tis here, And very slight to you it must appear; Here, I'll withdraw the bracelet—'tis a speck! No more! but 'tis upon my life a check .-O! lovely all, and like its sister-arm! Call this a check, dear lady? 'tis a charm-A slight, an accidental mark-no more.'-Slight as it is, it was not there before: Then was there weakness, and I bound it-Nav!

This is infringement-take those lips away! On the fourth day came letters, and I cried, Richard is dead, and named the day he died: A proof of knowledge, true! but one, alas! of pride.

The signs to me were brought, and not my lord;

But I impatient waited not the word; And much he marvell'd, reading of the night In which th' immortal spirit took its flight. Yes! I beheld my brother at my bed, The hour he died! the instant he was dead— His presence now I see! now trace him as he fled.

Ah! fly me, George, in very pity, fly; Thee I reject, but yield thee reasons why; Our fate forbids, - the counsel heaven has sent

We must adopt, or grievously repent; And I adopt - George humbly bow'd, and sigh'd,

But, lost in thought, he look'd not nor replied; Yet feebly utter'd in his sad adieu. 'I must not doubt thy truth, but perish if

thou'rt true.'

But when he thought alone, his terror gone Of the strange story, better views came on: Nay, my enfeebled heart, be not dismay'd! A boy again, am I of ghosts afraid? Does she believe it? Say she does believe, Is she not born of error and of Eve? O! there is lively hope I may the cause retrieve.

If you re-wed, exclaim'd the Ghost—For what Puts he the case, if marry she will not? He knows her fate—but what am I about? Do I believe?—'tis certain I have doubt, And so has she,—what therefore will she do? She the predicted fortune will pursue, And by th' event will judge if her strange dream was true;

The strong temptation to her thought applied Will gain new strength, and will not be denied; The very threat against the thing we love Will the vex'd spirit to resistance move; With vows to virtue weakness will begin, And fears of sinning let in thoughts of sin.

Strong in her sense of weakness, now with-

The cautious lady from the lover's view; But she perceived the looks of all were changed,—

Her kind old friends grew peevish and estranged:

A fretful spirit reign'd, and discontent From room to room in sullen silence went; And the kind widow was distress'd at heart To think that she no comfort could impart: But he will go, she said, and he will strive In fields of glorious energy to drive Love from his bosom-Yes, I then may stay, And all will thank me on a future day. So judged the lady, nor appear'd to grieve, Till the young soldier came to take his leave; But not of all assembled-No! he found His gentle sisters all in sorrow drown'd; With many a shaken hand, and many a kiss, He cried: Farewell! a solemn business this; Nay, Susan, Sophy !- heaven and earth, my dears!

I am a soldier-What do I with tears?

He sought his parents; - they together walk'd,

And of their son, his views and dangers, talk'd:

They knew not how to blame their friend, but still

They murmur'd: She may save us if she will: Were not these visions working in her mind Strange things—'tis in her nature to be kind. Their son appear'd—He sooth'd them, and was bless'd.

But still the fondness of his soul confess'd— And where the lady?—To her room retired! Now show,dear son,the courage she required. George bow'd in silence, trying for assent To his hard fate, and to his trial went:

But when he thought alone, his terror gone
Of the strange story, better views came on:
Nay, my enfeebled heart, be not dismay'd!
A boy again, am I of ghosts afraid?

Fond, but yet fix'd, he found her in her room;
Firm, and yet fearful, she beheld him come:
Nor sought he favour now—No! he would
meet his doom.

Farewell! and, Madam, I beseech you pray That this sad spirit soon may pass away; That sword or ball would to the dust restore This body, that the soul may grieve no more For love rejected—O! that I could quit The life I lothe, who am for nothing fit, No, not to die!—Unhappy, wilt thou make The house all wretched for thy passion's sake? And most its grieving object?—Grieving?—No!

Or as a conqueror mourns a dying foe, That makes his triumph sure—Couldst thou deplore

The evil done, the pain would be no more; But an accursed dream has steel'd thy breast. And all the woman in thy soul suppress'd.—
O! it was vision, George; a vision true As ever seer or holy prophet knew.—
Can spirits, lady, though they might alarm, Make an impression on that lovely arm?
A little cold the cause, a little heat,
Or vein minute, or artery's morbid beat,
Even beauty these admit.—I did behold
My brother's form.—Yes, so thy Fancy told,
When in the morning she her work survey'd,
And call'd the doubtful memory to her aid.—
Nay, think! the night he died—the very
night!—

—'Tis very true, and so perchance he might. But in thy mind — not, lady, in thy sight! Thou wert not well: forms delicately made These dreams and fancies easily invade; The mind and body feel the slow disease. And dreams are what the troubled fancy

O! but how strange that all should be combined!—

True; but such combinations we may find;
A dream's predicted number gain'd a prize,
Yet dreams make no impression on the wise,
Though some chance good, some lucky gain
may rise.—

O! but those words, that voice so truly known!

No doubt, dear lady, they were all thins own; Memory for thee thy brother's form portray'd;

It was thy fear the awful warning made: Thy former doubts of a religious kind Account for all these wanderings of the mind. But then, how different when my father came, These could not in their nature be the same!

Yes, all are dreams; but some as we awake Fly off at once, and no impression make; Others are felt, and ere they quit the brain Make such impression that they come again; As half familiar thoughts, and half unknown, And scarcely recollected as our own; For half a day abide some vulgar dreams. And give our grandams and our nurses

themes;

s, more strong, abiding figures draw the brain, and we assert: I saw; hen the fancy on the organs place verful likeness of a form and face. ore—in some strong passion's troubled

reign,
en the fever'd blood inflames the brain,
ee the outward and the inward eye
real object and the fancied spy;
ye is open, and the sense is true,
rerefore they the outward object view;
while the real sense is fix'd on these,
rower within its own creation sees;
hese, when mingled in the mind, create
striking visions which our dreamers

nowing that is true that met the sight, think the judgment of the fancy right;—

frequent talk of dreams has made me turn

aind on them, and these the facts I

ould you say. 'tis not in us to take in both ways, to sleep and be awake, ps the things by eye and mind survey'd

their quick alternate efforts made; y this mixture of the truth, the dream in the morning fresh and vivid seem as are like portraits, and we find they

please
se they are confess'd resemblances;
those strange night-mare visions we
compare

txen figures—they too real are, such a very truth, and are so just to and death, they pain us or disgust. from your mind these idle visions shake,

I! my love, to happiness awake!—

a warning, tempter! from the dead;
adding thee,I should to misery wed!?—
and injurious! What! unjust to thee?
ar the vows of Love—it cannot be;
. I forbear to bless thee—I forego
first great blessing of existence; No!
erry ghost that terror saw arise
such prediction, I should say it lies;
and there are—a mighty gulf between
the ideal world from objects seen;
naw not where unbedied spirits dwell,
his we know, they are invisible;—
have one that fain would dwell with
thee,

ways with thy purer spirit be.—
ive me, George!'—To take the field, and
die.

eve thee, Lady? Yes, I will comply; art too far above me — Ghosts withstand

pes in vain, but riches guard thy hand, am poor—affection and an heart as devoted, I but these impart: hid me go, I will thy words obey, at not visions drive thy friend away.—

. more strong, abiding figures draw 'Hear me, Oh! hear me — Shall I wed my the brain, and we assert: I saw;

I am in fondness and obedience one; And I will reverence, honour, love, adore, Be all that fondest sons can be—and more; And shall thy son, if such he be, proceed To fierce encounters, and in battle bleed? No; thou canst weep!—'O! leave me, I entreat;

Leave me a moment—we shall quickly meet.'—

No! here I kneel, a beggar at thy feet.— He said, and knelt—with accents, softer still, He woo'd the weakness of a failing will, And erring judgment — took her hand, and cried,

Withdraw it not!—O! let it thus abide, Pledge of thy love—upon thy act depend My joy, my hope,—thus they begin or end! Withdraw it not.—He saw her looks express'd Favour and grace—the hand was firmer

press'd;—
Signs of opposing fear no more were shown,
And, as he press'd, he felt it was his own.
Soon through the house was known the glad
assent,

The night so dreaded was in comfort spent; War was no more, the destined knot was tied,

And the fond widow made a fearful bride.

Let mortal frailty judge how mortals frail Thus in their strongest resolutions fail, And though we blame, our pity will prevail. Yet, with that Ghost—for so she thought in view!

When she believed that all he told was true; When every threat was to her mind recall'd, Till it became affrighten'd and appall'd; When Reason pleaded, think! forbear! refrain! And when, though trifling, stood that mystic stain.

Predictions, warnings, threats, were present all in vain.

Th' exulting youth a mighty conqueror rose, And who hereafter shall his will oppose? Such is our tale; but we must yet attend Our weak, kind widow to her journey's end; Upon her death-bed laid, confessing to a friend Her full belief, for to the hour she died This she profess'd—'The truth I must not hide,

It was my brother's form, and in the night he died:

In sorrow and in shame has pass'd my time, All I have suffer'd follow from my crime; I sinn'd with warning—when I gave my hand A power within said, urgently,—Withstand! And I resisted—O! my God, what shame, What years of torment from that frailty came; That husband-son!—I will my fault review; What did he not that men or monsters do? His day of love, a brief autumnal day, Ev'n in its dawning hasten'd to decay;

Doom'd from our odious union to behold How cold he grew, and then how worse than cold ;

Eager he sought me, eagerly to shun, Kneeling he woo'd me, but he scorn'd me, won; The tears he caused served only to provoke His wicked insult o'er the heart he broke; My fond compliance served him for a jest, And sharpen'd scorn-I ought to be distress'd; Why did I not with my chaste ghost comply! And with upbraiding scorn he told me why;— O! there was grossness in his soul; his mind Could not be raised, nor soften'd, nor refined. Twice he departed in his rage, and went I know not where, nor how his days were spent;

Twice he return'd a suppliant wretch, and craved,

Mean as profuse, the trifle I had saved. I have had wounds, and some that never heal, What bodies suffer, and what spirits feel; But he is gone who gave them, he is fled To his account! and my revenge is dead-Yet is it duty, though with shame, to give My sex a lesson-let my story live; For if no ghost the promised visit paid, Still was a deep and strong impression made, That wisdom had approved, and prudence had obey'd;

But from another world that warning came, And O! in this be ended all my shame! Like the first being of my sex I fell, Tempted, and with the tempter doom'd to dwell-

He was the master-fiend, and where he reign'd was hell.

This was her last, for she described no more The rankling feelings of a mind so sore, But died in peace .- One moral let us draw-Be it a ghost or not the lady saw-If our discretion tells us how to live, We need no ghost an helping hand to give; But if discretion cannot us restrain, It then appears a ghost would come in vain.

#### BOOK XVII.

#### THE WIDOW.

RICHARD one morning-it was custom now-Walk'd and conversed with labourers at the plough,

With thrashers hastening to their daily task, With woodmen resting o'er the enlivening flask,

And with the shepherd, watchful of his fold Beneath the hill, and pacing in the cold: And take a path wherever it might lead.

It led him far about to Wickham Green, Where stood the mansion of the village-

queen; Her garden yet its wintry blossoms hore. And roses graced the windows and the door-That lasting kind, that through the varying

Or in the bud or in the bloom appear; All flowers that now the gloomy days adorn Rose on the view, and smiled upon that morn: Richard a damsel at the window spied, Who kindly drew a uscless veil aside, And show'd a lady who was sitting by, So pensive, that he almost heard her sigh: Full many years she could, no question, tell, But in her mourning look'd extremely well.

In truth, said Richard, when he told at night His tale to George, it was a pleasant sight; She look'd like one who could, in tender tone, Say, 'Will you let a lady sigh alone? See! Time has tough'd me gently in his race, And left no odious furrows in my face; See, too, this house and garden, neat and trim. Kept for its master-Will you stand for him? Say this is vain and foolish if you please, But I believe her thoughts resembled these: Come! said her looks, and we will kindly take The visit kindness prompted you to make. And I was sorry that so much good play Of eye and attitude were thrown away On one who has his lot, on one who had his

Your pity, brother, -George, with smile. replied,-

You may dismiss, and with it send your pride: No need of pity, when the gentle dame

Has thrice resign'd and reassumed her name; And be not proud-for, though it might be thine.

She would that hand to humbler men resign-Young she is not,—it would be passing strange

If a young beauty thrice her name should change:

Yes! she has years beyond your reckoning seen-

Smiles and a window years and wrinkles

Butshe, in fact, has that which may command The warm admirer and the willing hand: What is her fortune we are left to guess, But good the sign-she does not much profess; Poor she is not,-and there is that in her That easy men to strength of mind prefer; She may be made, with little care and skill, Yielding her own, t'adopt an husband's will: Women there are, who, if a man will take The helm and steer-will no resistance make: Who, if neglected, will the power assume Further afield he sometimes would proceed. And then what wonder if the shipwreck come ?

e the power to these domestic queens; if he rightly trains, he may create ke obedient members of his state.

at school was very much the same r misses, and so home she came, her ladies, there to live and learn, t her weason, and to take her turn. usbands maids as priests their livings gain,

st, they find, are bardest to obtain ; se that offer both awhile debatenot take it, it is not so late; will come if we will longer stay, ive to put ourselves in fortune's way:' as they wait, till many years are past, at comes slowly-but it comes at last. was wedded, - but it must be said, w'd obedience was not duly paid: ras an easy man,—it gave him pain ir a lady murmur and complain: a merchant, whom his father made the gains of a successful trade: ore pleasant, or a view more fair, doch fallen to a youthful pair. nat is faultless in a world like this? y station something seems amiss: dy, married, found the house too

smallhabby parlours, and that ugly hall! a cottage somewhere, and could meet

friends and favourites in one's snug retreat:

join a single room to these, ld be living something at our ease, we one's self, at home, the comfort that one secs.'

owers of reason, and of mind such strength,

with man's fear, and they prevail'd at length: um was built,-and Harriet did not

know

tier dwelling, either high or low; erriet loved such conquests, loved to plead

er reluctant man, and to succeed; such pleasure to prevail o'er one rould oppose the thing that still was done.

ever gain'd the race, but yet would groan and run.

ere were times when love and pity

ver thoughtless vanity could crave: w the carriage chose with freshest name.

in quite a fever till it came; n a carriage be alone enjoy'd? easure not partaken is destroy'd; have some good creature to attend ming-visits as a kind of friend."

they will be if man allow the means, A courteous maiden then was found to sit Beside the lady, for her purpose fit, Who had been train'd in all the soothing ways And servile duties from her early days: One who had never from her childhood known A wish fulfill'd, a purpose of her own: Her part it was to sit beside the dame. And give relief in every want that came: To soothe the pride, to watch the varying look.

> And bow in silence to the dumb rebuke. This supple being strove with all her skill To draw her master's to her lady's will; For they were like the magnet and the steel, At times so distant that they could not feel; Then would she gently move them, till she saw That to each other they began to draw; And then would leave them, sure on her return In Harriet's joy her conquest to discern. She was a mother now, and grieved to find The nursery-window caught the castern wind; What could she do with fears like these

> oppress'd?
> She built a room all window'd to the west; For sure in one so dull, so bleak, so old, She and her children must expire with cold: Meantime the husband murmur'd - 'So he might;

She would be judged by Cousins - Was it right?'

Water was near them, and her mind afloat, The lady saw a cottage and a boat, And thought what sweet excursions they might make,

How they might sail, what neighbours they might take,

And nicely would she deck the lodge upon the lake.

She now prevail'd by habit; had her will, And found her patient husband sad and still: Yet this displeased; she gain'd, indeed, the prize.

But not the pleasure of her victories; Was she a child to be indulged? He knew She would have right, but would have reason

Now came the time, when in her husband's face

Care, and concern, and caution she could trace; His troubled features gloom and sadness bore, Less he resisted, but he suffer'd more : His nerves were shook like hers; in him her

grief Had much of sympathy, but no relief. She could no longer read, and therefore kept A girl to give her stories while she wept; Better for Lady Julia's woes to cry, Than have her own for ever in her eye: Her husband grieved, and o'er his spirits

came Gloom; and disease attack'd his slender frame, He felt a lothing for the wretched state Of his concerns, so sad, so complicate; Grief and confusion seized him in the day. And the night pass'd in agony away:

My ruin comes! was his awakening thought,
And vainly through the day was comfort
sought;
All in his view was not so sunk and lost,
But of a trial things would pay the cost
He judged the widow, and he saw the wi

There, take my all! he said, and in his dream Heard the door bolted, and his children scream.

And he was right, for not a day arose That he exclaim'd not: Will it never close? Would it were come!—but still he shifted on, Till health, and hope, and life's fair views

were gone.
Fretful herself, he of his wife in vain
For comfort sought—He would be well again;
Time would disorders of such nature heal!
O! if he felt what she was doom'd to feel,
Such sleepless nights! such broken rest! her
frame

Rack'd with diseases that she could not name! With pangs like hers no other was oppress'd! Weeping, she said, and sigh'd herself to rest. The suffering husband look'd the world around.

And saw no friend: on him misfortune frown'd; Him self-reproach tormented; sorely tried, By threats he mourn'd, and by disease he died.

As weak as wailing infancy or age, How could the widow with the world engage? Fortune not now the means of comfort gave, Yet all her comforts Harriet wept to have. My helpless babes, she said, will nothing know.

Yet not a single lesson would bestow; Her debts would overwhelm her that was

But one privation would she not endure; We shall want bread! the thing is past a

Then part with Cousins !- Can I do without?-

Dismiss your servants!—Spare me them, I pray!—
At least your carriage!—What will people

At least your carriage! — What will people say?—
That useless boat, that folly on the lake!—

That useless boat, that folly on the lake!— O! but what cry and scandal will it make? It was so hard on her, who not a thing Had done such mischief on their heads to bring;

This was her comfort, this she would declare, And then slept soundly on her pillow'd chair: When not asleep, how restless was the soul Above advice, exempted from control; For ever begging all to be sincere, And never willing any truth to hear; A yellow paleness o'er her visage spread, Her fears augmented as her comforts fled; Views dark and dismal to her mind appear'd, And death she sometimes woo'd, and always fear'd.

Among the clerks there was a thoughtful one, Who still believed that something might be

All in his view was not so sunk and lost, But of a trial things would pay the reost: He judged the widow, and he saw the way In which her husband suffer'd her to stray; He saw entangled and perplex'd affuirs, And Time's sure hand at work on their re-

Children he saw, but nothing could he see Why he might not their careful father be; And looking keenly round him, he believed That what was lost might quickly be re-

Now thought our clerk-I must not mention

love.

That she at least must seem to disapprove;
But I must fear of poverty enforce,
And then consent will be a thing of course.

Madam! said he, with sorrow I relate;
That our affairs are in a dreadful state;
I call'd on all our friends, and they declared
They dared not meddle—not a creature dared;
But still our perseverance chance may aid,
And though I'm puzzled, I am not afraid;
If you, dear lady, will attention give
To me, the credit of the house shall live;
Do not, I pray you, my proposal blame.
It is my wish to guard your husband's fame,
And case your trouble; then your cares

To my discretion—and, in short, be mine.— Yours! O! my stars!—Your goodness, sir, deserves

My grateful thanks-take pity on my nerves; I shake and tremble at a thing so new, And fear 'tis what a lady should not do; And then to marry upon Ruin's brink Inall this hurry—What will people think?— Nay, there's against us neither rule nor law. And people's thinking is not worth a straw; Those who are prudent have too much to do With their own cares to think of me and you; And those who are not are so poor a race, That what they utter can be no disgrace: Come! let us now embark, when time and tide Invite to sea, in happy hour decide; If yet we linger, both are sure to fail, The turning waters and the varying gale; Trust me, our vessel shall be ably steer'd. Nor will I quit her, till the rocks are clear'd.

Allured and frighten'd, soften'd and afraid,
The widow doubted, ponder'd, and obey'd:
So were they wedded, and the careful man
His reformation instantly began;
Began his state with vigour to reform.
And made a calm by laughing at the storm.
Th' attendant-maiden he dismiss'd—for why?
She might on him and love like his rely;
She needed none to form her children's mind.
That duty nature to her care assign'd;
In vain she mourn'd, it was her health he
prized,

And hence enforced the measures he advised: She wanted air; and walking, she was told. Was safe, was pleasant!—he the carriage sold; nd a tenant who agreed to take at and cottage on the useless lake; use itself had now superfluous room, rich lodger was induced to come. dy wonder'd at the sudden change, t was pleasant, that was very strange; every deed by her desire was done, d no day of comfort-no, not one; nothing moved or stopp'd at her request.

art had comfort, and her temper rest; was done with kindness, - most polite r new lord, and she confess'd it right; w she found that she could gaily live t the chance of common life could give: r sick mind was cured of every ill, ing no compliance with her will; en she saw that her desires were vain, sely thought it foolish to complain. or her man, she gave a gentle sigh lost power, and grieved not to comply; without, the face of things improved, in order and subjection moved. oth increased, ambition now began ell the soul of the aspiring man; e few years he thought to purchase land.

ild a seat that Hope and Fancy plann'd; a name his youthful bride should give! t, of course, not many years would live; se would farm, and every soil should

show e that best upon the place would grow : uld, moreover, on the Bench debate dry questions - when a magistrate; talk of all that to the state belongs, h man's duties, and the poor man's

wrongs; ald with favourites of the people rank, m the weak and the oppress'd should thank.

e these children, orphans then! would need

a world of trouble to succeed! y should have it - He should then possess

t man needs for earthly happiness.

words, and vain! said Doctor Young; and proud e; and vain, were by our clerk allow'd;

hile he dream'd, there came both pain and cough.

er never tamed, and bore him off; as he was, and planning schemes to live sore delight than man's success can

g a mansion in his fancy vast. the Gothic pride of ages past! this was plann'd, but ere a place was sought.

ber season'd, or the quarry wrought, eath's dread summons, and the man

But he had time for thought when he was ill, And made his lady an indulgent will: 'Tis said he gave, in parting, his advice: It is sufficient to be married twice; To which she answer'd, as 'tis said, again, There's none will have you if you're poor and plain,

And if you're rich and handsome there is none Will take refusal-let the point alone.

Be this or true or false, it is her praise She mourn'd correctly all the mourning-days: But grieve she did not, for the canker grief Soils the complexion, and is beauty's thief; Nothing, indeed, so much will discompose Our public mourning as our private woes; When tender thoughts a widow's bosom probe.

She thinks not then how graceful sits the robe;

But our nice widow look'd to every fold, And every eye its beauty might behold! It was becoming; she composed her face, She look'd screnely, and she mourn'd with

Some months were pass'd, but yet there wanted three

Of the full time when widows wives may be; One trying year, and then the mind is freed, And man may to the vacant throne succeed.

There was a tenant-he, to wit, who hired That cot and lake, that were so much admired; A man of spirit, one who doubtless meant, Though he delay'd awhile, to pay his rent; The widow's riches gave her much delight, And some her claims, and she resolved to write.

He knew her grievous loss, how every care Devolved on her, who had indeed her share; She had no doubt of him, - but was as sure As that she breathed her money was secure; But she had made a rash and idle vow To claim her dues, and she must keep it now: So, if it suited—' And for this there came A civil answer to the gentle dame : Within the letter were excuses, thanks, And clean Bank-paper from the best of banks; There were condolence, consolation, praise, With some slight hints of danger in delays; With these good things were others from the lake,

Perch that were wish'd to salmon for her sake,

And compliment as sweet as new-born hope could make.

This led to friendly visits, social calls, And much discourse of races, rambles, balls; But all in proper bounds, and not a word Before its time, - the man was not absurd, Nor was he cold; but when she might expect A letter came, and one to this effect: That if his eyes had not his love convey'd, poor house the simple sexton made. They had their master shamefully betray'd;

Norshe could doubt, would long as life endure: Both were in widow'd state, and both possess'd

Of ample means to make their union bless'd; That she had been confined he knew for truth, And begg'd her to have pity on her youth; Youth, he would say, and he desired his wife To have the comforts of an easy life: She loved a carriage, loved a decent seat To which they might at certain times retreat; Servants indeed were sorrows, - yet a few They still must add, and do as others do: She too would some attendant damsel need, To hear, to speak, to travel, or to read: In short, the man his remedies assign'd For his foreknown diseases in the mind :-First, he presumed, that in a nervous case Nothing was better than a change of place: He added, too, 'twas well that he could prove That his was pure, disinterested love; Not as when lawyers couple house and land In such a way as none can understand; No! thanks to Him that every good supplied, He had enough, and wanted nought beside! Merit was all .- Well! now, she would protest, This was a letter prettily express'd. To every female friend away she flew To ask advice, and say: What shall I do? She kiss'd her children,-and she said, with tears.

I wonder what is best for you, my dears? How can 1, darlings, to your good attend Without the help of some experienced friend. Who will protect us all, or, injured will defend?

The widow then ask'd counsel of her heart, In vain, for that had nothing to impart; But yet with that, or something for her guide, She to her swain thus guardedly replied : She must believe he was sincere, for why Should one who needed nothing deign to lie? But though she could and did his truth admit, She could not praise him for his taste a bit; And yet men's tastes were various, she confess'd,

And none could prove his own to be the best ; It was a vast concern, including all That we can happiness or comfort call; And yet she found that those who waited long Before their choice, had often chosen wrong; Nothing, indeed, could for her loss atone. But 'twas the greater that she lived alone; She, too, had means, and therefore what

Of more, that still more trouble would produce ?

the use

And pleasure too she own'd, as well as care, Of which, at present, she had not her share. The things he offered, she must needs confess, They were all women's wishes; more or less; But were expensive; though a man of sense Would by his prudence lighten the expense : Prudent he was, but made a sad mistake When he proposed her faded face to take;

But she must know the flame, that he was | And yet 'tis said there's beauty that will last When the rose withers and the bloom be past. One thing displeased her, - that he could suppose

> He might so soon his purposes disclose; Yet had she hints of such intent before, And would excuse him if he wrote no more: What would the world ?- and yet she judged them foels

> Who let the world's suggestions be their rules;

> What would her friends? - Yet in her own affairs

> It was her business to decide, not theirs: Adieu! then, sir, she added: thus you find The changeless purpose of a steady mind, In one now left alone, but to her fate resign'd.

> The marriage follow'd; and th' experienced dame

Consider'd what the conduct that became A thrice-devoted lady-She confess'd That when indulged she was but more distress'd;

And by her second husband when controll'd, Her life was pleasant, though her love was cold ;

Then let me yield, she said, and with a sigh. Let me to wrong submit, with right comply. Alas! obedience may mistake, and they Who reason not will err when they obey; And fated was the gentle dame to find Her duty wrong, and her obedience blind.

The man was kind, but would have no dispute, His love and kindness both were absolute: She needed not her wishes to express To one who urged her on to happiness; For this he took her to the lakes and seas, To mines and mountains, nor allow'd her case, She must be pleased, he said, and he must live to please.

He hurried north and south, and east and west.

When age required they would have time to rest:

He in the richest dress her form array'd. And cared not what he promised, what he paid; She should share all his pleasures as her own, And see whatever could be sought or shown. This run of pleasure for a time she bore, And then affirm'd that she could taste m more;

She loved it while its nature it retain'd, But made a duty, it displeased and pain'd Have we not means? the joyous husband cried;

But I am wearied out, the wife replied-Wearied with pleasure! Thing till now noheard-

Are all that sweeten trouble to be fear'd? 'Tis but the sameness tires you .- cross the sens,

And let us taste the world's varieties.

aid, in Paris that a man may live the luxuries a world can give, n a space confined to narrow bound e enjoyments of our life are found; we may eat and drink, may dance and dress.

n its very essence joy possess; see a moving crowd of lovely dames, in a fortune at your favourite games; car the sounds that ravish human sense, Il without receding foot from thence. onquer'd wife, resistless and afraid, e strong call a sad obedience paid.

one, now loth'd, torment him till

he cats, on the authors of his new distress trembling with disgusted weariness, trriet felt, so look'd, and seem'd to say, r a day of rest, an holiday gth her courage rising with her fear, aid: Our pleasures may be bought too dear

is he answer'd : Dearest! from thy heart very fear of evil times depart; trusted in the trying hour good stars, and felt the ruling power;

want drew nigh, his threat'ning speed

was stopp'd, virgin-aunt, some childless uncle dropp'd;

his threats I sought expedients new, y last, best resource was found in you. and sad the wife beheld her doom, t her down to see the ruin come; eet the ills that rise where money fails, threats and duns, bills, bailiffs, writs and jails.

was she spared; ere yet by want oppress'd.

one more fierce than bailiff in arrest; a scene where Pleasure never came, h never ceased the mention of his name, husband's heated blood received the

ing disease, that bore him to his death, II collected, - whether great or small um, I know not, but collected all; idow'd lady to her cot retired, here she lives delighted and admired: to all, compliant and polite. ears the widow's weeds, she gives the

me awhile, she in the autumn finds an object for reflecting minds, ange for tender spirits; there she reads, ceps in comfort in her graceful weeds.

widow's mite.

gives our tale its moral? Here we find rives like this are not for rule design'd,

Nor yet for blind submission; happy they, Who while they feel it pleasant to obey, Have yet a kind companion at their side Who in their journey will his power divide, Or yield the reins, and bid the lady guide; Then points the wonders of the way, and makes

The duty pleasant that she undertakes; He shows her objects as they move along, And gently rules the movements that are wrong:

He tells her all the skilful driver's art, And smiles to see how well she acts her part; Nor praise denies to courage or to skill, In using power that he resumes at will.

# BOOK XVIII. ELLEN.

BLEAK was the morn-said Richard, with a sigh,

I must depart !- That, Brother, I deny, Said George-You may; but I perceive not why.

This point before had been discuss'd, but still The guest submitted to the ruling will; . But every day gave rise to doubt and fear,-He heard not now, as he was wont to hear, That all was well!-though little was express'd,

It seem'd to him the writer was distress'd; Restrain'd! there was attempt and strife to please.

Pains and endeavour-not Matilda's ease ;-Not the pure lines of love! the guileless friend In all her freedom-What could this portend? Fancy! said George, the self-termenter's pain-

And Richard still consented to remain.

Ride you this fair cool morning? said the Sauire:

Do-for a purchase I have made inquire, And with you take a will complacently d'admire:

Southward at first, dear Richard, make your

Cross Hilton - Bridge , move on through Breken-Clay,

At Dunham-Wood turn duly to the east, And there your eyes upon the ocean feast; Then ride above the cliff, or ride below, You'll be enraptured, for your taste I know; It is a prospect that a man might stay To his bride hastening on his wedding-day; At Tilburn-Sluice once more ascend, and view

A decent house; an ample garden too, And planted well behind - a lively scene, and new;

A little taste, a little pomp display'd, By a dull man, who had retired from trade To enjoy his leisure—Here he came prepared To farm, nor cost in preparation spared; But many works he purchased, some he read, And often rose with projects in his head, Of crops in courses raised, of herds by matching bred.

We had just found these little humours out, Just saw—he saw not—what he was about; Just met as neighbours, still disposed to meet, Just learn'd the current tales of Dowling— Street,

And were just thinking of our female friends, Saying—You know not what the man intends, A rich, kind, hearty—and it might be true Something he wish'd, but had not time to do; A cold ere yet the falling leaf! of small Effect till then, was fatal in the fall;—And of that house was his possession brief—Go; and guard well against the falling leaf. But hear me, Richard, looking to my ease, Try if you can find something that will please; Faults if you see, and such as must abide, Say they are small, or say that I can hide; But faults that I can change, remove, or mend.

These like a foe detect—or like a friend.

Mark well the rooms, and their proportions
learn.

In each some use, some elegance discern; Observe the garden, its productive wall, And find a something to commend in all; Then should you praise them in a knowing

I'll take it kindly—that is well—be gay. Nor pass the pebbled cottage as you rise Above the sluice, till you have fix'd your eyes On the low woodbined window, and have seen, So fortune favour you, the ghost within; Take but one look, and then your way pursue, It flice all strangers, and it knows not you.

Richard return'd, and by his Brother stood, Not in a pensive, not in pleasant mood; But by strong feeling into stillness wrought, As nothing thinking, or with too much thought;

Or like a man who means indeed to speak, But would his hearer should his purpose seek.

When George-What is it, Brother, you would hide?

Or what confess?—Who is she? he replied, That angel whom I saw, to whom is she allied?

Of this fair being let me understand, And I will praise your purchase, house and land.

Hers was that cottage on the rising ground, West of the waves, and just beyond their sound;

'Tis larger than the rest, and whence, indeed,
You might expect a lady to proceed;

You might expect a lady to proceed; But oh! this creature, far as I could trace, Will soon be carried to another place. Fair, fragile thing! I said, when first my eye Caught hers, wilt thou expand thy wings and fly?

Or wilt thou vanish? beauteous spirit, stay!-

For will it not (I question'd) melt away? No! it was mortal—I unseen was near, And saw the bosom's sigh, the standing tear! She thought profoundly, for I stay'd to look,

And first she read, then laid aside her book;
Then on her hand reclined her lovely head,
And seem'd unconscious of the tear she shed.
Art thou so much, I said, to grief a prey?
Till pity pain'd me, and I rode away.
Tell me, my Brother, is that sorrow dread
For the great change that bears her to the
dead?

Has she connexions? does she love?-I feel Pity and grief, wilt thou her woes reveal?

They are not lasting, Richard, they are wors Chastised and meek! she sings them to repose:

If not, she reasons; if they still remain, She finds resource, that none shall find in vain. Whether disease first grew upon regret, Or nature gave it, is uncertain yet, And must remain; the frame was slightly made.

That grief assail'd, and all is now decay'd! But though so willing from the world to part, I must not call her case a broken heart; Nor dare I take upon me to maintain That hearts once broken never heal again.

She was an only daughter, one whose sire Loved not that girls to knowledge should aspire;

But he had sons, and Ellen quickly caught Whatever they were by their masters taught; This, when the father saw—It is the turn Of her strange mind, said he, but let her learn;

'Tis almost pity with that shape and face— But is a fashion, and brings no disgrace; Women of old wrote verse, or for the stage Brought forth their works! they now are reasoners sage,

And with severe pursuits dare grapple and

If such her mind, I shall in vain oppose, If not, her labours of themselves will close.

Ellen, 'twas found, had skill without pretence. And silenced envy by her meek good sense; proved; ords and tender looks, that Ellen loved; who taught her brothers found in her tant, ready, eager auditor; e perceived, nor could his joy disguise, d his voice, it sparkled in his eyes. ry young, nor very handsome he, ry fit an Abelard to be; nner and his meekness hush'd alarm but Ellen-Ellen felt the charm; as fond 'filial love,' she found delight e her mind's dear father in her sight; on the borrow'd notion she resign'd! no father-even to the mind. en had her comforts-He will speak, d, for he beholds me fond and weak; and he therefore may securely plead,-I have therefore of his firmness need ; shom my father will his Ellen trust,

too well the conscious lover knew trent's mind, and well the daughter's too;

e he knows him to be kind and just.

t of duty the imperious call,
his danger, and must fly or fall,
would the parent, what his pupils
think?

was standing on perdition's brink: dilemma flight alone remain'd, ald he fly whose very soul was chain'd? w she loved; she tried not to conceal a she thought that virtue's self might feel.

f her and her frank heart afraid, ing himself, he sought in absence aid, id resolved on flight, but still the act delay'd;

so high his apprehension rose, e would both his love and labour close, undisclosed my fear each instant grows.

lament the guilt that no one knows, sundoes me, and the view that cheers ter men, all dark to me appears!' is he thought, his Ellen at his side athing softness to his grief applied; tike effect as water cast on flame, more heated and confused became, role in sorrow from the wondering

maid,
was at once offended and afraid;
to not go!' she cried, and was awhile
obey'd.

ou then ill, dear friend? she ask'd, and took

saive hand—How very pale thy look!
iou art cold, and tremblest—pray thee
tell

riend, thy Ellen, is her master well?
t her with her loving care attend
that vexes and disturbs her friend.—
my dear lady! we have all our cares,
am troubled with my poor affairs:

Thou canst not aid me, Ellen; could it be And might it, doubtless, I would fly to thee; who taught her brothers found in her tant, ready, eager auditor; e perceived, nor could his joy disguise, d his voice, it sparkled in his eyes. ry young, nor very handsome he, ry fit an Abelard to be; And as she sigh'd she heard the soft responsive sigh.

And then assuming steadiness, Adicu! He cried, and from the grieving Ellen flew; And to her father with a bleeding heart He went, his grief and purpose to impart; Told of his health, and did in part confess That he should love the noble maiden less. The parent's pride to sudden rage gave way—And the girl loves! that plainly you would

say—
And you with honour, in your pride, retire!
Sir, I your prudence envy and admire.—
But here the father saw the rising frown,
And quickly let his lofty spirit down.

Forgive a parent!—I may well excuse
A girl who could perceive such worth and

To make it hers; we must not look to meet All'we might wish;—Is age itself discreet? Where conquest may not be, 'tis prudence to retreat.—

Then with the kindness worldly minds

He praised the self-pronounced and rigorous doom;

He wonder'd not that one so young should love,

And much he wish'd he could the choice approve;

Much he lamented such a mind to lose, And begg'd to learn if he could aid his views,

If such were form'd-then closed the short account,

And to a shilling paid the full amount. So Cecil left the mansion, and so flew To foreign shores, without an interview; He must not say, I love—he could not say, Adieu!

Long was he absent; as a guide to youth, With grief contending, and in search of truth,

In courting peace, and trying to forget What was so deeply interesting yet. A friend in England gave him all the news, A sad indulgence that he would not lose; He told how Ellen suffer'd, how they sent The maid from home in sullen discontent, With some relation on the Lakes to live, In all the sorrow such retirements give; And there she roved among the rocks, and took

Moss from the stone, and pebbles from the brook;

Gazed on the flies that settled on the flowers, And so consumed her melancholy hours. Again he wrote—The father then was dead, And Ellen to her native village fled,

With native feeling—there she oped her door, Her heart, her purse, and comforted the poor,

The sick, the sad,—and there she pass'd her days,

Deserving much, but never seeking praise, Her task to guide herself, her joy the fallen to raise.

Nor would she nicely faults and merits weigh,

But loved the impulse of her soul t' obey; The prayers of all she heard, their sufferings view'd,

Nor turn'd from any, save when Love pursued;

For though to love disposed, to kindness prone,

She thought of Cecil, and she lived alone.

Thus heard the lover of the life she past Till his return,—and he return'd at last; For he had saved, and was a richer man Than when to teach and study he began; Something his father left, and he could fly To the loved country where he wish'd to die. And now, he said, this maid with gentle mind May I not hope to meet, as good, as kind, As in the days when first her friend she knew And then could trust—and he indeed is true? She knew my motives, and she must approve The man who dared to sacrifice his love And fondest hopes to virtue: virtuous she, Nor can resent that sacrifice in me.

He reason'd thus, but fear'd, and sought the friend

In his own country, where his doubts must end;

They then together to her dwelling came, And by a servant sent her lover's name, A modest youth, whom she before had known.

His favourite then, and doubtless then her own.

They in the carriage heard the servants speak

At Ellen's door—'A maid so heavenly meek, Who would all pain extinguish! Yet will she Pronounce my doom, I feel the certainty!'— Courage! the friend exclaim'd, the lover's fear

Grows without ground; but Cecil would not hear:

He seem'd some dreadful object to explore, And fix'd his fearful eye upon the door, Intensely longing for reply—the thing That must to him his future fortune bring; And now it brought! like Death's cold hand

The lady was a stranger to the name!

Backward the lover in the carriage fell, Weak, but not fainting—All, said he, is well! Return with me—I have no more to seek! And this was all the world man would speak. Quickly he settled all his worldly views, And sail'd from home, his fiercer pains to lose And nurse the milder—now with labour less He might his solitary world possess, And taste the bitter-sweet of love in idleness.

Greece was the land he chose; a mind decay'd And ruin'd there through glorious ruin stray'd,

There read, and walk'd, and mused,—there loved, and wept, and pray'd. Nor would he write, nor suffer hope to live, But gave to study all his mind could give; Till, with the dead conversing, he began To lose the habits of a living man.

Save that he saw some wretched, them he tried

To soothe,—some doubtful, them he strove to guide; Nor did he lose the mind's ennobling joy

Nor did he lose the mind's ennobling joy Of that new state that death must not destroy; What Time had done we know not,—Death was nigh,

To his first hopes the lover gave a sigh.
But hopes more new and strong confirm'd
his wish to die.

Meantime poor Ellen in her cottage thought That he would seek her—sure she should be sought;

She did not mean—It was an evil hour, Her thoughts were guardless, and beyond her power;

And for one speech, and that in rashness made!

Have I no friend to soothe him and persuade? He must not leave me—He again will come, And we shall have one hope, one heart, one home!

But when she heard that he on foreign ground

Sought his lost peace, hers never more was found;

But still she felt a varying hope that love Would all these slight impediments remove; Has he no friend to tell him that our pride Resents a moment and is satisfied? Soon as the hasty sacrifice is made,

A look will soothe us, and a tear persuade; Have I no friend to say 'Return again, Reveal your wishes, and relieve her pain?

With suffering mind the maid her prosper view'd,

That hourly varied with the varying most As past the day, the week, the month, the year. The faint hope sicken'd, and gave place to fear.

len cried, why cherish this disgust? Ellen's voice could charm thee once, but thou

nothing see or hear of Ellen now!

he was right; the grave on him was closed. ere the lover and the friend reposed. ews soon reach'd her, and she then

replied own manner-I am satisfied!

a lover's legacy is paid, rling wealth of the devoted maid; his her best and favourite books she buys,

this are doled the favourite charities; hen a tale or face affects her heart, s the fund that must relief impart.

save the ten last years of Ellen been! ry last that sunken eye has seen! all angelic being still must fade the angel in the mind be made;w the closing scene will shortly comeanot visit sorrow at her home; ill she feeds the hungry, still prepares mal softeners of the peasant's cares, ough she prays not with the dying now.

iches them to die, and shows them how.

my tale, dear Richard, but that told all comments on the text withhold ; s the sin of grief I cannot tell, the sinners who have loved too well; the cause of mercy I incline, my Brother, what a fate is mine!

# BOOK XIX. ILLIAM BAILEY.

tters Richard in a morning read et and domestic comforts led; orge, who thought the world could not supply

t so pure, reflected with a sigh; ould pursue the subject, half in play, rnest, till the sadness were away. oke of Passion's errors, Love's disease, na, afflictions, wrongs, and jealousies; d's vile commandment—that his wife live no more, when he no more had life;

il came!—Come, peevish and unjust! He could not bear that royal Herod's spouse Should, as a widow, make her second vows; Or that a mortal with his queen should wed, Or be the rival of the mighty dead. Herods, said Richard, doubtless may be found,

But haply do not in the world abound; Ladies, indeed, a dreadful lot would have, If jealousy could act beyond the grave: No doubt Othellos every place supply, Though every Desdemona does not die; But there are lovers in the world, who live Slaves to the sex, and every fault forgive.

I know, said George, a happy man and kind, Who finds his wife is all he wish'd to find, A mild, good man, who, if he nothing sees, Will suffer nothing to disturb his case; Who, ever yielding both to smiles and sighs, Admits no story that a wife denies, She guides his mind, and she directs his eyes. Richard, there dwells within a mile a pair Of good examples,-I will guide you there: Such man is William Bailey,-but his spouse Is virtue's self since she had made her vows: I speak of ancient stories, long worn out, That honest William would not talk about; But he will sometimes check her starting tear, And call her self-correction too severe. In their own inn the gentle pair are placed, Where you behold the marks of William's taste:

They dwell in plenty, in respect, and peace, Landlord and lady of the Golden Fleece: Public indeed their calling,-but there come No brawl, no revel to that decent room; All there is still, and comely to behold, Mild as the fleece, and pleasant as the gold; But mild and pleasant as they now appear, They first experienced many a troubled year; And that, if known, might not command

our praise, Like the smooth tenor of their present days.

Our hostess, now so grave and steady grown, Has had some awkward trials of her own: She was not always so resign'd and meek, Yet can I little of her failings speak; Those she herself will her misfortunes deem, And slides discreetly from the dubious theme; But you shall hear the tale that I will tell, When we have seen the mansion where they

They saw the mansion, -and the couple made Obeisance due, and not without parade: His Honour, still obliging, took delight To make them pleasant in each other's sight; It was their duty-they were very sure It was their pleasure. - This they could endure,

Nor turn'd impatient-In the room around Were care and neatness: instruments were For sacred music, books with prints and | But if that taste admitted some dispute, notes

By learned men and good, whom William quotes

In mode familiar-Beveridge, Dodderidge, Hall,

Pyle, Whitby, Hammond-he refers to all. Next they beheld his garden, fruitful, nice, And, as he said, his little paradise.

In man and wife appear'd some signs of pride, Which they perceived not, or they would not hide,-

Their honest saving, their good name, their skill,

His Honour's land, which they had grace to till;

And more his favour shown, with all their friends' good will.

This past, the visit was with kindness closed, And George was ask'd to do as he proposed. Richard, said he, though I myself explore With no distaste the annals of the poor, And may with safety to a brother show What of my humble friends I chance to know,

Richard, there are who call the subjects low. The host and hostess of the Fleece-'tis hase.

Would I could cast some glory round the place!

The lively heroine once adorn'd a farm,-And William's virtue has a kind of charm: Nor shall we, in our apprehension, need Riches or rank-I think I may proceed: Virtue and worth there are who will not see In humble dress, but low they cannot be.

The youth's addresses pleased his favourite maid.-

They wish'd for union, but were both afraid; They saw the wedded poor,—and fear the bliss delay'd:

Yet they appear'd a happier lass and swain Than those who will not reason or refrain. William was honest, simple, gentle, kind, Laborious, studious, and to thrift inclined; More neat than youthful peasant in his dress.

And yet so careful, that it cost him less: He kept from inns, though doom'd an inn

to keep, And all his pleasures and pursuits were cheap:

Yet would the youth perform a generous deed.

When reason saw or pity felt the need; He of his labour and his skill would lend, Nay, of his money, to a suffering friend. William had manual arts,-his room was graced

With carving quaint, that spoke the Advice in bints he to the fault applied, master's taste;

He charm'd the nymphs with flageolet and flute.

Constant at church, and there a little proud. He sang with boldness, and he read aloud; Self-taught to write, he his example took And form'd his letters from a printed book.

I've heard of ladies who profess'd to see In a man's writing what his mind must be; As Doctor Spurzheim's pupils, when they look

Upon a skull, will read it as a book-Our talents, tendencies, and likings trace, And find for all the measure and the place: Strange times! when thus we are completely read

By man or woman, by the hand or head! Believe who can,-but William's even mind All who beheld might in his writing find; His not the scratches where we try in vain Meanings and words to construe or explain.

But with our village-hero to proceed,-He read as learned clerks are wont to read; Solemn he was in tone, and slow in pace, By nature gifted both with strength and

Black parted locks his polish'd forehead press'd;

His placid looks an easy mind confess'd; His smile content, and seldom more, convey'd; Not like the smile of fair illusive maid. When what she feels is hid, and what she wills betray'd.

The lighter damsels call'd his manner prim, And laugh'd at virtue so array'd in him; But they were wanton, as he well replied, And hoped their own would not be strongly tried:

Yet was he full of glee, and had his strokes Of rustic wit, his repartees and joken; Nor was averse, ere yet he pledged his

To stray with damsels in the shady grove; When he would tell them, as they walk'd along.

How the birds sang, and imitate their song: In fact, our rustic had his proper taste, Was with peculiar arts and manners graced-And Absolon had been, had Absolon been chaste.

Frances, like William, felt her heart incline To neat attire-but Frances would be fine: Though small the farm, the farmer's daughter knew

Her rank in life, and she would have it too: This, and this only, gave the lover pain, He thought it needless, and he judged it vain:

And talk'd of sin, of vanity, and pride.

hat is proud, said Frances, but to stand ag at church, and sawing thus your hand?

ng at heaven above, as if to bring oly angels down to hear you sing? hen you write, you try with all your skill,

ry, no wonder that you wrote so ill!
nu were ever to yourself a rule,
ambly add, you never were at school—
t not proud?—And I have heard beside,
broudest creatures have the humblest
pride:

had read the volumes I have hired, see your fault, nor try to be admired; sey who read such books can always tell

ault within, and read the mind as well.

Im had heard of hiring books before,
we she read, and he inquired no more;
in the subject was completely lost,
he regarded was the time and cost;
hat was trifling—just a present whim,
and stories! what were they to him?

such slight quarrels, or with those as slight,

lived in love, and dream'd of its delight. Inties Fanny knew, both great and small,

he with diligence observed them all;
she fail'd a duty to fulfil,
childish error, not rebellious will;
er much reading, though it touch'd
her heart.

neither vice nor indolence impart.

when from William and her friends
retired,

and her reading had her mind inspired hopes and thoughts of high mysterious things,

as the early dream of kindness brings; sen she wept, and wonder'd as she read, ew emotions in her heart were bred: ometimes fancied that when love was

true
more than she and William ever knew;
than the shady lane in summer-eve,
than the sighing when he took his leave;
than his preference when the lads

advance house their partners for the eveningdance:

more than midnight - thoughts and morning-dreams,

Ik when love and marriage are the themes;

t, a something not to be defined, subdaing, all commanding kind, fills the fondest heart, that rules the proudest mind.

n her lover Fanny still relied, est companion, her sincerest guide, som she could rely, in whom she would coulide. All jealous fits were past; in either now Were tender wishes for the binding vow; There was no secret one alone possess'd, There was no hope that warm'd a single breast;

Both felt the same concerns their thoughts employ,

And neither knew one solitary joy.
Then why so easy, William? why consent
To wait so long? thou wilt at last repent;
Within a month, does Care and Prodence say:
If all be ready, linger not a day;
Ere yet the choice be made, on choice debate,
But having chosen, dally not with fate.

While yet to wait the pair were half content, And half disposed their purpose to repent, A spinster-aunt, in some great baron's place, Would see a damsel, pride of all her race: And Fanny, flatter'd by the matron's call, Obey'd her aunt, and long'd to see the Hall; For halls and castles in her fancy wrought, And she accounts of love and wonder sought; There she expected strange events to learn, And take in tender secrets fond concern; There she expected lovely nymphs to view, Perhaps to hear and meet their lovers too; The Julias, tender souls! the Henrys kind and true:

There she expected plottings to detect, And — but I know not what she might expect—

All she was taught in books to be her guide, And all that nature taught the nymph beside.

Now that good dame had in the castle dwelt So long that she for all its people felt; She kept her sundry keys, and ruled o'er all, Femule and male, domestics in the hall; By her lord trusted, worthy of her trust, Proud but obedient, bountiful but just. She praised her lucky stars, that in her place

She never found neglect, nor felt disgrace;
To do her duty was her soul's delight,
This her inferiors would to theirs excite,
This her superiors notice and requite;
To either class she gave the praises due,
And still more grateful as more favour'd

Her lord and lady were of peerless worth, In power unmatch'd, in glory and in birth; And such the virtue of the noble race, It reach'd the meanest servant in the place; All, from the chief attendant on my lord To the groom's helper, had her civil word; From Miss Montregor, who the ladies taught, To the rude lad who in the garden wrought; From the first favourite to the meanest drudge,

Were no such women, heaven should be

her judge; Whatever stains were theirs, let them reside In that pure place, and they were mundified;

15

then!

If men are poor they must not feel as men-Will your son marry? - Marry! said my lord.

Your daughter? - marry - no, upon my word !-

What then, our stations differ !- but your son

Thought not of that-his crime has made them one,

In guilt united-She shall be his wife, Or I th' avenger that will take his life!-Old man, I pity and forgive you; rest In hope and comfort, -be not so distress'd, Things that seem bad oft happen for the best; The girl has done no more than thousands do, Nor has the boy-they laugh at me and you.-

And this my vengeance-curse him!-Nav. forbear;

I spare your frenzy, in compassion spare .-Spare me, my lord! and what have I to dread?

O! spare not, heaven, the thunder o'er his head-

The bolt he merits! - Such was his redress; And he return'd to brood upon distress.

And what of William ?-William from the time

Appear'd partaker both of grief and crime; He cared for nothing, nothing he pursued, But walk'd about in melancholy mood; He ceased to labour, - all he loved before He now neglected, and would see no more He said his flute brought only to his mind When he was happy, and his Fanny kind; And his loved walks, and every object near, And every evening-sound she loved to hear, The shady lane, broad heath, and starry sky, Brought home reflections, and he wish'd to

die: Yet there he stray'd, because he wish'd to shun

The world he hated, where his part was done; As if, though lingering on the earth, he there

Had neither hope nor calling, tie nor care.

At length a letter from the daughter came, Frances subscribed, and that the only name; She pitied much her parents, spoke of fate, And begg'd them to forget her, not to hate; Said she had with her all the world could give, And only pray'd that they in peace should live,

That which is done, is that we're born to do, This she was taught, and she believed it

True, that she lived in pleasure and delight. But often dream'd and saw the farm by night; The boarded room that she had kept so neat, And all her roses in the window-seat;

So, for your great ones Justice slumbers The pear-tree shade, the jasmine's lovely gloom,

With its long twigs that blossom'd in the room;

But she was happy, and the tears that fell As she was writing had no grief to tell; We weep when we are glad, we sigh when we are well.

A bill inclosed, that they beheld with pain And indignation, they return'd again; There was no mention made of William's name,

Check'd as she was by pity, love, and shame

William, who wrought for bread, and never sought

More than the day demanded when he wrought,

Was to a sister call'd, of all his race The last, and dying in a distant place; In tender terror he approach'd her bed, Beheld her sick, and buried her when dead: He was her heir, and what she left was more.

Than he required, who was content before. With their minds' sufferings, age, and growing pain,

That ancient couple could not long remain, Nor long remain'd; and in their dying groan The suffering youth perceived himself alone; For of his health or sickness, peace or care, He knew not one in all the world to share: Now every scene would sad reflections give. And most his home, and there he could not .live;

There every walk would now distressing prove.

And of his loss remind him, and his love. With the small portion by his sister left He roved about as one of peace bereft, And by the body's movements hoped to find A kind of wearied stillness in the mind, And sooner bring it to a sleepy state, As rocking infants will their pains abate.

Thus careless, lost, unheeding where he west. Nine weary years the wandering lover spent His sole employment, all that could amuse. Was his companions on the road to chanse; With such he travell'd through the passing

Friends of the hour, and walkers by the way; And from the sick, the poor, the halt, the blind,

He learn'd the sorrows of his suffering kind. He learn'd of many how unjust their fate, For their connexions dwelt in better state; They had relations famous, great or rich, Learned or wise, they never scrupled which; But while they cursed these kindred churls would try

To build their fame, and for their glory lie Others delighted in misfortunes strangs The sports of Fortune in her love for change on their travels they had wandering been;

hey had sail'd the world about, and found

iling plain, although the world was round :

hey beheld for months th' unsetting sun,

leeds they saw! what they themselves had done !-

leaps at Rhodes!-what glory then they won!

were who spoke in terms of high disdain

ir contending against power in vain, ng from tyranny of law long borne, e's best spirits in contentions worn: in this, th' oppressors soon will die, with the vex'd and suffering man to

has consoled exclaim: And is not sorrow dry?

ce offended: when he met with those ould a deed of violence propose, ry: Should they what we desire

possess ? they deprive us, and their laws

oppress? would answer: Ours is not redress:-

you oppression then for ever feel? ot my choice; but yet I must not steal:\_

st they cheat us, and then make their laws

ard their treasures and to back their cause:

rall you then, my friend, the rights of man?-

his bread, said William, if he can; he cannot, he must then depend

Being he may make his friend :they replied; and conference had end.

nale vagrants would at times express born pleasure at the mild address; dest wish, clothed in accent meek, hey would comfort in religion seek. what am 1? the conscious heart replied;

t-times ponder'd in a pensive way: not lappy, yet he loves to pray.

ome would freely on his thoughts intrude,

crust themselves 'twixt him and solitude: would his faith and of its strength

demand. I his soul's prime motions understand: Exacting nothing, and to all resign'd.

pake of wonders they before had seen, How! they would say, such woe and such belief,

Such trust in heaven, and yet on earth such

grief! Thou art almost, my friend, - thou art not all, Thou hast not yet the self-destroying call; Thou hast a carnal wish, perhaps a will Not yet subdued,-the root is growing still: There is the strong man yet that keeps his own,

Who by a stronger must be overthrown; There is the burden that must yet be gone, And then the pilgrim may go singing on.

William to this would seriously incline, And to their comforts would his heart resign; It soothed, it raised him,-he began to feel Th' enlivening warmth of methodistic zeal; He learn'd to know the brethren by their looks-

He sought their meetings, he perused their books

But yet was not within the pale and yoke, And as a novice of experience spoke; But felt the comfort, and began to pray For such companions on the king's highway.

William had now across the kingdom sped, To th' Eastern Ocean from St. David's head; And wandering late, with various thoughts oppress'd,

Twas midnight ere he reach'd his place of rest.

A village-inn, that one way-faring friend Could from experience safely recommend, Where the kind hostess would be more intent On what he needed than on what he spent; Her husband, once a heathen, she subdued, And with religious fear his mind imbued; Though his conviction came too late to save An erring creature from an early grave. Since that event, the cheerful widow grew In size and substance,-her the brethren

knew-And many friends were hers, and lovers not a few:

But either love no more could warm her heart,

Or no man came who could the warmth impart.

William drew near, and saw the comely look Of the good lady, bending o'er her book; Hymns it appear'd,-for now a pleasing sound

Seem'd as a welcome in his wanderings found:

He enter'd softly, not as they who think That they may act the ruffian if they drink, And who conceive, that for their paltry

They may with rules of decency dispense; Far unlike these was William,-he was kind, He saw the hostess reading, and their eyes | We were indeed as sisters-Should 1 state Met in good will, and something like surprise: It was not beauty William saw, but more, Something like that which he had loved before-

Something that brought his Fanny to his view.

In the dear time when she was good and true;

And his, it seem'd, were features that were seen

With some emotion-she was not screne: And both were moved to ask what looks like those could mean.

At first she colour'd to the deepest red, That hurried off, till all the rose was fled; She call'd a servant, whom she sent to rest, Then made excuse to her attentive guest; She own'd the thoughts confused,-'twas

very true, He brought a dear departed friend in view: Then, as he listen'd, bade him welcome there

With livelier looks and more engaging air, And stirr'd the fire of ling, and brush'd the wicker-chair,

Waiting his order with the cheerful look, That proved how pleasant were the pains she took.

He was refresh'd-They spake on various themes-Our early pleasures, Reason's first-drawn

schemes, Youth's strong illusions, Love's delirious

dreams: Then from her book he would presume to ask

A song of praise, and she perform'd the task : The clock struck twelve-He started - Must I go? His looks spoke plainly, and the lady's, No:

So down he sat, - and when the clock struck

There was no start, no effort to be gone: Nor stay'd discourse - And so your loves were cross'd.

And the loved object to your wishes lost? But was she faithless, or were you to blame? I wish I knew her - Will you tell her name?-Excuse me-that would hurt her if alive; And, if no more, why should her fault survive ?-

But love you still?-Alas! I feel I do, When I behold her very looks in you!-Yet, if the frail one's name must not be known.

My friendly guest may trust me with his own.

This done, the lady paused, and then replied-

It grieves me much to see your spirit tried;

But she was like me,-how I came to know The lamb that stray'd I will hereafter show ;-

Her quiet end, you would no longer hate: I see your heart,-and I shall quickly prove.

Though she deserved not, yet she prized your love :

Long as she breathed was heard her William's name-

And such affection half absolves her shame.

Weep not, but hear me, how I came to

Thee and thy Frances-this to heaven I owe:

And thou shalt view the pledge, the very ring,

The birth-day token-well you know the thing;

This, if I ever-thus I was to speak, As she had spoken-but I see you weak: She was not worthy-O! you cannot tell By what accursed means my Fanny fell! What bane, compulsion, threats-for she

was pure; But from such toils what being is secure? Force, not persuasion, robb'd me -You are right;

So has she told me, in her Maker's sight: She loved not vice - O! no, -her heart approved

All that her God commanded to be loved; And she is gone - Consider! death alone Could for the errors of her life atone-

Speak not of them; I would she knew how dear

I hold her yet !- But dost thou give the tear

To my loved Frances ?- No! I cannot part With one who has her face, who has her heart:

With looks so pleasing, when I thee behald, She lives-that bosom is no longer cold-Then tell me-Art thou not-in pity speak-One whom I sought, while living meant to seek-

Art thou my Fanny ?- Let me not offend,-Be something to me be a sufferer's friend Be more - be all! - The precious truth confes

Art thou not Frances? - O, my William! yes! But spare me, spare thyself, and suffer less: In my best days, the spring-time of my life, I was not worthy to be William's wife; A widow now-not poor, indeed-not rasi In outer darkness-sorrowing for the past, And for the future hoping but no more: Let me the pledges of thy love restore, And give the ring thou gavest-let it be A token still of my regard for thee, But only that .- and to a worthier now Consign the gift.-The only worthy thou! Replied the lover; and what more express'd May be omitted-here our tale shall rest.

and some wealth, and smile at its increase:

and civil, cautious and discreet, ts and parties in their mansion meet; from their chapels teachers go to share

reature-comforts,-mockery grins not there;

meet the wardens at their annual feast, innual pun-the parish must be fleeced; traders find a parlour cleanly swept eir reception, and in order kept; ere the sons of labour, poor, but free, d enjoy their hour of liberty.

the pair, and life's disasters seem r unruffled calm a troubled dream; fort runs the remnant of their lifefond husband, she the faithful wife.

### BOOK XX.

### IE CATHEDRAL-WALK.

ir discourse again the Brothers dwelt v subjects-what they once had felt, thought of things mysterious;themes that all

ome degree of reverence recal. then reverted to the days of old, his heart fainted, and his hope was cold :

by the power of fancy he was sway'd, ery impulse of the mind obey'd. my dear Richard, said the Squire, my

all'd consumptive-I must seek a

place il salubrious, thither must repair, e on asses' milk and milder air. he bought a farm, and on the land e old mansion yet was left to stand, this state, but old and much decay'd; a part was habitable made; t-who doubts?-was by the spirits

seized. of all kinds, who used it as they

pleased: rthy farmer-tenant yet remain'd, d report-he had a fortune gain'd; three daughters at their school

acquired ir and manner that their swains admired;

ther-gossip and these daughters three of genteel and social company, tile the days were fine, and walks were clean,

air, our host and hostess of the Fleece, There were the curate's gentle maids, and some

> From all the neighbouring villages would come;

> There, as I stole the yew-tree shades among, I saw the parties walking, old and young, Where I was nothing-if perceived, they said,

> The man is harmless, be not you afraid; A poor young creature, who, they say, is cross'd

> In love, and has in part his senses lost; His health for certain, and he comes to spend His time with us; we hope our air will mend A frame so weaken'd, for the learned tribe A change of air for stubborn ills prescribe; And doing nothing often has prevail'd When ten physicians have prescribed and fail'd;

> Not that for air or change there's much to SRV

But nature then has time to take her way; And so we hope our village will restore This man to health that he possess'd before. He loves the garden avenues, the gloom Of the old chambers, of the tap'stried room, And we no notice take, we let him go and come.

So spake a gay young damsel; but she knew Not all the truth, - in part her tale was

Much it amused me in the place to be This harmless cypher, seeming not to see, Yet seeing all,-unnoticed to appear, Yet noting all; and not disposed to hear, But to go forth,-break in on no one's plan, And hear them speak of the forsaken man. In scenes like these, a mansion so decay'd, With blighted trees in hoary moss array'd, And ivy'd walls around, for many an hour I walk'd alone, and felt their witching power; So others felt;-the young of either sex Would in these walks their timid minds

perplex By meeting terrors, and the old appear'd, Their fears upbraiding, like the young who fear'd;

Among them all some sad discourse at night Was sure to breed a terrified delight: Some luckless one of the attentive dames Had figures seen like those within the frames, Figures of lords who once the land possess'd, And who could never in their coffins rest; Unhappy spirits! who could not abide The loss of all their consequence and pride, Twas death in all his power, their very names had died.

These tales of terror views terrific bred, And sent the hearers trembling to their bed.

In an autumnal evening, cool and still, The sun just dropp'd beneath a distant hill, The children gazing on the quiet scene, assemblage day by day were seen. Then rose in glory Night's majestic queen;

Her golden beams and maple-shadows made; An ancient tree that in the garden grew, And that fair picture on the gravel threw. Then all was silent, save the sounds that make Silence more awful, while they faintly break; The frighten'd bat's low shriek, the beetle's hum,

With nameless sounds we know not whence they come.

Such was the evening; and that ancient seat The scene where then some neighbours chanced to meet;

Up to the door led broken steps of stone, Whose dewy surface in the moonlight shone; On vegetation, that with progress slow Where man forbears to fix his foot, will grow: The window's depth and dust repell'd the ray Of the moon's light and of the setting day; Pictures there were, and each display'd a face And form that gave their sadness to the place; The frame and canvass shew'd that worms unseen.

Save in their works, for years had working been;

A fire of brushwood on the irons laid All the dull room in fitful views display'd, And with its own wild light in fearful forms array'd.

In this old Hall, in this departing day, Assembled friends and neighbours, grave and gay,

When one good lady at a picture threw A glance that caused inquiry—Tell us who?

That was a famous warrior; one, they said That by a spirit was awhile obey'd; In all his dreadful battles he would say, Or win or lose, I shall escape to-day; And though the shot as thick as hail came round.

On no occasion he received a wound; He stood in safety, free from all alarm, Protected, heaven forgive him, by his charm: But he forgot the date, till came the hour When he no more had the protecting power; And then he bade his friends around farewell! I fall! he cried, and in the instant fell. Behold those infants in the frame beneath! A witch offended wrought their early death; She form'd an image, made as wax to melt, And each the wasting of the figure felt; The hag confess'd it when she came to die. And no one living can the truth deny. But see a beauty in King William's days, With that long waist, and those enormous stays;

She had three lovers, and no creature knew The one preferr'd, or the discarded two; None could the secret of her bosom see; Loving, poor maid, th' attention of the three.

And pleasant was the chequer'd light and | She kept such equal weight in either scale, 'Twas hard to say who would at last prevail; Thus you may think in either heart arose A jealous anger, and the men were foes; Each with himself concluded, two aside, The third may make the lovely maid his bride: This caused their fate-It was on Thursday night

> The deed was done, and bloody was the fight; Just as she went, poor thoughtless girl! to prayers,

> Ran wild the maid with horror up the stairs; Pale as a ghost, but not a word she said, And then the lady utter'd: Coates is dead! Then the poor damsel found her voice and cried:

> Ran through the body, and that instant died! But he pronounced your name, and so was satisfied.

> A second fell, and he who did survive Was kept by skill and sovereign drugs alive; O! would she see me! he was heard to say, No! I'll torment him to his dying day! The maid exclaim'd, and every Thursday night

> Her spirit came his wretched soul to fright; Once as she came he cried aloud : Forgive! Never! she answer'd, never while you live, Nor when you die, as long as time endures; You have my torment been, and I'll be yours! That is the lady, and the man confess'd Her vengeful spirit would not let him rest.

> But are there ghosts? exclaim'd a timid maid; My father tells me not to be afraid; He cries when buried we are safe enough, And calls such stories execrable stuff. Your father, child, the former lady cried, Has learning much, but he has too much pride; It is impossible for him to tell What things in nature are impossible, Or out of nature, or to prove to whom Or for what purposes a ghost may come; It may not be intelligence to bring, But to keep up a notion of the thing; And though from one such fact there may

An hundred wild improbabilities, Yet had there never been the trnth, I say, The very lies themselves had died away. True; said a friend, Heaven doubtless may dispense

A kind of dark and clouded evidence: God has not promised that he will not send A spirit freed to either foe or friend; He may such proof, and only such, bester Though we the certain truth can never know And therefore though such floating staries bring

No strong or certain vouchers of the thing Still would I not, presuming, pass my ward That all such tales were groundless and absurd.

But you will grant, said one who sate heside. That all appear so when with judgment tried

ient lady, who with pensive smile ard the stories, and been mute the while,

aid: Our prudence had been better shown

ving uncontested things unknown; our children must such stories hear, provide some antidotes to fear; such errors in the minds of youth, mind, the only cure is truth; aths collected may in time decide uch facts, or prove, at least, a guide : permitted I will fairly state a, nor doubt the story I relate; our perfect acquiescence call, myself I tell.-O! tell us all! very being there: then silent was the Hall.

n life, beneath my parent's roof, 's true honour I had noble proof; runs lover who was worthy found, half his sex are hollow and unsound. er fail'd in trade, and sorrowing died, all our loss a generous youth supplied; on the time drew on when he could

say, the happy, fix the early day! ant I to appose his wishes, or delay: en came fever, slight at first indeed, hastening on and threatening in its

o'd the powers of medicine; day by day those helpers sadly walk away; e the hand-like cloud, and with such

power th such speed, that brought the mighty

shower. arsed I dying, and we freely spoke; t might follow the expected stroke; k'd of spirits, of their unknown powers, red to dwell on what the fate of ours; dread promise, to appear again, t be done, I sought not to obtain; we were presuming-Could it be, O Emma! I would come to thee! last hour his reason, late astray, return'd t' illuminate his way. last night my mother long had kept ried watch, and now reclined and slept; rse was dreaming in a distant chair, ad knelt to soothe him with a prayer; with a look of that peculiar kind iven its purpose to the fellow-mind, nner spuke-Confide-be not afraidremember, - this was all convey'd,not what awaits departed man, believe-I meet thee if I can.

at concession, madam, you may call, I wish'd to die,—and grief, they say, will kill, we have sate in judgment upon all. But you perceive 'tis slowly if it will; That I was wretched you may well believe-I judged it right, and was resolved to grieve: I lost my mother when there lived not one, Man, woman, child, whom I would seek or shun.

The Dean, my uncle, with congenial gloom, Said: Will you share a melancholy home? For he bewail'd a wife, as I deplored My fate, and bliss that could not be restored. In his cathedral's gloom I pass'd my time. Much in devotion, much in thought sublime; There oft I paced the aisles, and watch'd the glow

Of the sun setting on the stones below, And saw the failing light, that strove to pass Through the dim coating of the storied glass, Nor fell within, but till the day was gone The red faint fire upon the window shone. I took the key, and oft-times chose to stay Till all was vanish'd of the tedious day, Till I perceived no light, nor heard a sound, That gave me notice of a world around Then had I grief's proud thoughts, and said, in tone

Of exultation: World, I am alone! I care not for thee, thou art vile and base, And I shall leave thee for a nobler place. So I the world abused,-in fact, to me Urbane and civil as a world could be: Nor should romantic grievers thus complain, Although but little in the world they gain, But let them think if they have nothing done To make this odious world so sad a one, Or what their worth and virtue that should make

This graceless world so pleasant for their sake. But to my tale :- Behold me as I tread The silent mansions of the favour'd dead. Who sleep in vaulted chambers, till their clay In quiet dissolution melts away In this their bodies' home — The spirits,

where are they? And where his spirit? - Doors and walls impede

The embodied spirit, not the spirit freed: And, saying this, I at the altar knelt, And painful joys and rapturous anguish felt; Till strong, bold hopes possess'd me, and I cried,

Even at this instant is he at my side; Yes, now, dear spirit! art thou by to prove That mine is lasting, mine the loyal love! Thus have I thought, returning to the Dean. As one who had some glorious vision seen: He ask'd no question, but would sit and weep, And cry, in doleful tone: I cannot sleep!

In dreams the chosen of my heart I view'd, And thus th' impression day by day renew'd; I saw him always, always loved to see, For when alone he was my company: In company with him alone I seem'd, And, if not dreaming, was as one who dream'd.

came,

A pleasing torpor steal upon my frame; But still the habit drew my languid feet To the loved darkness of the favourite scat; And there, by silence and by sadness press'd, I felt a world my own, and was at rest.

One night, when urged with more than usual zeal,

And feeling all that such enthusiasts feel, I paced the altar by, the pillars round, And knew no terror in the sacred ground; For mine were thoughts that banish'd all such fear,-

I wish'd, I long'd to have that form appear; And, as I paced the sacred aisles, I cried: Let not thy Emma's spirit be denied The sight of thine; or, if I may not see, Still by some token let her certain be! At length the anxious thoughts my strength subdued.

And sleep o'erpower'd me in my solitude; Then was I dreaming of uncarthly race, The glorious inmates of a blessed place; Where lofty minds celestial views explore, Heaven's bliss enjoy, and heaven's great King adore ;

Him there I sought whom I had loved so well-For sure he dwelt where happy spirits dwell!

While thus engaged, I started at a sound, Of what I knew not, but I look'd around; For I was borne on visionary wings, And felt no dread of sublunary things; But rising, walk'd-A distant window threw A weak, soft light, that help'd me in my view; Something with anxious heart I hoped to see, And pray'd: O! God of all things, let it be! For all are thine, were made by thee, and thou Canst both the meeting and the means allow; Thou canst make clear my sight, or thou

canst make More gross the form that his loved mind shall take,

Canst clothe his spirit for my fleshly sight, Or make my earthly sense more pure and bright.

So was I speaking, when without a sound There was a movement in the sacred ground : I saw a figure rising, but could trace No certain features, no peculiar face; But I prepared my mind that form to view, Nor felt a doubt,-he promised, and was true! I should embrace his angel, and my clay, And what was mortal in me, melt away.

O! that ecstatic horror in my frame, That o'er me thus, a favour'd mortal, came! Bless'd beyond mortals, - and the body now I judged would perish, though I knew not how;

Thus, robb'd of sleep, I found, when evening | The gracious power around me could translate

And make me pass to that immortal state: Thus shall I pay the debt that must be paid, And dying live, nor be by death delay'd; And when so changed, I should with joy sustain

The heavenly converse, and with him remain. I saw the distant shade, and went with awe, But not with terror, to the form I saw: Yet slowly went, for he I did believe Would meet, and soul to soul his friend receive;

So on I drew, concluding in my mind, I cannot judge what laws may spirits bind; Though I dissolve, and mingle with the blest, I am a new and uninstructed guest, And ere my love can speak, he should be first address'd.

Thus I began to speak, -my new-born pride, My love, and daring hope, the words supplied. Dear, happy shade! companion of the good, The just, the pure, do I on thee intrude? Art thou not come my spirit to improve, To form, instruct, and fit me for thy love, And, as in love we parted, to restore The blessing lost, and then to part no more? Let me with thee in thy pure essence dwell, Nor go to bid them of my house farewell, But thine be ever !- How shall I relate Th' event that finish'd this ecstatic state? Yet let me try.-It turn'd, and I beheld An hideous form, that hope and zeal expell'd: In a dim light the horrid shape appear'd, That wisdom would have fled, and courage fear'd,

Pale, and yet bloated, with distorted eyes Distant and deep, a mouth of monstrous size, That would in day's broad glare a simple maid surprise:

He heard my words, and cried, with savage

shout, Bah! - bother! - blarney! - What is this about?

Love, lover, longing, in an instant fled .-Now I had vice and impudence to dread; And all my high-wrought fancies died away To woman's trouble, terror, and dismay. What, said the wretch, what is it you would

Wouldst hang a man for peeping in a grave? Search me yourself, and try if you can feel Aught I have taken,-there was nought to steal :

Twas told they buried with the corpor enough

To pay the hazard,-I have made the proof, Nor gain'd a tester-What I tell is true; But I'm no fool, to be betray'd by you .-I'll hazard nothing, curse me if I do!

The light increased, and plainly now appear'd A knavish fool whom I had often fear'd, But hid the dread; and I resolved at least Not to expose it to the powerful beast.

e, John, I said suppressing fear and doubt, But while it raged her peace its ruin met, on before, and let a lady out!-! the wretch replied, with savage grin, y to him that let the lady in: it! you would go, I take it, to the Dean, tell him what your ladyship has seen. n thus the fool exposed the knave, I saw means of holding such a mind in awe, gain my safety by his dread of law. I cried, I fear the Dean like you, I transgress, and am in trouble too: be known that we are here, as sure ere we are we must the law endure: other's counsel therefore let us keep, each steal homeward to our beds and

sleep. I! said the ruffian's conscience-Well, agreed;

I on, and let us to the door proceed :ere he moved, he stood awhile, and took y poor form a most alarming look; hark! I cried, and he to move began,pe alone engaged the dreadful man: eager hand I oped the ponderous doorwretch rush'd by me, and was heard no more.

scaped, - and when my dreams came on, eck'd the madness by the thoughts of John:

my I not what can or cannot be, give the story of my ghost and me.

# BOOK XXI.

#### SMUGGLERS AND POACHERS.

ne was a widow in the village known ur good Squire, and he had favour shown requent bounty-She as usual came, Richard saw the worn and weary frame, rheek, and eye subdued, of her whose mind

grateful still, and glad a friend to find, gh to the world long since and all its

hopes resign'd: casy form, in rustic neatness clad, pleasing still! but she for ever sad. is her grief ? said Richard-Truly deep, very still, and therefore seems to sleep ; sersw simile, to paint her woes, rs, like the river's motion, seems repose, ng no petty murmuring, settled, slow, never waste, they never overflow. el is one of those-for there are some look for nothing in their days to come, ond nor evil, neither hope nor fear, ing remains or cheerful or severe; day is like the past, the year's sweet

prime the sad fall .- for Rachel heeds not time : ing remains to agitate her breast, is the tempest, and the sky at rest;

And now the sun is on her prospects set;-Leave her, and let us her distress explore, She heeds it not-she has been left before.

There were two lads call'd Shelley hither brought,

But whence we know not - it was never sought;

Their wandering mother left them, left her name.

And the boys throve and valiant men became: Handsome, of more than common size, and tall,

And, no one's kindred, seem'd beloved of all; All seem'd alliance by their deeds to prove, And loved the youths who could not claim their love.

One was call'd James, the more sedate and grave,

The other Robert-names their neighbours gave;

They both were brave, but Robert loved to run

And meet his danger-James would rather shun

The dangerous trial, but whenever tried He all his spirit to the act applied. Robert would aid on any man bestow. James would his man and the occasion know; For that was quick and prompt-this tem-

perate and slow. Robert would all things he desired pursue, James would consider what was best to do; All spoke of Robert as a man they loved, And most of James as valued and approved. Both had some learning: Robert his acquired By quicker parts, and was by praise inspired; James, as he was in his acquirements slow, Would learn the worth of what he tried to know.

In fact, this youth was generous-that was just;

The one you loved, the other you would trust: Yet him you loved you would for truth approve

And him you trusted you would likewise love.

Such were the brothers - James had found his way

To Nether-Hall, and there inclined to stay; He could himself command, and therefore could obey:

He with the keeper took his daily round, A rival grew, and some unkindness found; But his superior farm'd! the place was void, And James guns, dogs, and dignity enjoy'd. Robert had scorn of service; he would be A slave to no man-happy were the free, And only they ;- by such opinions led, Robert to sundry kinds of trade was bred; Nor let us wonder if he sometimes made An active partner in a lawless trade;

Fond of adventure, wanton as the wave, He loved the danger and the law to brave; But these were chance-adventures, known to few.—

Not that the hero cared what people knew.

The brothers met not often—When they met James talk'd of honest gains and scorn of debt,

Of virtuous labour, of a sober life, And what with credit would support a wife. But Robert answer'd—How can men advise Who to a master let their tongue and eyes? Whose words are not their own? whose foot and hand

Run at a nod, or act upon command? Who cannot eat or drink, discourse or play, Without requesting others that they may. Debt you would shun; but what advice to

Who owe your service every hour you live! Let a bell sound, and from your friends you

Although the darling of your heart were one; But if the bondage fits you, I resign You to your lot — I am content with mine!

Thus would the lads their sentiments express, And part in earnest, part in playfulness; Till Love, controller of all hearts and eyes, Breaker of bonds, of friendship's holy ties, Awakener of new wills and slumbering sym-

pathics,
Began his reign, — till Rachel, meck-eyed
maid,

That form, those cheeks, that faultless face display'd,

That child of gracious nature, ever neat And never fine; a flowret simply sweet, Seeming at least unconscious she was fair; Meek in her spirit, timid in her air, And shrinking from his glance if one pre-

sumed

To come too near the heauty as it bloom'd. Robert beheld her in her father's cot Day after day, and bless'd his happy lot; He look'd indeed, but he could not offend By gentle looks—he was her father's friend: She was accustom'd to that tender look. And frankly gave the hand he fondly took; She loved his stories, pleased she heard him

Pensive herself, she loved to see him gay, And if they loved not yet, they were in Love's highway.

But Rachel now to womanhood was grown, And would no more her faith and fondness own;

She call'd her latent prudence to her aid,
And grew observant, cantious, and afraid;
She heard relations of her lover's guile,
And could believe the danger of his smile.

With art insidious rival damsels strove To show how false his speech, how feign'd his love;

And though her heart another story told, Her speech grew cautious, and her manner cold.

Rachel had village fame, was fair and tall, And gain'd a place of credit at the Hall; Where James beheld her scated in that place, With a child's meekness, and an angel's face; Her temper soft, her spirit firm, her words Simple and few as simple truth affords.

James could but love her, — he at church had seen

The tall, fair maid, had met her on the green. Admiring always, nor surprised to find Her figure often present to his mind; But now he saw her daily, and the sight Gave him new pleasure and increased delight.

But James, still prudent and reserved, though

The love he felt was love that would endure. Would waitawhile, observing what was fit. And meet, and right, nor would himself commit:

Then was he flatter'd,—James in time became Rich, both as slayer of the Baron's game, And as protector,—not a female dwelt In that demesne who had not feign'd or felt Regard for James; and he from all had praise Enough a young man's vanity to raise; With all these pleasures he of course must

When Rachel reign'd sole empress of his heart.

Robert was now deprived of that delight
He once experienced in his mistress' sight;
For, though he now his frequent visits paid,
He saw but little of the cautious maid;
The simple common pleasures that he took
Grew dull, and he the wonted haunts forsook;
His flute and song heleft, his book and pen,
And sought the meetings of adventurous
men;

There was a love-born sadness in his breast, That wanted stimulus to bring on rest; These simple pleasures were no more of use, And danger only could repose produce; He join'd th' associates in their lawless trade.

And was at length of their profession made

He saw connected with th' adventurous crew Those whom he judged were sober men and true:

He found that some, who should the trade prevent,

And could believe the danger of his smile: Gave it by purchase their encouragement;

those

had their pay these dealers to oppose; he good ladies whom at church he saw looks devout, of reverence and awe, change their feelings as they change

their place. whispering, deal for spicery and lace: hus the craft and avarice of these d on the youth, and gave his conscience case.

loved the maiden Rachel, fondly loved, any a sigh and tear in absence proved, many a fear for dangers that she knew, nany a doubt what one so gay might do: ailt she thought not, - she had often heard

bought and sold, and nothing wrong appear'd;

father's maxim this: she understood was some ill,-but he, she knew, was good :

a traffic-but was done by night-Robert's conscience, she believed, was DUITE-

that he read his Bible she was sure.

s, better taught, in confidence declared rief for what his guilty brother dared: gh'd to think how near he was akin e reduced by godless men to sin;

being always of the law in dread, ther crimes were by the danger ledrimes with like excuse-The smuggler cries,

guilt is his who pays for what he buys?

coacher questions, with perverted mind, not the gifts of heaven for all design'd? ries, I sin not-take not till I pay ;-My own hand brought down my proper

while to such fond arguments they cling.

fear they God? how honour they the king?

men associate, and each other aid, Hare guilty, rash, and desperate made; o some lawless deed the wretches fly, n the act, or for the acting, die.

maid was frighten'd,- but, if this was true,

rt for certain no such danger knew, ways pray'd ere he a trip began, was too happy for a wicked man; could a creature, who was always gay, nd to all men, so disposed to pray, could be give his heart to such an evil way?

he had fears, -for she could not believe

and that contracts could be made with But still she found, though not without re-

For one so good, she must the man reject; For, simple though she was, full well she

What this strong friendship led him to pursue: And, let the man be honest as the light, Love warps the mind a little from the right; And she proposed, against the trying day, What in the trial she should think and say.

And now, their love avow'd, in both arose Fear and disdain-the orphan-pair were foes. Robert, more generous of the two, avow'd His scorn, defiance, and contempt aloud. James talk'd of pity in a softer tone,

To Rachel speaking, and with her alone: He knew full well, he said, to what must come His wretched brother, what would be his doom:

Thus he her bosom fenced with dread about; But love he could not with his skill drive out. Still he effected something,-and that skill Made the love wretched, though it could not kill;

And Robert fail'd, though much he tried, to prove He had no guilt-She granted he had love.

Thus they proceeded, till a winter came, When the stern keeper told of stolen game : Throughout the woods the poaching dogs had been,

And from him nothing should the robbers screen.

From him and law, - he would all hazards run,

Nor spare a poacher, were his brother one-Love, favour, interest, tie of blood should fail, Till vengeance bore him bleeding to the jail. Poor Rachel shudder'd, - smuggling she could name

Without confusion, for she felt not shame; But poachers were her terror, and a wood Which they frequented had been mark'd by blood;

And though she thought her Robert was secure

In better thoughts, yet could she not be sure.

James now was urgent,-it would break his heart

With hope, with her, and with such views to part,

When one so wicked would her hand possess, And he a brother!-that was his distress, And must be hers-She heard him, and she sigh'd.

Looking in doubt,-but nothing she replied. There was a generous feeling in her mind, That told her this was neither good nor kind: James caused her terror, but he did no more-James could lie, or purpose to deceive; Her love was now as it had been before.

Their traffic fail'd, and the adventurous crew | Brave, kind, and generous, tender, constant, No more their profitless attempts renew: Dig they will not, and beg they might in vain-

Had they not pride, and what can then remain? Now was the game destroy'd, and not an hare Escaped at least the danger of the snare; Woods of their feather'd beauty were bereft, The beauteous victims of the silent theft; The well-known shops received a large supply,

That they who could not kill at least might buy.

James was enraged, enraged his lord, and both

Confirm'd their threatening with a vengeful oath:

Fresh aid was sought,-and nightly on the lands

Walk'd on their watch the strong, determined bands:

Pardon was offer'd, and a promised pay To him who would the desperate gang betray. Nor fail'd the measure, on a certain night A few were seized - the rest escaped by flight;

Yet they resisted boldly ere they fled, And blows were dealt around, and blood was shed;

Two groaning helpers on the earth were laid, When more arrived the lawful cause to aid : Then four determined men were seized and bound.

And Robert in this desperate number found: In prison fetter'd, he deplored his fate, And cursed the folly he perceived too late. James was a favourite with his lord, - the zeal

He show'd was such as masters ever feel: If he for vengeance on a culprit cried, Or if for mercy, still his lord complied: And now, 'twas said, he will for mercy plead, For his own brother's was the guilty deed: True, the hurt man is in a mending way, But must be crippled to his dying day.

Now James had vow'd the law should take its course,

He would not stay it, if he did not force; He could his witness, if he pleased, withdraw, Or he could arm with certain death the law: This he attested to the maid, and true, If this he could not, yet he much could do. How suffer'd then that maid, - no thought she had,

No view of days to come, that was not sad; As sad as life with all its hopes resign'd, As sad as ought but guilt can make mankind. With bitter grief the pleasures she review'd Of early hope, with innocence pursued, When she began to love, and he was fond

and good : He now must die, she heard from every tongue-

Die, and so thoughtless! perish, and so young!

true

And he must die-then will I perish too! A thousand acts in every age will prove Women are valiant in a cause they love; If fate the favour'd swain in danger place, They heed not danger-perils they embrace; They dare the world's contempt, they brave their name's disgrace;

They on the ocean meet its wild alarms, They search the dungeon with extended arms; The utmost trial of their faith they prove, And yield the lover to assert their love.

James knew his power - his feelings were not nice-

Mercy he sold, and she must pay the price: If his good lord forbore to urge their fate, And he the utmost of their guilt to state, The felons might their forfeit lives redeem. And in their country's cause regain esteem; But never more that man, whom he had shame To call his brother, must she see or name.

Rachel was meek, but she had firmness too. And reason'd much on what she ought to do: In Robert's place, she knew what she should choose-

But life was not the thing she fear'd to lose: She knew that she could not their contract break,

Nor for her life a new engagement make; But he was man, and guilty,-death so near Might not to his as to her mind appear; And he might wish, to spare that forfeit life, The maid he loved might be his brother's wife.

Although that brother was his bitter foe, And he must all the sweets of life forego.

This would she try,-intent on this alone, She could assume a calm and settled tone: She spake with firmness-I will Robert see, Know what he wishes, and what I must be; For James had now discover'd to the maid His inmost heart, and how he must be paid, If he his lord would soften, and would hide The facts that must the culprit's fate decide. Go not, he said, -for she her full intent Proclaim'd-To go she purposed, and she went:

She took a guide, and went with purpose stern The secret wishes of her friend to learn.

She saw him fetter'd, full of grief, alone, Still as the dead, and he suppress'd a groun At her appearance - Now she pray'd for strength;

And the sad couple could converse at length. It was a scene that shook her to repeat. Life fought with love, both powerful, and both sweet.

Wilt thou die, Robert, or preserve thy life? Shall I be thine own maid, or James's wife? His wife!—No!—Never will I thee resign—No, Rachel, no!—Then am I ever thine; I know thee rash and guilty,—but to thee I pledged my vow, and thine will ever be: Yet think again,—the life that God has lent Is thine, but not to cast away,—Consent, If 'tis thy wish; for this I made my way To thy distress—Command, and I obey.—Perhaps my brother may have gain'd thy heart!—

Then why this risit, if I wish'd to part?
Was it, ah, man ungrateful! wise to make
Effort like this, to hazard for thy sake
A spotless reputation, and to be
A suppliant to that stern man for thee?
But I forgive,—thy spirit has been tried,
And thou art weak, but still thou must decide.
I ask'd thy brother, James, wouldst thou

Without the loving heart, the obedient hand?

I ask'd thee, Robert, lover, canst thou part With this poor hand, when master of the heart?

He answer'd Yes!—I tarry thy reply, Resign'd with him to live, content with thee to die.

Assured of this, with spirits low and tame, Here life so purchased—there a death of shame;

Death once his merriment, but now his dread, And he with terror thought upon the dead: O! sure 'tis better to endure the care And pain of life, than go we know not where!-And is there not the dreaded hell for sin, Or is it only this I feel within? That, if it lasted, no man would sustain, But would by any change relieve the pain: Fargive me, love! it is a lothsome thing To live not thine; but still this dreaded sting Of death torments me-I to nature cling-Ga, and be his-but love him not, be sure-Go, love him not, - and I will life endure: He, too, is mortal !- Rachel deeply sigh'd, But would no more converse: she had complied,

And was no longer free — she was his brother's bride.

Farewell she said, with kindness, but not fond, Feeling the pressure of the recent bond, and put her tenderness apart to give Advice to one who so desired to live:

She then departed, join'd the attending guide, Reflected—wept—was sad—was satisfied.

James on her worth and virtue could depend,—

Re listen'd gladly to her story's end:
Again he promised Robert's life to save,
And claim'd the hand that she in payment
gave.

Wilt thou die, Robert, or preserve thy life? Robert, when death no longer was in view, Shall I be thine own maid, or James's wife? Scorn'd what was done, but could not this wife!—No!—Never will I thee resign—undo:

The day appointed for the trial near He view'd with shame, and not unmix'd with fear.—

James might deceive him; and, if not, the

Of men may fail—Can I depend on James? '
He might; for now the grievous price was
paid—

James to the altar led the victim maid, And gave the trembling girl his faithful word For Robert's safety, and so gave my lord. But this, and all the promise hope could give, Gilded not life,—it was not joy to live; There was no smile in Rachel, nothing gay, The hours pass'd off, but never danced away. When drew the gloomy day for trial near There came a note to Robert—Banish fear!

He knew whence safety came,—his terror fled, But rage and vengeance fill'd his soul instead. A stronger fear in his companions rose— The day of trial on their hopes might close: They had no brothers, none to intercede For them, their friends suspected, and in need; Scatter'd, they judged, and could unite no more,—

Not so,—they then were at the prison-door. For some had met who sought the haunts they loved

And were to pity and to vengeance moved: Their fellows perish! and they see their fall,—

Why not attempt the steep but guardless wall?

Attempt was made, his part assign'd each man, And they succeeded in the desperate plan; In truth, a purposed mercy smooth'd their way,

But that they knew not—all triumphant they. Safe in their well-known haunts, they all prepared

To plan anew and show how much they dared.

With joy the troubled heart of Robert beat, For life was his, and liberty was sweet; He look'd around in freedom—in delight? O! no—his Rachel was another's right! Right!—has he then preserved me in the day Of my distress?—He has the lovely pay! But I no freedom at the slave's request, The price I paid shall then be repossess'd! Alas! her virtue and the law prevent, Force cannot be, and she will not consent; But were that brother gone!—A brother?

A circumventor!—and the wretch shall go! Yet not this hand — How shifts about my mind,

Ungovern'd, guideless, drifting in the wind,

And I am all a tempest, whirl'd around By dreadful thoughts, that fright me and confound:—

I would I saw him on the earth laid low! I wish the fate, but must not give the blow! So thinks a man when thoughtful; he prefers A life of peace till man his anger stirs, Then all the efforts of his reason cease, And he forgets how pleasant was that peace; Till the wild passions what they seek obtain, And then he sinks into his calm again.

Now met the lawless clan,—in secret met, And down at their convivial board were set; The plans in view to past adventures led, And the past conflicts present anger bred; They sigh'd for pleasures gone, they groan'd for heroes dead:

Their ancient stores were rifled, - strong

Awaked, and wine rekindled latent fires.
It was a night such bold desires to move,
Strong winds and wintry torrents fill'd the
grove;

The crackling boughs that in the forest fell, The cawing rooks, the cur's affrighten'd yell;

The scenes above the wood, the floods below, Were mix'd, and none the single sound could

Loud blow the blasts, they cried, and call us as they blow.

In such a night—and then the heroes told What had been done in better times of old; How they had conquer'd all opposed to them, By force in part, in part by stratagem; And as the tales inflamed the fiery crew, What had been done they then prepared to do; 'Tis a last night! they said—the angry blast And roaring floods seem'd answering 'tis a last!

James knew they met, for he had spies about, Grave, sober men, whom none presumed to doubt;

For if suspected they had soon been tried Where fears are evidence, and doubts decide: But these escaped—Now James companions took.

Sturdy and hold, with terror-stirring look; He had before, by informations led, Left the afflicted partner of his bed; Awaked his men; and through plantations

wide,
Deep woods, and trackless ling, had been
their guide;

And then return'd to wake the pitying wife, And hear her tender terrors for his life. But in this night a sure informer came, They were assembled who attack'd his game; Who more than once had through the park made way,

And slain the dappled breed, or vow'd to slay;

The trembling spy had heard the solemn vow, And need and vengeance both inspired them now.

The keeper early had retired to rest For brief repose; — sad thoughts his mind possess'd;

In his short sleep he started from his hed, And ask'd in fancy's terror: Is he dead? There was a call below, when James #woke, Rose from his bed, and arms to aid him took, Not all defensive!—there his helpers stood, Arm'd like himself, and hastening to the wood.

Why this? he said, for Rachel pour'd her tears Profuse, that spoke involuntary fears: Sleep, that so early thou for us mayst wake, And we our comforts in return may take: Sleep, and farewell! he said, and took his way, And the sad wife in neither could obey; She slept not nor well fared, but restless dwelt On her past life, and past afflictions felt; The man she loved the brother and the foe Of him she married!-It had wrought her woe; Not that she loved, but pitied, and that now Was, so she fear'd, infringement of her vow: James too was civil, though she must confess That his was not her kind of happiness; That he would shoot the man who shot a hare Was what her timid conscience could not bear; But still she loved him-wonder'd where he stray'd

In this loud night! and if he were afraid. More than one hour she thought, and drop-

ping then
In sudden sleep, cried loudly: Spare him, men!
And do no murder!—then awaked she rose,
And thought no more of trying for repose.
'Twas past the dead of night, when every
sound

That nature mingles might be heard around; But none from man,—man's feeble voice was hush'd,

Where rivers swelling roar'd, and woods were crush'd;

Hurried by these, the wife could sit no more, But must the terrors of the night explore. Softly she left her door, her garden-gate, And seem'd as then committed to her fate; To every horrid thought and doubt a prey, She hurried on, already lost her way; Oft as she glided on in that sad night. She stopp'd to listen, and she look'd for light; An hour she wander'd, and was still to learn Aught of her husband's safety or return! A sudden break of heavy clouds could show A place she knew not, but she strove to know : Still further on she crept with trembling feet. With hope a friend, with fear a foe to meet: And there was something fearful in the sight, And in the sound of what appear'd to-night; For now, of night and nervous terror bred, Arose a strong and superstitious dread; She heard strange noises, and the shapes she saw

Of fancied beings bound her soul in awe

The moon was risen, and she sometimes Since this their morals have been more

Through thick white clouds, that flew tumultuous on,

Passing beneath her with an eagle's speed, That her soft light imprison'd and then freed; The fitful glimmering through the hedge-

row green Gave a strange beauty to the changing scene; And roaring winds and rushing waters lent Their mingled voice that to the spirit went. To these she listen'd; but new sounds were heard,

And sight more startling to her soul appear'd; There were low lengthen'd tones with sobs

And near at hand, but nothing yet was seen; She hurried on, and : Who is there? she cried. A dying wretch!-was from the earth replied. It was her lover-was the man she gave, The price she paid, himself from death to save;

With whom, expiring, she must kneel and

While the soul flitted from the shivering clay That press'd the dewy ground, and bled its life away!

This was the part that duty bade her take, Instant and ere her feelings were awake; But now they waked to anguish; there came then,

Hurrying with lights, loud-speaking, eager men.

And here, my lord, we met-And who is here? The keeper's wife-Ah! woman, go not near! There lies the man that was the head of all-Sec, in his temples went the fatal ball! And James that instant, who was then our guide,

Felt in his heart the adverse shot, and died! It was a sudden meeting, and the light Of a dull moon made indistinct our fight; He foremost fell !- But see, the woman creeps Like a lost thing, that wanders as she sleeps. See, here her husband's body—but she knows That other dead! and that her action shows. Rachel! why look you at your mortal foe ?— She does not hear us—Whither will she go? Now, more attentive, on the dead they gazed, And they were brothers; sorrowing and amazed.

On all a momentary silence came, A common softness, and a moral shame. Seized you the peachers? said my lord-They fled,

And we pursued not, -one of them was dead, And one of us; they hurried through the wood.

Two lives were gone, and we no more pursued.

Two lives of men, of valiant brothers lost! Enough, my lord, do hares and pheasants cost!

So many thought, and there is found a heart

correct.

The cruel spirit in the place is check'd; His lordship holds not in such sacred care, Nor takes such dreadful vengeance for a hare; The smugglers fear, the poacher stands in awe Of Heaven's own act, and reverences the law ; There was, there is a terror in the place That operates on man's offending race; Such acts will stamp their moral on the soul. And while the bad they threaten and control, Will to the pious and the humble say, Yours is the right, the safe, the certain way, 'Tis wisdom to be good, 'tis virtue to obey.

So Rachel thinks, the pure, the good, the meek, Whose outward acts the inward purpose speak ;

As men will children at their sports behold, And smile to see them, though unmoved and cold,

Smile at the recollected games, and then Depart and mix in the affairs of men: So Rachel looks upon the world, and sees It cannot longer pain her, longer please, But just detain the passing thought, or cause A gentle smile of pity or applause; And then the recollected soul repairs Her slumbering hope, and heeds her own affairs.

#### BOOK XXIL

### THE VISIT CONCLUDED.

No letters, Tom? said Richard - None to-day. Excuse me, Brother, I must now away; Matilda never in her life so long Deferr'd - Alas! there must be something

wrong! Comfort! said George, and all he could he lent; Wait till your promised day, and I consent; Two days, and those of hope, may cheerfully be spent.

And keep your purpose, to review the place, My choice; and I beseech you do it grace: Mark each apartment, their proportions learn, And either use or elegance discern; Look o'er the land, the gardens, and their wall.

Find out the something to admire in all; And should you praise them in a knowing style.

I'll take it kindly-it is well-a smile.

Richard must now his morning-visits pay, And bid farewell! for he must go away. He sought the Rector first, not lately seen, To dwell upon the deaths on either part; For he had absent from his parish been;

Farewell! the younger man with feeling cried,
Farewell! the cold but worthy priest replied;
When do you leave us?—I have days but
two!

Has he not told us of the lively joy
He takes—forgive us—in the Brothe
He is alone and pensive; you can g
Pleasure to one by whom a number

'Tis a short time—but, well—Adieu, adieu!
Now here is one, said Richard, as he went
To the next friend in pensive discontent,
With whom I sate in social, friendly ease,
Whom I respected, whom I wish'd to please;
Whose love profess'd I question'd not was
true,

And now to hear his heartless: Well! adien! But 'tis not well—and he a man of sense, Grave, but yet looking strong benevolence; Whose slight acerbity and roughness told To his advantage; yet the man is cold! Nor will he know, when rising in the morn, That such a being to the world was born. Are such the friendships we contract in life? O! give me then the friendship of a wife! Adieus, nay, parting-pains to us are sweet, They make so glad the moments when we meet.

For though we look not for regard intense, Or warm professions in a man of sense, Yet in the daily intercourse of mind I thought that found which I desired to find, Feeling and frankness—thus it seem'd to me, And such farewell!—Well, Rector, let it be!

Of the fair Sisters then he took his leave, Forget he could not, he must think and grieve, Must the impression of their wrongs retain, Their very patience adding to his pain; And still the better they their sorrows bore, His friendly nature made h'm feel them more. He judged they must have many a heavy hour When the mind suffers from a want of power; When troubled long we find our strength decay'd,

And cannot then recal our better aid; For to the mind ere yet that aid has flown, Grief has possess'd and made it all his own; And patience suffers, till, with gather'd might, The scattered forces of the soul unite. But few and short such times of suffering

In Lucy's mind, and brief the reign of care. Jane had, indeed, her flights, but had in them What we could pity but must not condemn; For they were always pure and oft sublime, And such as triumph'd over earth and time, Thoughts of eternal love that souls possess, Foretaste divine of Heaven's own happiness. Oft had he seen them, and esteem had sprung In his free mind for maids so sad and young, So good and grieving, and his place was high In their esteem, his friendly brother's nigh, But yet beneath; and when he said adieu! Their tone was kind, and was responsive too. Parting was painful; when adieu he cried, You will return? the gentle girls replied; You must return; your Brother knows you now.

But to exist without you knows not how;

Has he not told us of the lively joy
He takes — forgive us — in the Brother-boy?
He is alone and pensive; you can give
Pleasure to one by whom a number live
In daily comfort—sure for this you met,
That for his debtors you might pay a debt—
The poor are call'd ungrateful, but you still
Will have their thanks for this—indeed you
will.

Richard but little said, for he of late
Held with himself contention and debate.
My Brother loves me, his regard I know,
But will not such affection weary grow?
He kindly says: defer the parting day;
But yet may wish me in his heart away;
Nothing but kindness I in him perceive,
In me 'tis kindness then to take my leave;
Why should I grieve if he should weary be?
There have been visitors who wearied me;
He yet may love, and we may part in peace,
Nay, in affection—novelty must cease—
Man is but man; the thing he most desires
Pleases awhile—then pleases not—then tires;
George to his former habits and his friends
Will now return, and so my visit ends.
Thus Richard communed with his heart; but

He found opposed his reason and his will, Found that his thoughts were busy in this train.

And he was striving to be calm in vain.

These thoughts were passing while he yet forbore

To leave the friends whom he might see no more.

Then came a chubby child and sought relief, Sobbing in all the impotence of grief; A full fed girl she was, with ruddy check, And features coarse, that grosser feelings speak.

To whom another miss, with passions strong, And slender fist, had done some baby-wrong. On Lucy's gentle mind had Barlow wrought To teach this child, whom she had labouring taught

With unpaid love—this unproductive brain Would little comprehend, and less retain. A farmer's daughter, with redundant health, And double Lucy's weight and Lucy's wealth. Had won the man's regard, and he with her Possess'd the treasure vulgar minds prefer; A man of thrift, and thriving, he possess'd What he esteem'd of earthly good the best; And Lucy's well-stored mind had not a charm For this true lover of the well-stock d farm, This slave to petty wealth and rustic toil. This earth-devoted wooer of the soil:—But she with meckness took the wayward child,

And sought to make the savage nature mild. But Jane her judgment with decision gave— Train not an idiot to oblige a slave. said .

But he was cautious, feeling, and afraid; And little either of the hero knew, and little sought-he might be married too. Now to his home, the morning - visits past, last.

He met his Brother, and they spoke of those, From whom his comforts in the village rose; Spoke of the favourites, whom so good and kind

It was peculiar happiness to find: Then for the sisters in their griefs they felt, And, and themselves, on saddening subjects dwelt.

But George was willing all this woe to spare, And let to-morrow be to-morrow's care: He of his purchase talk'd-a thing of course, As men will boldly praise a new-bought horse. Richard was not to all its beauty blind, And promised still to seek, with hope to find: The price indeed - Yes, that, said George,

is high; But if I bought not, one was sure to buy, Who might the social comforts we enjoy, And every comfort lessen or destroy. We must not always reckon what we give, But think how precious 'tis in peace to live;

Same neighbour Nimrod might in very pride Have stirr'd my anger, and have then defied; Or worse, have loved, and teased me to ex-

By his kind care to give me happiness; Or might his lady and her daughters bring In raise my spirits, to converse, and sing: Twas not the benefit alone I view'd,

But thought what horrid things I might ex-Some party-man might here have sat him

down, Some country-champion, railing at the crown,

Or some true courtier, both prepared to prove, Who loved not them, could not their country love:

If we have value for our health and case, Should we not buy off enemies like these? So pass'd the evening in a quiet way, When, lo! the morning of the parting day.

Each to the table went with clouded look, And George in silence gazed upon a book; Something that chance had offer'd to his view,

He knew not what, or cared not, if he knew. Hichard his hand upon a paper laid,-His vacant eye upon the carpet stray'd; His tengue was talking something of the day, And his vex'd mind was wandering on his way They spake by fits, -but neither had concern In the replies,-they nothing wish'd to learn, Nar to relate; each sat as one who tries To baffle sadnesses and sympathies:

and where is Bloomer? Richard would have Each of his Brother took a steady view,-As actor he, and as observer too.

Richard, whose heart was ever free and frank, Had now a trial, and before it sank: Return'd the guest-that evening was his He thought his Brother-parting now so near

> Appear'd not as his Brother should appear; He could as much of tenderness remark When parting for a ramble in the park. Yet, is it just? he thought; and would I see My Brother wretched but to part with me? What can he further in my mind explore? He saw enough, and he would see no more: Happy himself, he wishes now to slide Back to his habits-He is satisfied; But I am not-this cannot be denied. He has been kind, -so let me think him still; Yet he expresses not a wish, a will To meet again! - And thus affection strove With pride, and petulance made war on love: He thought his Brother cool-he knew him kind-

And there was sore division in his mind.

Hours yet remain,-'tis misery to sit With minds for conversation all unfit; No evil can from change of place arise, And good will spring from air and exercise: Suppose I take the purposed ride with you, And guide your jaded praise to objects new, That buyers see?—And Richard gave assent Without resistance, and without intent: He liked not nor declined, - and forth the Brothers went.

Come, my dear Richard! let us cast away All evil thoughts,-let us forget the day. And fight like men with grief till we like

hoys are gay.

Thus George, — and even this in Richard's mind

Was judged an effort rather wise than kind; This flow'd from something he observed of late.

And he could feel it, but he could not state: He thought some change appear'd, - yet fail'd to prove,

Even as he tried, abatement in the love; But in his Brother's manner was restraint That he could feel, and yet he could not paint. That they should part in peace full well be knew.

But much he fear'd to part with coolness too: George had been peevish when the subject

And never fail'd the parting to oppose; Name it, and straight his features cloudy

To stop the journey as the clouds will do ;-And thus they rode along in pensive mood, Their thoughts pursuing, by their cares pursued.

Richard, said George, I see it is in vain By love or prayer my brother to retain; And, truth to tell, it was a foolish thing A man like thee from thy repose to bring Ours to disturb-Say, how am I to live Without the comforts thou art wont to give? How will the heavy hours my mind afflict,-No one t' agree, no one to contradict, None to awake, excite me, or prevent, To hear a tale, or hold an argument, To help my worship in a case of doubt, And bring me in my blunders fairly out. Who now by manners lively or serene Comes between me and sorrow like a screen, And giving, what I look'd not to have found, A care, an interest in the world around?

Silent was Richard, striving to adjust His thoughts for speech, - for speak, he thought, he must:

Something like war within his bosom strove

His mild, kind nature, and his proud selflove:

Grateful he was, and with his courage meck,-But he was burt, and he resolved to speak: Yes, my dear Brother! from my soul I grieve Thee and the proofs of thy regard to leave: Thou hast been all that I could wish,-my

pride Exults to find that I am thus allied: Yet to express a feeling, how it came, The pain it gives, its nature and its name, I know not,-but of late, I will confess, Not that thy love is little, but is less. Hadst thou received me in thy present mood, Sure I had held thee to be kind and good But thou wert all the warmest heart could

Affection dream, or hope anticipate; I must have wearied thee yet day by day,-Stay! said my Brother, and 'twas good to

state.

But now, forgive me, thinking I perceive Change undefined, and as I think I grieve. Have I offended ?- Proud although I be, I will be humble, and concede to thee: Have I intruded on thee when thy mind Was vex'd, and then to solitude inclined? O! there are times when all things will molest Minds so disposed, so heavy, so oppress'd; And thine, I know, is delicate and nice, Sickening at folly, and at war with vice: Then, at a time when thou wert vex'd with

I have intruded, let affection tease, And so offended .- Richard, if thou hast, 'Tis at this instant, nothing in the past: No, thou art all a Brother's love would choose; And, having lost thee, I shall interest lose In all that I possess: I pray thee tell Wherein thy host has fail'd to please thee well,-

Do I neglect thy comforts? - O! not thou, Something to vex him - what, he scarcely But art thyself uncomfortable now,

And 'tis from thee and from thy looks I gain This painful knowledge - 'tis my Brother's pain ;

And yet that something in my spirit lives, Something that spleen excites and sorrow

I may confess,—for not in thee I trace Alone this change, it is in all the place: Smile if thou wilt in scorn, for I am glad A smile at any rate is to be had. But there is Jacques, who ever seem'd to treat

Thy Brother kindly as we chanced to meet; Nor with thee only pleased our worthy guide, But in the hedge-row path and green-wood side,

There he would speak with that familiar case. That makes a trifle, makes a nothing please. But now to my farewell,-and that I spoke With honest sorrow,-with a careless look, Gazing unalter'd on some stupid prose-His sermon for the Sunday I suppose,-Going ? said he: why then the Squire and you Will part at last-You're going? - Well. adien!

True, we were not in friendship bound like those

Who will adopt each other's friends and focs. Without esteem or hatred of their own .-But still we were to intimacy grown; And sure of Jacques when I had taken leave It would have grieved me, - and it ought to grieve;

But I in him could not affection trace, Careless he put his sermons in their place, With no more feeling than his sermon-case. Not so those generous girls beyond the brook.

It quite unmann'd me as my leave I took,

But, my dear Brother! when I take at night. In my own home, and in their mother's sight, By turns my children, or together see A pair contending for the vacant knee, When to Matilda I begin to tell What in my visit first and last befell-Of this your village, of her tower and spire, And, above all, her Rector and her Squire. How will the tale be marr'd when I shall end-

I left displeased the Brother and the friend?

Nay, Jacques is honest-Marry, he was then Engaged-What! part an author and his pen! Just in the fit, and when th' inspiring ray Shot on his brain, t' arrest it in its way! Come, thou shalt see him in an easier vein, Nor of his looks nor of his words complain Art thou content?-If Richard had replied, I am, his manner had his words belied: Even from his Brother's cheerfulness he

knew:

evading said: My evil fate y comforts throws a gloom of late: writes not; and, when last she wrote, on reigns, I feel, but cannot tell pon me the dire infection fell: n may say that they alone are sane, beside have a distemper'd brain; ing like this I feel, - and I include among the frantic multitude: me, Matilda writes, although but ill, me has health, and that is comfort still.

stopp'd his horse, and with the kindest look to his Brother,-carnestly he spoke, who to his friend his heart reveals, the hazard with the comfort feels: I loved thee, Richard,-and I loved my reason had the will approved, t right early had her sanction lent, th affection in her verdict went,-I felt, that thus a friend to gain, en to lose, is but to purchase pain: he pleasure grew, then sad the day kes it all in its increase away! thou wert, and kind, - but well I knew

shand's wishes, and the father's too; low check'd they were, and yet in secret grew:

ad again I urged thee to delay rposed journey, still deferr'd the day, I on its approach the pain increased, request and thy compliance ceased; not further thy affection task, re of one so self-resisting ask; to lose thee, Richard, and with thee e of social joys-it cannot be. ald I bear to meet thee as a boy chool, his parents, to obtain a joy, ssens day by day, and one will soon destroy

ould have thee, Brother, all my own, w beside me as my trees have grown; er near me, pleasant in my sight, my mind, my pride and my delight. I I tell thee, Richard; had I found ad dependent and thy heart unsound, hau been poor, obsequious, and disposed

ny wish or measure to have closed, on me and gladly to attend. unger brother, the convenient friend; culation its reward had made trade;

eason urged, or Jacques esteem'd thy due, ad it been, and I, a trader too, d my debt, and home my Brother

Who to his wife and children would have told, They had an uncle, and the man was old; Till every girl and boy had learn'd to prate no letter—'twas a trader's note,— Of uncle George, his gout, and his estate.

I received, and all that formal prate Thus had we parted; but as now thou art, so hateful, that she knows I hate. I must not lose thee-No! I cannot part; Is it in human nature to consent, To give up all the good that heaven has lent, All social ease and comfort to forego, And live again the solitary? No! We part no more, dear Richard! thou wilt need

Thy Brother's help to teach thy boys to read; And I should love to hear Matilda's psalm, To keep my spirit in a morning-calm, And feel the soft devotion that prepares The soul to rise above its earthly cares; Then thou and I, an independent two, May have our parties, and defend them too; Thy liberal notions, and my loyal fears; Will give us subjects for our future years; We will for truth alone contend and read, And our good Jacques shall oversee our creed.

Such were my views; and I had quickly made Some bold attempts my Brother to persuade To think as I did; but I knew too well, Whose now thou wert, with whom thou wert to dwell ;

And why, I said, return him doubtful home, Six months to argue if he then would come Some six months after? and, beside, I know That all the happy are of course the slow; And thou at home art happy, there wilt stay, Dallying 'twixt will and will-not many a day, And fret the gloss of hope, and hope itself

Jacques is my friend; to him I gave my heart: You see my Brother, see I would not part; Wilt thou an embassy of love disdain's Go to this sister, and my views explain; Gloss o'er my failings, paint me with a grace That Love beholds, put meaning in my face; Describe that dwelling; talk how well we live, And all its glory to our village give; Praise the kind sisters whom we love so much, And thine own virtues like an artist touch. Tell her, and here my secret purpose show, That no dependence shall my sister know; Hers all the freedom that she loves shall be, And mine the debt,-then press her to agree; Say, that my Brother's wishes wait on hers, And his affection what she wills prefers.

her ventures - thou hadst gain'd in Forgive me, Brother, -these my words and more

Our friendly Rector to Matilda bore; At large, at length, were all my views explain'd,

And to my joy my wishes I obtain'd. Dwell in that house, and we shall still be near, d nor sorry that he came or went; Absence and parting I no more shall fear;

All who shall dare upon thee to intrude. Again thy pardon,—'twas not my design To give surprise; a better view was mine: But let it pass—and yet I wish'd to see That meeting too: and happy may it be!

Thus George had spoken, and then look'd around.

And smiled as one who then his road had found;

Follow! he cried, and briskly urged his horse: Richard was puzzled, but obey'd of course; He was affected like a man astray.

Lost, but yet knowing something of the way; Till a wood clear'd, that still conceal'd the view.

Richard the purchase of his Brother knew; And something flash'd upon his mind not clear, But much with pleasure mix'd, in part with fear:

As one who wandering through a stormy night

Sees his own home, and gladdens at the sight, Yet feels some doubt if fortune had decreed That lively pleasure in such time of need; So Richard felt—but now the mansion came In view direct,—he knew it for the same; There too the garden-walk, the elms design'd To guard the peaches from the eastern wind; And there the sloping glass, that when he ahines

Gives the sun's vigour to the ripening vines-It is my Brother's!—No! he answers, No! 'Tis to thy own possession that we go; It is thy wife's, and will thy children's be, Earth, wood, and water!—all for thine and thee;

Bought in thy name - Alight, my friend, and come,

I do beseech thee, to thy proper home; There wilt thou soon thy own Matilda view, She knows our deed, and she approves it too; Before her all our views and plans were laid, And Jacques was there t' explain and to per- Our Tale of Tales! - Health, reader, guade.

Dwell in thy home, and at thy will exclude | Here, on this lawn, thy boys and girls shall run,

And play their gambols when their tasks are done;

There, from that window, shall their mother view

The happy tribe, and smile at all they do: While thou, more gravely, hiding thy delight,

Shalt cry: O! childish! and enjoy the sight.

Well, my dear Richard, there's no more to say.

Stay, as you will—do any thing—but stay; Be, I dispute not, steward—what you will; Take your own name, but be my Brother still.

And hear me, Richard! if I should offer Assume the patron, and forget the friend; If aught in word or manner I express That only touches on thy happiness; If I be peevish, humoursome, unkind Spoil'd as I am by each subservient For I am humour'd by a tribe who m Me more capricious for the pains they to To make me quiet; shouldst thou ever fe A wound from this, this leave not tis heal.

But let thy wife her cheerful smile withhel Let her be civil, distant, cautious, cold; Then shall I woo forgiveness, and re Nor bear to lose the blessings Heaven has le

But this was needless - there was joy heart,

All felt the good that all desired t' impart Respect, affection, and esteem combined In sundry portions ruled in every mind; And o'er the whole an unobtrusive air Of pious joy, that urged the silent pres And bless'd the new-born feelingswe close

repose!

# THE PARISH REGISTER.

## PART L

### BAPTISMS.

Tam porra puer (ut savis projectus ab undis, Navita) nudus hami jacet infans indigus omni Vizali auxilio,— Vazituque locum lugubri complet, ut zequum est, Cui tantum fu vita restat transire malorum.

The year revolves, and I again explore The simple annals of my parish-poor; What infant-members in my flock appear, What pairs I bless'd in the departed year; And who, of old or young, or nymphs or swains, Are lost to life, its pleasures and its pains. No Muse I ask, before my view to bring The humble actions of the swains I sing. How pass'd the youthful, how the old their days;

Who sank in sloth, and who aspired to praise; Their tempers, manners, morals, customs, arts, What parts they had, and how they 'mploy'd

their parts;

Hy what elated, soothed, seduced, depress'd,
Full well I know—these records give the rest.

In there a place, save one the poet sees,
A land of love, of liberty and ease;
Where labour wearies not, nor cares suppress
The eternal flow of rustic happiness;
Where no proud mansion frowns in awful

Or keeps the sunshine from the cottage-gate; Where young and old, intent on pleasure, throng,

And half man's life is holiday and song? Vain search for scenes like these! no view

By sighs unruffled or unstain'd by tears; Since Vice the world subdued and waters drown'd,

Auburn and Eden can no more be found. Hence good and evil mix'd, but man has akill

And power to part them, when he feels the will!

Tail, care, and patience bless th'abstemious few,

Fear, shame, and want the thoughtless herd pursue.

Behold the cot! where thrives th' industrious swain, Source of his pride, his pleasure, and his gain; Serven'd from the winter's wind, the sun's

Smiles on the window and prolongs the day;

Projecting thatch the woodbine's branches

And turn their blossoms to the casement's top: All need requires is in that cot contain'd, And much that Taste untaught and unrestrain'd

Surveys delighted; there she loves to trace, In one gay picture, all the royal race; Around the walls are heroes, lovers, kings; The print that shows them and the verse

that sings.

Here the last Lewis on his throne is seen,
And there he stands imprison'd, and his queen;
To these the mother takes her child, and
shows

What grateful duty to his God he owes; Who gives to him a happy home, where he Lives and enjoys his freedom with the free; When kings and queens, dethroned, insulted, tried.

Are all these blessings of the poor denied. There is King Charles, and all his Golden Rules,

Who proved Misfortune's was the best of schools:

And there his son, who, tried by years of pain, Proved that misfortunes may be sent in vain. The magic-mill that grinds the gran'nams

young,
Close at the side of kind Godiva hung;
She, of her favourite place the pride and joy,
Of charms at once most lavish and most coy,
By wanton act the purest fame could raise,
And give the boldest deed the chastest praise.
There stands the stoutest Ox in England fed;
There fights the boldest Jew, Whitechapelbred;

And here Saint Monday's worthy votaries live,

In all the joys that ale and skittles give.

Now lo! in Egypt's coast that hostile fleet,
By nations dreaded and by Nelson heat;
And here shall soon another triumph come,
A deed of glory in a day of gloom;
Distressing glory! grievous boon of fate!
The proudest conquest, at the dearest rate.
On shelf of deal beside the cuckoo-clock,
Of cottage-reading rests the chosen stock;
Learning we lack, not books, but have a kind
For all our wants, a meat for every mind:
The tale for wonder and the joke for whim,
The half-sung sermon and the half-groan'd
hymn.

No need of classing; each within its place The feeling finger in the dark can trace; First from the corner, farthest from the wall, Such all the rules, and they suffice for all. found:

Companions for that Bible newly bound; That Bible, bought by sixpence weekly saved, Has choicest prints by famous hands engraved;

Has choicest notes by many a famous head, Such as to doubt have rustic readers led; Have made them stop to reason why? and how?

And, where they once agreed, to cavil now. O! rather give me commentators plain, Who with no deep researches vex the brain; Who from the dark and doubtful love to

run. And hold their glimmering tapers to the sun :

Who simple truth with nine-fold reasons back.

And guard the point no enemies attack. Bunyan's famed Pilgrim rests that shelf

upon, A genius rare but rude was honest John; Not one who, early by the Muse beguited, Drank from her well the waters undefiled; Not one who slowly gain'd the hill sublime, Then often sipp'd and little at a time;

But one who dabbled in the sacred springs, And drank them muddy, mix'd with baser things.

Here to interpret dreams we read the rules, Science our own! and never taught in schools; In moles and specks we Fortune's gifts discern.

And Fate's fix'd will from Nature's wanderings learn.

Of Hermit Quarle we read, in island rare, Far from mankind and seeming far from care:

Safe from all want, and sound in every limb; Yes! there was he, and there was care with him.

Unbound and heap'd, these valued works beside,

Lay humbler works, the pedlar's pack supplied ;

Yet these, long since, have all acquired a name:

The wandering Jew has found his way to fame ;

And fame, denied to many a labour'd song. Crowns Thumb the great, and Hickerthrift the strong.

There too is he, by wizard-power upheld, Jack, by whose arm the giant-brood were quell'd:

His shoes of swiftness on his feet he placed; His coat of darkness on his loins he braced; His sword of sharpness in his hand he took, And off the heads of doughty giants stroke: Their glaring eyes beheld no mortal near; No sound of feet alarm'd the drowsy ear; No English blood their pagan sense could smell.

But heads dropt headlong, wondering why they fell.

There pious works for Sunday's use are These are the peasant's joy, when, placed

Half his delighted offspring mount his knees. To every cot the lord's indulgent mind Has a small space for garden-ground assign'd; Here — till return of morn dismiss'd the farm-

The careful peasant plies the sinewy arm, Warm'd as he works, and casts his look around On every foot of that improving ground: It is his own he sees; his master's eye Peers not about, some secret fault to spy;

Nor voice severe is there, nor censure known;-

Hope, profit, pleasure,-they are all his own. Here grow the humble cives, and, hard by them.

The leek with crown globose and reedy stem;

High climb his pulse in many an even row. Deep strike the ponderous roots in soil below;

And herbs of potent smell and pungent taste.

Give a warm relish to the night's repust. Apples and cherries grafted by his hand, And cluster'd nuts for neighbouring market stand.

Nor thus concludes his labour; near the cot.

The reed-fence rises round some fav 'rite spot; Where rich carnations, pinks with purple eyes,

Proud hyacinths, the least some florist's prize. Tulips tall-stemm'd and pounced auriculas

Here on a Sunday-eve, when service ends, Meet and rejoice a family of friends; All speak aloud, are happy and are free, And glad they seem, and gaily they agree What, though fastidious cars may shun the speech,

Where all are talkers and where none can teach :

Where still the welcome and the words are old.

And the same stories are for ever told : Yet theirs is joy that, bursting from the heart. Prompts the glad tongue these nothings to impart :

That forms these tones of gladness we despise. That lifts their steps, that sparkles in their eves:

That talks or laughs or runs or shouts or plays.

And speaks in all their looks and all their WRYN

Fair scenes of peace! ye might detain us long,

But vice and misery now demand the sough And turn our view from dwellings simply neat.

To this infected row, we term our street Here, in cabal, a disputations crew Each evening meet; the sot, the cheat, the shrew:

are nightly heard :- the curse, the cries aten wife, perverse in her replies; e shrieking children hold each threat'n-

ing hand, sometimes life, and sometimes food demand:

in their first-stol'n rags, to swear begin. girls, who heed not dress, are skill'd in gin:

ers and smugglers here their gains divide;

aring females here their victims hide; here is one, the sibyl of the row, knows all secrets, or affects to know;

ng their fate, to her the simple run, er the guilty, theirs awhile to shun; ess of worthless arts, depraved in will, are unblest and unrepaid her skill,

to the tribe, to whose command she stoops,

poorer than the poorest maid she dupes. een the road - way and the walls, offence

les all eyes and strikes on every sense: lie, obscene, at every open door, from the hearth and sweepings from

the floor, day by day the mingled masses grow,

ks are disembogued and kennels flow. a hungry dogs from hungry children steal,

e pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal; dropsied infants wail without redress, all is want and wo and wretchedness: hould these boys, with bodies bronzed and bare,

sweln and hard, outlive that lack of care-

d an same farm, the unexerted strength, th loth to action, is compell'd at length, warm'd by health, as serpents in the

spring, their slough of indolence they fling. ere they go, a greater evil comesrawded beds in those contiguous rooms; but ill parted, by a paltry screen per'd lath or curtain dropt between; hters and sous to you compartments

creep arents here beside their children sleep : he have power, these thoughtless people

part, et the ear be first to taint the heart. ! search within, nor sight nor smell regard;

true physician walks the foulest ward. in the floor, what frowzy patches rest! nauscous fragments on you fractured chest!

downy dust beneath you window-seat! for feet;

hed where all those tatter'd garments lie.

by each sex, and now perforce thrown by!

See! as we gaze, an infant lifts its head. Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed; The mother-gossip has the love suppress'd An infant's cry once waken'd in her breast; And daily prattles, as her round she takes, (With strong resentment) of the want she makes.

Whence all these woes? - From want of virtuous will,

Of honest shame, of time-improving skill; From want of care t'employ the vacant hour, And want of ev'ry kind but want of power. Here are no wheels for either wool or flax. But packs of cards-made up of sundry packs; Here is no clock, nor will they turn the glass, And see how swift th' important moments

pass; Here are no books, but ballads on the wall, Are some abusive, and indecent all; Pistols are here, unpair'd; with nets and

hooks,

Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks; An ample flask, that nightly rovers fill With recent poison from the Dutchman's still: A box of tools, with wires of various size, Frocks, wigs, and hats, for night- or daydisguise,

And bludgeons stout to gain or guard a prize. To every house belongs a space of ground, Of equal size, once fenced with paling round; That paling now by slothful waste destroy'd, Dead gorse and stumps of elder fill the void; Save in the centre-spot, whose walls of clay Hide sots and striplings at their drink or play : Within, a board, beneath a tiled retreat, Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat; Where heavy ale in spots like varnish shows, Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows; Black pipes and broken jugs the seats defile, The walls and windows, rhymes and reck-'nings vile;

Prints of the meanest kind disgrace the door, And cards, in curses torn, lie fragments on the floor.

Here his poor bird th' inhuman cocker brings,

Arms his hard heel and clips his golden wings; With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds, And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds. Struck through the brain, deprived of both his eyes,

The vanquish'd bird must combat till he dies; Must faintly peck at his victorious foe, And reel and stagger at each feeble blow: When fallen, the savage grasps his dabbled

plumes, His blood-stain'd arms for other deaths assumes;

And damns the craven-fowl, that lost his stake,

And only bled and perish'd for his sake. Such are our peasants, those to whom we yield

Praise with relief, the fathers of the field; And these who take from our reluctant hands, What Burn advises or the Bench commands. Our farmers round, well pleased with con- Both live by Heaven's free gale, that plays stant gain,

Like other farmers, flourish and complain,-These are our groups; our portraits next appear,

And close our exhibition for the year.

With evil omen we that year begin: A Child of Shame, - stern Justice adds, of Sin.

Is first recorded ;-I would hide the deed, But vain the wish; I sigh and I proceed: And could I well th' instructive truth convey, Twould warn the giddy and awake the gay. Of all the nymphs who gave our village

The Miller's daughter had the fairest face: Proud was the Miller; money was his pride; He rode to market, as our farmers ride, And 'twas his boast, inspired by spirits, there, His favourite Lucy should be rich as fair; But she must meek and still obedient prove, And not presume, without his leave, to love. A youthful Sailor heard him; -Ha! quoth

he, This Miller's maiden is a prize for me; Her charms I love, his riches I desire, And all his threats but fan the kindling fire; My ebbing purse no more the foe shall fill, But Love's kind act and Lucy at the mill. Thus thought the youth, and soon the chase

began, Stretch'd all his sail, nor thought of pause or plan:

His trusty staff in his bold hand he took, Like him and like his frigate, Heart of Oak; Fresh were his features, his attire was new Clean was his linen, and his jacket blue: Of finest jean his trowsers, tight and trim, Brush'd the large buckle at the silver rim. He soon arrived, he traced the villagegreen,

There saw the maid, and was with pleasure seen;

Then talk'd of love, till Lucy's yielding heart Confess'd 'twas painful, though 'twas right, to part:

For ah! my father has a haughty soul; Whom best he loves, he loves but to control; Me to some churl in bargain he'll consign, And make some tyrant of the parish mine: Cold is his heart, and he with looks severe Has often forced but never shed the tear; Save, when my mother died, some drops express'd

A kind of sorrow for a wife at rest:-To me a master's stern regard is shown, I'm like his steed, prized highly as his own; Stroked but corrected, threaten'd when sup-

plied, His slave and boast, his victim and his pride.

Cheer up, my lass! I'll to thy father go, The Miller cannot be the Sailor's foe;

aloud

In the stretch'd canvas and the piping shroud; The rush of winds, the flapping sails above. And rattling planks within, are sounds we love;

Calms are our dread; when tempests plough the deep

We take a reef, and to the rocking sleep. Ha! quoth the Miller, moved at speech so rash,

Art thou like me? then where thy notes and cash?

Away to Wapping, and a wife command, With all thy wealth, a guinea, in thine hand;

There with thy messmates quaff the muddy cheer,

And leave my Lucy for thy betters here. Revenge! revenge! the angry lover cried, Then sought the nymph, and: Be thou now my bride.

Bride had she been, but they no priest could move

To bind in law the couple bound by love. What sought these lovers then by day, by night?

But stolen moments of disturb'd delight; Soft trembling tumults, terrors dearly prized, Transports that pain'd, and joys that agonized:

Till the fond damsel, pleased with lad so trim, Awed by her parent, and enticed by him, Her levely form from savage power to save, Gave-not her hand-but all she could, she gave.

Then came the day of shame, the grievous night,

The varying look, the wandering appetite: The joy assumed, while sorrow dimm'd the

The forced sad smiles that follow'd sudden sighs;

And every art, long used, but used in vaia, To hide thy progress, Nature, and thy pain. Too eager caution shows some danger's near.

The bully's bluster proves the coward's fear; His sober step the drunkard vainly tries. And nymphs expose the failings they disquise, First, whispering gossips were in parties seen;

Then louder Scandal walk'd the villagegreen:

Next babbling Folly told the growing ill, And busy Malice dropp'd it at the mill. Go! to thy curse and mine, the Father said. Strife and confusion stalk around thy bed; Want and a wailing brat thy portion be, Plague to thy foundess, as thy fault to me;-Where skulks the villain? - On the Ocean wide

My William seeks a portion for his bride.-Vain be his search! but, till the traiter come.

The higgler's cottage be thy future home;

de thy head,-thy shame thou canst not hide.

er day was pass'd in pains and grief; follow'd week, and still was no relief: y was born-no lads nor lasses came ee the rite or give the child a name; ave conceited nurse, of office proud, he young Christian roaring through

the crowd: nall chamber was my office done, blinks through paper'd panes the setting sun:

noisy sparrows, perch'd on penthouse near.

tuneless joy, and mock the frequent tear ;

their webby wings in darkness move, bly shrick their melancholy love. lor came; the months in terror fled! ews arrived-He fought, and he was DEAD!

lone cottage Lucy lives, and still for her weekly pittance to the mill; seraglio there her father keeps, mirth insults her, as she stands and

weeps; s the plenty, while compell'd to stay, her's pride, become his harlot's prey. shout the lanes she glides, at evening's

close, ftly lulls her infant to repose; its and gazes, but with viewless look, . the moon the rippling of the brook; ags her vespers, but in voice so low, ars their murmurs as the waters flow : e too murmurs, and begins to find emn wanderings of a wounded mind: of terror, views of wo succeed, ind's impatience, to the body's need; ns to that, by turns to this a prey, lows what reason yields, and dreads what madness may.

with their boy, a decent couple came, II'd him Robert, 'twas his father's name;

girls preceded, all by time endear'd, ture births were neither hoped nor fenr'd:

n each other, but to no excess; quiet, comfort, form'd their happiness;

Il made up of torture and delight, at mere madness in this couple's sight: could think, though not without a sigh,

were gone, who should her place supply;

bert, half in earnest, half in jest, of her spouse when he should be at rest:

ange would either think it to be told, love was cooling or their hearts were cold.

with his ancient shrew and care abide, Few were their acres . - but, with these content,

They were, each pay-day, ready with their rent:

And few their wisheswhat their farm denied.

The neighbouring town, at trifling cost,

supplied.

If at the draper's window Susan cast A longing look, as' with her goods she pass'd, And, with the produce of the wheel and churn,

Bought her a Sunday-robe on her return; True to her maxim, she would take no rest, Till care repaid that portion to the chest: Or if, when loitering at the Whitsun-fair, Her Robert spent some idle shillings there; Up at the barn, before the break of day, He made his labour for th' indulgence pay: Thus both - that waste itself might work in vain-

Wrought double tides, and all was well again. Yet, though so prudent, there were times of joy,-

The day they wed, the Christening of the boy,-

When to the wealthier farmers there was shown

Welcome unfeign'd, and plenty like their own; For Susan served the great, and had some pride

Among our topmost people to preside: Yet in that plenty, in that welcome free, There was the guiding nice frugality, That, in the festal as the frugal day, Has, in a different mode, a sovereign sway; As tides the same attractive influence know, In the least ebb and in their proudest flow; The wise frugality, that does not give A life to saving, but that saves to live; Sparing, not pinching, mindful though not mean.

Recorded next a babe of love I trace! Of many loves, the mother's fresh disgrace. Again, thou harlot! could not all thy pain, All my reproof, thy wanton thoughts restrain? Alas! your Reverence, wanton thoughts, I grant.

O'er all presiding, yet in nothing seen.

Were once my motive, now the thoughts of want;

Women, like me, as ducks in a decoy, Swim down a stream, and seem to swim in joy; Your sex pursue us, and our own disdain; Return is dreadful, and escape is vain. Would men forsake us, and would women, strive

To help the fall'n, their virtue might revive. For rite of churching soon she made her way, In dread of scandal, should she miss the

day :-Two matrons came! with them she humbly knelt.

Their action copied and their comforts felt.

Though still in peril of that pain to be; Alas! what numbers, like this amorous dame, Are quick to censure, but are dead to shame!

Twin-infants then appear; a girl, a boy, Th' o'erflowing cup of Gerard Ablett's joy: One had I named in every year that pass'd Since Gerard wed! and twins behold at last! Well pleased, the bridegroom smiled to hear-A vine

Fruitful and spreading round the walls be thine,

And branch-like be thine offspring !- Gerard then

Look'd joyful love, and softly said, Amen. Now of that vine he 'd have no more increase, Those playful branches now disturb his peace: Them he beholds around his table spread, But finds, the more the branch, the less the bread;

And while they run his humble walls about, They keep the sunshine of good-humour out. Cease, man, to grieve! thy master's lot survey, Whom wife and children, thou and thine obey;

A farmer proud, beyond a farmer's pride, Of all around the envy or the guide; Who trots to market on a steed so fine, That when I meet him, I'm ashamed of

Whose board is high up-heap'd with generous fare,

mine:

Which five stout sons and three tall daughters share:

Cease, man, to grieve, and listen to his care. A few years fled, and all thy boys shall be Lords of a cot, and labourers like thee: Thy girls unportion'd neighb'ring youths

shall lead Brides from my church, and thenceforth

thou art freed: But then thy master shall of cares complain, Care after care, a long connected train; His sons for farms shall ask a large supply. For farmers' sons each gentle miss shall sigh; Thy mistress, reasoning well of life's decay, Shall ask a chaise, and hardly brook delay; The smart young cornet who, with so much

grace, Rode in the ranks and betted at the race, While the vex'd parent rails at deed so rash, Shall d-n his luck, and stretch his hand for cash.

Sad troubles, Gerard! now pertain to thee, When thy rich master seems from trouble free;

But 'tis one fate at different times assign'd, And thou shalt lose the cares that he must find.

Ah ! quoth our village-grocer, rich and old, Would I might one such cause for care Should swell thy pride, some rosy girl thy behold!

From that great pain and peril to be free, To whom his Friend: Mine greater bliss would be,

Would Heav'n take those my spouse assigns to me.

Aged were both, that Dawkins, Ditchem this.

Who much of marriage thought, and much

Both would delay, the one, till-riches gain'd, The son he wish'd might be to honour train'd; His Friend-lest fierce intruding heirs should come

To waste his hoard and vex his quiet home. Dawkins, a dealer once, on burthen'd back Bore his whole substance in a pedlar's pack; To dames discreet, the duties yet unpaid, His stores of lace and hyson he convey'd: When thus enrich'd, he chose at home to stop, And fleece his neighbours in a new-built shop; Then woo'd a spinster blithe, and hoped, when wed.

For love's fair favours and a fruitful bed. Not so his Friend ; - on widow fair and staid He fix'd his eye, but he was much afraid; Yet woo'd; while she his hair of silver hue Demurely noticed, and her eye withdrew: Doubtful he paused-Ah! were I sure, he cried.

No craving children would my gains divide; Fair as she is, I would my widow take, And live more largely for my partner's sake With such their views some thoughtful years

And hoping, dreading, they were bound at last.

And what their fate? Observe them as they go, Comparing fear with fear and wo with wo. Humphrey! said Dawkins, envy in my breast Sickens to see thee in thy children blest; They are thy joys, while I go grieving home To a sad spouse, and our eternal gloom: We look despondency; no infant near, To bless the eye or win the parent's car; Our sudden heats and quarrels to allay, And soothe the petty sufferings of the day: Alike our want, yet both the want reprove; Where are, I cry, these pledges of our love? When she, like Jacob's wife, makes fierce reply,

Yet fond-Oh! give me children, or I die: And I return-still childless doom'd to live, Like the vex'd patriarch-Are they mine to

Ah! much I envy thee thy boys, who ride On poplar branch, and canter at thy side; And girls, whose cheeks thy chin's fierre fondness know.

And with fresh beauty at the contact glev Oh! simple friend, said Ditchem, woulds thou gain

A father's pleasure by a husband's pain? Alas! what pleasure-when some vig rous bet joy?

Is it to doubt, who grafted this sweet flower, We have a right, replied the sturdy dame ;-Or whence arose that spirit and that power? Four years I've wed? not one has pass'd in vain; Behold the fifth! behold, a babe again! My wife's gay friends th' unwelcome imp admire.

And fill the room with gratulation dire: While I in silence sate, revolving all That influence ancient men, or that befall; A gay pert guest-Heav'n knows his business-came;

A glorious boy, he cried, and what the name? Angry I growl'd-My spirit cease to teaze, Name it yourselves,-Cain, Judas, if you

please; His father's give him,—should you that explore,

The devil's or yours: - I said, and sought the door.

My tender partner not a word or sigh Gives to my wrath, nor to my speech reply; But takes her comforts, triumphs in my pain, And looks undaunted for a birth again .-Heirs thus denied afflict the pining heart, And thus afforded, jealous pangs impart; Let, therefore, none avoid, and none demand These arrows number'd for the giant's hand.

Then with their infants three, the parents came.

And each assign'd - 'twas all they had - a name;

Names of no mark or price! of them not one Shall court our view on the sepulchral stone, Orstop the clerk, th' engraven scrolls to spell, Or keep the sexton from the sermon-bell.

An orphan-girl succeeds: ere she was born Her father died, her mother on that morn: The pious mistress of the school sustains Her parents' part, nor their affection feigns, But pitying feels: with due respect and joy, I trace the matron at her leved employ; What time the striplings, wearied e'en with

play, Part at the closing of the summer's day, And each by different path returns the well-

known way-Then I behold her at her cottage-door, Frugal of light ;-her Bible laid before, When on her double duty she proceeds, Of time as frugal-knitting as she reads: Her idle neighbours, who approach to tell Same triffing tale, her serious looks compel To hear reluctant, -while the lads who pass, In pure respect, walk silent on the grass: Then sinks the day, but not to rest she goes, Till solemn prayers the daily duties close.

But I digress, and lo! an infant-train Appear, and call me to my task again. Why Lanicera wilt thou name thy child? l ask'd the Gardener's wife, in accents mild: What plumy people sing in every grove!

And Lonicera was the infant's name. If next a son shall yield our Gardener joy, Then Hyacinthus shall be that fair boy; And if a girl, they will at length agree, That Belladonna that fair maid shall be. High-sounding words our worthy Gardener

And at his club to wondering swains repeats; He then of Rhus and Rhododendron speaks, And Allium calls his onions and his leeks; Nor weeds are now, for whence arose the weed.

Scarce plants, fair herbs, and curious flowers proceed;

Where Cuckoo-pints and Dandelions sprung, (Gross names had they our plainer sires among,)

There Arums, there Leontodons we view, And Artemisia grows, where Wormwood

But though no weed exists his garden round, From Rumex strong our Gardener frees his ground,

Takes soft Senicio from the yielding land, And grasps the arm'd Urtica in his hand. Not Darwin's self had more delight to sing Of floral courtship, in th' awaken'd Spring, Than Peter Pratt, who simpering loves to tell

How rise the Stamens, as the Pistils swell; How bend and curl the moist-top to the spouse.

And give and take the vegetable yows; How those esteem'd of old but tips and chives, Are tender husbands and obedient wives; Who live and love within the sacred bower,-That bridal bed, the vulgar term a flower. Hear Peter proudly, to some humble friend, A wondrous secret, in his science, lend:— Would you advance the nuptial hour, and bring

The fruit of Autumn with the flowers of Spring;

View that light frame where Cucumis lies spread,

And trace the husbands in their golden bed, Three powder'd Anthers; - then no more

But to the Stigma's tip their dust convey ; Then by thyself, from prying glance secure; Twirl the full tip and make your purpose sure;

A long-abiding race the deed shall pay, Nor one unblest abortion pine away. T' admire their friend's discourse our swains

And call it science and philosophy. 'Tis good, 'tis pleasant, through th' advancing year,

To see unnumber'd growing forms appear; What leafy-life from Earth's broad bosom rise !

What insect-myriads seek the summer-skies! What scaly tribes in every streamlet move! and love.

Then names are good; for how, without their aid.

Is knowledge, gain'd by man, to man convey'd? But from that source shall all our pleasures flow ?

Shall all our knowledge be those names to know?

Then he, with memory blest, shall bear away The palm from Grew, and Middleton, and Ray: No! let us rather seek, in grove and field, What food for wonder, what for use they yield;

Some just remark from Nature's people bring,

And some new source of homage for her King.

Pride lives with all; strange names our rustics give

To helpless infants, that their own may live ; Pleased to be known, they'll some attention claim,

And find some by-way to the house of fame. The straightest furrow lifts the ploughman's art.

The hat he gain'd has warmth for head and heart:

The bowl that beats the greater number down Of tottering nine-pins gives to fame the clown;

Or, foil'd in these, he opes his ample jaws, And lets a frog leap down, to gain applause; Or grins for hours, or tipples for a week, Or challenges a well-pinch'd pig to squeak: Some idle deed, some child's preposterous name,

Shall make him known, and give his folly fame.

To name an infant meet our village-sires, Assembled all, as such event requires: Frequent and full, the rural sages sate, And speakers many urged the long debate,-Some harden'd knaves, who roved the country round,

Had left a babe within the parish-bound.— First, of the fact they question'd — Was it

true ? The child was brought-What then remain'd

to do? Was 't dead or living? This was fairly

proved,-'Twas pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt removed.

Then by what name th' unwelcome guest to call

Was long a question, and it posed them all; For he who lent it to a babe unknown, Censorious men might take it for his own: They look'd about, they gravely spoke to all, And not one Richard answer'd to the call. Next they inquired the day, when, passing by, Th' unlucky peasant heard the stranger's cry:

All with the year awaked to life, delight, | This known, - how food and raiment they might give,

Was next debated-for the rogue would live; At last, with all their words and work content.

Back to their homes the prudent Vestry went, And Richard Monday to the workhouse sent. There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd and fed,

And duly took his beatings and his bread; Patient in all control, in all abuse, He found contempt and kicking have their use: Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow. A slave of slaves, the lowest of the low; His pliant soul gave way to all things base, He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace. It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd, No feeling stirr'd his ever-torpid breast; Him might the meanest pauper bruise and

cheat. He was a footstool for the beggar's feet: His were the legs that ran at all commands; They used on all occasions Richard's hands: His very soul was not his own; he stole As others order'd, and without a dole; In all disputes on either part he lied, And freely pledged his oath on either side; In all rebellions Richard join'd the rest, In all detections Richard first confess'd: Yet, though disgraced, he watch'd his time

so well, He rose in favour, when in fame he fell; Base was his usage, vile his whole empley, And all despised and fed the pliant boy. At length, 'tis time he should abroad be sent Was whisper'd near him, - and abroad he

west; One morn they call'd him, Richard answer'd not;

They deem'd him hanging, and in time forgot,-

Yet miss'd him long, as each, throughout the clan,

Found he had better spared a better man. Now Richard's talents for the world were lit, He'd no small cunning, and had some small wit; Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent, And that complacent speech which nothing meant:

He'd but one care, and that he strove to hide, How best for Richard Monday to provide. Steel, through opposing plates, the magnet draws.

And steely atoms culls from dust and straws; And thus our hero, to his interest true, Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew:

But still more surely round the world to ga This fortune's child had neither friend nor for Long lost to us, at last our man we trace-Sir Richard Monday died at Monday-place: His lady's worth, his daughter's we peruse, And find his grandsons all as rich as Jews: He gave reforming charities a sum, And bought the blessings of the blind and

dumb;

stocks,

les issued from his private box; his native place severely just, a pittance bound in rigid trust ;ry pounds, on every quarter's-day, ch produced) for forty loaves should pay;

d gift, that to the parish shows in mind their bounty and their blows!

mers three, the year has given a son, the Moor, and French, and Middleton. this year a female Giles I see, ing once, and once a Barnaby :le man is he, and, when they meet, ners find him on a distant seat; or their wit he serves a constant theme,-

aise his dairy, they extol his team, k the price of each unrivall'd steed, nce his sheep, that admirable breed? ving arts they beg he would explain, re he puts the money he must gain. ive their daughters, but they fear

their friend hink his sons too much would condescend:

we their sons who would their fortunes try

his daughters will their suit deny. the joke, while James, with sigh profound,

of care, looks moveless on the ground, s, his sighs, provoke the insult more, at the jest-for Barnaby is poor.

my list, five untaught lads appear; ther dead, compassion sent them here.

that rustic infidel denied their names with solemn rite applied: one house, by Deadman's Dyke-way stood;

a nightly haunt, in Lonely-wood: believed in neither God nor ghost; hen the sod upon the sinner press'd the saint, had everlasting rest; er priest believed his doctrines true, ld, for profit, own himself a Jew, ip wood and stone, as honest heathens do:

la alone on future worlds rely, who die for faith, deserve to die. profess'd.

transcendent genius found the rest; matrons heard, and, much amazed, the man, and trembled as they gazed;

his face explored, and now his feet.

hed to missions money from the But him our drunkards as their champion raised.

Their bishop call'd, and as their hero praised; Though most, when sober, and the rest, when sick,

Had little question whence his bishoprick. But he, triumphant spirit! all things dared, He poach'd the wood, and on the warren snared;

'Twas his, at cards, each novice to trepan, And call the wants of rogues the rights of man;

Wild as the winds, he let his offspring rove, And deem'd the marriage-bond the bane of love.

What age and sickness, for a man so bold, Had done, we know not; - none beheld him old: By night, as business urged, he sought the wood,-

The ditch was deep,-the rain had caused a flood,-

The foot-bridge fail'd-he plunged beneath

And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep.

These have we named; on life's rough sea they sail,

With many a prosperous, many an adverse gale!

Where passions soon, like powerful winds, will rage,

And prudence, wearied, with their strength engage:

Then each, in aid, shall some companion ask, For help or comfort in the tedious task; And what that help-what joys from union flow.

What good or ill, we next prepare to show; And row, meantine, our weary bark ashore, As Spenser his-but not with Spenser's oar.

# PART II.

#### MARRIAGES.

Nubere si qua voles, quamvis properabitis ambo, Differ; habent parvæ commoda magna moræ.

Disposed to wed, e'en while you hasten, stay;

There's great advantage in a small delay :-Thus Ovid sang, and much the wise approve This prudent maxim of the priest of Love: If poor, delay for future want prepares, And eases humble life of half its cares; If rich, delay shall brace the thoughtful mind, T' endure the ills that e'en the happiest find:

Delay shall knowledge yield on either part, aded foe, in this bad man, to meet: And show the value of the vanquish'd heart; The humours, passions, merits, failings | Thus, with example sad, our year began. prove.

And gently raise the veil that's worn by Love;

Love, that impatient guide!-too proud to think

Of vulgar wants, of clothing, meat and drink, Urges our amorous swains their joys to seize.

And then, at rags and hunger frighten'd, flees :

Yet not too long in cold debate remain; Till age refrain not-but if old, refrain.

By no such rule would Gaffer Kirk be tried;

First in the year he led a blooming bride, And stood a wither'd elder at her side. Oh! Nathan! Nathan! at thy years, trepann'd

To take a wanton harlot by the hand! Thou, who wert used so tartly to express Thy sense of matrimonial happiness. Till every youth, whose bans at church were

read. Strove not to meet, or meeting, hung his head;

And every lass forbore at thee to look, A sly old fish, too cunning for the hook;-And now at sixty, that pert dame to see Of all thy savings mistress, and of thee; Now will the lads, remem'bring insults past, Cry, What, the wise-one in the trap at last! Fie! Nathan! fie! to let an artful jade The close recesses of thy heart invade; What grievous pangs! what suffering she'll

impart. And fill with anguish that rebellious heart; For thou wilt strive incessantly, in vain, By threatening speech, thy freedom to re-

But she for conquest married, nor will prove A dupe to thee, thine anger, or thy love; Clamorous her tongue will be ; -of either sex, She'll gather friends around thee and perplex Thy doubtful soul; - thy money she will waste.

In the vain ramblings of a vulgar taste; And will be happy to exert her power, In every eye, in thine, at every hour. Then wilt thou bluster-No! I will not rest, And see consumed each shilling of my chest: Thou wilt be valiant: - When thy cousins call, I will abuse and shut my door on all: Thou wilt be cruel :- What the law allows, That be thy portion, my ungrateful spouse! Nor other shillings shalt thou then receive, And when I die-What! may I this believe? Are these true tender tears? and does my

Kitty grieve? Ah! crafty vixen, thine old man has fears; But weep no more! I'm melted by thy tears; Spare but my money ; thou shalt rule me still. And see thy cousins - there! I burn the

A wanton vixen and a weary man; But had this tale in other guise been told, Young let the lover be, the lady old. And that disparity of years shall prove No bane of peace, although some bar to love: Tis not the worst, our nuptial ties among, That joins the ancient bride and bridegroom young ;

Young wives, like changing winds, their power display. By shifting points and varying day by day; Now zephyrs mild, now whirlwinds in their

force , They sometimes speed, but often thwart

our course; And much experienced should that pilot be, Who sails with them on life's tempestuous sca. But like a trade-wind is the ancient dame, Mild to your wish, and every day the same; Steady as time, no sudden squalls you fear, But set full sail and with assurance steer; Till every danger in your way be past, And then she gently, mildly breathes her last; Rich you arrive, in port awhile remain, And for a second venture sail again.

For this blithe Donald southward made his way,

And left the lasses on the banks of Tay; Him to a neighbouring garden fortune sent, Whom we beheld, aspiringly content: Patient and mild he sought the dame to

please. Who ruled the kitchen and who bore the keys. Fair Lucy first, the laundry's grace and pride, With smiles and gracious looks her fortune

But all in vain she praised his pawky eync, Where never fondness was for Lucy seen: Him the mild Susan, boast of dairies, loved, And found him civil, cautious, and unmoved From many a fragrant simple, Catharine's skill

Drew oil and essence from the boiling stills But nor her warmth, nor all her winning

ways From his cool phiegm could Donald's spirit raise:

Of beauty heedless, with the merry mute, To Mistress Dobson he preferr'd his suit; There proved his service, there address'd his yows,

And saw her mistress, - friend, - protect-

A butler now, he thanks his powerful bride, And, like her keys, keeps constant at her side.

Next at our altar stood a luckless pair, Brought by strong passions and a warrant there;

By long rent cloak, hung loosely, strove the bride

From ev'ry eye what all perceived to hids.

pace.

awhile and then exposed his face; e alternately with anger strove, in confused with muddy ale to move: and stammering he perform'd his part.

k'd the rage that rankled in his heart;

each lover inly curse his fate, late:)

is features take a savage gloom, ply threaten for the days to come. the the lass, and lisp'd and minced the while,

n the lad, and faintly tried to smile; often'd speech and humbled tone she strove

the embers of departed love: e, a tyrant, frowning walk'd before, poor purse and sought the public door ,

y following in submission went, the final shilling foully spent; her father's hut the pair withdrew, to love and comfort long adieu! temptation, youth, refrain! refrain! for ever; but I preach in vain.

ummers since, I saw, at Lammas-Fair.

cetest flower that ever blossom'd there, mebe Dawson gaily cross'd the Green,

to see and happy to be seen: her manners, all who saw, admired; as though coy, and gentle though retired;

of youth and health her eyes display'd,

of heart her every look convey'd; skill her simple robes express'd, untutor'd elegance she dress'd; around admired so fair a sight. the felt, and felt she gave, delight. soon of every age she gain'd, inty won them and her worth retain'd;

elf could no contempt display, sh'd her well, whom yet they wish'd

away. in thought, she judged a servant's

place d a rustic beauty from disgrace; on Sunday-eve, in freedom's hour, eret joy she felt that beauty's power, ome proud bliss upon the heart

would steal, or or rich, a beauty still must feel. h, the youth, ordain'd to move her breast.

sed by manners most unlike her own;

he boy-bridegroom, shuffling in his Loud though in love, and confident though

Fierce in his air, and voluble of tongue; By trade a tailor, though, in scorn of trade, He served the 'Squire, and brush'd the coat he made:

Yet now, would Phæbe her consent afford, Her slave alone, again he'd mount the board; With her should years of growing love be

n made happy and nade wise too And growing wealth:-she sigh'd and look'd consent.

> Now, through the lane, up hill, and 'cross the green,

> (Seen by but few, and blushing to be seen-Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid,) Led by the lover, walk'd the silent maid: Slow through the meadows roved they,

> many a mile Toy'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;

Where, as he painted every blissful view, And highly colour'd what he strongly drew, The pensive damsel, prone to tender fears, Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic tears.

Thus pass'd th' allotted hours, till lingering late.

The lover loiter'd at the master's gate; There he pronounced adjeu! and yet would stay,

Till chidden - soothed - entreated - forced away;

He would of coldness, though indulged, complain,

And oft retire and oft return again; When, if his teazing vex'd her gentle mind, The grief assumed compell'd her to be kind! For he would proof of plighted kindness crave,

That she resented first and then forgave, And to his grief and penance yielded more Than his presumption had required before .-Ah! fly temptation, youth; refrain! refrain, Each yielding maid and each presuming

Lo! now with red rent cloak and bonnet black.

And torn green gown loose hanging at her back,

One who an infant in her arms sustains, And seems in patience striving with her

pains; Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for bread,

Whose cares are growing and whose hopes are fled :

Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk low,

And tears unnoticed from their channels flow ;

he swains with holder spirit press'd; Serene her manner, till some sudden pain Frets the meek soul, and then she's calm again;

Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes, And every step with cautious terror makes; For not alone that infant in her arms, But nearer cause, her anxious soul alarms. With water burthen'd then she picks her way, Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;

Till, in mid-green, she trusts a place unsound,

And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground; Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she takes,

While hope the mind as strength the frame forsakes; For when so full the cup of sorrow grows,

Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows. And now her path but not her peace she gains,

Safe from her task, but shivering with her pains;

Her home she reaches, open leaves the door, And placing first her infant on the floor, She bares her bosom to the wind, and sits, And sobbing struggles with the rising fits: In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating

grief,
That shuts the swelling bosom from relief; That speaks in feeble cries a soul distress'd. Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd. The neighbour-matron leaves her wheel and flies

With all the aid her poverty supplies; Unfee'd, the calls of Nature she obeys, Not led by profit, not allured by praise; And waiting long, till these contentions cease, She speaks of comfort, and departs in peace. Friend of distress! the mourner feels thy aid. She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this child of weakness, want, and care?

Tis Phæbe Dawson, pride of Lammas-Fair; Who took her lover for his sparkling eyes, Expressions warm, and love-inspiring lies: Compassion first assail'd her gentle heart. For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart : And then his prayers! they would a savage move,

And win the coldest of the sex to love :-But ah! too soon his looks success declared, Too late her loss the marriage-rite repaired : The faithless flatterer then his vows forgot, A captious tyrant or a noisy sot:

If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd; If absent, spending what their labours

gain'd; Till that fair form in want and sickness

pined. And hope and comfort fled that gentle mind. Then fly temptation, youth; resist, refrain! Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

Next came a well dress'd pair, who left Now out, now in, they droop, they fall, their coach.

For this gay bride had many a female friend. And youths were there, this favour'd youth t' attend :

Silent, nor wanting due respect, the crowd Stood humbly round, and gratulation bow'd; But not that silent crowd, in wonder fix'd, Not numerous friends, who praise and envy mix'd,

Nor nymphs attending near to swell the pride

Of one more fair, the ever-smiling bride; Nor that gay bride, adorn'd with every

Nor love nor joy triumphant in her face, Could from the youth's sad signs of sorrow chase:

Why didst thou grieve? wealth, pleasure, freedom thine;

Vex'd it thy saul, that freedom to resign? Spake Scandal truth? Thou didst not then

So soon to bring thy wooing to an end? Or, was it, as our prating rustics say, To end as soon, but in a different way? Tis told thy Phillis is a skilful dame, Who play'd uninjured with the dangerous

flame: That, while, like Lovelace, thou thy cost display'd,

And hid the snare for her affection laid. Thee, with her net, she found the means to catch,

And at the amorous see-saw won the match: Yet others tell, the Captain fix'd thy doubt, He'd call three brother, or he'd call thee out:-

But rest the motive-all retreat too late. Joy like thy bride's should on thy brow have sate:

The deed had then appear'd thine own intent. A glorious day, by gracious fortune sent, In each revolving year to be in triumph spent.

Then in few weeks that cloudy brow had been

Without a wonder or a whisper seen: And none had been so weak as to inquire: Why pouts my Lady? or : why frowns the Squire?

How fair these names, how much unlike they look

To all the blurr'd subscriptions in my buck: The bridegroom's letters stand in row above, Tapering yet stout, like pine-trees in his

While free and fine the bride's appear below,

As light and slender as her jasmines grow. Mark now in what confusion, stoop or stand, The crooked scrawls of many a clownish hand;

they rise.

And made, in long procession, slow approach: Like raw recruits drawn forth for exercise:

Ere yet reform'd and modell'd by the drill | Join'd with these powers, he could so The free-born legs stand striding as they will.

Much have I tried to guide the fist along, But still the blunderers placed their blottings wrong :

Behold these marks uncouth! how strange that men,

Who guide the plough, should fail to guide the pen:

For half a mile the furrows even lie; For half an inch the letters stand awry Our peasants, strong and sturdy in the field, Cannot these arms of idle students wield: Like them, in feudal days, their valiant lords

Resign'd the pen and grasp'd their conqu'ring swords;

They to robed clerks and poor dependent men Left the light duties of the peaceful pen; Nor to their ladies wrote, but sought to prove.

By deeds of death, their hearts were fill'd with love.

But yet, small arts have charms for female EVCR :

Our rustic nymphs the bean and scholar prize;

Unletter'd swains and ploughmen coarse they slight,

For those who dress, and amorous scrolls indite.

For Lucy Collins happier days had been. Had Footman Daniel scorn'd his native green; Or when he came an idle coxcomb down, Had he his love reserved for lass in town; To Stephen Hill she then had pledged her truth.

A stordy, sober, kind, unpolish'd youth; But from the day, that fatal day she spied The pride of Daniel, Daniel was her pride. In all concerns was Stephen just and true; But coarse his doublet was and patch'd in view,

And felt his stockings were, and blacker than his shoe;

While Daniel's linen all was fine and fair,-His master wore it, and he deign'd to wear: (To wear his livery, some respect might prove;

To wear his linen, must be sign of love:) Blue was his coat, unsoil'd by spot or stain; His hose were silk, his shoes of Spanish-

grain; A diamond-buckle blazed his breast beforebiamond he swore it was! and show'd it as he swore;

Riegs on his fingers ahone; his milk-white hand

Could pick-tooth-case and box for snuff command:

And thus, with clouded cane, a fop complete, He stalk'd, the jest and glory of the street.

sweetly sing,

Talk with such toss, and saunter with such

Laugh with such glee, and trifle with such art, That Lucy's promise fail'd to shield her heart.

Stephen, meantime, to ease his amorous cares.

Fix'd his full mind upon his farm's affairs; Two pigs, a cow, and wethers half a score, Increased his stock, and still he look'd for more.

He, for his acres few, so duly paid, That yet more acres to his lot were laid; Till our chaste nymphs no longer felt disdain, And prudent matrons praised the frugal swain;

Who thriving well, through many a fruitful year,

Now clothed himself anew, and acted Overseer.

Just then poor Lucy, from her friend in town,

Fled in pure fear, and came a beggar down; Trembling at Stephen's door she knock'd for bread.

Was chidden first, next pitied, and then fed; Then sat at Stephen's hoard, then shared in Stephen's bed:

All hope of marriage lost in her disgrace, He mourns a flame revived, and she a love of lace.

Now to be wed a well-match'd couple came;

Twice had old Lodge been tied, and twice the dame;

Tottering they came and toying, (odious scene!)

And fond and simple, as they'd always been. Children from wedlock we by laws restrain; Why not prevent them, when they're such

again? Why not forbid the doting souls, to prove Th' indecent fondling of preposterous love? In spite of prudence, uncontroll'd by shame, The amorous senior woos the toothless dame,

Relating idly, at the closing eve, The youthful follies he disdains to leave; Till youthful follies wake a transient fire, When arm in arm they totter and retire. So a fond pair of solemn birds all day Blink in their seat and doze the hours away; Then, by the moon awaken'd, forth they

move And fright the songsters with their cheerless love.

So two sear trees, dry, stunted, and unsound, Each other catch, when dropping to the ground;

Entwine their wither'd arms 'gainst wind and weather.

And shake their leafless heads and drop together.

So two cold limbs, touch'd by Galvani's wire, When they engage the tongue, the eye, Move with new life, and feel awaken'd fire; Quivering awhile, their flaccid forms remain, Then turn to cold torpidity again.

But ever frowns your Hymen? man and maid,

Are all repenting, suffering or betray'd? Forbid it, Love! we have our couples here Who hail the day in each revolving year: These are with us, as in the world around; They are not frequent, but they may be found.

Our farmers too, what though they fail to prove,

In Hymen's bonds, the tenderest slaves of love.

(Nor, like those pairs whom sentiment unites.

Feel they the fervour of the mind's delights;) Yet coarsely kind and comfortably gay, They heap the board and hail the happy day: And though the bride, now freed from school, admits

Of pride implanted there some transient fits:

Yet soon she casts her girlish flights aside, And in substantial blessings rests her pride. No more she moves in measured steps; no more

Runs, with bewilder'd ear, her music o'er; No more recites her French the hinds among, But chides her maidens in her mothertongue :

Her tambour-frame she leaves and diet spare, Plain work and plenty with her house to share;

Till, all her varnish lost, in few short years, In all her worth, the farmer's wife appears. Yet not the ancient kind: nor she who gave Her soul to gain-a mistress and a slave: Who not to sleep allow'd the needful time; To whom repose was loss, and sport a crime; Who, in her meanest room (and all were mean

A noisy drudge, from morn till night was seen :-

But she, the daughter, boasts a decent room.

Adorn'd with carpet, form'd in Wilton's loom;

Fair prints along the paper'd wall are spread; There, Werther sees the sportive children fed, And Charlotte, here, bewails her lover dead. 'Tis here, assembled, while in space apart Their husbands, drinking, warm the opening heart,

Our neighbouring dames, on festal days, unite

With tongues more fluent and with hearts as light;

Theirs is that art, which English wives alone Profess-a boast and privilege their own; An art it is, where each at once attends To all, and claims attention from her friends.

the car,

Reply when list'ning, and when speaking hear;

The ready converse knows no dull delays, But double are the pains, and double be the praise.

Yet not to those alone who bear command Heaven gives a heart to hail the marriageband;

Among their servants we the pairs can show Who much to love and more to prudence

Reuben and Rachel, though as fond as doves, Were yet discreet and cautious in their loves; Nor would attend to Cupid's wild commands, Till cool reflection bade them join their hands:

When both were poor, they thought it argued ill

Of hasty love to make them poorer still; Year after year, with savings long laid by. They bought the future dwelling's full supply;

Her frugal fancy cull'd the smaller ware, The weightier purchase ask'd her Reuben's care;

Together then their last year's gain they threw,

And lo! an auction'd bed, with curtains neat and new.

Thus both, as prudence counsell'd, wisely stay'd,

And cheerful then the calls of Love obey'd: What if, when Rachel gave her hand, 'twas one

Embrown'd by Winter's ice and Summer's sun ?

What if, in Reuben's hair, the female eye Usurping grey among the black could spy? What if, in both, life's bloomy flush was lost, And their full autumn felt the mellowing frost?

Yet time, who blow'd the rose of youth away,

Had left the vigorous stem without decay; Like those tall clms, in Farmer Frankford's ground,

They'll grow no more,-but all their growth is sound;

By time confirm'd and rooted in the land, The storms they've stood still promise they shall stand.

These are the happier pairs, their life has rest,

Their hopes are strong, their humble portion blest:

While those more rash to hasty marriage led, Lament th' impatience which now stists their bread:

When such their union, years their cares increase.

Their love grows colder and their pleasures cease ;

In health just fed, in sickness just relieved; And is that bosom-(what on earth so fair!) By hardships harass'd and by children grieved;

In petty quarrels and in peevish strife The once fond couple waste the spring of life:

But when to age mature those children grown

Find hopes and homes and hardships of their own.

The harass'd couple feel their lingering

Receding slowly, till they find repose. Complaints and murmurs then are laid aside, (By reason these subdued, and those by pride;)

And, taught by care, the patient man and wife Agree to share the bitter-sweet of life; (Life that has sorrow much and sorrow's cure.

Where they who most enjoy shall much endure :)

Their rest, their labours, duties, sufferings, prayers.

Compose the soul, and fit it for its cares; Their graves before them and their griefs behind,

Have each a med'cine for the rustic mind; Nor has he care to whom his wealth shall go, Or who shall labour with his spade and hoe; But as he lends the strength that yet remains, And some dead neighbour on his bier sustains.

(One with whom oft he whirl'd the bounding flail,

Tosa'd the broad coit, or took th' inspiring ale.)

For me (he meditates) shall soon be done This friendly duty, when my race be run; Twas first in trouble as in error past, Dark clouds and stormy cares whole years

o'ercast, But calm my setting day, and sunshine smiles at last:

My vices punish'd and my follies spent, Not loth to die, but yet to live content, I rest:- then casting on the grave his eye, His friend compels a tear, and his own griefs a sigh.

Last on my list appears a match of love, And one of virtue;—happy may it prove!— Sir Edward Archer is an amorous knight, And maidens chaste and lovely shun his sight; His bailiff's daughter suited much his taste, For Fanny Price was lovely and was chaste; To her the Knight with gentle looks drew near.

And timid voice assumed, to banish fear:-Hope of my life, dear sovereign of my breast, Which, since I knew thee, knows not joy

nor rest; Know, thou art all that my delighted eyes, My fendest thoughts, my proudest wishes prize;

To cradle some coarse peasant's sprawling heir ?

To be that pillow which some surly swain May treat with scorn and agonize with pain? Art thou, sweet maid, a ploughman's wants to share.

To dread his insult, to support his care; To hear his follies, his contempt to prove, And (oh! the torment!) to endure his love; Till want and deep regret those charms

destroy, 'That time would spare, if time were pass'd in joy?

With him, in varied pains, from morn till night.

Your hours shall pass; yourself a ruffian's right;

Your softest bed shall be the knotted wool; Your purest drink the waters of the pool; Your sweetest food will but your life sustain, And your best pleasure be a rest from pain; While, through each year, as health and strength abate,

You'll weep your woes and wonder at your fate:

And cry : Behold, as life's last cares come on, My burthens growing when my strength is gone!

Now turn with me, and all the young desire, That taste can form, that fancy can require; All that excites enjoyment, or procures

Wealth, health, respect, delight, and love, are yours:

Sparkling, in cups of gold, your wines shall flow,

Grace that fair hand, in that dear bosom glow;

Fruits of each clime, and flowers, through all the year,

Shall on your walls and in your walks appear;

Where all beholding shall your praise repeat, No fruit so tempting and no flower so sweet: The softest carpets in your rooms shall lie, Pictures of happiest loves shall meet your

And tallest mirrors, reaching to the floor, Shall show you all the object I adore; Who, by the hands of wealth and fashion dress'd.

By slaves attended and by friends caress'd, Shall move, a wonder, through the public

And hear the whispers of adoring praise. Your female friends, though gayest of the

Shall see you happy, and shall, sighing, say, While smother'd envy rises in the breast,-Oh! that we lived so beauteous and so blest! Come then, my mistress, and my wife; for she

Who trusts my honour is the wife for me; Your slave, your husband, and your friend employ

In search of pleasure we may both enjoy.

To this the damsel, meekly firm, replied: My mother loved, was married, toil'd, and died;

With joys, she'd griefs, had troubles in her course,

But not one grief was pointed by remorse; My mind is fix'd, to Heaven I resign, And be her love, her life, her comforts mine.— Tyrants have wept; and those with hearts of steel.

Unused the anguish of the heart to heal, Have yet the transient power of virtue known.

And felt th' imparted joy promote their own.
Our Knight relenting, now befriends a youth,
Who to the yielding maid had vow'd his
truth:

And finds in that fair deed a sacred joy, That will not perish, and that cannot cloy;— A living joy, that shall its spirit keep, When every beauty fades, and all the passions sleep.

## PART III.

BURIALS.

Qui vultus Acherontis atri, Qui Stygia tristem, non tristis, videt,— Par ille Regi, par Superis crit.

THERE was, 'tis said, and I believe, a

When humble Christians died with views sublime;

When all were ready for their faith to bleed, But few to write or wrangle for their creed; When lively Faith upheld the sinking heart, And friends, assured to meet, prepared to part;

When Love felt hope, when Sorrow grew serene,

And all was comfort in the death-bed-scene. Alas! when now the gloomy king they wait, "Tis weakness yielding to resistless fate; Like wretched men upon the ocean cast, They labour hard and struggle to the last; Hope against hope, and wildly gaze around, In search of help that never shall be found:

Nor, till the last strong billow stops the breath, Will they believe them in the jaws of Death!

When these my records I reflecting read, And find what ills these numerous births succeed;

What powerful griefs these nuptial ties attend,
With what regret these painful journeys end;

When from the cradle to the grave I look, Mine I conceive a melancholy book. Where now is perfect resignation seen? Alas! it is not on the village-green:—I've seldom known, though I have often read

Of happy peasants on their dying-bed; Whose looks proclaim'd that sunshine of the breast,

That more than hope, that Heaven itself express'd.

What I behold are feverish fits of strife, 'Twixt fears of dying and desire of life: Those earthly hopes, that to the last endure; Those fears, that hopes superior fail to cure; At best a sad submission to the doom, Which, turning from the danger, lets it come.

Sick lies the man, bewilder'd, lost, afraid, His spirits vanquish'd and his strength decay'd;

No hope the friend, the nurse, the doctor

Call then a priest, and fit him for his end. A priest is call'd; 'tis now, alas! too late, Death enters with him at the cottage-gate; Or time allow'd—he goes, assured to find The self-commending, all-confiding mind; And sighs to hear, what we may justly call Death's common-place, the train of thought in all.

True, I'm a sinner,—feebly he begins— But trust in Mercy to forgive my sins: (Such cool confession no past crimes excite! Such claim on Mercy seems the sinner's right!)

I know, mankind are frail, that God is just, And pardons those who in his mercy trust; We're sorely tempted in a world like this, All men have done, and I like all, amiss; But now, if spared, if is my full intent On all the past to ponder and repent: Wrongs against me I pardon great and small.

And if I die, I die in peace with all.— His merits thus and not his sins confess'd, He speaks his hopes, and leaves to Heaven the rest.

Alas! are these the prospects, dull and cold. That dying Christians to their priests unfold? Or mends the prospect when th' Enthusiast cries,

I die assured! and in a rapture dies?
Ah, where that humble, self-abasing mind,
With that confiding spirit, shall we find;
The mind that, feeling what repentance
brings,

Dejection's terrors and Contrition's stings. Feels then the hope, that mounts all care above,

And the pure joy that flows from pardoning love?

Such have I seen in death, and much deplore. So many dying—that I see no more: trace.

How Death has triumph'd in so short a space:

Who are the dead, how died they, I relate, And snatch some portion of their acts from fate.

With Andrew Collett we the year begin, The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown-Inn.-

Big as his butt, and, for the self-same use, To take in stores of strong fermenting juice. On his huge chair beside the fire he sate, In revel chief, and umpire in debate;

Each night his string of vulgar tales he told; When ale was cheap and bachelors were bold: His heroes all were famous in their days, Cheats were his boast and drunkards had his praise;

One, in three draughts, three mugs of ale took down,

As mugs were then-the champion of the Crown;

For thrice three days another lived on ale, And knew no change but that of mild and stale;

Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side, When he the tap, with dextrous hand, applied; Nor from their seats departed, till they found That butt was out and heard the mournful sound.

He praised a poacher, precious child of fun! Who shot the keeper with his own springgun:

Nor less the smuggler who the exciseman tied.

And left him hanging at the birch-wood side, There to expire ;-but one who saw him hang Cut the good cord-a traitor of the gang. His own exploits with boastful glee he told, What ponds he emptied and what pikes he

And how, when blest with sight alert and gay. The night's amusement kept him through the day.

He sang the praises of those times, when all For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call;

When justice wink'd on every jovial crew, And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view. He told, when angry wives, provoked to rail.

Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale, What were his triumphs, and how great the skill

That wan the vex'd virago to his will; Who raving came; then talk'd in milder strain,-

Then wept, then drank, and pledged her spouse again.

Such were his themes: how knaves o'er laws prevail,

Or, when made captives, how they fly from jail;

Lo! now my records, where I grieve to The young how brave, how subtle were the old:

And oaths attested all that Folly told. On death like his what name shall we bestow, So very sudden! yet so very slow?

'Twas slow :- Disease, augmenting year by year,

Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought near:

'Twas not less sudden; in the night he died, He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied; Thus aiding folly with departing breath :-"Beware, Lorenzo, the slow-sudden death."

Next died the Widow Goe, an active dame, Famed ten miles round, and worthy all her fame;

She lost her husband when their loves were young.

But kept her farm, her credit, and her tongue:

Full thirty years she ruled, with matchless skill.

With guiding judgment and resistless will; Advice she scorn'd, rebellions she suppress'd, And sons and servants bow'd at her behest. Like that great man's, who to his Saviour came,

Were the strong words of this commanding dame;-

Come! if she said, they came; if: go! were gone;

And if: do this!-that instant it was done: Her maidens told she was all eye and ear, In darkness saw and could at distance hear ;-No parish-business in the place could stir, Without direction or assent from her; In turn she took each office as it fell. Knew all their duties and discharged them well;

The lazy vagrants in her presence shook, And pregnant damsels fear'd her stern rebuke; She look'd on want with judgment clear and cool,

And felt with reason and bestow'd by rule; She match'd both sons and daughters to her mind,

And lent them eyes, for Love, she heard. was blind;

Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive, The working bee, in full or empty hive; Busy and careful, like that working bee. No time for love nor tender cares had she: But when our farmers made their amorous vows,

She talk'd of market-steeds and patentploughs.

Not unemploy'd her evenings pass'd away, Amusement closed, as business waked the day; When to her toilet's brief concern she ran, And conversation with her friends began, Who all were welcome, what they saw, to share;

And joyous neighbours praised her Christmas-fare.

complain

Of Gossip Goe as greedy in her gain. Thus long she reign'd, admired, if not

Praised, if not honour'd; fear'd, if not beloved ;

When, as the busy days of Spring drew near, That call'd for all the forecast of the year; When lively hope the rising crops survey'd, And April promised what September paid; When stray'd her lambs where gorse and

greenweed grow; When rose her grass in richer vales below; When pleased she look'd on all the smiling land.

And view'd the hinds, who wrought at her command;

(Poultry in groups still follow'd where she went;)

Then dread o'ercame her,-that her days were spent.

Bless me! I die, and not a warning giv'n,-With much to do on Earth, and ALL for Heav'n !-

No reparation for my soul's affairs, No leave petition'd for the barn's repairs; Accounts perplex'd, my interest yet unpaid, My mind unsettled, and my will unmade;-A lawyer haste, and in your way, a priest; And let me die in one good work at least .-She spake, and, trembling, dropp'd upon her knees

Heaven in her eye and in her hand her keys; And still the more she found her life decay, With greater force she grasp'd those signs of sway:

Then fell and died !- In haste her sons drew near

And dropp'd, in haste, the tributary tear, Then from th' adhering clasp the keys unbound,

And consolation for their sorrows found.

Death has his infant-train; his bony arm Strikes from the baby-cheek the rosy charm; The brightest eye his glazing film makes dim.

And his cold touch sets fast the lithest limb: He seized the sick'ning boy to Gerard lent, When three days' life, in feeble cries, were spent;

In pain brought forth, those painful hours to stay,

To breathe in pain and sigh its soul away! But why thus lent, if thus recall'd again, To cause and feel, to live and die in, pain? Or rather say: Why grievous these appear. If all it pays for Heaven's eternal year; If these sad sobs and piteous sighs secure Delights that live, when worlds no more endure?

The sister-spirit long may lodge below. And pains from nature, pains from reason, know :

That none around might, in their scorn, Through all the common ills of life may run. By hope perverted and by love undone; A wife's distress, a mother's pangs, may dread.

> And widow-tears, in bitter anguish, shed; May at old-age arrive through numerous harms,

With children's children in those feeble arms: Nor till by years of want and grief oppress'd, Shall the sad spirit flee and be at rest! Yet happier therefore shall we deem the

boy, Secured from anxious care and dangerous joy?

Not so! for then would Love Divine in vain Send all the burthens weary men sustain; All that now curb the passions when they

The checks of youth and the regrets of age; All that now bid us hope, believe, endure, Our sorrow's comfort and our vice's cure; All that for Heaven's high joys the spirits train.

And charity, the crown of all, were vain. Say, will you call the breathless infant blest, Because no cares the silent grave molest? So would you deem the nursling from the

Untimely thrust and never train'd to sing: But far more blest the bird whose grateful voice

Sings its own joy and makes the woods rejoice,

Though, while untaught, ere yet he charm'd the ear,

Hard were his trials and his pains severe!

Next died the Lady who you Hall possess'd; And here they brought her noble bones to rest.

In Town she dwelt;-forsaken stood the Hall:

Worms ate the floors, the tap'stry fled the wall:

No fire the kitchen's cheerless grate display'd;

No cheerful light the long-closed sash convey'd;

The crawling worm, that turns a summerfly,

Here spun his shroud and laid him up to die The winter-death :- upon the bed of state. The bat shrill-shricking woo'd his flickering mate;

To empty rooms the curious came no more, From empty cellars turn'd the angry poor. And surly beggars cursed the ever-bolted door.

To one small room the steward found his WRY.

Where tenants follow'd to complain and pay ; Yet no complaint before the Lady came, The feeling servant spared the feeble dame; Who saw her farms with his observing eyes. And answer'd all requests with his replies:-

view ;

hould she know, what one so faithful knew?

ome, from many clamorous tongues to hear,

ne so just might whisper in her ear? s or acres why with care explore; arn the wants, the sufferings of the oor;

ne so knowing all their worth could trace

e so piteous govern'd in her place? , what dismal sons of Darkness come, this daughter of Indulgence home; ans all, and well arranged in black! ture, feeling, force, expression lack; use no tear, but gloomily pass by, rns disgusted from the pompous scene, without grandeur, with profusion mean!

er for kindness past affection owes; th deceased the sigh from reason flows; Il-feign'd passions for our sorrows call, I tears for mimic miseries fall:

s poor farce has neither truth nor art, e the fancy or to touch the heart; the darkness of the sky, that pours dry ground its fertilizing showers; to that which strikes the soul with dread,

hunders roar and forky fires are shed; ut not awful, dismal but yet mean, nxious bustle moves the cumbrous

a no objects tender or profound, adsits cold unmeaning gloom around. roes are feign'd, how ill such forms

appear; how needless, when the wo's sincere. the vault they come, with heavy tread, beneath the Lady and her lead; felm surrounds that ponderous chest, n that case the crimson velvet's

press'd; rous this, that to the worm denies, iggard-caution, his appointed prize; , ere yet he works his tedious way, h cloth and wood and metal to his

ey dissolving shall a mass remain, ney loathes and worms themselves disdain.

the master-mourner makes his way, his office for the coffin'd clay; that our rustic men and maids behold e like silver, and his studs like gold. approach to spell the age, the name, the titles of th' illustrious Dame .-(my duty done) some scholar read, e-father look'd disdain and said: my friends! why take such pains to

me brave marble soon in church shall show?

ne not down, her falling groves to Where not alone her gracious name shall stand,

But how she lived-the blessing of the land; How much we all deplored the noble dead, What groans we utter'd and what tears we shed;

Tears, true as those, which in the sleepy eyes Of weeping cherubs on the stone shall rise; Tears, true as those, which, ere she found her grave,

The noble Lady to our sorrows gave.

Down by the church-way-walk and where the brook

Winds round the chancel like a shepherd's crook:

In that small house, with those green pales before,

Where jasmine trails on either side the door; Where those dark shrubs that now grow wild at will,

Were clipp'd in form and tantalized with skill; Where cockles blanch'd and pebbles neatly spread,

Form'd shining borders for the larkspurs' bed;

There lived a Lady, wise, austere, and nice, Who show'd her virtue by her scorn of vice; In the dear fashions of her youth she dress'd, A pea-green Joseph was her favourite vest; Erect she stood, she walk'd with stately mien, Tight was her length of stays, and she was tall and lean.

There long she lived in maiden-state immured,

From looks of love and treacherous man secured;

Though evil fame - (but that was long before)

Had blown her dubious blast at Catherine's door:

A Captain thither rich from India came, And though a cousin call'd, it touch'd her fame:

Her annual stipend rose from his behest, And all the long-prized treasures she possess'd :-

If aught like joy awhile appear'd to stay In that stern face, and chase those frowns away:

'Twas when her treasures she disposed for view,

And heard the praises to their splendour due; Silks beyond price, so rich, they'd stand alone.

And diamonds blazing on the buckled zone; Rows of rare pearls by curious workmen set, And bracelets fair in box of glossy jet; Bright polish'd amber precious from its size, Or forms the fairest fancy could devise; Her drawers of cedar, shut with secret springs Conceal'd the watch of gold and rubied rings;

Letters, long proofs of love, and verses fine Round the pink'd rims of crisped Valentine. Her china-closet, cause of daily care, For woman's wonder held her pencill'd ware; That pictured wealth of China and Japan, Like its cold mistress, shunn'd the eye of man.

Her neat small room, adorn'd with maidentaste.

A clipp'd French puppy, first of favourites, graced:

A parrot next, but dead and stuff'd with art; (For Poll, when living, lost the Lady's heart, And then his life; for he was heard to speak Such frightful words as tinged his Lady's check:

Unhappy bird! who had no power to prove, Save by such speech, his gratitude and love.) A grey old cat his whiskers lick'd beside; A type of sadness in the house of pride. The polish'd surface of an India chest, A glassy globe, in frame of ivory, press'd; Where swam two finny creatures; one of gold, Of silver one; both beauteous to behold :-All these were form'd the guiding taste to

suit; The beasts well-manner'd and the fishes mute. A widow'd Aunt was there, compell'd by need

The nymph to flatter and her tribe to feed; Who, veiling well her scorn, endured the clog,

Mute as the fish and fawning as the dog. As years increased, these treasures, her delight,

Arose in value in their owner's sight: A miser knows that, view it as he will, A guinea kept is but a guinea still; And so he puts it to its proper use, That something more this guinea may produce :

But silks and rings, in the possessor's eyes, The off'ner seen, the more in value rise, And thus are wisely hoarded to bestow The kind of pleasure that with years will To miss one favour which their neighbours

grow. But what avail'd their worth-if worth had they.

In the sad summer of her slow decay? Then we beheld her turn an anxious look From trunks and chests, and fix it on her book-

A rich-bound Book of Prayer the Captain gave,

(Some Princess had it, or was said to have;) And then once more, on all her stores, look round,

And draw a sigh so pitcous and profound, That told: Alas! how hard from these to part, And for new hopes and habits form the heart! What shall I do (she cried), my peace of mind To gain in dying, and to die resign'd? Hear, we returned ; - these baubles cast

Nor give thy God a rival in thy pride; Thy closet shut, and ope thy kitchen's door; There own thy failings, here invite the poor;

A friend of Mammon let thy bounty make: For widows' prayers, thy vanities forsake; And let the hungry of thy pride partake: Then shall thy inward eye with joy survey The angel Mercy tempering Death's delay Alas! 'twas hard: the treasures still had charms,

Hope still its flattery, sickness its alarms; Still was the same unsettled, clouded view, And the same plaintive cry: What shall I do? Nor change appear'd: for when her race was

Doubtful we all exclaim'd: What has been done?

Apart she lived, and still she lies alone; You earthy heap awaits the flattering stone, On which invention shall be long employ'd, To show the various worth of Catherine Lloyd.

Next to these ladies, but in nought allied, A noble Peasant, Isaac Ashford, died. Noble he was, contemning all things mean, His truth unquestion'd and his soul screne: Of no man's presence Isaac felt afraid; At no man's question Isaac look'd dismay'd: Shame knew him not, he dreaded no disgrace; Truth, simple truth, was written in his face; Yet while the serious thought his soul approved,

Cheerful he seem'd, and gentleness he loved: To bliss domestic he his heart resign'd. And, with the firmest, had the fondest mind: Were others joyful, he look'd smiling on. And gave allowance where he needed none; Good he refused with future ill to buy, Nor knew a joy that caused reflection's sigh; A friend to virtue, his unclouded breast No envy stung, no jealousy distress'd; (Bane of the poor! it wounds their weaker mind.

find:)

Yet far was he from stoic pride removed: He felt humanely, and he warmly loved: I mark'd his action, when his infant died And his old neighbour for offence was tries The still tears, stealing down that farrow! check.

Spoke pity, plainer than the tongue can speak If pride were his, 'twas not their vulgar pride, Who,in their base contempt, the great deride: Nor pride in learning, - though my clerk agreed.

If Fate should call him, Ashford might suc ceed;

Nor pride in rustic skill, although we knew None his superior, and his equals fews-But if that spirit in his soul had place, It was the jealous pride that shuns disgracet A pride in honest fame, by virtue gain'd, In sturdy boys to virtuous labours train Vi Pride, in the power that guards his cours try's const.

And all that Englishmen enjoy and boast;

d no party's rage, no sect'ry's whim; ian and countryman was all with him: to his church he came; no Sundayshower

him at home in that important hour; is firm feet could one persuading sect, e strong glare of their new light, direct:

pe, in mine own sober light, I gaze, ould be blind and lose it in your blaze. es severe, when many a sturdy swain his pride, his comfort, to complain; their wants would soothe, his own would hide,

sel in that his comfort and his pride. agth he found, when seventy years were run,

rength departed, and his labour done; he, save honest fame, retain'd no more, st his wife and saw his children poor: then, a spark of-say not discontenton his mind, and thus he gave it vent: are your laws, ('tis not to be denied') in you house, for ruin'd age, provide, hey are just; -when young, we give

you all, or assistance in our weakness call.then this proud reluctance to be fed, n your poor, and cat the parish-bread? et I linger, loth with him to feed, gains his plenty by the sons of need; no, by contract, all your paupers took. auges stomachs with an anxious look : me old master I could well depend; m with joy and thank him as a friend; on him, who doles the day's supply, ounts our chances, who at night may die:

elp me, Heav'n! and let me not complain

at I suffer, but my fate sustain. were his thoughts, and so resign'd he rew :

he placed the workhouse in his view! me not there, for sudden was his fate, pp'd, expiring, at his cottage-gate. his absence in the hours of prayer, iew his sent and sigh for Isaac there: o more those white locks thinly spread the hald polish of that honour'd head; re that awful glance on playful wight, Il'd to kneel and tremble at the sight. d his fingers, all in dread the while, lister Ashford soften'd to a smile; ore that meek and suppliant look in

prayer, he pure faith (to give it force), are there:

e is blest, and I lament no more e good man contented to be poor.

a died a Rambler; not the one who sails ucks, for female favours, beads and nails; So, unmolested, from his home he stray'd:

in a life that slander's tongue defied,- | Not one, who posts from place to place-

And manners treating with a flying pen; Not he, who climbs, for prospects, Snowden's height,

And chides the clouds that intercept the sight; No curious shell, rare plant, or brilliant spar, Enticed our traveller from his home so far; But all the reason, by himself assigned For so much rambling, was, a restless mind; As on, from place to place, without intent, Without reflection, Robin Dingley went. Not thus by nature:-never man was found Less prone to wander from his parish-bound: Claudian's old Man, to whom all scenes were

Save those where he and where his apples grew,

Resembled Robin, who around would look, And his horizon, for the earth's, mistook. To this poor swain a keen Attorney came; -I give thee joy, good fellow! on thy name; The rich old Dingley's dead;—no child has he, Nor wife, nor will; his ALE is left for thee: To be his fortune's heir thy claim is good; Thou hast the name, and we will prove the blood.

The claim was made; 'twas tried, -it would not stand;

They proved the blood, but were refused the land.

Assured of wealth, this man of simple heart, To every friend had predisposed a part: His wife had hopes indulged of various kind; The three Miss Dingleys had their school assign'd,

Masters were sought for what they each required,

And books were bought and harpsichords were hired:

So high was hope:-the failure touch'd his brain,

And Robin never was himself again; Yet he no wrath, no angry wish express'd, But tried, in vain, to labour or to rest; Then cast his bundle on his back, and went He knew not whither, nor for what intent. Years fled ; - of Robin all remembrance past, When home he wander'd in his rags at last: A sailor's jacket on his limbs was thrown, A sailor's story he had made his own; Had suffer'd battles, prisons, tempests, storms, Encountering Death in all his ugliest forms:

His cheeks were haggard, hollow was his eye, Where madness lurk'd, conceal'd in misery; Want, and th' ungentle world, had taught a part,

And prompted cunning to that simple heart: He now bethought him, he would roam no

But live at home and labour as before. Here cloth'd and fed, no sooner he began To round and redden, than away he ran : His wife was dead, their children past his

Six years clapsed, when, worn with want | While the meek father, listening to their and pain,

Came Robin, wrapt in all his rags, again :-We chide, we pity; - placed among our poor.

He fed again, and was a man once more. As when a gaunt and hungry fox is found, Entrapp'd alive in some rich hunter's ground; Fed for the field, although each day's a feast, Fatten you may, but never tame the beast; A house protects him, savoury viands sustain; But loose his neck and off he goes again: So stole our vagrant from his warm retreat, To rove a prowler and be deem'd a cheat. Hard was his fare; for, him at length we

saw. In cart convey'd and laid supine on straw. His feeble voice now spoke a sinking heart; His groans now told the motions of the cart; And when it stopp'd, he tried in vain to

stand;

Closed was his eye, and clench'd his clammy hand;

Life ebb'd apace, and our best aid no more Pierced the full heart and forced them still Could his weak sense or dying heart restore: But now he fell, a victim to the snare, That vile attorneys for the weak prepare; They who, when profit or resentment call, Heed not the groaning victim they enthral.

Then died lamented, in the strength of life, A valued Mother and a faithful Wife: Call'd not away, when time had loosed each hold

On the fond heart, and each desire grew cold; But when, to all that knit us to our kind, She felt fast-bound, as charity can bind;-Not when the ills of age, its pain, its care, The drooping spirit for its fate prepare; And, each affection failing, leaves the heart Loosed from life's charm and willing to depart ;-

But all her ties the strong invader broke, In all their strength, by one tremendous stroke!

Sudden and swift the eager pest came on, And terror grew, till every hope was gone: Still those around appear'd for hope to seek! But view'd the sick and were afraid to speak .-

Slowly they bore, with solemn step, the dead; When grief grew loud and bitter tears were shed:

My part began; a crowd drew near the place, Awe in each eye, alarm in every face: So swift the ill, and of so fierce a kind, That fear with pity mingled in each mind; Friends with the husband came their griefs to blend :

For good-man Frankford was to all a friend. The last-born boy they held above the bier, He knew not grief, but cries express'd his

Each different age and sex reveal'd its pain, In now a louder, now a lower strain;

tones.

Swell'd the full cadence of the grief by groans. The elder sister strove her pangs to hide; And soothing words to younger minds applied:

Be still, be patient, oft she strove to say; But fail'd as oft, and weeping turn'd away. Curious and sad, upon the fresh-dug hill, The village-lads stood melancholy still; And idle children, wandering to-and-fro, As Nature guided, took the tone of wo. Arrived at home, how then they gazed around, In every place,-where she-no more, was found ;-

The seat at table she was wont to fill: The fire-side-chair, still set, but vacant still; The garden-walks, a labour all her own; The latticed bower, with trailing shrubs o'ergrown;

The Sunday-pew she fill'd with all her race,— Each place of hers, was now a sacred place, That, while it call'd up sorrows in the eyes, to rise.

Oh sacred sorrow! by whom souls are tried, Sent not to punish mortals, but to guide; If thou art mine, (and who shall proudly dare To tell his Maker, he has had his share?) Still let me feel for what thy pangs are sent, And be my guide and not my punishment!

Of Leah Cousins next the name appears, With honours crown'd and blest with length of years

Save that she lived to feel, in life's decay, The pleasure die, the honours drop away; A matron she, whom every village-wife View'd as the help and guardian of her life; Fathers and sons, indebted to her aid, Respect to her and her profession paid; Who in the house of plenty largely fed. Yet took her station at the pauper's bed; Nor from that duty could be bribed again, While fear or danger urged her to remain: In her experience all her friends relied, Heaven was her help and nature was her guide.

Thus Leah lived; long trusted.much caresa'd, Till a Town-Dame a youthful Farmer bless'd; A gay vain bride, who would example give To that poor village where she deign'd to

live; Some few months past, she sent, in hour of need,

For Doctor Glibb, who came with wond'rous speed:

Two days he waited, all his art applied. To save the mother when her infant died :-'Twas well I came, at last he deign'd to say; 'Twas wond'rous well; - and proudly rot

away. The news ran round ;- How vast the Doc tor's pow'r!

He saved the Lady in the trying hour;

Saved her from death, when she was dead Does he for courts the sons of farmers frame, to hope, Or make the daughter differ from the dame?

And her fond husband had resign'd her up: So all, like her, may evil fate defy, If Doctor Glibb, with saving hand, be nigh.

Fame (now his friend), fear, novelty, and whim,

And fashion, sent the varying sex to him: From this contention in the village rose; And these the Dame espoused; the Doctor

The wealthier part to him and science went; With luck and her the poor remain'd content. The matron sigh'd; for she was vex'd at heart.

With so much profit, so much fame, to part: So long successful in my art, she cried, And this proud man, so young and so untried! Nay, said the Doctor, dare you trust your wives,

The joy, the pride, the solace of your lives, To one who acts and knows no reason why, But trusts, poor hag! to luck for an ally?—Whs. on experience, can her claims advance, And own the powers of accident and chance? A whining dame, who prays in danger's view, (A proof she knows not what beside to do;) What's her experience? In the time that's

Blundering she wrought and still she blunders on:—

And what is Nature? One who acts in aid Of gossips half asleep, and half afraid: With such allies I scorn my fame to blend, Skill is my luck and courage is my friend: No slave to Nature, 'tis my chief delight To win my way and act in her despite:— Trust then my art, that, in itself complete, Needs no assistance and fears no defeat.— Warm'd by her well-spiced ale and aiding pipe,

The angry matron grew for contest ripe. Can you, she said, ungrateful and unjust, Before experience, ostentation trust! What is your hazard, foolish daughters, tell?

If safe, you're certain; if secure, you're well:
That I have luck must friend and foe confess,
And what's good judgment but a lucky guess?
He heasts but what he can do:—will you run
Fram me, your friend! who, all he boasts,
have done?

By proud and learned words his powers are known;

By healthy boys and handsome girls my own: Wives! fathers! children! by my help you live;

Has this pale Doctor more than life to give? No stanted cripple hops the village round; Your hands are active and your heads are

sound:
My lads are all your fields and flocks require;
My lasses all those sturdy lads admire.
Can this proud leech, with all his boasted
akill.

Amend the soul or body, wit or will?

Does he for courts the sons of farmers frame, Or make the daughter differ from the dame? Or, whom he brings into this world of wo, Prepares he them their part to undergo? If not, this stranger from your doors repel, And be content to be and to be well.—

She spake; but, ah! with words too strong and plain;

Her warmth offended and her truth was vain: The many left her, and the friendly few,

If never colder, yet they older grew;
Till, unemploy'd, she felt her spirits droop,
And took, insidious aid! th' inspiring cup;
Grew poor and peevish as her powers decay'd,
And propp'd the tottering frame with stronger

Then died!—I saw our careful swains convey, From this our changeful world, the matron's

clay,
Who to this world, at least, with equal care,
Brought them its changes, good and ill, to
share.

Now to his grave was Roger Cuff convey'd, And strong resentment's lingering spirit laid. Shipwreek'd in youth, he home return'd, and found

His brethren three-and thrice they wish'd him drown'd.

Is this a landman's love? Be certain then, We part for ever!—and they cried, Amen! His words were truth's:—Some forty summers fled.

His brethren died; his kin supposed him dead: Three nephews these, one sprightly niece, and one,

Less near in blood—they call'd him surly John;
He work'd in woods apart from all his kind,
Fierce were his looks and moody was his mind.
For home the Sailor now began to sigh:—
The dogs are dead, and I'll return and die;
When all I have, my gains, in years of care,
The younger Cuffs with kinder souls shall
share:—

Yet hold! I 'm rich; - with one consent they'll say,

You're welcome, Uncle, as the flowers in May. No; I'll disguise me, be in tatters dress'd, And best befriend the lads who treat me best. Now all his kindred,—neither rich nor poor,—Kept the wolf want some distance from the

In piteous plight he knock'd at George's gate,

And begg'd for aid, as he described his state:-

But stern was George; -Let them who had thee strong,

Help thee do drag thy weaken'd frame along; To us a stranger, while your limbs would move.

From us depart and try a stranger's love: Ha! dost thou murmur?—for, in Roger's throat.

Was Rascal! rising with disdainful note.

dress'd ;-

Good-lack, quoth James, thy sorrows pierce my breast;

And, had I wealth, as have my brethren twain,

One board should feed us and one roof contain: But plead I will thy cause and I will pray: And so farewell! Heaven help thee on thy way!

Scoundrel! said Roger, (but apart) - and told

His case to Peter:-Peter too was cold :-The rates are high; we have a-many poor; But I will think, - he said, and shut the door.

Then the gay Niece the seeming pauper press'd :-

Turn, Nancy, turn, and view this form distress'd:

Akin to thine is this declining frame,

And this poor beggar claims an Uncle's name. Avaunt! begone! the courteous maiden said, Thou vile impostor! Uncle Roger's dead: I hate thee, beast; thy look my spirit shocks! Oh! that I saw thee starving in the stocks! My gentle niece! he said - and sought the

I hunger, fellow; prithee, give me food! Give! am I rich? This hatchet take, and try Thy proper strength, nor give those limbs the lie;

Work, feed thyself, to thine own powers appeal,

Nor whine out woes, thine own right-hand can heal:

And while that hand is thine and thine a leg, Scorn of the proud or of the base to beg. Come, surly John, thy wealthy kinsman view.

Old Roger said :- thy words are brave and true;

Come, live with me: we'll vex those scoundrel-boys,

And that prim shrew shall, envying, hear our joys.

Tobacco's glorious fume all day we'll share, With beef and brandy kill all kinds of care; We'll beer and biscuit on our table heap, And rail at rascals, till we fall asleep .-

Such was their life: but when the woodman died.

His grieving kin for Roger's smiles applied-In vain; he shut, with stern rebuke, the door, And dying, built a refuge for the poor; With this restriction: That no Cuff should share

One meal, or shelter for one moment there.

My record ends :- But hark! e'en now I hear

The bell of death, and know not whose to fear:

Our farmers all and all our hinds were well; In no man's cottage danger seem'd to dwell:

To pious James he then his prayer ad- | Yet death of man proclaim these heavy chimes,

For thrice they sound, with pausing space, three times

Go; of my sexton seek, Whose days are

sped?— What! he, himself!—and is old Dibble dead? His eightieth year he reach'd, still undecay'd. And rectors five to one close vault convey'd:

But he is gone; his care and skill I lose, And gain a mournful subject for my Muse: His masters lost, he'd oft in turn deplore, And kindly add, - Heaven grant, I lose no more!

Yet, while he spake, a sly and pleasant glance Appear'd at variance with his complaisance: For, as he told their fate and varying worth, He archly look'd-I yet may bear thee forth. When first-(he so began)-my trade I plied, Good master Addle was the parish-guide; His clerk and sexton, I beheld with fear, His stride majestic, and his frown severe; A noble pillar of the church he stood, Adorn'd with college-gown and parish-hood: Then as he paced the hallow'd aisles about. He fill'd the sevenfold surplice fairly out! But in his pulpit, wearied down with prayer, He sat and seem'd as in his study's chair; For while the anthem swell'd, and when it ceased.

Th' expecting people view'd their slumbering priest:

Who, dozing, died .- Our Parson Peele was next;

I will not spare you, was his favourite text; Nor did he spare, but raised them many a pound;

Ev'n me he mulct for my poor rood of ground: Yet cared he nought, but with a gibing speech, What should I do, quoth he, but what I

preach?

His piercing jokes (and he'd a plentcous store)

Were daily offer'd both to rich and poor; His scorn, his love, in playful words he spoke; His pity, praise, and promise, were a joke: But though so young and blest with spirits

He died as grave as any judge could die: The strong attack subdued his lively powers.

His was the grave, and Doctor Grandspear OUTS.

Then were there golden times the village round;

In his abundance all appear'd t' abound: Liberal and rich, a plenteous board he spread, E'en cool Dissenters at his table fed; Who wish'd, and hoped,-and thought a man

so kind A way to Heaven, though not their nun. might find;

To them, to all, he was polite and free Kind to the poor, and, ah! most kind p me:

art old :

doublet fit, 'twill keep thee from the cold:

does my Sexton? - What! the times are hard;

that stout pig, and pen him in thy yard. nost, his Rev'rence loved a mirthful jest :-

oat is thin; why, man, thou'rt barely dress'd;

orn to th' thread: but I have nappy beer;

that within, and see how they will wear!\_

lays were these; but they were quickly past:

first be came, we found he could not last: oreson cough (and at the fall of leaf) him quite: - but what's the gain of

came the Author-Rector; his delight all in books; to read them, or to write: en and men he strove alike to shun, jurried homeward when his tasks were

done:

teous enough, but careless what he said, oints of learning he reserved his head; when addressing either poor or rich, ew no better than his cassock which: ike an osier, was of pliant kind, by nature, but to bend inclined; ike a creeper falling to the ground, neanly catching on the neighbours

round :ess was he of surplice, bood, and band,findly took them as they came to hand : like the doctor, wore a world of hat, he sought for dignity in that:

alk'd, he gave, but not with cautious

rules:

urn'd from gipsies, vagabonds, or fools; s his nature, but they thought it whim, on our beaux and beauties turn'd from him:

estions, much he wrote, profound and dark,

spake the Serpent, and where stopp'd the Ark;

what far land the Queen of Sheba came; Salem's priest, and what his father's name;

ade the Song of Songs its mysteries yield.

Revelations, to the world, reveal'd. reps i' the aisle, but not a stone records ame or fame, his actions or his words : truth, your Reverence, when I look around.

sark the tombs in our sepulchral ground, ugh dare I not of one man's hope to doubt)

in the party who repose without. came a Youth from Cambridge, and, in truth.

as a sober and a comely youth;

would be say, Ralph Dibble, thou He blush'd in meekness as a modest man, And gain'd attention ere his task began; When preaching, seldom ventured on reproof, But touch'd his neighbours tenderly enough. Him, in his youth, a clamorous sect assail'd. Advised and censured, flatter'd, - and prevail'd .-

Then did he much his sober hearers vex, Confound the simple, and the sad perplex; To a new style his Reverence rashly took; Loud grew his voice, to threat'ning swell'd his look;

Above, below, on either side, he gazed, Amazing all, and most himself amazed: No more he read his preachments pure and plain,

But launch'd outright and rose and sank again:

At times he smiled in scorn, at times he wept, And such sad coil with words of vengeance kept.

That our best sleepers started as they slept. Conviction comes like lightning, he would

cry; In vain you seek it, and in vain you fly; 'Tis like the rushing of the mighty wind, Unseen its progress, but its power you find; It strikes the child ere yet its reason wakes; His reason fled, the ancient sire it shakes; The proud, learn'd man, and him who loves to know

How and from whence these gusts of grace will blow.

It shuns, - but sinners in their way impedes, And sots and harlots visits in their deeds: Of faith and penance it supplies the place; Assures the vilest that they live by grace, And, without running, makes them win the race.

Such was the doctrine our young prophet taught;

And here conviction, there confusion wrought: When his thin cheek assumed a deadly hue, And all the rose to one small spot withdrew: They call'd it hectic; 'twas a fiery flush, More fix'd and deeper than the maiden-blush; His paler lips the pearly teeth disclosed, And lab'ring lungs the length'ning speech opposed.

No more his span-girth shanks and quiv'ring thighs

Upheld a body of the smaller size; But down he sank upon his dying bed, And gloomy crotchets fill'd his wandering head.

Spite of my faith, all-saving faith, he cried, I fear of worldly works the wicked pride; Poor as I am, degraded, abject, blind, The good I've wrought still rankles in my

mind; My alms-deeds all, and every deed I've done, My moral-rags defile me every one; It should not be: - what sayst thou? tell me, Ralph.

Quoth I: Your Reverence, I believe, you're safe ;

such time

In life's good-works as swell them to a crime.

If I of pardon for my sins were sure, About my goodness I would rest secure. Such was his end; and mine approaches fast;

I've seen my best of preachers, - and my last.

He bow'd, and archly smiled at what he said, Civil but sly :- And is old Dibble dead? Yes! he is gone: and we are going all; Like flowers we wither, and like leaves we fall ;-

Your faith's your prop, nor have you pass'd | Here, with an infant, joyful sponsors come, Then bear the new-made Christian to its home;

A few short years and we behold him stand, To ask a blessing, with his bride in hand: A few, still seeming shorter, and we hear His widow weeping at her husband's bier :-Thus, as the months succeed, shall infants take Their names; thus parents shall the child forsake;

Thus brides again and bridegrooms blithe shall kneel,

By love or law compell'd their vows to seal, Ere I again, or one like me, explore These simple Annals of the VILLAGE-POOR.

#### LIBRARY. THE

oppress'd,

Looks round the world, but looks in vain for rest;

When every object that appears in view, Partakes her gloom and seems dejected too; Where shall affliction from itself retire? Where fade away and placidly expire? Alas! we fly to silent scenes in vain; Care blasts the honours of the flow'ry plain: Care veils in clouds the sun's meridian beam.

Sighs through the grove and murmurs in the stream;

For when the soul is labouring in despair, In vain the body breathes a purer air No storm-tost sailor sighs for slumbering

He dreads the tempest, but invokes the breeze;

On the smooth mirror of the deep resides Reflected wo, and o'er unruffled tides The ghost of every former danger glides. Thus in the calms of life we only see A steadier image of our misery But lively gales and gently-clouded skies Disperse the sad reflections as they rise; And busy thoughts and little cares avail To ease the mind, when rest and reason fail. When the dull thought, by no designs employ'd,

Dwells on the past, or suffer'd or enjoy'd, We bleed anew in every former grief, And joys departed furnish no relief. Not Hope herself, with all her flattering art, Can cure this stubborn sickness of the heart: The soul disdains each comfort she prepares, And anxious searches for congenial cares;

WHEN the sad soul, by care and grief Those lenient cares, which, with our own combined.

By mix'd sensations ease th' afflicted mind, And steal our grief away and leave their own behind:

A lighter grief! which feeling hearts endure Without regret, nor e'en demand a cure. But what strange art, what magic can dispose The troubled mind to change its native woes? Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see Others more wretched, more undone than we! This books cando; -nor this alone; they give New views to life, and teach us how to live; They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,

Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise: Their aid they yield to all: they never shun The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone: Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud, They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd; Nor tell to various people various things, But show to subjects, what they show to kings

Come, Child of Care! to make thy soul screne; Approach the treasures of this tranquil scen Survey the dome, and, as the doors unfold The soul's best cure, in all her cares, behold! Where mental wealth the poor in thought may find,

And mental physic the diseased in mind; See here the balms that passion's wounds assuage;

See coolers here, that damp the fire of rage Here alt'ratives, by slow degrees control The chronic habits of the sickly soul: And round the heart and o'er the aching

Mild opiates here their sober influence shet

Now bid thy soul man's busy scenes exclude, | Whether 'tis yours to lead the willing mind And view composed this silent multitude :-Silent they are, but, though deprived of sound.

Here all the living languages abound: Here all that live no more; preserved they lie, In tombs that open to the curious eye. Blest be the gracious Power, who taught mankind

To stamp a lasting image of the mind !-Beasts may convey, and tuneful birds may sing,

Their mutual feelings, in the opening spring But man alone has skill and power to send The heart's warm dictates to the distant friend:

'Tis his alone to please, instruct, advise Ages remote, and nations yet to rise. In sweet repose, when labour's children sleep, When joy forgets to smile and care to weep, When passion slumbers in the lover's breast, And fear and guilt partake the balm of rest, Why then denies the studious man to share Man's common good, who feels his common care ?

Because the hope is his, that bids him fly Night's soft repose, and sleep's mild power defy

That after-ages may repeat his praise, And fame's fair meed be his, for length of days.

Delightful prospect! when we leave behind A worthy offspring of the fruitful mind! Which, born and nursed through many an anxious day,

Shall all our labour, all our care repay Yet all are not these births of noble kind, Not all the children of a vigorous mind; But where the wisest should alone preside, The weak would rule us, and the blind would

Nay, man's best efforts taste of man, and show

The poor and troubled source from which they flow:

Where most he triumphs, we his wants perccive,

And for his weakness in his wisdom grieve. But though imperfect all, yet wisdom loves This seat serene, and virtue's self approves :liere come the grieved, a change of thought to find;

The curious here, to feed a craving mind; Here the devout their peaceful temple choose; And here the poet meets his favouring muse. With awe around these silent walks I tread; These are the lasting mansions of the dead:-The dead !- methinks a thousand tongues

These are the tombs of such as cannot die! Crown'd with eternal fame, they sit sublime, and laugh at all the little strife of time. fail, then, immortals! ye who shine above, Each, in his sphere, the literary Jove; and ye the common people of these skies, humbler crowd of nameless deities;

Through history's mazes, and the turnings find;

Or whether, led by science, ye retire, Lost and bewilder'd in the vast desire; Whether the Muse invites you to her bowers, And crowns your placid brows with living flowers;

Or godlike wisdom teaches you to show The noblest road to happiness below; Or men and manners prompt the easy page To mark the flying follies of the age: Whatever good ye boast, that good impart; Inform the head and rectify the heart.

Lo! all in silence, all in order stand. And mighty folios first, a lordly band; Then quartos their well-order'd ranks maintain.

And light octavos fill a spacious plain: See yonder, ranged in more frequented rows. A humbler band of duodecimos; While undistinguish'd trifles swell the scene, The last new play and fritter'd magazine. Thus 'tis in life, where first the proud, the great.

In leagued assembly keep their cumbrous state;

Heavy and huge, they fill the world with dread.

Are much admired, and are but little read: The commons next, a middle rank, are found; Professions fruitful pour their offspring round;

Reasoners and wits are next their place allow'd.

And last, of vulgar tribes a countless crowd. First, let us view the form, the size, the dress;

For these the manners, nay the mind express: That weight of wood, with leathern coat o'erlaid;

Those ample clasps, of solid metal made; The close-press'd leaves, unclosed for many

an age The dull red edging of the well-fill'd page; On the broad back the stubborn ridges roll'd. Where yet the title stands in tarnish'd gold; These all a sage and labour'd work proclaim. A painful candidate for lasting fame: No idle wit, no trifling verse can lurk In the deep bosom of that weighty work; No playful thoughts degrade the solemn

style. Nor one light sentence claims a transient smile.

Hence, in these times, untouch'd the pages lie, And slumber out their immortality They had their day, when, after all his toil, His morning-study, and his midnight-oil, At length an author's one great work ap-

pear'd. By patient hope and length of days endear'd: Expecting nations hail'd it from the press; Poetic friends prefix'd each kind address;

And ladies read the work they could not lift. Fashion, though Folly's child, and guide of fools,

Rules e'en the wisest, and in learning rules; From crowds and courts to Wisdom's seat she goes,

And reigns triumphant o'er her mother's foes. For lo! these fav'rites of the ancient mode Lie all neglected like the Birth-day-Ode; Ah! needless now this weight of massy chain;

Safe in themselves the once-loved works remain;

No readers now invade their still retreat, None try to steal them from their parentseat:

Like ancient beauties, they may now discard Chains, bolts, and locks, and lie without a guard.

Our patient fathers trifling themes laid by, And roll'd, o'er labour'd works, th' attentive eve;

Page after page, the much-enduring men Explored, the deeps and shallows of the pen; Till, every former note and comment known, They mark'd the spacious margin with their own:

Minute corrections proved their studious care

The little index, pointing, told us where; And many an emendation show'd the age Look'd far beyond the rubric title-page. Our nicer palates lighter labours seek, Cloy'd with a folio-Number once a week; Bibles, with cuts and comments, thus go down:

E'en light Voltaire is number'd through the town:

Thus physic flies abroad, and thus the law, From men of study, and from men of straw; Abstracts, abridgments, please the fickle times,

Pamphlets and plays and politics and rhymes: But though to write be now a task of ease, The task is hard by manly arts to please, When all our weakness is exposed to view, And half our judges are our rivals too.

Amid these works, on which the eager eye Delights to fix, or glides reluctant by. When all combined their decent pomp dis-

Where shall we first our early offering pay?-

To thee, DIVINITY! to thee, the light And guide of mortals, through their mental night;

By whom we learn our hopes and fears to guide;

To bear with pain, and to contend with pride; When grieved, to pray; when injured, to forgive;

And with the world in charity to live.

Princes and kings received the pond'rous gift, | Not truths like these inspired that numer-

Whose pious labours fill this ample space ; But questions nice, where doubt on doubt

Awaked to war the long-contending foes. For dubious meanings learn'd polemics strove.

And wars on faith prevented works of love; The brands of discord far around were burl'd. And holy wrath inflamed a sinful world:-Dull though impatient, peevish though devout,

With wit disgusting and despised without: Saints in design, in execution men. Peace in their looks, and vengeance in their

Methinks I see, and sicken at the sight. Spirits of spleen from yonder pile alight; Spirits who prompted every damning page. With pontiff-pride and still-increasing rage: Lo! how they stretch their gloomy wings around.

And lash with furious strokes the trembling ground!

They pray, they fight, they murder, and Wolves in their vengeance, in their manners

sheep :

Too well they act the prophet's fatal part. Denouncing evil with a zealous heart: And each, like Jonas, is displeased if God Repent his anger, or withhold his rod. But here the dormant fury rests unsought. And Zeal sleeps soundly by the focs she fought;

Here all the rage of controversy ends, And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends: An Athanasian here, in deep repose, Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian focs: Socinians here with Calvinists abide, And thin partitions angry chiefs divide; Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet. And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet. Great authors, for the church's glory fired Are, for the church's peace, to rest retired; And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race, Lie: "Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace

Against her foes Religion well defends Her sacred truths, but often fears ber friends;

If learn'd, their pride, if weak, their red she dreads.

And their hearts' weakness, who have soundest beads:

But most she fears the controversial pen, The holy strife of disputations men; Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore.

Only to fight against its precepts more. Near to these seats behold you slender fram All closely fill'd and mark'd with moders

namest

Few sparks of genius and no spark of grace; There sceptics rest, a still-increasing throng, And stretch their widening wings ten thousand strong:

Some in close fight their dubious claims maintain;

Some skirmish lightly, fly and fight again; Coldly profane, and impiously gay,

Their end the same, though various in their way.

When first Religion came to bless the land, Her friends were then a firm believing band; To doubt was, then, to plunge in guilt extreme,

And all was gospel that a monk could dream; Insulted Reason fled the grov'ling soul, For Fear to guide and visions to control: But now, when Reason has assumed her throne,

She, in her turn, demands to reign alone; Rejecting all that lies beyond her view, And, being judge, will be a witness too: Insulted Faith then leaves the doubtful mind, To seek for truth, without a power to find: Ah! when will both in friendly beams unite, And pour on erring man resistless light?

divine,

An ample space, PHILOSOPHY! is thine; Our reason's guide, by whose assisting light We trace the moral bounds of wrong and right;

Our guide through nature, from the sterile clay,

To the bright orbs of you celestial way! Tis thine, the great, the golden chain to trace.

Which runs through all, connecting race with race;

Save where those puzzling, stubborn links remain.

Which thy inferior light pursues in vain :llaw vice and virtue in the soul contend; How widely differ, yet how nearly blend! What various passions war on either part, And now confirm, now melt the yielding

How Fancy loves around the world to stray, While Judgment slowly picks his sober way; The stores of memory, and the flights sublime

Of genius, bound by neither space nor time;-All these divine Philosophy explores, Fill, lost in awe, she wonders and adores. From these, descending to the earth, she

turns, And matter, in its various form, discerns; She parts the beamy light with skill

profound, Metes the thin air, and weighs the flying sound;

Tie here, the lightning from the clouds to call, And teach the fiery mischief where to fall. Pile above pile, her learned works abound:

Where no fair science ever shows her face, | Yet more her volumes teach, -on these we look

> As abstracts drawn from Nature's larger book :

> Here, first described, the torpid earth appears,

> And next, the vegetable robe it wears; Where flow'ry tribes, in valleys, fields and groves.

> Nurse the still flame, and feed the silent loves;

Loves, where no grief, nor joy, nor bliss, nor pain, Warm the glad heart or vex the labouring

brain;

But as the green blood moves along the blade,

The bed of Flora on the branch is made; Where, without passion, love instinctive lives,

And gives new life, unconscious that it gives. Advancing still in Nature's maze, we trace, In dens and burning plains, her savage race; With those tame tribes who on their lord attend.

And find, in man, a master and a friend: Man crowns the scene, a world of wonders new.

A moral world, that well demands our view. Next to the seats, well stored with works This world is here; for, of more lofty kind, These neighbouring volumes reason on the mind;

They paint the state of man ere yet endued With knowledge; - man, poor, ignorant, and rude;

Then, as his state improves, their pages swell.

And all its cares, and all its comforts, tell: Here we behold how inexperience buys, At little price, the wisdom of the wise; Without the troubles of an active state, Without the cares and dangers of the great, Without the miseries of the poor, we know What wisdom, wealth, and poverty bestow; We see how reason calms the raging mind, And how contending passions urge mankind: Some, won by virtue, glow with sacred fire; Some, lured by vice, indulge the low desire; Whilst others, won by either, now pursue The guilty chase, now keep the good in view; For ever wretched, with themselves at strife, They lead a puzzled, vex'd, uncertain life; For transient vice bequeaths a lingering pain,

Which transient virtue seeks to cure in vain.

Whilst thus engaged, high views enlarge the soul,

New interests draw, new principles control: Nor thus the soul alone resigns her grief, But here the tortured body finds relief; For see where yonder sage Arachne shapes Her subtile gin, that not a fly escapes! There Payste fills the space, and far around.

Glorious their alm-to ease the labouring | Ye first seducers of my easy heart, heart;

To war with death, and stop his flying dart; To trace the source whence the fierce contest grew,

And life's short lease on easier terms renew; To calm the frenzy of the burning brain; To heal the tortures of imploring pain; Or, when more powerful ills all efforts brave, To ease the victim no device can save, And smooth the stormy passage to the grave. But man, who knows no good unmix'd and pure,

Oft finds a poison where he sought a cure; For grave deceivers lodge their labours here, And cloud the science they pretend to clear: Scourges for sin, the solemn tribe are sent; Like fire and storms, they call us to repent; But storms subside, and fires forget to rage, These are eternal scourges of the age: 'Tis not enough that each terrific hand Spreads desolation round a guilty land; But, train'd to ill, and harden'd by its crimes, Their pen relentless kills through future times.

Say ye, who search these records of the dead, Who read huge works, to boast what ye have read;

Can all the real knowledge ye possess, Or those (if such there are) who more than

Atone for each impostor's wild mistakes, And mend the blunders pride or folly makes? What thought so wild, what airy dream so light.

That will not prompt a theorist to write? What art so prevalent, what proof so strong, That will convince him his attempt is wrong? One in the solids finds each lurking ill, Nor grants the passive fluids power to kill; A learned friend some subtler reason brings, Absolves the channels, but condemns their springs;

The subtile nerves, that shun the doctor's

Escape no more his subtler theory; The vital heat, that warms the labouring heart,

Lends a fair system to these sons of art: The vital air, a pure and subtile stream, Serves a foundation for an airy scheme, Assists the doctor, and supports his dream. Some have their favourite ills, and each disease

Is but a younger branch that kills from these:

One to the gout contracts all human pain, He views it raging in the frantic brain; Finds it in fevers all his efforts mar, And sees it lurking in the cold catarrh: Bilions by some, by others nervous seen, Rage the fantastic demons of the spleen; And every symptom of the strange disease With every system of the sage agrees. Ye frigid tribe, on whom I wasted long The tedious hours, and ne'er indulged in song; Those to control, and these to succour trade;

Who promised knowledge ye could not impart;

Ye dull deluders, truth's destructive focs; Ye sons of fiction, clad in stupid prose; Ye treacherous leaders, who, yourselves in doubt.

Light up false fires, and send us far about ;-Still may you spider round your pages spin, Subtile and slow, her emblematic gin! Buried in dust and lost in silence, dwell, Most potent, grave, and reverend friendsfarewell!

Near these, and where the setting sun displays

Through the dim window, his departing rays, And gilds you columns, there, on either side, The huge abridgments of the Law abide; Fruitful as vice the dread correctors stand, And spread their guardian terrors round

Yet, as the best that human care can do, Is mix'd with error, oft with evil too. Skill'd in deceit, and practised to evade, Knaves stand secure, for whom these laws were made :

And justice vainly each expedient tries While art eludes it, or while power defies. Ah! happy age, the youthful poet sings, When the free nations knew not laws nor kings;

When all were blest to share a common store.

And none were proud of wealth, for none

were poor; No wars, nor tumults vex'd each still domain, No thirst of empire, no desire of gain; No proud great man, nor one who would be great,

Drove modest merit from its proper state; Nor into distant climes would avarice roam. To fetch delights for luxury at home: Bound by no ties which kept the soul in awe. They dwelt at liberty, and love was law! Mistaken youth! each nation first was rude, Each man a cheerless son of solitude, To whom no joys of social life were known. None felt a care that was not all his own; Or in some languid clime his abject soul Bow'd to a little tyrant's stern control; A slave, with slaves his monarch's threat he raised.

And in rude song his ruder idol praised; The meaner cares of life were all he knew; Bounded his pleasures, and his wishes few! But when by slow degrees the Arts armse And Science waken'd from her long repass; When Commerce, rising from the bed of case, Ran round the land, and pointed to the seas When Emulation, born with jealous eyn And Avarice, lent their spurs to industry; Then one by one the numerous laws were

To curb the insolence of rude command, To snatch the victim from the usurer's hand; To awe the bold, to yield the wrong'd redress, And feed the poor with Luxury's excess. Like some vast flood, unbound, fierce, and strong.

His nature leads ungovern'd man along; Like mighty bulwarks, made to stem that tide.

The laws are form'd and placed on ev'ry side: Whene'er it breaks the bounds by these decreed,

New statutes rise, and stronger laws succeed; More and more gentle grows the dying stream,

More and more strong the rising bulwarks seem:

Till, like a miner working sure and slow, Luxury creeps on, and ruins all below; The basis sinks, the ample piles decay; The stately fabric shakes and falls away; Primeval want and ignorance come on, But freedom, that exalts the savage state, is gone.

Next, HISTORY ranks;—there full in front she lies,

And every nation her dread tale supplies; Yet History has her doubts, and every age With sceptic queries marks the passing page; Records of old nor later date are clear, Too distant those, and these are placed too near:

There time conceals the objects from our view.

Here our own passions and a writer's too: Yet, in these volumes, see how states arose! Guarded by virtue from surrounding foes; Their virtue lost, and of their triumphs vain, Lo! how they sunk to slavery again! Satiate with power, of fame and wealth possess'd.

A nation grows too glorious to be blest; Conspicuous made, she stands the mark of all, And fore join fore to triumph in her fall. Thus speaks the page that paints ambition's race,

The monarch's pride, his glory, his disgrace; The headlong course that madd'ning heroes

How saon triumphant and how soon undone; How slaves, turn'd tyrants, offer crowns to sale.

And each fall'n nation's melancholy tale.

Lo! where of late the Book of Martyrs stood,

Stood,

Old pious tracts, and Bibles bound in wood;

There, such the taste of our degenerate age,

Stand the profune delusions of the Stack:

Yet virtue owns the Tasue Muse a friend,

Fable her means, morality her end;

For this she rules all passions in their turns,

Pity with weeping eye surveys her bowl, Her anger swells, her terror chills the soul; She makes the vile to virtue yield applause, And own her sceptre while they break her

For vice in others is abhorr'd of all, And villains triumph when the worthless fall.

Not thus her sister Comedy prevails, Who shoots at folly, for her arrow fails; Folly, by dulness arm'd, cludes the wound, And harmless sees the feather'd shafts rebound;

Unburt she stands, applands the archer's skill, Laughs at her malice, and is folly still. Yet well the Muse portrays in fancied scenes, What pride will stoop to, what profession means;

How formal fools the farce of state applaud; How caution watches at the lips of fraud; The wordy variance of domestic life; The tyrant husband, the retorting wife; The snares for innocence, the lie of trade, And the smooth tongue's habitual masquerade.

With her the virtues too obtain a place, Each gentle passion, each becoming grace; The social joy in life's securer road, Its easy pleasure, its substantial good; The happy thought that conscious virtue gives,

And all that ought to live, and all that lives.

But who are these? Methinks a noble

And awful grandeur in their form are seen, Now in disgrace: what though by time is spread

Polluting dust o'er every reverend head; What though beneath you gilded tribe they lie,

And dull observers pass insulting by: Forbid it shame, forbid it decent awe, What seems so grave, should no attention draw!

Come, let us then with reverend step advance, And greet—the ancient worthies of ROMANCE. Hence, ye profane! I feel a former dread, A thousand visions float around my head: Hark! hollow blasts through empty courts resound.

And shadowy forms with staring eyes stalk round;

See! moats and bridges, walls and castles

Ghosts, fairies, demons, dance before our

Lo' magic verse inscribed on golden gate, And bloody hand that beckons on to fate:— And who art thou, thou little page, unfold? Say, doth thy lord my Claribel withhold? Go tell him straight, Sir Knight, thou must

And now the bosom bleeds, and now it burns; The captive queen ;-for Claribel is mine.

Away he flies; and now for bloody deeds, Black suits of armour, masks, and foaming steeds:

The giant falls; his recreant throat I seize, And from his corslet take the massy keys:— Dukes, lords, and knights in long procession move,

Released from bondage with my virginlove:-

She comes! she comes! in all the charms of youth,

Unequall'd love and unsuspected truth!

Ah! happy he who thus, in magic themes,
O'er worlds bewitch'd, in early rapture
dreams,

Where wild Enchantment waves her potent wand.

And Fancy's beauties fill her fairy-land; Where doubtful objects strange desires excite,

And Fear and Ignorance afford delight. But lost, for ever lost, to me these joys, Which Reason scatters, and which Time destroys;

Too dearly bought: maturer judgment calls My busied mind from tales and madrigals; My doughty giants all are slain or fled. And all my knights, blue, green, and yellow, dead!

No more the midnight fairy-tribe I view, All in the merry moonshine tippling dew; E'en the last lingering fiction of the brain, The church-yard-ghost, is now at rest again; And all these wayward wanderings of my youth

Fly Reason's power and shun the light of Truth.

With fiction then does real joy reside, And is our reason the delusive guide? Is it then right to dream the syrens sing? Or mount enraptured on the dragon's wing? No, 'tis the infant mind, to care unknown, That makes th' imagined paradise its own; Soon as reflections in the bosom rise, Light slumbers vanish from the clouded

The tear and smile, that once together rose, Are then divorced; the head and heart are foes:

Enchantment bows to Wisdom's serious plan, And Pain and Prudence make and mar the man.

While thus, of power and fancied empire

With various thoughts my mind I entertain; While books, my slaves, with tyrant hand I seize,

Pleased with the pride that will not let

Sudden I find terrific thoughts arise, And sympathetic sorrow fills my eyes; For, lo! while yet my heart admits the wound,

I see the CRITIC army ranged around.

Foes to our race! If ever ye have known A father's fears for offspring of your own;— If ever, smiling o'er a lucky line, Ye thought the sudden sentiment divine, Then paused and doubted, and then, tired of doubt.

With rage as sudden dash'd the stanza ont;—
If, after fearing much and pausing long,
Ye ventured on the world your labour'd
song,

And from the crusty critics of those days Implored the feeble tribute of their praise: Remember now the fears that moved you

And, spite of truth, let mercy guide your pen. What vent'rous race are ours! what mighty focs

Lie waiting all around them to oppose! What treacherous friends betray them to the fight!

What dangers threaten them! -yet still they write:

A hapless tribe! to every evil born, Whom villains hate, and fools affect to scorn: Strangers they come, amid a world of wo, And taste the largest portion ere they go.

Pensive I spoke, and cast mine eyes around;

The roof, methought, return'd a solemn sound;

Each column seem'd to shake, and clouds, like smoke,

From dusty piles and ancient volumes broke; Gathering above, like mists condensed they seem.

Exhaled in summer from the rushy stream; Like flowing robes they now appear, and twice Round the large members of a form divine; His silver beard, that swept his aged breast, His picreing eye, that inward light express the Were seen,—but clouds and darkness well the rest.

Fear chill'd my heart: to one of mortal race. How awful seem'd the Genius of the place! So in Cimmerian shores Ulysses saw His parent-shade, and shrunk in pious awe; Like him I stood, and wrapt in thought

When from the pitying power broke forth

profound.

Care lives with all; no rules, no precepts

The wise from wo, no fortitude the brave; Grief is to man as certain as the grave; Tempests and storms in life's whole progress

And hope shines dimly through o'errhouded skies;

Some drops of comfort on the favour'd fall. But showers of sorrow are the lot of all: Partial to talents, then, shall Heav'n withdraw Th' afflicting rod, or break the general law! Shall he who soars, inspired by loftier | Nor say, the Muse's song, the Poet's pen, views.

Life's little cares and little pains refuse? Shall he not rather feel a double share Of mortal wo, when doubly arm'd to bear? Hard is his fate who builds his peace of mind On the precarious mercy of mankind; Who hopes for wild and visionary things, And mounts o'er unknown seas with vent'rous

wings: But as, of various evils that befal The human race, some portion goes to all; To him perhaps the milder lot's assign'd, Who feels his consolation in his mind; And, lock'd within his bosom, bears about Stripp'd of their mask, their cares and A mental charm for every care without. E'en in the pangs of each domestic grief, Or health or vigorous hope affords relief; And every wound the tortured bosom feels, Or virtue bears, or some preserver heals; Some generous friend, of ample power

possess'd; Some feeling heart, that bleeds for the distress'd;

Some breast that glows with virtues all divine;

Some noble RUTLAND, Misery's friend and thine.

Merit the scorn they meet from little men. With cautious freedom if the numbers flow, Not wildly high, nor pitifully low; If vice alone their honest aims oppose, Why so ashamed their friends, so loud their foes?

Happy for men in every age and clime, If all the sons of vision dealt in rhyme. Go on then, Son of Vision! still pursue Thy airy dreams; the world is dreaming too. Ambition's lofty views, the pomp of state, The pride of wealth, the splendour of the great,

troubles known.

Are visions far less happy than thy own: Go on! and, while the sons of care complain, Be wisely gay and innocently vain; While serious souls are by their fears

undone.

Blow sportive bladders in the beamy sun, And call them worlds! and bid the greatest show

More radiant colours in their worlds below: Then, as they break, the slaves of care

And tell them: Such are all the toyn they love.

#### HE NEWSPAPER.

E quibus, hi vacuas implent sermonibus aures, ili aurrata ferunt alio: Mensuraque ficti Crescit, et auditis aliquid novus adjicit auctor: lific Credulitas, illic temerarius Error, Vanaque Lectitia est, consternatique Timores, Seditisque recens, dubioque auctore Susuri.

Ovio. Metamorph. xii.

A TIME like this, a busy, bustling time, Suits ill with writers, very ill with rhyme: Unheard we sing, when party-rage runs strong,

And mightier madness checks the flowing song:

Or, should we force the peaceful Muse to

Her feeble arms amid the furious field, Where party-pens a wordy war maintain, Pour is her anger, and her friendship vain; and oft the foes, who feel her sting, combine, Till serious vengeance pays an idle line; For party-poets are like wasps, who dart Death to themselves, and to their foes but smart.

Hard then our fate: if general themes we choose.

Neglect awaits the song, and chills the Muse; That foul neglect is all your labours gain;

Or should we sing the subject of the day. To-morrow's wonder puffs our praise away. More blest the bards of that poetic time, When all found readers who could find a rhyme;

Green grew the bays on every teeming head, And Cibber was enthroned, and Settle read. Sing, drooping Muse, the cause of thy decline; Why reign no more the once-triumphant Nine?

Alas! new charms the wavering many gain, And rival sheets the reader's eye detain; A daily swarm, that banish every Muse, Come flying forth, and mortals call them

NEWS: For these, unread, the noblest volumes lie; For these, in sheets unsoil'd, the Muses die; Unbought, unblest, the virgin copies wait In vain for fame, and sink, unseen, to fate. Since, then, the town forsakes us for our foes, The smoothest numbers for the harshest

prose ; Let us, with generous scorn, the taste deride, And sing our rivals with a rival's pride. Ye gentle poets, who so oft complain

That pity only checks your growing spite
To erring man, and prompts you still to
write;

That your choice-works on humble stalls are laid,

Or vainly grace the windows of the trade; Be ye my friends, if friendship e'er can warm Those rival bosoms whom the Muses charm; Think of the common cause, wherein we go, Like gallant Greeks against the Trojan foe; Nor let one peevish chief his leader blame, Till, crown'd with conquest, we regain our fame;

And let us join our forces to subdue This bold assuming but successful crew.

I sing of News, and all those vapid sheets The rattling hawker vends through gaping streets;

Whate'er their name, whate'er the time they fly.

Damp from the press, to charm the reader's eye:

For, soon as morning dawns with roseate hue, The Herald of the morn arises too; Post after Post succeeds, and, all day long, Gazettes and Ledgers swarm, a noisy throng. When evening comes, she comes with all

her train
Of Ledgers, Chronicles, and Posts again,
Like bats, appearing, when the sun goes
down,

From holes obscure and corners of the town.
Of all these triflers, all like these, I write;
Oh! like my subject could my song delight,
The crowd at Lloyd's one poet's name should
raise,

And all the Alley echo to his praise.

In shoals the hours their constant numbers bring,

Like insects waking to th' advancing spring; Which take their rise from grubs obscene that lie

In shallow pools, or thence ascend the sky: Such are these base ephemeras, so born To die before the next revolving morn. Yet thus they differ: insect-tribes are lost In the first visit of a winter's frost;

While these remain, a base but constant breed, Whose swarming sons their short-lived sires

Succeed;
No changing season makes their number less,
Nor Sunday shines a Sabbath on the press!
Then lo! the sainted Monitor is born,
Whose pious face some sacred texts adorn:
As artful sinners cloak the secret sin,

To veil with seeming grace the guile within; So Moral Essays on his front appear, But all is carnal business in the rear;

The fresh-coin'd lie, the secret whisper'd last, And all the gleanings of the six days past. With these retired, through half the Sabbath-day,

The London-lounger yawns his hours away:

Not so, my little flock! your preacher fly, Norwaste the time no worldly wealth can buy; But let the decent maid and sober clown Pray for these idlers of the sinful town: This day, at least, on nobler themes bestow, Nor give to Woodfall, or the world below.

But, Sunday past, what numbers flourish then,

What wond'rous labours of the press and pen! Diurnal most, some thrice each week affords, Some only once;—O avarice of words! When thousand starving minds such manna

To drop the precious food but once a week. Endless it were to sing the powers of all, Their names, their numbers; how they rise and fall:

Like baneful herbs the gazer's eye they seize, Rush to the head, and poison where they please:

Like idle flies, a busy, buzzing train, They drop their maggots in the trifler's brain:

That genial soil receives the fruitful store, And there they grow and breed a thousand more.

Now be their arts display'd, how first they choose

A cause and party, as the bard his muse; Inspired by these, with clamorous zeal they

And through the town their dreams and omens fly:

So the Sibylline leaves were blown about, Disjointed scraps of fate involved in doubt; So idle dreams, the journals of the night, Are right and wrong by turns, and mingle wrong with right.

Some champions for the rights that prop

Some sturdy patriots, sworn to pull them down;

Some neutral powers, with secret forces fraught,

Wishing for war, but willing to be bought: While some to every side and party go. Shift every friend, and join with every foe; Like sturdy rogues in privateers they strike This side and that, the foes of both alike; A traitor-crew, who thrive in troubled times. Fear'd for their force, and courted for their crimes.

Chief to the prosperous side the numbers

Fickle and false, they veer with every gale; As birds that migrate from a freezing shere. In search of warmer climes, come skimming o'er.

Some bold adventurers first prepare to try.
The doubtful sunshine of the distant sky;
But soon the growing Summer's certain sunshine with the state of the state

So, on the early prospect of disgrace, Fly in vast troops this apprehensive race; Instinctive tribes! their failing food they dread,

And buy, with timely change, their future bread.

Such are our guides; how many a peace-

Born to be still, have they to wrangling led! How many an honest zealot, stol'n from trade,

And factious tools of pious pastors made! With clews like these they tread the maze of state,

These oracles explore, to learn our fate;
Pleased with the guides who can so well
deceive,

Who cannot lie so fast as they believe.

Oft lend I, loth, to some sage friend an

(For we who will not speak are doom'd to hear), While he, bewilder'd, tells his anxious

Infections fear from tainted scribblers

caught, Or idiot hope; for each his mind assails, As Lloyd's court-light or Stockdale's gloom

Yet stand I patient while but one declaims, Or gives dull comments on the speech he

maims:
From tavers-haunts where politicians meet;
Where rector, doctor, and attorney pause,
First on each parish, then each public cause:
Indited roads and rates that still increase;
The murmuring poor, who will not fast in

Election-zeal and friendship, since declined; 4 tax commuted, or a tithe in kind; The Dutch and Germans kindling into strife; Dull port and poachers vile! the serious ills of life.

Here comes the neighbouring justice, pleased

to guide

His little club, and in the chair preside.

In private business his commands prevail,
On public themes his reasoning turns the

Assenting silence soothes his happy ear, And, in or out, his party triumphs here.

Nor here th' infectious rage for party stops,

But flits along from palaces to shops; Our weekly journals o'er the land abound, And spread their plagues and influenzas round; The village, too, the peaceful, pleasant plain,

Breeds the Whig-farmer and the Tory-swain; Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book;

Brookes' and St. Alban's boasts not, but, instead.

Stares the Red Ram, and swings the Rod-

ney's Head:—
Hither, with all a patriot's care, comes he Who owns the little hut that makes him free; Whose yearly forty shillings buy the smile Of mightier men, and never waste the while; Who feels his freehold's worth, and looks elate.

A little prop and pillar of the state.

Here he delights the weekly news to con,
And mingle comments as he blunders on;
To swallow all their varying authors teach,
To spell a title and confound a speech:
Till with a muddled mind he quits the news,
And claims his nation's licence to abuse;
Then joins the cry: That all the courtly race
Are venal candidates for power and place;
Yet feels some joy, amid the general vice,
That his own vote will bring its wonted price.
These are the ills the teeming press supplies.
The pois'nous springs from learning's fountain rise;

Not there the wise alone their entrance find, Imparting useful light to mortals blind; But, blind themselves, these erring guides hold out

Alluring lights, to lead us far about; Screen'd by such means, here Scandal whets her quill,

Here Slander shoots unseen, whene'er she will;

Here Fraud and Falsehood labour to deceive, And Folly aids them both, impatient to believe.

Such, sons of Britain! are the guides ye

So wise their counsel, their reports so just:—Yet, though we cannot call their morals pure, Their judgment nice, or their decisions sure; Merit they have to mightier works unknown, A style, a manner, and a fate their own. We, who for longer fame with labour strive, Are pain'd to keep our sickly works alive; Studious we toil, with patient care refine, Nor let our love protect one languid line. Severe ourselves, at last our works appear, When, ah! we find our readers more severe; For after all our care and pains, how few Acquire applause, or keep it if they do!—Not so these sheets, ordain'd to happier fate, Praised through their day, and but that day their date;

Their careless authors only strive to join As many words, as make an even line; As many lines, as fill a row complete; As many rows, as furnish up a sheet: From side to side, with ready types they run, The measure's ended, and the work is done; Oh, born with ease, how envied and how blest! Your fate to-day and your to-morrow's rest. To you all readers turn, and they can look Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book:

Those, who ne'er deign'd their Bible to A master-passion is the love of news,

Would think it hard to be denied their news; Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak, Here mingle tastes and one amusement seek; This, like the public inn, provides a treat, Where each promiscuous guest sits down to cat;

And such this mental food, as we may call Something to all men and to some men all

Next, in what rare production shall we trace

Such various subjects in so small a space?
As the first ship upon the waters bore
Incongruous kinds who never met before;
Or as some curious virtuoso joins,

In one small room, moths, minerals, and coins, Birds, beasts, and fishes; nor refuses place To serpents, toads, and all the reptile race: So here, compress'd within a single sheet, Great things and small, the mean and mighty meet:

Tis this which makes all Europe's business known.

Yet here a private man may place his own; And, where he reads of Lords and Commons, he

May tell their honours that he sells rappee. Add next th' amusement which the motley page

Affords to either sex and every age:
Lo! where it comes before the cheerful fire.—
Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire
(As from the earth the sun exhales the dew),
Ere we can read the wonders that ensue:
Then eager every eye surveys the part,
That brings its favourite subject to the heart;
Grave politicians look for facts alone,
And gravely add conjectures of their own:
The sprightly nymph, who never broke her

For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppress'd,

Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all For songs and suits, a birth-day, or a ball: The keen warm man o'erlooks each idle tale For 'Money's wanted' and 'Estates on Sale' While some with equal minds to all attend, Pleased with each part and grieved to find an end.

So charm the News; but we, who, far from town, Wait till the postman brings the packet down,

Once in the week, a vacant day behold, And stay for tidings, till they're three days old:

That day arrives; no welcome post appears, But the dull morn a sullen aspect wears; We meet, but ah! without our wonted smile, To talk of headaches, and complain of bile; Sullen we pender o'er a dull repast, A master-passion is the love of news, Not music so commands, nor so the Muse: Give poets claret, they grow idle soon; Feed the musician, and he's out of tune; But the sick mind, of this disease possest, Flies from all cure and sickens when at rest.

Now sing, my Muse, what various parts compose These rival sheets of politics and prose. First, from each brother's hoard a part they draw,

A mutual theft that never fear'd a law; Whate'er they gain, to each man's portion fall, And read it once, you read it through them all: For this their runners ramble day and night, To drag each lurking deed to open light; For daily bread the dirty trade they ply, Coin their fresh tales and live upon the lie: Like bees for honey, forth for news they spring,—

Industrious creatures! ever on the wing; Home to their several cells they bear the store,

Cull'd of all kinds, then roam abroad for more.

No anxious virgin flies to fair Tweed side; No injured husband mourns his faithless bride;

No duel dooms the fiery youth to bleed; But through the town transpires each vent'rous deed.

Should some fair frail-one drive her pran-

Where rival peers contend to please the fair; When, with new force, she aids her conquering eyes,

And beauty decks with all that beauty huys; Quickly we learn whose heart her influence feels.

Whose acres melt before her glowing wheels. To these a thousand idle themes succeed. Deeds of all kinds and comments to each deed. Here stocks, the state-barometers, we view. That rise or fall, by causes known to few; Promotion's ladder who goes up or down; Who wed, or who seduced, amuse the town; What new-born heir has made his father blest;

What heir exults, his father now at rest; That ample list the Tyburn-herald gives, And each known knave, who still for Tyburn lives.

So grows the work, and now the printer tries.

His powers no more, but leans on his allies.

Sullen we ponder o'er a dull repast,
Nor feast the body while the mind must fast. Pay to be read, yet find but few will rest:

And chief th' illustrious race, whose drops Your former features, airs, and arts assume, and pills

Have patent powers to vanquish human ills: These, with their cures, a constant aid remain,

To bless the pale composer's fertile brain; Fertile it is, but still the noblest soil Requires some pause, some intervals from toil:

And they at least a certain case obtain From Katterfelto's skill, and Graham's glowing strain.

I too must aid, and pay to see my name Hung in these dirty avenues to fame; Nor pay in vain, if aught the Muse has seen, And sung, could make those avenues more elean;

Could stop one slander ere it found its way, And gave to public scorn its helpless prey. By the same aid the Stage invites her friends, And kindly tells the banquet she intends; Thither from real life the many run, With Siddons weep, or laugh with Abingdon; Pleased in fictitious joy or grief, to see The mimic passion with their own agree; To steal a few enchanted hours away From care, and drop the curtain on the day But who can steal from self that wretched wight.

Whose darling work is tried, some fatal night?

Most wretched man! when, bane to every bliss,

He hears the serpent-critic's rising hiss; Then groans succeed: not traitors on the wheel

Can feel like him, or have such pangs to feel. Nor end they here: next day he reads his fall In every paper; critics are they all; He sees his branded name, with wild affright, And hears again the cat-calls of the night.

Such help the Stage affords: a larger space Is fill'd by PUPPS and all the puffing race. Physic had once alone the lofty style, The well-known boast, that ceased to raise

Now all the province of that tribe invade, And we abound in quacks of every trade.

The simple barber, once an honest name, Cervantes founded, Fielding raised his fame: Barber no more—a gay perfumer comes, On whose soft cheek his own cosmetic blooms;

Here he appears, each simple mind to move, And advertises beauty, grace, and love: Come, faded belles, who would your youth

And learn the wonders of Olympian dew ; Restore the roses that begin to faint, Nor think celestial washes vulgar paint;

Circassian virtues, with Circassian bloom. Come, batter'd beaux, whose locks are turn'd to gray,

And crop Discretion's lying badge away; Read where they vend these smart engaging things,

These flaxen frontlets with elastic springs; No female eye the fair deception sees, Not Nature's self so natural as these. Such are their arts, but not confined to them, The Muse impartial must her sons condemn: For they, degenerate! join the venal throng, And puff a lazy Pegasus along: More guilty these, by Nature less design'd

For little arts that suit the vulgar-kind;-That barbers' boys, who would to trade advance.

Wish us to call them smart Friseurs from France;

That he who builds a chop-house, on his door

Paints The true old original Blue Boar! These are the arts by which a thousand live, Where Truth may smile and Justice may forgive:

But when, amid this rabble-rout, we find A puffing poet to his honour blind; Who silly drops quotations all about, Packet or Post, and points their merit out; Who advertises what reviewers say, With sham editions every second day Who dares not trust his praises out of sight, But hurries into fame with all his might; Although the verse some transient praise

Contempt is all the anxious poet gains.

Now puffs exhausted, advertisements past, Their correspondents stand exposed at last; These are a numerous tribe, to fame unknown,

Who for the public good forego their own; Who volunteers in paper-war engage, With double portion of their party's rage: Such are the Bruti, Decii, who appear Wooing the printer for admission here; Whose generous souls can condescend to

pray
For leave to throw their precious time away.

Oh! cruel Woodfall! when a patriot draws

His gray-goose-quill in his dear country's cause.

To vex and maul a ministerial race, Can thy stern soul refuse the champion place? Alas! thou knowst not with what anxious heart

He longs his best-loved labours to impart; How he has sent them to thy brethren round, And still the same unkind reception found: At length indignant will be damn the state, Turn to his trade and leave us to our fate.

sons, are known To live in cells on labours of their own. Thus Milo, could we see the noble chief, Feeds, for his country's good, on legs of beef: Camillus copies deeds for sordid pay, Yet fights the public battles twice a day: E'en now the godlike Brutus views his score Scroll'd on the bar-board, swinging with the door :

Where, tippling punch, grave Cato's self you'll see, And Amor Patria vending smuggled ten.

Last in these ranks, and least, their art's disgrace, Neglected stand the Muses' meanest race; Scribblers who court contempt, whose verse the eye Disdainful views and glances swiftly by: This Poet's Corner is the place they choose,

A fatal nursery for an infant Muse; Unlike that corner where true poets lie, These cannot live, and they shall never die; Hapless the lad whose mind such dreams invade.

And win to verse the talents due to trade.

Curb then, O youth! these raptures as they rise, Keep down the evil spirit and be wise; Follow your calling, think the Muses foes, Nor lean upon the pestle and compose.

I know your day-dreams, and I know the snare

Hid in your flow'ry path, and cry: Beware! Thoughtless of ill and to the future blind, A sudden couplet rushes on your mind; Here you may nameless print your idle rhymes,

And read your first-born work a thousand times; Th' infection spreads, your couplet grows

apace, Stanzas to Delia's dog or Celia's face:

These Roman souls, like Rome's great | You take a name; Philander's odes are seen. Printed, and praised, in every magazine: Diarian sages greet their brother sage, And your dark pages please th' enlighten'd age.-

Alas! what years you thus consume in vain, Ruled by this wretched bias of the brain!

Go! to your deaks and counters all return; Your Sonnets scatter, your Acrostics burn; Trade, and be rich; or, should your careful

Bequeath you wealth, indulge the nobler fires:

Should love of fame your youthful heart

betray, Pursue fair fame, but in a glorious way. Nor in the idle scenes of Fancy's painting stray.

Of all the good that mortal men pursue, The Muse has least to give, and gives to few; Like some coquettish fair she leads us on, With smiles and hopes, till youth and peace are gone;

Then, wed for life, the restless wrangling pair Forget how constant one and one how fair: Meanwhile, Ambition, like a blooming bride, Brings power and wealth to grace her lover's side;

And though she smiles not with such flattering charms,

The brave will sooner win her to their arms.

Then wed to her, if Virtue tie the bands, Go spread your country's fame in hostile lands;

Her court, her senate, or her arms adorn, And let her foes lament that you were born: Or weigh her laws, their ancient rights defend.

Though hosts oppose, be theirs and Reason's friend;

Arm'd with strong powers, in their defence engage,

And rise the Thunkow of the future age.

# THE BIRTH OF FLATTERY.

beo, nec quicquam habeo; dicunt, laudo; id rursum si negant, laudo id quoque: s, nego; alt, aio;

imperavi egomet mihi

TERENT. in Eunucho.

has been held in ancient rules, at flattery is the food of fools; t now and then your men of wit ill condescend to taste a bit.

f my Spenser, who so well could sions all, their bearings and their ties;

uld in view those shadowy beings bring,

th bold hand remove each dark disguise,

love, hatred, scorn, or anger lies: im to Fairy-land, who now intends y his flight; assist him as he flies, those passions, Virtue's foes and friends,

m when led she droops, when leading she ascends.

y appear, I see the fairy-train! to that modest nymph of meek address?

aity, though loved by all the vain; e, though promising to all success; rth, nor Joy, though foe to all distress:

prightly syren, from this train I choose,

th relate, thy soothing arts confess; in thy mild nature to refuse, octs ask thine aid, so oft their meed and muse.

iry-land, on wide and cheerless plain, n the house of Care, a sturdy swain; ng he, who, when he till'd the soil, a master left the mingled joy ious care that follow'd his employ: nd patient he at once appear'd, who murmur'd, yet as one who fear'd; re was coarse that clothed his sinewy frame.

is address, and Poverty his name.

In that same plain a nymph, of curious taste.

A cottage (plann'd with all her skill) had

placed; Strange the materials, and for what design'd The various parts, no simple man might find; What seem'd the door, each entering guest withstood,

What seem'd a window was but painted wood;

But by a secret spring the wall would move, And daylight drop through glassy door above:

'Twas all her pride, new traps for praise to lay,

And all her wisdom was to hide her way; In small attempts incessant were her pains, And Cunning was her name among the swains.

Now, whether fate decreed this pair should wed.

And blindly drove them to the marriage-bed; Or whether love in some soft hour inclined The damsel's heart, and won her to be kind, Is yet unsung: they were an ill-match'd pair, But both disposed to wed-and wed they were.

Yet, though united in their fortune, still Their ways were diverse; varying was their will; Nor long the maid had bless'd the simple man,

Before dissentions rose, and she began:-

Wretch that I am! since to thy fortune bound, What plan, what project, with success is

crown'd? I, who a thousand secret arts possess Who every rank approach with right address; Who've loosed a guinea from a miser's

chest. And worm'd his secret from a traitor's breast:

to the pittance that repaid his toil; Thence gifts and gains collecting, great and small.

Have brought to thee, and thou consum'st them all:

For want like thine-a bog without a base-Ingulfs all gains I gather for the place; Feeding, unfill'd; destroying, undestroy'd; It craves for ever, and is ever void:-

found,

Since my sure craft was to thy calling bound!

Oh! vaunt of worthless art, the swain

Scowling contempt, how pitiful this pride! What are these specious gifts, these paltry gains,

But base rewards for ignominious pains? With all thy tricking, still for bread we strive,

Thine is, proud wretch! the care that cannot thrive

By all thy boasted skill and baffled hooks, Thou gainst no more than students by their books ;

No more than I for my poor deeds am paid, Whom none can blame, will help, or dare upbraid.

Call this our need, a bog that all devours,-Then what thy petty arts, but summerflowers,

Gaudy and mean, and serving to betray The place they make unprofitably gay? Who know it not, some useless beauties see,-But ah! to prove it, was reserved for me.

Unhappy state! that, in decay of love, Permits harsh truth his errors to disprove; While he remains, to wrangle and to jar, Is friendly tournament, no fatal war; Love in his play will borrow arms of hate, Anger and rage, upbraiding and debate; And by his power the desperate weapons thrown,

Become as safe and pleasant as his own; But left by him, their natures they assume, And fatal, in their poisoning force, become.

Time fled, and now the swain, compell'd to see

New cause for fear - Is this thy thrift? quoth he.

To whom the wife with cheerful voice

replied:Thou moody man, lay all thy fears aside, I've seen a vision;-they, from whom I came, A daughter promise, promise wealth and fame; Born with my features, with my arts, yet she Shall patient, pliant, persevering be, And in thy better ways resemble thee. The fairies round shall at her birth attend, The friend of all in all shall find a friend, And save that one sad star that hour must gleam

On our fair child, how glorious were my dream!

This heard the husband, and, in surly smile, Aim'd at contempt, but yet he hoped the while:

Wretch that I am! what misery have I | For as, when sinking, wretched men are found To catch at rushes rather than be drown'd; So on a dream our peasant placed his hope, And found that rush as valid as a rope.

> Swift fled the days, for now in hope they fled.

When a fair daughter bless'd the nuptial bed; Her infant-face the mother's pains beguiled, She look'd so pleasing, and so softly smiled; Those smiles, those looks, with sweet sensations moved

The gazer's soul, and, as he look'd, he loved.

And now the fairies came, with gifts, to grace

So mild a nature and so fair a face. They gave, with beauty, that bewitching art, That holds in easy chains the human heart; They gave her skill to win the stubborn mind.

To make the suffering to their sorrows blind, To bring on pensive looks the pleasing smile, And Care's stern brow of every frown beguile. These magic favours graced the infant-maid. Whose more enlivening smile the charming gifts repaid.

Now Fortune changed, who, were she constant long.

Would leave us few adventures for our song. A wicked elfin roved this land around, Whose joys proceeded from the griefs he found ;

Envy his name :- his fascinating eye From the light bosom drew the sudden sigh; Unsocial he, but with malignant mind, He dwelt with man, that he might curse

mankind : Like the first foc. he sought th' abode of joy, Grieved to behold, but eager to destroy Round blooming beauty, like the wasp, he flew,

Soil'd the fresh sweet, and changed the rusy

hue; The wise, the good, with anxious heart, he saw. And here a failing found, and there a flav; Discord in families 'twas his to more, Distrust in friendship, jealousy in love; He told the poor, what joys the great pur

sess'd. The great-what calm content the cottage bless'd:

To part the learned and the rich he tried. Till their slow friendship perish'd in their pride

Such was the fiend, and so secure of prey, That only Misery pass'd unstung away.

Soon as he heard the fairy-babe was born. Scornful he smiled, but felt no more than scorn;

less spite his lofty malice show? in a mischief of the meaner kind, st the vigour of a ranc'rous mind? oon as Fame the fairy-gifts proclaim'd, rising wrath his ready soul inflamed, ear, by vows that e'en the wicked tie, mph should weep her varied destiny; very gift, that now appear'd to shine fair face and make her smiles divine, all the poison of his magic prove, ey should scorn her, whom she sought for love.

spell prepared, in form an ancient dame, d in spirit, to the cot he came; gain'd admittance, and the infant press'd

ering his wicked magic) to his breast; us he said :- Of all the powers, who

ve's decrees and do the work of fate, alone, despised or worthless, found, to protect, or impotent to wound? en thy foe, regret the friendship lost, arn my skill, but learn it at your cost. then, O child! devote to fates severe, ood shall hate thy name, the wise shall fear;

hall deride, and no protecting friend ame shall cover, or thy name defend. entle sex, who, more than ours, should spare

able foe, will greater scorn declare; ase alone thy advocates shall be, ast alliance with a wretch like thee.

pake and vanish'd, other prev to find, ste in slow disease the conquer'd mind.

d by the clfin's threats, and fill'd with dread,

trents wept, and sought their infant's bed:

r alone the father's soul possess'd; perose gently in the mother's breast; Il she knew that neither grief nor joy without hope, or pleased without alloy; hile these hopes and fears her heart

rful vision bade the fears subside.

saw descending to the world below ient form, with solenm pace and slow.

ghter, no more be sad (the phantom cried). is seldom to the wise denied; wishes fools supinely stay, re a will and wisdom finds a way:

hy, when Fortune placed her state so | Why art thou grieved? Be rather glad, that he,

Who hates the happy, aims his darts at thee; But aims in vain; thy favour'd daughter lies, Serenely blest, and shall to joy arise. For, grant that curses on her name shall

wait

(So envy wills and such the voice of fate), Yet if that name be prudently suppress'd, She shall be courted, favour'd, and caress'd. For what are names? and where agree mankind,

In those to persons or to acts assign'd? Brave, learn'd, or wise, if some their favourites call,

Have they the titles or the praise from all? Not so, but others will the brave disdain As rash, and deem the sons of wisdom vain; The self-same mind shall scorn or kindness move.

And the same deed attract contempt and love. So all the powers who move the human soul, With sall the passions who the will control, Have various names - One giv'n by Truth divine

(As Simulation thus was fix'd for mine), The rest by man, who now, as wisdom's, prize My secret counsels, now as art despise; One hour, as just, those counsels they embrace, And spurn, the next, as pitiful and base. Thee, too, my child, those fools as Cunning fly, Who on thy counsel and thy craft rely; That worthy craft in others they condemn, But 'tis their prudence, while conducting them.

Be FLATTERY, then, thy happy infant's name, Let Honour scorn her and let Wit defame; Let all be true that Envy dooms, yet all, Not on herself, but one her name, shall fall; While she thy fortune and her own shall raise,

And decent Truth be call'd, and loved, as modest Praise.

O happy child! the glorious day shall shine, When every ear shall to thy speech incline, Thy words alluring and thy voice divine: The sullen pedant and the sprightly wit, To hear thy soothing eloquence, shall sit; And both, abjuring Flattery, will agree That truth inspires, and they must honour

Envy himself shall to thy accents bend, Force a faint smile and sullenly attend, When thou shalt call him Firtue's jealous friend,

Whose bosom glows with generous rage to find

How fools and knaves are flatter'd by mankind.

The sage retired, who spends alone his days, And flies th' obstreperous voice of public

praise; The vain, the vulgar cry, -shall gladly meet, And bid thee welcome to his still retreat; Much will be wonder, how thou cam'st to find A man to glory dead, to peace consign'd.

Yet is there nothing men can do,
When chilling Age comes creeping on?
Cannot we yet some good pursue?
Are talents buried? genius gone?
If passions slumber in the breast,
If follies from the heart be fled;
Of laurels let us go in quest,
And place them on the poet's head.

Yes, we'll redeem the wasted time,
And to neglected studies flee;
We'll bu ld again the lofty rhyme,
Or live, Philosophy, with thee;
For reasoning clear, for flight sublime,
Eternal fame reward shall be;
And to what glorious heights we'll climb,
Th' admiring crowd shall envying see.

Begin the song! begin the theme!—
Alas! and is Invention dead?
Dream we no more the golden dream?
Is Mem'ry with her treasures fled?

Yes, 'tis too late,—now Reason guides
The mind, sole judge in all debate;
And thus th' important point decides,
For laurels, 'tis, alas! too late.
What is possess'd we may retain,
But for new conquests strive in vain.

Beware then, Age, that what was won,
If life's past labours, studies, views,
Be lost not, now the labour's done,
When all thy part is,—not to lose:
When thou canst toil or gain no more,
Destroy not what was gain'd before.
For, all that's gain'd of all that's good,
When time shall his weak frame destroy,
(Their use then rightly understood)

Shall man, in happier state, enjoy.

Oh! argument for truth divine,
For study's cares, for virtue's strife;
To know th' enjoyment will be thine,
In that renew'd, that endless life!

## SIR EUSTACE GREY.

SCENE - A Mad-House.

PERSONS-VISITOR, PRYSICIAN, AND PATIENT.

Veris miscens falsa.

VISITOR.

I'll know no more;—the heart is torn
By views of wo, we cannot heal;
Long shall I see these things forlorn,
And oft again their griefs shall feel,
As each upon the mind shall steal;
That wan projector's mystic style,
That lumpish idiot leering by,
That peevish idler's ceaseless wile,
And that poor maiden's half-form'd smile,
While struggling for the full-drawn sigh!—
I'll know no more.

### PHYSICIAN.

—Yes, turn again;
Then speed to happier scenes thy way,
When thou hast view'd, what yet remain,
The ruins of Sir Eustace Grey,
The sport of madness, misery's prey:
But he will no historian need,
His cares, his crimes, will he display,

And show (as one from frenzy freed)
The proud-lost mind, the rash-done deed.

That cell to him is Greyling Hall:—
Approach; he'll bid thee welcome there;
Will sometimes for his servant call,
And sometimes point the vacant chair:
He can, with free and easy air,
Appear attentive and polite;
Can veil his woes in manners fair,
And pity with respect excite.

### PATIENT.

Who comes? — Approach! — 'tis kindly done:—

My learn'd physician, and a friend,
Their pleasures quit, to visit one,
Who cannot to their case attend,
Nor joys bestow, nor comforts lead,
As when I lived so blest, so well,
And dreamt not I must soon contend
With those malignant powers of hell.

### PHYSICIAN.

Less warmth, Sir Eustace, or we go .-

PATIENT.

am calm as infant-love, hild, but one of wo, you should pity, not reprove: at ease, who never strove passions wild, will calmly show n we may their ills remove, asters of their madness grow.

enty years I think are gone,—
flies, I know not how, away,)
upon no happier shone,
ouder man, than Eustace Grey.
re you would, and all would say,
an admired and praised of all,
and poor, by grave and gay,
ne young lord of Greyling Hall.

ad youth and rosy health;
obly form'd, as man might be;
tess then, of all my wealth,
r gave a single fee:
as fair, the maidens free,
all accustom'd then to say,
uld a handsome figure see
look upon Sir Eustace Grey.

a frank and pleasant look,
rful eye and accent bland;
speech and manner spoke
merous heart, the open hand;
m all was gay or grand,
the praise of great and small;
ht, improved, projected, plann'd;
ign'd a prince at Greyling Hall.

i—she was all we love; disc (to speak her worth) is faint; ners show'd the yielding dove, orals the scraphic saint: r breathed nor look'd complaint: all upon earth had she: at is this fair thing I paint? as all that live shall be.

as, beside, a gallant youth,
m, my bosom's friend, I had:—
as rich in very truth,
e me proud—it made me mad!—
as lost—but there was cause!—
stood my tale?—I cannot find—
d all mankind's applanse,
I the smiles of womankind.

ere two cherub-things beside, ious girl, a glorious boy; to swell my full-blown pride, mish higher my fading joy, were ours without alloy, 'aradise,—till my frail Eve was tempted to destroy; ed and fated to deceive. But I deserved; for all that time,
When I was loved, admired, caress'd,
There was within, each secret crime,
Unfelt, uncancell'd, unconfess'd:
I never then my God address'd,
In grateful praise or humble prayer;
And if His Word was not my jest,
(Dread thought!) it never was my care.

I doubted:—fool I was to doubt!

If that all-piercing eye could see,—
If He who looks all worlds throughout,
Would so minute and careful be,
As to perceive and punish me:—
With man I would be great and high,
But with my God so lost, that He,
In his large view, should pass me by.

Thus blest with children, friend, and wife, Blest far beyond the vulgar lot; Of all that gladdens human life, Where was the good, that I had not? But my vile heart had sinful spot, And Heaven beheld its deep'ning stain, Eternal Justice I forgot, And mercy sought not to obtain.

Come near,—I'll softly speak the rest!—
Alas! 'tis known to all the crowd,
Her guilty love was all confess'd;
And his, who so much truth avow'd,
My faithless friend's.—In pleasure proud
I sat, when these cursed tidings came;
Their guilt, their flight was told aloud,
And Envy smiled to hear my shame;

I call'd on Vengeance; at the word
She came:—Can I the deed forget?
I held the sword, th' accursed sword,
The blood of his false heart made wet;
And that fair victim paid her debt,
She pined, she died, she loath'd to live;—
I saw her dying—see her yet:
Fair fallen thing! my rage forgive!

Those cherubs still, my life to bless,
Were left; could I my fears remove,
Sad fears that check'd each fond caress,
And poison'd all parental love?
Yet that with jealous feelings strove,
And would at last have won my will,
Had I not, wretch! been doom'd to prove
Th' extremes of mortal good and ill.

In youth! health! joy! in beauty's pride!
They droop'd: as flowers when blighted
bow.

The dire infection came:—They died,
And I was cursed—as I am now—
Nay, frown not, angry friend, allow
That I was deeply, sorely tried;
Hear then, and you must wonder how
I could such storms and strifes abide.

Storms !- not that clouds embattled make, | And gave a mild and sober glow, When they afflict this earthly globe; But such as with their terrors shake Man's breast, and to the bottom probe; They make the hypocrite disrobe,
They try us all, if false or true;
For this, one devil had pow'r on Job; And I was long the slave of two.

### PHYSICIAN.

Peace, peace, my friend; these subjects fly; Collect thy thoughts-go calmly on .-

#### PATIENT.

And shall I then the fact deny? I was,-thou knowst,-I was begone, Like him who fill'd the eastern throne, To whom the Watcher cried aloud; That royal wretch of Babylon, Who was so guilty and so proud-

Like him, with haughty, stubborn mind, I, in my state, my comforts sought; Delight and praise I hoped to find, In what I builded, planted, bought! Oh! arrogance! by misery taught-Soon came a voice! I felt it come: Full be his cup, with evil fraught, Demons his guides, and death his doom!

Then was I cast from out my state; Two fiends of darkness led my way; They waked me early, watch'd me late, My dread by night, my plague by day! Oh! I was made their sport, their play, Through many a stormy troubled year; And how they used their passive prey Is sad to tell :- but you shall hear.

And first, before they sent me forth, Through this unpitying world to run, They robb'd Sir Eustace of his worth, Lands, manors, lordships, every one; So was that gracious man undone, Was spurn'd as vile, was scorn'd as poor, Whom every former friend would shun, And menials drove from every door.

Then those ill-favour'd Ones, whom none But my unhappy eyes could view, Led me, with wild emotion, on, And, with resistless terror, drew. Through lands we fled, o'er seas we flew, And halted on a boundless plain: Where nothing fed, nor breathed, nor grew, But silence ruled the still domain.

Upon that boundless plain, below, The setting sun's last rays were shed,

Where all were still, asleep, or dead; Vast ruins in the midst were spread, Pillars and pediments sublime, Where the gray moss had form'd a bed, And clothed the crumbling spoils of time.

There was I fix'd, I know not how, Condemn'd for untold years to stay: Yet years were not; - one dreadful Now Endured no change of night or day; The same mild evening's sleeping ray Shone softly-solemn and serene, And all that time I gazed away, The setting sun's sad rays were seen.

At length a moment's sleep stole on,-Again came my commission'd foes: Again through sea and land we're gone, No peace, no respite, no repose: Above the dark broad sea we rose, We ran through bleak and frozen land; I had no strength their strength t' oppose, An infant in a giant's hand.

They placed me where those streamers Those nimble beams of brilliant light: It would the stoutest heart dismay. To see, to feel, that dreadful sight: So swift, so pure, so cold, so bright. They pierced my frame with icy wound, And all that half-year's polar night, Those dancing streamers wrapp'd me round.

Slowly that darkness pass'd away When down upon the earth I fell,-Some hurried sleep was mine by day; But, soon as toll'd the evening-hell, They forced me on, where ever dwell Far-distant men in cities fair. Cities of whom no trav'lers tell, Nor feet but mine were wanderers there

Their watchmen stare, and stand aghast, As on we hurry through the dark; The watch-light blinks as we go past, The watch-dog shrinks and fears to bark: The watch-tower's bell sounds shrill; and, hark!

The free wind blows - we've left the town-A wide sepulchral ground I mark, And on a tombstone place me down.

What monuments of mighty dead! What tombs of various kinds are found! And stones erect their shadows shed On humble graves, with wickers bound; Some risen fresh, above the ground, Some level with the native clay, What sleeping millions wait the sound: Arise, ye dead, and come away!

hey stay not for that call; me this wo! ye demons, spare! me! the shrouded shadows all, nore than mortal brain can bear; g they rise, they sternly glare an upheld by vital breath; ed by wicked fiends, should dare in the shadowy troops of death!

have felt all man can feel, ne shall pay his nature's debt; t no hope has strength to heal, ind the comfort to forget: er cares the heart can fret, spirits wear, the temper gall, ant, dread, anguish, all beset nful soul!—together all!

iends upon a shaking fen me, in dark tempestuous night; iever trod the foot of men, : flock'd the fowl in wint'ry flight anced the moor's deceitful light : the pool where sedges grow; en the morning-sun shone bright, one upon a field of snow.

ing me on a bough so small,
ook could build her nest no higher;
c'd me on the trembling ball
crowns the steeple's quiv'ring spire;
t me where the seas retire,
rown with their returning tide;
de me flee the mountain's fire,
rolling from its burning side.

ig upon the ridgy steep
ffs, and held the rambling brier;
nged below the billowy deep,
e air was sent me to respire;
n where hungry wolves retire;
to complete my woes) I've ran
Bedlam's crazy crew conspire
st the life of reasoning man.

I'd in storms the flapping sail, aging from the topmast-head; sed the vilest slaves in jail, ick'd the dunghill's spoil for bread; de the badger's hole my bed, ander'd with a gipsy crew; aded all the guilty dread, one what they would fear to do.

where chbs and flows the flood, ay they placed and bade me die; a my staff, I stoutly stood the swift waves came rolling by; h they rose, and still more high, by lips drank the bitter brine; convulsed, then cast mine eye, aw the tide's re-flowing sign.

And then, my dreams were such as nought
Could yield but my unhappy case;
I've been of thousand devils caught,
And thrust into that horrid place,
Where reign dismay, despair, disgrace:
Furies with iron fangs were there,
To torture that accursed race,
Doom'd to dismay, disgrace, despair.

Harmless I was; yet hunted down
For treasons, to my soul unfit;
I've been pursued through many a town,
For crimes that petty knaves commit;
I've been adjudged t' have lost my wit,
Because I preach'd so loud and well;
And thrown into the dungeon's pit,
For trampling on the pit of hell.

Such were the evils, man of sin,
That I was fated to sustain;
And add to all, without—within,
A soul defiled with every stain
That man's reflecting mind can pain;
That pride, wrong, rage, despair, can make;
In fact, they'd nearly touch'd my brain,
And reason on her throne would shake.

But pity will the vilest seek,
If punish'd guilt will not repine,—
I heard a heavenly teacher speak,
And felt the Sun or Menex shine:
I hail'd the light! the birth divine!
And then was seal'd among the few;
Those angry fiends beheld the sign,
And from me in an instant flew.

Come hear how thus the charmers cry
To wandering sheep, the strays of sin,
While some the wicket-gate pass by,
And some will knock and enter in:
Full joyful 'tis a soul to win,
For he that winneth souls is wise;
Now hark! the holy strains begin,
And thus the sainted preacher cries:—

Pilgrim, burthen'd with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate,
There, till Mercy let thee in,
Knock and weep and watch and wait.
Knock!—He knows the sinner's cry:
Weep!—He loves the mourner's tears:
Watch!—for saving grace is nigh:
Wait,—till heavenly light appears.

Hark! it is the Bridegroom's voice:
Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest;
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe and seal'd and bought and blest!
Safe—from all the lures of vice,
Seal'd—by signs the chosen know,
Bought—by love and life the price,
Blest—the mighty debt to owe.

Holy Pilgrim! what for thee
In a world like this remain?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt and pain.
Fear—the hope of Heaven shall fly,
Shame—from glory's view retire,
Doubt—in certain rapture die,
Pain—in endless bliss expire.

But though my day of grace was come, Yet still my days of grief I find; The former clouds' collected gloom Still saddens the reflecting mind; The soul, to evil things consign'd, Will of their evil some retain; The man will seem to earth inclined, And will not look erect again.

Thus, though elect, I feel it hard
To lose what I possess'd before,
To be from all my wealth debarr'd,—
The brave Sir Eustace is no more:
But old I wax and passing poor,
Stern, rugged men my conduct view;
They chide my wish, they bar my door,
'Tis hard—I weep—you see I do.—

Must you, my friends, no longer stay?
Thus quickly all my pleasures end;
But I'll remember, when I pray,
My kind physician and his friend;
And those sad hours, you deign to spend
With me, I shall requite them all;
Sir Eustace for his friends shall send,
And thank their love at Greyling Hall.

### VISITOR.

The poor Sir Eustace!—Yet his hope Leads him to think of joys again; And when his earthly visions droop, His views of heavenly kind remain;— But whence that meek and humbled strain, That spirit wounded, lost, resign'd? Would not so proud a soul disdain The madness of the poorest mind?

### PHYSICIAN.

No! for the more he swell'd with pride,
The more he felt misfortune's blow;
Disgrace and grief he could not hide,
And poverty had laid him low:
Thus shame and sorrow working slow,
At length this humble spirit gave;
Madness on these began to grow,
And bound him to his fiends a slave.

Though the wild thoughts had touch'd his brain,

Then was he free:—So, forth he ran;
To soothe or threat, alike were vain:
He spake of fiends; look'd wild and wan;
Year after year the hurried man
Obey'd those fiends from place to place;
Till his religious change began
To form a frenzied child of grace.

For, as the fury lost its strength,
The mind reposed; by slow degrees
Came lingering hope, and brought at length,
To the tormented spirit, case:
This slave of sin, whom fiends could seize,
Felt or believed their power had end;—
'Tis faith, he cried, my bosom frees,
And now my Saviour is my friend.

But ah! though time can yield relief,
And soften woes it cannot cure;
Would we not suffer pain and grief,
To have our reason sound and sure?
Then let us keep our bosoms pure,
Our fancy's favourite flights suppress;
Prepare the body to endure,
And bend the mind to meet distress;
And then us guardian care implore,
Whom demons dread and men adore.

## THE HALL OF JUSTICE.

### PART L

or facere hoe annos; sed et altera causa est,

AGISTRATE, VAGRANT, CONSTABLE.

VAGRANT.

take away thy barbarous hand, let me to thy master speak; awhile the harsh command, hear me, or my heart will break.

### MAGISTRATE.

wretch! and what canst thou relate, deeds of sorrow, shame, and sin? rime is proved, thou knowst thy fate; come, thy tale!—begin, begin!—

### VAGBANT.

me!—This sick'ning child to feed, ized the food, your witness saw; your laws forbade the deed, yielded to a stronger law.

t thou, to Nature's great command buman laws are frail and weak? frown not—stay his eager hand, hear me, or my heart will break.

s, th' adopted babe I hold h anxious fondness to my breast, art's sole comfort I behold, e dear than life, when life was blest; her pining, fainting, cold, gg'd—but vain was my request.

the tempting food, and seized infant-sufferer found relief; n the pilfer'd treasure pleased, led on my guilt, and hush'd my grief.

have griefs of other kind, ables and sorrows more severe; ne to case my tortured mind, I to my woes a patient ear; t me—if I may not find jend to help—find one to hear. Yet nameless let me plead—my name Would only wake the cry of scorn; A child of sin, conceived in shame, Brought forth in wo, to misery born.

My mother dead, my father lost,
I wander'd with a vagrant crew;
A common care, a common cost,
Their sorrows and their sins I knew;
With them, by want on error forced,
Like them, I base and guilty grew.

Few are my years, not so my crimes;
The age, which these sad looks declare,
Is Sorrow's work, it is not Time's,
And I am old in shame and care.

Taught to believe the world a place
Where every stranger was a foe,
Train'd in the arts that mark our race,
To what new people could I go?
Could I a better life embrace,
Or live as virtue dictates? No!—

So through the land I wandering went, And little found of grief or joy; But lost my bosom's sweet content When first I loved—the Gipsy-Boy.

A sturdy youth he was and tall, His looks would all his soul declare, His piercing eyes were deep and small, And strongly curl'd his raven-hair.

Yes, Aaron had each manly charm, All in the May of youthful pride, He scarcely fear'd his father's arm, And every other arm defied.—

Oft, when they grew in anger warm,
(Whom will not love and power divide?)
I rose, their wrathful souls to calm,
Not yet in sinful combat tried.

His father was our party's chief,
And dark and dreadful was his look;
His presence fill'd my heart with grief,
Although to me he kindly spoke.

With Aaron I delighted went,
His favour was my bliss and pride;
In growing hope our days we spent,
Love growing charms in either spied,
It saw them, all which Nature lent,
It lent them, all which she denied.

Could I the father's kindness prize, Or grateful looks on him bestow, Whom I beheld in wrath arise, When Aaron sunk beneath his blow?

He drove him down with wicked hand,
It was a dreadful sight to see;
Then vex'd him, till he left the land,
And told his cruel love to me;
The clan were all at his command,
Whatever his command might be.

The night was dark, the lanes were deep,
And one by one they took their way;
He bade me lay me down and sleep,
I only wept and wish'd for day.

Accursed be the love he bore, Accursed was the force he used, So let him of his God implore For mercy, and be so refused!

You frown again,—to show my wrong, Can I in gentle language speak? My woes are deep, my words are strong,— And hear me, or my heart will break.

### MAGISTRATE.

I hear thy words, I feel thy pain;
Forbear awhile to speak thy woes;
Receive our aid, and then again
The story of thy life disclose.

For, though seduced and led astray,
Thou'st travell'd far and wander'd long;
Thy God hath seen thee all the way,
And all the turns that led thee wrong.

## PART II.

Quondam ridentes oculi nanc fonte perenni Deplorant pænas nocte dieque suas. Corn. Galli Eleg.

### MAGISTRATE.

Come, now again thy woes impart,
Tell all thy sorrows, all thy sin;
We cannot heal the throbbing heart
Till we discern the wounds within.

Compunction weeps our guilt away,
The sinner's safety is his pain;
Such pangs for our offences pay,
And these severer griefs are gain.

VACRANT.

The son came back—he found us wed,
Then dreadful was the oath he swore;—
His way through Blackburn Forest led,—
His father we beheld no more.

Of all our daring clan not one Would on the doubtful subject dwell; For all esteem'd the injured son, And fear'd the tale which he could tell.

But I had mightier cause for fear,
For slow and mournful round my bed
I saw a dreadful form appear,—
It came when I and Aaron wed.

(Yes! we were wed, I know my crime,— We slept beneath the elmin-tree; But I was grieving all the time, And Aaron frown'd my tears to see.

For he not yet had felt the pain
That rankles in a wounded breast;
He waked to sin, then slept again,
Forsook his God, yet took his rest.—

But I was forced to feign delight,
And joy in mirth and music sought,—
And mem'ry now recalls the night,
With such surprise and horror fraught,
That reason felt a moment's flight,
And left a mind to madness wrought.)

When waking, on my heaving breast
I felt a hand as cold as death;
A sudden fear my voice suppress'd,
A chilling terror stopp'd my breath.—

I seem'd—no words can utter how!
For there my father-husband stood,—
And thus he said:—Will God allow,
The great avenger, just and good,
A wife to break her marriage-vow?
A son to shed his father's blood?

I trembled at the dismal sounds,
But vainly strove a word to say;
So, pointing to his bleeding wounds,
The threat'ning spectre stalk'd away.

I brought a lovely daughter forth, His father's child, in Auron's bed; He took her from me in his wrath,— Where is my child?—Thy child is deal.

'Twas false—we wander'd far and wide, Through town and country, field and fen Till Aaron, fighting, fell and died, And I became a wife again. s young:—my husband sold cied charms for wicked price; me oft, for sinful gold, re, but not the friend of vice: e, Heaven! my pains behold, them for my sins suffice!

ch who lent me thus for gain, d me when my youth was fled; e disease, and brought me pain death, and bear me to the dead! th I grieve, my grief is vain, titless all the tears I shed.

ras not to virtue train'd,
Il I knew my deeds were ill;
offence my heart was pain'd,
but I offended still;
r thoughts my life disdain'd,
t the viler led my will.

nd died, and now no more le was sought, or ask'd my hand, d vagrant, vile and poor, a vagrant's vile command.

I roved the country round, my bread by fraudful arts, a poor subsistence found, ading nets for simple hearts.

oor, and abject, and despised, fortunes to the crowd I told; e young the love they prized, mised wealth to bless the old; for the doubtful I devised, true for the forsaken sold.

for arts like these confined in with a lawless crew, received a kindred mind, ere my long-lost daughter knew.

e's child, whom Aaron gave der with a distant clan, ries of the world to brave, the slave of vice and man:

my name—we met in pain, rting pangs can I express? a convict o'er the main, t an heir to her distress; This is that heir to shame and pain,
For whom I only could descry
A world of trouble and disdain:
Yet, could I bear to see her die,
Or stretch her feeble hands in vain,
And, weeping, beg of me supply?

No! though the fate thy mother knew Was shameful! shameful though thy race Have wander'd all, a lawless crew, Outcasts, despised in every place;

Yet as the dark and muddy tide,
When far from its polluted source,
Becomes more pure, and, purified,
Flows in a clear and happy course;—

In thee, dear infant! so may end
Our shame, in thee our sorrows cease!
And thy pure course will then extend,
In floods of joy, o'er vales of peace.

Oh! by the Gon who loves to spare,
Deny me not the boon I crave;
Let this loved child your mercy share,
And let me find a peaceful grave;
Make her yet spotless soul your care,
And let my sins their portion have;
Her for a better fate prepare,
And punish whom 'twere sin to save!

### MAGISTRATE.

Recall the word, renounce the thought,
Command thy heart and bend thy knee.
There is to all a pardon brought,
A ransom rich, assured and free;
'Tis full when found, 'tis found if sought,
Oh! seek it, till 'tis seal'd to thee.

### VAGRANT.

But how my pardon shall I know?

### MAGISTRATE.

By feeling dread that 'tis not sent,
By tears for sin that freely flow,
By grief, that all thy tears are spent,
By thoughts on that great debt we owe,
With all the mercy God has lent,
By suffering what thou canst not show,
Yet showing how thine heart is rent,
Till thou canst feel thy bosom glow,
And say: "My Sayiova, I repert!

# WOMAN.

MR. LEDYARD, AS QUOTED BY M. PARK IN HIS TRAVELS INTO AFRIC.

To a Woman I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. If I was hungry or thirsty, wet or sick, they did not hesitate, like Men, to perform a generous action: in so free and kind a manner did they contribute to my relief, that if I was dry, I drank the sweetest draught; and if hungry, I are the coarsest morsel with a double relish.

PLACE the white man on Afric's coast,
Whose swarthy sons in blood delight,
Who of their scorn to Europe boast,
And paint their very demons white:
There, while the sterner sex disdains
To soothe the woes they cannot feel,
Woman will strive to heal his pains,
And weep for those she cannot heal:
Hers is warm pity's sacred glow;
From all her stores she bears a part,
And bids the spring of hope re-flow,
That languish'd in the fainting heart.

What though so pale his haggard face,
So sunk and sad his looks,—she cries;
And far unlike our nobler race,
With crisped locks and rolling eyes;
Yet misery marks him of our kind;
We see him lost, alone, afraid;
And pangs of body, griefs in mind,
Pronounce him man and ask our aid.

Perhaps in some far-distant shore,
There are who in these forms delight;
Whose milky features please them more,
Than ours of jet thus burnish'd bright;
Of such may be his weeping wife,
Such children for their sire may call,
And if we spare his ebbing life,
Our kindness may preserve them all.

Thus her compassion Woman shows, Beneath the line her acts are these; Nor the wide waste of Lapland-snows Can her warm flow of pity freeze:— From some sad land the stranger comes, Where joys, like ours, are never found; Let's soothe him in our happy homes, Where freedom sits, with plenty crown'd.

'Tis good the fainting soul to cheer,
To see the famish'd stranger fed;
To milk for him the mother-deer,
To smooth for him the furry bed.
The Powers above our Lapland bless
With good no other people know;
T'enlarge the joys that we possess,
By feeling those that we bestow!

Thus in extremes of cold and heat,
Where wandering man may trace his
kind;
Wherever grief and want retreat,
In Woman they compassion find;
She makes the female breast her seat,
And dictates mercy to the mind.

Man may the sterner virtues know,
Determined justice, truth severe:
But female hearts with pity glow,
And Woman holds affliction dear;
For guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
And suffering vice compels her tear;
"Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
And bid life's fairer views appear:
To Woman's gentle kind we owe
What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
And care they soothe and age they
cheer.

## EDWARD SHORE.

Seem they grave or learned?
Why, so didst thou. Seem they religious?
Why, so didst thou; or are they spare in diet,
Prec from gross passion, or of mirth or anger,
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood.
Garnish'd and deck'd in modest compliment,
Not working with the eye without the ear,
And but with purged judgment trusting neither?
Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem.

Shakspeare, King Henry V.

Better I were distract,
Se should my thoughts be sever'd from my griefs,
And wees by strong imagination lose
The knowledge of themselves.
Shakspeare, King Lear.

Gasres! thou gift of Heav'n! thou light divine!

Amid what dangers art thou doom'd to shine!
Oft will the body's weakness check thy force,
Oft damp thy vigour and impede thy course;
And trembling nerves compel thee to restrain
Thy nobler efforts, to contend with pain;
Or Want (sad guest!) will in thy presence
come.

And breathe around her melancholy gloom; To life's low cares will thy proud thought confine,

And make her sufferings, her impatience, thine.

Evil and strong, seducing passions prey On searing minds, and win them from their

way;
Who then to Vice the subject spirits give,
And in the service of the conqu'ror live;

And in the service of the conqu'ror live; Like captive Samson making sport for all, Who fear'd their strength, and glory in their fall.

Genius, with virtue, still may lack the aid Implored by humble minds and hearts afraid; May leave to timid souls the shield and sword

Of the tried faith, and the resistless word; Amid a world of dangers venturing forth, Frail, but yet fearless, proud in conscious worth.

"Il strong temptation, in some fatal time, sails the heart and wins the soul to crime; Then left by honour, and by sorrow spent, Laused to pray, unable to repent,

The nobler powers that once exalted high Th' aspiring man, shall then degraded lie: Reason, through anguish, shall her throne forsake,

and atrength of mind but stronger madness make.

When EDWARD SHORE had reach'd his twentieth year,

He felt his bosom light, his conscience clear;

Applause at school the youthful hero gain'd, And trials there with manly strength sustain'd:

With prospects bright upon the world he came,

Pure love of virtue, strong desire of fame: Men watch'd the way his lofty mind would

And all foretold the progress he would make. Boast of these friends, to older men a guide, Proud of his parts, but gracious in his pride; He bore a gay good-nature in his face, And in his air were dignity and grace; Dress that became his state and years he

And sense and spirit shone in Edward Shore. Thus while admiring friends the youth beheld:

His own disgust their forward hopes repell'd; For he unfix'd, unfixing, look'd around, And no employment but in seeking found; He gave his restless thoughts to views refined, And shrank from worldly cares with wounded mind.

Rejecting trade, awhile he dwelt on laws, But who could plead, if unapproved the

A doubting, dismal tribe physicians seem'd; Divines o'er texts and disputations dream'd; War and its glory he perhaps could love, But there again he must the cause approve. Our here thought no deed should gain applause,

Where timid virtue found support in laws; He to all good would soar, would fly all sin, By the pure prompting of the will within; Who needs a law that binds him not to steal, Ask'd the young teacher, can he rightly feel? To curb the will, or arm in honour's cause, Or aid the weak—are these enforced by laws?

Should we a foul, ungenerous action dread, Because a law condemns th'adulterous bed? Or fly pollution, not for féar of stain, But that some statute tells us to refrain? The grosser herd in ties like these we hind, In virtue's freedom moves th' enlighten'd mind.

Man's heart deceives him, said a friend: Of course,

Replied the youth, but has it power to force?

Unless it forces, call it as you will, It is but wish, and proneness to the ill .-Art thou not tempted? Do I fall? said Shore. The pure have fallen .- Then are pure no more:

While reason guides me, I shall walk aright, Nor need a steadier hand, or stronger light; Nor this in dread of awful threats, design'd For the weak spirit and the grov'ling mind; But that, engaged by thoughts and views sublime.

I wage free war with grossness and with crime.

Thus look'd he proudly on the vulgar crew, Whom statutes govern, and whom fears subdue.

Faith, with his virtue, he indeed profess'd, But doubts deprived his ardent mind of

Reason, his sovereign mistress, fail'd to show Light through the mazes of the world below; Questions arose, and they surpass'd the skill Of his sole aid, and would be dubious still; These to discuss he sought no common guide, But to the doubters in his doubts applied; When all together might in freedom speak, And their loved truth with mutual ardour seek.

Alas! though men who feel their eyes decay Take more than common pains to find their

Yet, when for this they ask each other's aid, Their mutual purpose is the more delay'd: Of all their doubts, their reasoning clear'd not one.

Still the same spots were present in the sun; Still the same scruples haunted Edward's mind.

Who found no rest, nor took the means to find.

But though with shaken faith, and slave to fame.

Vain and aspiring on the world be came; Yet was he studious, serious, moral, grave, No passion's victim, and no system's slave; Vice he opposed, indulgence he disdain'd, And o'er each sense in conscious triumph reign'd.

Who often reads, will sometimes wish to write,

And Shore would yield instruction and delight:

A serious drama he design'd, but found 'Twas tedious travelling in that gloomy

A deep and solemn story he would try But grew ashamed of ghosts, and laid it by; Sermons he wrote, but they who knew his

Or knew it not, were ill disposed to read; And he would lastly be the nation's guide, But, studying, fail'd to fix upon a side;

Fame he desired, and talents he possess'd, But loved not labour, though he could not rest.

Nor firmly fix the vacillating mind, That, ever working, could no centre find. Tis thus a sanguine reader loves to trace The Nile forth rushing on his glorious race; Calm and secure the fancied traveller goes Through sterile deserts and by threat'ning foes;

He thinks not then of Afric's scorehing sands,

Th' Arabian sea, the Abyssinian bands; Fasils and Michaels, and the robbers all, Whom we politely chiefs and heroes call: He of success alone delights to think, He views that fount, he stands upon the brink.

And drinks a fancied draught, exulting so to drink.

In his own room, and with his books around, His lively mind its chief employment found: Then idly busy, quietly employ'd, And, lost to life, his visions were enjoy'd: Yet still he took a keen inquiring view Of all that crowds neglect, desire, pursue; And thus abstracted, curious, still, serene, He, unemploy'd, beheld life's shifting scene; Still more averse from vulgar joys and cares, Still more unfitted for the world's affairs.

There was a house where Edward ofttimes went,

And social hours in pleasant trifling spent; He read, conversed and reason'd, sang and play'd,

And all were happy while the idler stay'd; Too happy one, for thence arose the pain, Till this engaging trifler came again. But did he love? We answer, day by day, The loving feet would take th' accustom's

The amorous eye would rove us if in quest Of something rare, and on the mansion rest; The same soft passion touch'd the gentle tongne.

And Anna's charms in tender notes were

The ear too seem'd to feel the comment flame,

Soothed and delighted with the fair once name:

And thus as love each other part possessit. The heart, no doubt, its sovereign power confess'd.

Pleased in her sight, the youth required as more;

Not rich himself, he saw the damsel poor; And he too wisely, nay, too kindly laved To pain the being whom his soul approved

A serious friend our cautious youth posess'd.

And at his table sat a welcome guest;

ors who loved from common views to soar,

seek the fountains never traced before; th they profess'd, yet often left the true beaten prospect, for the wild and new. chosen friend his fiftieth year had seen, fortune easy, and his air screne; t and atheist call'd; for few agreed it were his notions, principles, or creed; mind reposed not, for he hated rest. all things made a query or a jest; lex'd himself, he ever sought to prove man is doom'd in endless doubt to rove; self in darkness he profess'd to be, would maintain that not a man could see. youthful friend, dissentient, reason'd still

he soul's prowess, and the subject will; irtue's beauty, and of honour's force, a warm zeal gave life to his discourse; from his feelings all his fire arose. he had interest in the themes he chose. friend, indulging a sarcastic smile,

Dear enthusiast! thou wilt change thy style,

n man's delusions, errors, crimes, deceit. nore distress thee, and no longer cheat. lo! this cautious man, so coolly wise, young beauty fix'd unguarded eyes; her he married: Edward at the view to his cheerful visits long adjeu; haply err'd, for this engaging bride mirth suppress'd, but rather cause supplied:

when she saw the friends, by reasoning

used if right, and positive if wrong. playful speech and smile, that spoke delight.

made them careless both of wrong and right.

gentle damsel gave consent to wed, school and school-day-dinners in her head :

now was promised choice of daintiest

fond. costly dress, that made her sovereign

good ; walks on hilly heath to banish spleen, summer-visits when the roads were elean.

erse she loved, to these she gave consent, she was married to her heart's content. r manner this-the friends together read, books a cause for disputation bred; te then follow'd, and the vapour'd child ared they argued till her head was wild; strange to her it was that mortal brain d seek the trial, or endure the pain. as the friend reposed, the younger pair flown to rards, and play'd beside his

chair; he awaking, to his books applied, card the music of th' obedient bride:

unemploy'd, it was their chief delight | If mild the evening, in the fields they stray'd, end what free and daring authors write; | And their own flock with partial eye survey'd; But oft the husband, to indulgence prone, Resumed his book, and bade them walk alone. Do, my kind Edward! I must take mine case, Name the dear girl the planets and the trees; Tell her what warblers pour their eveningsong,

What insects flutter, as you walk along; Teach her to fix the roving thoughts, to bind The wandering sense, and methodize the mind.

This was obey'd; and oft when this was done, They calmly gazed on the declining sun; In silence saw the glowing landscape fade, Or, sitting, sang beneath the arbour's shade: Till rose the moon and on each youthful face Shed a soft beauty and a dangerous grace. When the young wife beheld in long debate The friends, all careless as she seeming sate; It soon appear'd, there was in one combined The nobler person and the richer mind: He wore no wig, no grisly beard was seen, And none beheld him careless or unclean; Or watch'd him sleeping :- we indeed have heard

Of sleeping beauty, and it has appear'd; 'Tis seen in infants-there indeed we find The features soften'd by the slumbering mind, But other beauties, when disposed to sleep, Should from the eye of keen inspector keep: The lovely nymph who would her swain surprise.

May close her mouth, but not conceal her

Sleep from the fairest face some beauty takes,

And all the homely features homelier makes; So thought our wife, beholding with a sigh Her sleeping spouse, and Edward smiling by-A sick relation for the husband sent, Without delay the friendly sceptic went;

Nor fear'd the youthful pair, for he had seen The wife untroubled and the friend serene: No selfish purpose in his roving eyes, No vile deception in her fond replies:

So judged the husband, and with judgment true,

For neither yet the guilt or danger knew. What now remain'd? but they again should play

Th' accustom'd game, and walk th' accustom'd way;

With careless freedom should converse or read,

And the friend's absence neither fear nor heed:

But rather now they seem'd confused, constrain'd:

Within their room still restless they remain'd, And painfully they felt, and knew each other pain'd .-

Ah! foolish men! how could ye thus depend, One on himself, the other on his friend? The youth with troubled eye the lady saw. Yet felt too brave, too daring, to withdraw; While she, with tuneless hand the jarring For faith he had not, or a faith too weak keys To gain the help that humbled sinners seek;

Touching, was not one moment at her ease: Now would she walk, and call her friendly guide.

Now speak of rain, and cast her cloke aside; Seize on a book, unconscious what she read, And restless still to new resources fled; Then laugh'd aloud, then tried to look serene, And ever changed, and every change was seen. Painful it is to dwell on deeds of shame— The trying day was past, another came; The third was all remorse, confusion, dread, And (all too late!) the fallen hero fled. Then felt the youth, in that seducing time, How feebly honour guards the heart from

Small is his native strength; man needs the

The strength imparted in the trying day; For all that honour brings against the force Of headlong passion, aids its rapid course; Its slight resistance but provokes the fire, As wood-work stops the flame, and then

The husband came; a wife by guilt made

Had, meeting, soothed him, as in days of old; But soon this fact transpired; her strong distress,

And his friend's absence, left him nought to guess.

Still cool, though grieved, thus prudence bade him write-

I cannot pardon, and I will not fight;
Thou art too poor a culprit for the laws,
And I too faulty to support my cause:
All must be punish'd; I must sigh alone,
At home thy victim for her guilt atone;
And thou, unhappy! virtuous now no more,
Must loss of fame, peace, purity deplore;
Sinners with praise will pierce thee to the

And saints deriding tell thee what thou art.

Such was his fall; and Edward, from that time.

Felt in full force the censure and the crime— Despised, ashamed; his noble views before, And his proud thoughts, degraded him the more:

Should be repent—would that conceal his shame?

Could peace be his? It perish'd with his fame:

Himself he scorn'd, nor could his crime forgive;

He fear'd to die, yet felt ashamed to live: Grieved, but not contrite was his heart;

oppress'd,

Not broken; not converted, but distress'd;
He wanted will to bend the stubborn knee,
He wanted light the cause of ill to see,
To learn how frail is man, how humble
then should be;

For faith he had not, or a faith too weak To gain the help that humbled sinners seek; Else had he pray'd—to an offended God His tears had flown a penitential flood; Though far astray, he would have heard the call

Of mercy—Come! return, thou prodigal; Then, though confused, distress'd, ashamed, afraid.

Still had the trembling penitent obey'd; Though faith had fainted, when assail'd by fear,

Hope to the soul had whisper'd, 'Persevere!'
Till in his Father's house an humbled guest,
He would have found forgiveness, comfort,
rest.

But all this joy was to our youth denied By his fierce passions and his daring pride; And shame and doubt impell'd him in a course.

Once so abhorr'd, with unresisted force. Proud minds and guilty, whom their crimes oppress,

Fly to new crimes for comfort and redress; So found our fallen youth a short relief In wine, the opiate guilt applies to grief.— From fleeting mirth that o'er the bottle lives, From the false joy its inspiration gives; And from associates pleased to find a friend, With powers to lead them, gladden, and defend.

In all those scenes where transient ease is found,

For minds whom sins oppress and sorrows wound.

Wine is like anger; for it makes us strong. Blind and impatient, and it leads us wrong; The strength is quickly lost, we feel the error long:

Thus led, thus strengthen'd in an evil cause, For folly pleading, sought the youth applause;

Sad for a time, then eloquently wild. He gaily spoke as his companions smiled; Lightly he rose, and with his former grace Proposed some doubt, and argued on the

Fate and fore-knowledge were his favourite

How vain man's purpose, how abourd his schemes:

Whatever is, was ere our birth decreed; We think our actions from ourselves proceed. And idly we lament th' inevitable deed; It seems our own, but there's a power above Directs the motion, nay, that makes us mave; Nor good nor evil can you beings name, Who are but rooks and eastles in the game; Superior natures with their puppets play. Till, bagg'd or buried, all are swept away. Such were the notions of a mind to ill Now prone, but ardent, and determined still: Of joy now eager, as before of fame, And screen'd by folly when assail'd by shawe. Deeply he sank; obey'd each passion's call. And used his reason to defend them all-

Shall I proceed, and step by step relate The odious progress of a sinner's fate? No-let me rather hasten to the time (Sure to arrive) when misery waits on crime.

With Virtue, Prudence fled; what Shore Was sold, was spent, and he was now distress'd:

And Want, unwelcome stranger, pale and wan, Met with her haggard looks the hurried man; His pride felt keenly what he must expect From useless pity and from cold neglect. Struck by new terrors, from his friends he fled, And wept his woes upon a restless bed; Retiring late, at early hour to rise, With shrunken features, and with bloodshot

If sleep one moment closed the dismal view, Fancy her terrors built upon the true; And night and day had their alternate woes, That baffled pleasure and that mock'd repose; Till to despair and anguish was consign'd The wreck and ruin of a noble mind.

Now seized for debt, and lodged within a jail.

He tried his friendships, and he found them fail:

Then fail'd his spirits, and his thoughts were all

Fix'd on his sins, his sufferings, and his fall: His ruffled mind was pictured in his face, Once the fair seat of dignity and grace: Great was the danger of a man so prone To think of madness, and to think alone; Yet pride still lived, and struggled to sustain The drooping spirit and the roving brain; But this too fail'd: a friend his freedom gave, And sent him help the threat'ning world to brave;

Gave solid counsel what to seek or flee, But still would stranger to his person be: In vain! the truth determined to explore, He traced the friend whom he had wrong'd before.

This was too much; both aided and advised By one who shunn'd him, pitied, and despised:

He hore it not; 'twas a deciding stroke, And on his reason like a torrent broke: In dreadful stillness he appear'd awhile, With vacant horror and a ghastly smile; Then rose at once into the frantic rage, That force controll'd not, nor could love assuage.

Friends now appear'd, but in the man was seen The angry maniae, with vindictive mien; Too late their pity gave to care and skill The harried mind and ever-wandering will; And heedless children call him silly Shore.

Unnoticed pass'd all time, and not a ray Of reason broke on his benighted way But now he spurn'd the straw in pure disdain, And now laugh'd loudly at the clinking chain. Then as its wrath subsided, by degrees The mind sank slowly to infantine ease; To playful folly, and to causeless joy, Speech without aim, and without end,

employ; He drew fantastic figures on the wall, And gave some wild relation of them all; With brutal shape he join'd the human face, And idiot smiles approved the motley race. Harmless at length th' unhappy man was found.

The spirit settled, but the reason drown'd: And all the dreadful tempest died away, To the dull stillness of the misty day. And now his freedom he attain'd-if free The lost to reason, truth, and hope, can be; His friends, or wearied with the charge, or sure

The harmless wretch was now beyond a cure, Gave him to wander where he pleased, and find

His own resources for the cager mind; The playful children of the place he meets, Playful with them he rambles through the streets;

In all they need his stronger arm he lends, And his lost mind to these approving friends.

That gentle maid, whom once the youth had loved.

Is now with mild religious pity moved; Kindly she chides his boyish flights, while he Will for a moment fix'd and pensive be; And as she trembling speaks, his lively eyes Explore her looks, he listens to her sighs; Charm'd by her voice, th' harmonious sounds invade

His clouded mind, and for a time persuade: Like a pleased infant, who has newly caught From the maternal glance a gleam of thought;

He stands enrapt, the half-known voice to hear, And starts, half-conscious, at the falling tear. Rarely from town, nor then unwatch'd, he

In darker mood, as if to hide his woes; Returning soon, he with impatience seeks His youthful friends, and shouts, and sings, and speaks;

Speaks a wild speech with action all as wild-

The children's leader, and himself a child; He spins their top, or, at their bidding, bends His back, while o'er it leap his laughing friends;

Simple and weak, he acts the boy once more,

### REFLECTIONS ON SOCIAL MEETINGS.

Perpetual source of consolation find;

The weaker many to the world will come, For comforts seldom to be found from home. When the faint hands no more a brimmer hold

When flannel-wreaths the useless limbs infold,

The breath impeded, and the bosom cold; When half the pillow'd man the palsy chains,

And the blood falters in the bloated veins,-Then, as our friends no further aid supply Than hope's cold phrase and courtesy's soft sigh,

We should that comfort for ourselves ensure, Which friends could not, if we could friends, procure.

Early in life, when we can laugh aloud, There's something pleasant in a social crowd,

A PRW! but few there are, who in the mind | Who laugh with us-but will such joy remain.

When we lie struggling on the bed of pain? When our physician tells us with a sigh, No more on hope and science to rely, Life's staff is useless then; with labouring breath

We pray for hope divine-the staff of death-This is a scene which few companions grace, And where the heart's first favourites yield their place.

Here all the aid of man to man must end; Here mounts the soul to her eternal Friend; The tenderest love must here its tie resign, And give th' aspiring heart to love divine. Men feel their weakness, and to numbers run. Themselves to strengthen, or themselves to shun;

But though to this our weakness may be prone, Let's learn to live, for we must die, alone.



## RISONS.

'Tis well that man to all the varying states To the vile nuisance of a noisome room Of good and ill his mind accommodates; He not alone progressive grief sustains, But soon submits to unexperienced pains: Change after change, all climes his body bears; His mind repeated shocks of changing cares: Faith and fair virtue arm the nobler breast; Hope and mere want of feeling aid the rest. Or who could bear to lose the balmy air Of summer's breath, from all things fresh and fair,

With all that man admires or loves below; All earth and water, wood and vale bestow, Where rosy pleasures smile whence real blessings flow;

With sight and sound of every kind that lives

And crowning all with joy that freedom gives? Who could from these, in some unhappy day, Bear to be drawn by ruthless arms away

Where only insolence and misery come? (Save that the curious will by chance appear, Or some in pity drop a fruitless tear;) To a damp prison, where the very sight Of the warm sun is favour and not right; Where all we hear or see the feelings shock The oath and groan, the fetter and the lock! Who could bear this and live ?- Oh many 3

All this is borne, and miseries more severe; And some there are, familiar with the seem Who live in mirth, though few become serent. Far as I might the inward man perceive, There was a constant effort-not to grieve Not to despair, for better days would com-And the freed debtor smile again at home: Subdued his habits, he may peace regain, And bless the woes that were not sent in

vain.

# JOHN WILSON.

## THE ISLE OF PALMS.

#### CANTOI

midnight-hour:-the beauteous Sea. e cloudless heaven, the heaven discloses, a sparkling star, in quiet glee, cean's heart were stirr'd d life, a sound is heard, dreamer murmuring in his sleep; the billow, and partly the air ke a garment floating fair appy deep. ween, cannot be fann'd freshness from the land, d it is far away; th will'd that the sky-born breeze e of the loneliest seas sport and play. Moon she sits above, ith a zone of love, m and tender light her wakeful eye more bright: o shine with a sunny ray, ht looks like a mellow'd day! s Mistress of the Main n undisturbed reign, r silent throne looks down, ldren of her own, s that lend their gentle breast for her couch of rest!

sleeps amid the calm
f a new delight;
hat she ne'er may awake again,
r hang o'er the lovely main,
he lovely night.
rious of an earthly frame,
away like a lambent flame,
bliss she sings;
ng softly the Ocean's breast,
he stars she lies at rest,
ii'd on wings!
as the brightest star that glows
tly since at first it rose,
on the far-off Flood,
Il breathless and alone,

As the sky where she soars were a world of her own,
She mocketh that gentle Mighty One
As he lies in his quiet mood.
Art thou, she breathes, the Tyrant grim
That scoffs at human prayers,
Answering with prouder roar the while,
As it rises from some lonely isle
Through groans raised wild, the hopeless hymn

Of shipwreck'd mariners?
Oh! Thou art harmless as a child
Weary with joy, and reconciled
For sleep to change its play;
And now that night hath stay'd thy race,
Smiles wander o'er thy placid face
As if thy dreams were gay.—

And can it be that for me alone The Main and Heavens are spread? Oh! whither, in this holy hour, Have those fair Creatures fled, To whom the ocean-plains are given As clouds possess their native heaven? The tiniest boat, that ever sail'd Upon an inland-lake, Might through this sea without a fear Her silent journey take, Though the helmsman slept as if on land, And the oar had dropp'dfrom the rower's hand. How like a monarch would she glide, While the husht billow kiss'd her side With low and lulling tone, Some stately Ship, that from afar Shone sudden, like a rising star. With all her bravery on! List! how in murmurs of delight The blessed airs of Heaven invite The joyous Bark to pass one night Within their still domain! O grief! that yonder gentle Moon, Whose smiles for ever fade so soon, Should waste such smiles in vain. Haste! haste! before the moonshine dies Dissolved amid the morning-skies, While yet the silvery glory lies Above the sparkling foam; Bright mid surrounding brightness, Thou,

Scattering fresh beauty from thy prow, In pomp and splendour come!

And lo! upon the murmuring waves
A glorious Shape appearing!
A broad-wing'd Vessel, through the shower
Of glimmering lustre steering! As if the beauteous ship enjoy'd The beauty of the sea, She lifteth up her stately head And saileth joyfully. A lovely path before her lies, A lovely path behind; She sails amid the loveliness Like a thing with heart and mind. Fit pilgrim through a scene so fair Slowly she beareth on;
A glorious phantom of the deep, Risen up to meet the Moon. The Moon bids her tenderest radiance fall On her wavy streamer and snow-white wings, And the quiet voice of the rocking sea To cheer the gliding vision sings. Oh! ne'er did sky and water blend In such a holy sleep, Or bathe in brighter quietude A roamer of the deep. So far the peaceful soul of Heaven Hath settled on the sea, It seems as if this weight of calm Were from eternity.
O World of Waters! the steadfast earth Ne'er lay entranced like Thee!

Is she a vision wild and bright, That sails amid the still moon-light At the dreaming soul's command?

A vessel borne by magic gales, All rigg'd with gossamery sails, And bound for Fairy-land? Ah! no!—an carthly freight she bears, Of joys and sorrows, hopes and fears; And lonely as she seems to be, Thus left by herself on the moonlight-sea In loneliness that rolls, She hath a constant company, In sleep, or waking revelry, Five hundred human souls! Since first she sail'd from fair England, Three moons her path have cheer'd; And another lights her lovelier lamp Since the Cape hath disappear'd. For an Indian Isle she shapes her way With constant mind both night and day She seems to hold her home in view, And sails, as if the path she knew; So calm and stately is her motion Across th' unfathom'd trackless ocean.

And well, glad Vessel! mayst thou stem The tide with lofty breast, And lift thy queen-like diadem O'er these thy realms of rest:

For a thousand beings, now far away, Behold thee in their sleep, And hush their beating hearts to pruy That a calm may clothe the deep When dimly descending behind the sea From the Mountain-Isle of Liberty,
Oh! many a sigh pursued thy vanish'd sail:
And oft an eager crowd will stand With straining gaze on the Indian strand, Thy wonted gleam to hail. For thou art laden with Beauty and Youth, With Honour bold and spotless Truth, With fathers, who have left in a home of rest Their infants smiling at the breast, With children who have bade their parents farewell, Or who go to the land where their parents dwell. God speed thy course, thou gleam of delight From rock and tempest clear; Till signal gun from friendly height Proclaim, with thundering cheer, To joyful groups on the harbour bright, That the good ship Hope is near!

Is no one on the silent deck Save the helmsman who sings for a breeze. And the sailors who pace their midnight-

watch, Still as the slumbering seas? Yes! side by side, and hand in hand, Close to the prow two figures stand, Their shadows never stir. And fondly as the moon doth rest Upon the Ocean's gentle breast, So fond they look on her. They gaze and gaze till the beauteous orh Seems made for them alone: They feel as if their home were Heaven. And the earth a dream that hath flown. Softly they lean on each other's breast, In holy bliss reposing, Like two fair clouds to the vernal air, In folds of beauty closing. The tear down their glad faces rolls. And a silent prayer is in their souls, While the voice of awaken'd memory, Like a low and plaintive melody. Sings in their hearts,-a mystic voice, That bids them tremble and rejoice. And Faith, who oft had lost her power In the darkness of the midnight-hour, When the planets had roll'd afar, Now stirs in their soul with a joyful strift, Embued with a genial spirit of life By the Moon and the Morning-Star.

A lovelier vision in the moonlight stands.
Than Bard e'er woo'd in fairy-lands,
Or Faith with tranced eye adored,
Floating around our dying Lord.
Her silent face is saintly-pale,
And sadness shades it like a veil:

ascerated nun she seems, se waking thoughts are deep as dreams, in her hush'd and dim abode ever dwell upon her God, ough the still fount of tears and sighs, human sensibilities! may the Moon delight to shed softest radiance round that head, mellow the cool occan-air lifts by fits her sable hair. e mild and melancholy eyes dear unto the starry skies, he dim effusion of their rays ds with the glimmering light that plays the blue heavens and snowy clouds, cloud-like sails and radiant shrouds. creature! Thou dost seem to be wandering spirit of the sca, dearly loves the gleam of sails, o'er them breathes propitious gales. er thou comest, for one wild hour, him thy sinless paramour, aze, while the wearied sailors sleep, his beautiful phantom of the deep, seem'd to rise with the rising Moon. it the Queen of Night will be sinking

soon,
t will you, like two breaking waves,
softly to your coral caves,
noiseless as the falling dew,
into Heaven's delicious blue.

y! wrong her not, that Virgin bright!
face is bathed in lovelier light
a ever flow'd from eyes
becan Nymph, or Sylph of Air!
tearful gleam, that trembles there,
a human dreams must rise.
the Mermaid rest in her sparry cell,
sea-green ringlets braiding!
Sylph in viewless ether dwell,
ouds her beauty shading!
soul devotes her music wild
me who is an earthly child,
who, wandering through the midnighthour,

from the shade of earthly bower,
ows a tender loveliness,
eper, holier quietness,
he moonlight Heaven, and Ocean hoar,
niet and so fair before.
why does a helpless maiden roam,
stranger souls, and far from home,
ss the faithless deep?
fatter far that her gentle mind
me sweet inland-vale should find
ndisturbed sleep!

was it once. Her childish years clouds pass'd o'er her head, n life is all one rosy smile, or tears staral grief, forgotten soon as shed, her own mountains, like a bird wandering from its nest, When the glossy hues of the sunny spring Are dancing on its breast,
With a winged glide this maiden would rove,
An innocent phantom of beauty and love.
Far from the haunts of men she grew
By the side of a lonesome tower,
Like some solitary mountain-flower,
Whose veil of wiry dew
Is only touch'd by the gales that breathe
O'er the blossoms of the fragrant heath,
And in its silence melts away
With those sweet things too pure for earthly
day.

Blest was the lore that Nature taught
The infant's happy mind,
Even when each light and happy thought
Pass'd onwards like the wind,
Nor longer seem'd to linger there
Than the whispering sound in her raven-hair.
Well was she known to each mountainstream.

As its own voice, or the fond moon-beam That o'er its music play'd:
The loneliest caves her footsteps heard, In lake and tarn oft nightly stirr'd The Maiden's ghost-like shade.
But she hath bidden a last farewell To lake and mountain, stream and dell, And fresh have blown the gales For many a mournful night and day, Wafting the tall Ship far away From her dear native Wales.

And must these eyes, -so soft and mild, As angel's bright, as fairy's wild, Swimming in lustrous dew, Now sparkling lively, gay, and glad, And now their spirit melting sad In smiles of gentlest blue,— Oh! must these eyes be steep'd in tears, Bedimm'd with dreams of future years, Of what may yet betide An Orphan-Maid!—for in the night She oft hath started with affright, To find herself a bride; A bride oppress'd with fear and shame, And bearing not Fitz-Owen's name. This fearful dream oft haunts her bed, For she hath heard of maidens sold, In the innocence of thoughtless youth, To Guilt and Age for gold; Of English maids who pined away Beyond the Eastern Main, Who smiled, when first they trod that shore. But never smiled again. In dreams is she such wretched Maid, An Orphan, helpless, sold, betray'd! And, when the dream hath fled, In waking thought she still retains The memory of these wildering pains, In strange mysterious dread.

Yet oft will happier dreams arise Before her charmed view,

And the powerful beauty of the skies Makes her believe them true. For who, when nought is heard around, But the great Ocean's solemn sound, Feels not as if the Eternal God Were speaking in that dread abode? An answering voice seems kindly given From the multitude of stars in Heaven: And oft a smile of moonlight fair, To perfect peace hath changed despair. Low as we are, we blend our fate With things so beautifully great, And though opprest with heaviest grief, From Nature's bliss we draw relief, Assured that God's most gracious eye Beholds us in our misery And sends mild sound and lovely sight, To change that misery to delight. Such is thy faith, O sainted Maid! Pensive and pale, but not afraid Of Ocean or of Sky, Though thou ne'er mayst see the land

again,
And though awful be the lonely Main,
No fears hast thou to die.
Whate'er betide of weal or woe,
When the waves are asleep, or the tempests
blow,

Thou wilt bear with calm devotion; For duly every night and morn, Sweeter than Mermaid's strains, are borne Thy hymns along the Ocean.

And who is He that fondly presses Close to his heart the silken tresses That hide her soften'd eyes, Whose heart her heaving bosom meets, And through the midnight silence beats To feel her rising sighs? Worthy the Youth, I ween, to rest On the fair swellings of her breast, Worthy to hush her inmost fears, And kiss away her struggling tears: For never grovelling spirit stole A woman's unpolluted soul! To her the vestal fire is given; And only fire drawn pure from Heaven Can on Love's holy shrine descend, And there in clouds of fragrance blend. Well do I know that stately Youth! The broad day-light of cloudless truth Like a sun-beam bathes his face; Though silent, still a gracious smile, That rests upon his eyes the while, Bestows a speaking grace. That smile hath might of magic art, To sway at will the stoniest heart, As a ship obeys the gale; And when his silver-voice is heard, The coldest blood is warmly stirr'd, As at some glorious tale. The loftiest spirit never saw This Youth without a sudden awe: But vain the transient feeling strove Against the stealing power of love.

Soon as they felt the tremor cease, He seem'd the very heart of peace; Majestic to the bold and high, Yet calm and beauteous to a woman's eye!

To him, a mountain-youth, was known The wailing tempest's dreariest tone. He knew the shrick of wizard caves, And the trampling fierce of howling waves. The mystic voice of the lonely night, He had often drunk with a strange delight, And look'd on the clouds as they roll'd on high. Till with them he sail'd on the sailing sky. And thus hath he learn'd to wake the lyre, With something of a bardlike fire; Can tell in high empassion'd song, Of worlds that to the Bard belong, And, till they feel his kindling breath, To others still and dark as death. Yet oft, I ween, in gentler mood A humble kindness hush'd his blood, And sweetly blended earth-born sighs With the Bard's romantic ecstasies. The living world was dear to him, And in his waking hours more bright it seem'd,

More touching far, than when his fancy dream'd Of heavenly bowers, th' abode of Seranhim:

Of heavenly bowers, th' abode of Seraphim: And gladly from her wild sojourn Mid haunts dim-shadow'd in the realms of mind.

Even like a wearied dove that flies for rest Back o'er long fields of air unto her nest, His longing spirit homewards would return To meet once more the smile of human kind. And when at last a human soul he found. Pure as the thought of purity,-more mild Than in its slumber seems a dreaming child; When on his spirit stole the mystic sound The voice, whose music sad no mortal car But his can rightly understand and hear, When a subduing smile like moonlight shore On him for ever, and for him alone Why should he seek this lower world to leave For, whether now he love to joy or grieve, A friend he hath for sorrow or delight, Who lends fresh beauty to the morning-light, The tender stars in tenderer dimness shrouds, And glorifies the Moon among her clouds

How would he gaze with reverent eye
Upon that meek and pensive maid,
Then fix his looks upon the sky
With moving lips as if he pray'd!
Unto his sight bedimm'd with tears,
How beautiful the Saint appears,—
Oh, all unlike a creature form'd of clay!
The blessed angels with delight
Might hail her Sister! She is bright
And innocent as they.
Scarce dared he then that form to love!
A solemn impulse from above
All earthly hopes forbade,

a pure and holy flame, uth from Heaven she came, upon the maid. g heart, thus fill'd with awe, guardian spirit saw future years; he listen'd to her breath il, nor pain nor death nger worth his fears. him! She, the Child of Heaven! yould surely make o whom that love was given ect for her sake. each word, of one so good he obey'd, d that a gracious eye er guide his destiny, in holy solitude Angel pray'd.

ays of tranquil joy are fled, of deep distress it to morn hath Mary shed: when sorrow bow'd her head en love her less? ore touching beauty rose he dim paleness of her woes, n her cheek did bloom own lustre : something there, e calm, a deep repose, look like a spirit fair, from the tomb. n his heart shall dwell with which she said farewell ing English shore; like dew upon his ear, e while he ceased to hear ind's freshening roar. I trust my sinless child: fore am I reconciled y lonely lot, ous One, who loves the good, ill smooth the Ocean wild, aged solitude be forgot." vords these her mother spake, if her heart would break, cold sea-shore, ards with the favouring gale, free, in pride of sail

tld she now in magic glass
winged Glory pass
w and cloud-like motion,
they melted on her eye,
should ken the peaceful sky
still more peaceful Ocean!
y be such dreams are given
by indulgent Heaven,
them that mourn:
t bless our longing sight,
ahews than truth more bright,
oms of expired delight

Most passing sweet return.

Mother! behold thy child: How still
Her upward face! She thinks on thee:
Oh! thou canst never gaze thy fill!
How beautiful such piety!
There in her lover's guardian arms
She rests: and all the wild alarms
Of waves or winds are hush'd, no more to rise.
Of thee, and thee alone, she thinks:
See! on her knees thy daughter sinks:
Sure God will bless the prayer that lights

such eyes!
Didst thou e'er think thy child so fair?
The rapture of her granted prayer
Hath breathed that awful beauty through
her face.

Once more upon the deck she stands, Slowly unclasps her pious hands, And brightening smiles, assured of heavenly grace.

Oh, blessed pair! and, while I gaze,
As beautiful as blest!
Emblem of all your future days
Seems now the Ocean's rest!
Beyond the blue depths of the sky
The Tempests sleep;—and there must lie,
Like baleful spirits barr'd from realms of

bliss; But singing airs, and gleams of light, And birds of calm, all glancing bright, Must hither in their gladness come—
—Where shall they find a fitter home
Than a night-scene fair as this? And when, her fairy-voyage past, The happy Ship is moor'd at last In the loved haven of her Indian Isle, How dear to you will be the beams Of the silent Moon! What touching dreams Your musing hearts beguile! Though haply then her radiance fall On some low mansion's flowery wall, Far up an inland-vale, Yet then the sheeted mast will tower, Her shrouds all rustling like a shower, And, melting as wild music's power, Low pipe the sea-born gale. Each star will speak the tenderest things, And when the clouds expand their wings, All parting like a fleet, Your own beloved Ship, I ween, Will foremost in the van be seen, And, rising loud and sweet, The sailor's joyful shouts be heard, Such as the midnight silence stirr'd When the wish'd-for breezes blew, And, instant as the loud commands Sent upwards from a hundred hands The broad sails rose unto the sky, And from her slumbers suddenly The Ship like lightning flew.

But list! a low and moaning sound At distance heard, like a spirit's song, And now it reigns above, around,
As if it call'd the Ship along.
The Moon is sunk; and a clouded gray
Declares that her course is run,
And like a God who brings the day,
Up mounts the glorious Sun.
Soon as his light has warm'd the seas,
From the parting cloud fresh blows the
Breeze:

Breeze;
And that is the spirit whose well-known song
Makes the vessel to sail in joy along.
No fears hath she;—Her giant-form
O'er wrathful surge, through blackening
storm,

Majestically calm would go
Mid the deep darkness white as snow!
But gently now the small waves glide
Like playful lambs o'er a mountain's side.
So stately her bearing, so proud her array,
The Main she will traverse for ever and aye.
Many ports will exult at the gleam of her
mast!

-Hush! hush! thou vain dreamer! this hour is her last.

Five hundred souls in one instant of dread Are hurried o'er the deck; And fast the miserable Ship Becomes a lifeless wreck. Her keel hath struck on a hidden rock, Her planks are torn asunder, And down come her masts with a reeling shock.

And a hideous crash like thunder.
Her sails are draggled in the brine
That gladden'd late the skies,
And her pendant that kiss'd the fair moonshine

Down many a fathom lies.

Her beauteous sides, whose rainbow hues Gleam'd softly from below,

And flung a warm and sunny flush

O'er the wreaths of murmuring snow,

To the coral rocks are hurrying down

To sleep amid colours as bright as their own.

Oh! many a dream was in the Ship An hour before her death; And sights of home with sighs disturb'd The sleepers' long-drawn breath. Instead of the murmur of the sea The sailor heard the humming tree Alive through all its leaves, The hum of the spreading sycamore That grows before his cottage-door, And the swallow's song in the caves. His arms inclosed a blooming boy, Who listen'd with tears of sorrow and joy To the dangers his father had pass'd; And his wife-by turns she wept and smiled, As she look'd on the father of her child Return'd to her heart at last. He wakes at the vessel's sudden roll, And the rush of waters is in his soul. Astounded the reeling deck he paces, Mid hurrying forms and ghastly faces;-

The whole Ship's crew are there! Wailings around and overhead, Brave spirits stupified or dead, And madness and despair.

Leave not the wreck, thou cruel Boat, While yet 'tis thine to save, And angel-hands will bid thee float Uninjured o'er the wave, Though whirlpools yawn across thy way, And storms, impatient for their prey, Around thee fiercely rave! Vain all the prayers of pleading eyes, Of outcry loud, and humble sighs, Hands clasp'd, or wildly toss'd on high To bless or curse in agony! Despair and resignation vain! Away like a strong-wing'd bird she flies, That heeds not human miseries, And far off in the sunshine dies Like a wave of the restless main. Hush! hush! Ye wretches left behind! Silence becomes the brave, resign'd To unexpected doom. How quiet the once noisy crowd! The sails now serve them for a shroud, And the sea-cave is their tomb. And where is that loveliest Being gone? Hope not that she is saved alone, Immortal though such beauty seem'd to be. She, and the Youth that loved her too, Went down with the ship and her gallant

No favourites hath the sea.

Now is the Ocean's bosom bare, Unbroken as the floating air; The Ship hath melted quite away, Like a struggling dream at break of day. No image meets my wandering eye But the new-risen sun, and the sunny sky. Though the night-shades are gone, yet a

Bedims the waves so beautiful;
While a low and melancholy mean
Mourns for the glory that hath flown.
Oh! that the wild and wailing strain
Were a dream that murmurs in my brain!
What happiness would then be mine,
When my eyes, as they felt the morning shine,
Instead of the unfathom'd Ocean-grave
Should behold Winander's peaceful wave,
And the Isles that love her loving breast,
Each brooding like a Halcyon's nest.
It may not be:—too well I know
The real doom from fancied wee,
The black and dismal hue.
Yea, many a visage wan and pale.
Will hang at midnight o'er my tale,
And weep that it is true.

#### CANTO II.

EAVENLY QUEEN! by Mariners beloved! rent Moon! when in the cruel sea sank you fair Ship to her coral grave, didst thou linger then? Sure it behoved

rit strong and pityful like thee
t dread hour thy worshippers to save;
t the Glory where thy tenderest light,
ing even the clouds, with pleasure lay,
ike a cloud which none deplores, away,
are to bless the empire of the Night,
ft to thee have home-sick sailors pour'd
their midnight-watch, no longer dull
thou didst smile, hymns wild and
beautiful,

y the radiant Angel they adored! te such hymnings breathed to thee in vain?

st thou, as if delighted with the strain, on by it the pions bark to keep for ever?—till at once behind d thou sailest,—and a roaring wind unk her in the deep! ough the zephyr scarcely blow, to the bottom must she go all who wake or sleep, slumberer from his dream can start, hymn hath left the singer's heart! ire, if ever mortal prayer heard where thou and thy bright stars abide,

ny gallant spirits had not died nournfully in beauty and in prime! om the sky had shone an arm sublime, as the worship of that Virgin fair, mly seen by Faith's uplifted eye, retched vessel gently drifted by tal rock, and to the crowded shore, mph and in pride the expected glory bore.

ain helief! most beauteous as thou art, eavenly visage hides a cruel heart. Death and Danger, Terror and Dismay, adly struggling on the dismal Ocean, heedless smile and calm unalter'd motion,

d then glidest through the milky way, a thy own immortal beauty blest, dying mortals rave themselves to

rest.
en this night thou mountst thy starry throne,

ening to sun-like glory in thy bliss, hou not then thy once-loved Vessel miss,

sh her happy, now that she is gone? that wild sound a human cry, sice of one more loath to die hey who round him sleep? a Spirit in the sky, on in the deep?

No sea-bird, through the darkness sailing, E'er utter'd such a doleful wailing, Foreboding the near blast:
If from a living thing it came,
It sure must have a spectral frame,
And soon its soul must part:—
That groan broke from a bursting heart,
The bitterest and the last.

The Figure moves! It is alive!
None but its wretched self survive,
Yea! drown'd are all the crew!
Ghosts are they underneath the wave,
And he, whom Ocean deign'd to save,
Stands there most ghost-like too.
Alone upon a rock he stands
Amid the waves, and wrings his hands,
And lifts to Heaven his steadfast eye,
With a wild upbraiding agony.
He sends his soul through the lonesome air
To God: but God hears not his prayer;
For, soon as his words from the wretch

depart, Cold they return on his baffled heart. He flings himself down on his rocky tomb, And madly laughs at his horrible doom. With smiles the Main is overspread, As if in mockery of the dead; And upward when he turns his sight, The unfeeling Sun is shining bright, And strikes him with a sickening light. . While a fainting-fit his soul bedims, He thinks that a Ship before him swims, A gallant Ship, all fill'd with gales, One radiant gleam of snowy sails-His senses return, and he looks in vain O'er the empty silence of the Main! No Ship is there, with radiant gleam, Whose shadow sail'd throughout his dream: Not even one rueful plank is seen To tell that a vessel hath ever been Beneath these lonely skies: But sea-birds he oft had seen before Following the ship in hush or roar, The loss of their resting-mast deplore With wild and dreary cries.

What brought him here he cannot tell;
Doubt and confusion darken all his soul,
While glimmering truth more dreadful makes
the gloom:
Why hath the Ocean that black hideous

And in his ears why doth that dismal toll For ever sound,—as if a city-bell Wail'd for a funeral passing to the tomb? Some one hath died, and buried is this day; A hoary-headed man, or stripling gay. Or haply some sweet maid, who was a bride, And, ere her head upon his bosom lay Who deem'd her all his own.—the Virgin

died!
Why starts the wilder'd dreamer at the sound,
And casts his haggard eyes around?

The utter agony hath seized him now, For Memory drives him, like a slave, to know What Madness would conceal: — His own dear Maid,

She, who he thought could never die, is dead.

Drown'd!—still the breaking billows mut-

ter,—drown'd!
With anguish loud was her death-bed!
Nor c'er,—wild wish of utmost woe!
Shall her fair corse be found.
Oft had he sworn with faithless breath,
That his love for the Maid was strong as
death,

By the holy Sun he sware;
The Sun upon the Ocean smiles,
And, with a sudden gleam, reviles
His vows as light as air.
Yet soon he flings, with a sudden start,
That gnawing frenzy from his heart,
For long in sooth he strove,
When the waters were booming in his brain,
And his life was clogg'd with a sickening pain,
To save his lady-love.

How long it seems since that dear night, When gazing on the wan moonlight He and his own betrothed stood, Nor fear'd the harmless ocean-flood! He feels as if many and many a day, Since that bright hour, had pass'd away; The dim remembrance of some joy In which he revell'd when a boy. The crew's dumb misery and his own, When lingeringly the ship went down, Even like some mournful tale appears, By wandering sailor told in other years. Yet still he knows that this is all delusion, For how could he for months and years have

A wretched thing upon the cruel Main, Calm though it seem to be? Would gracious

Set free his spirit from this dread confusion, Oh, how devoutly would his thanks be given To Jesus ere he died! But tortured so, He dare not pray beneath his weight of woe, Lest he should feel, when about to die, By God deserted utterly, He cannot die: Though he longs for death. Stronger and stronger grows his breath, And hopeless woe the spring of being feeds; He faints not, though his knell seems rung, But lives, as if to life he clung, And stronger as he bleeds. But the weariness of wasting grief Hath brought at last its own relief: Each sense is dull'd! He lies at last As if the parting shock were past. He sleeps!-Prolong his haunted rest, O God!-for now the wretch is blest. A fair romantic Island, crown'd With a glow of blossom'd trees, And underneath bestrewn with flowers, The happy dreamer sees.

A stream comes dancing from a mount, Down its fresh and lustrous side, Then, tamed into a quiet pool, Is scarcely seen to glide.
Like fairy sprites, a thousand birds Glance by on golden wing, Birds lovelier than the lovely hues Of the bloom wherein they sing.
Upward he lifts his wondering eyes, Nor yet believes that even the skies So passing fair can be:
And lo! yon gleam of emerald light, For human gaze too dazzling bright, Is that indeed the Sea?

Adorn'd with all her pomp and pride, Long fluttering flags, and pendants wide, He sees a stately vessel ride At anchor in a bay, Where never waves by storm were driven, Shaped like the Moon when she is young in heaven,

Or melting in a cloud that stops her way. Her masts tower nobly from the rocking deep, Tall as the palmtrees on the steep, And, burning mid their crests so darkly green, Her meteor-glories all abroad are seen, Wakening the forests from their solemn sleep; While suddenly the cannon's sound Rolls through the cavern'd glens and groves

profound,
And never-dying echoes roar around.
Shaded with branching palm, the sign of

Canoes and skiffs like lightning shoot along. Countless as waves there sporting on the seas. While still from those that lead the van a

Whose chorus rends the inland-cliffs afar, Tells that advance before that unarm's throng

Princes and chieftains, with a fearless smile, And outstretch'd arms, to welcome to their

That gallant Ship of War.
And glad are they who therein sail.
Once more to breathe the balmy gale,
To kiss the steadfast strand:
They round the world are voyaging,
And who can tell their suffering
Since last they saw the land?

But that bright pageant will not stay: Palms, plumes, and ensigns melt away. Island, and ship!—Though utter be the change

(For on a rock he seems to lie
All naked to the burning sky)
He doth not think it strange.
While in his memory faint recallings swim.
He fain would think it is a dream
That thus distracts his view,
Until some unimagined pain
Shoots shivering through his troubled brain

igh dreadful, all is true. at to him is anguish now, it burn in his blood, and his heart, and his brow,

er from morn to night? an angel-shape descends, and silent as moonlight, er the dreamer bends. anot be an earthly child, hen the Vision sweetly smiled, that there did play led him, he knew not why, beloved in infancy, w far, far away.

arb'd by fluttering joy, he wakes, els a death-like shock; order even than in his dream, is a lonely rock. retch! he dares not open his eye, dreads the beauty of the sky, useless unavailing breeze c hears upon the happy seas.
glides sweetly through his heart, ice of one that mourns; od! the dream returns! le kiss breathes o'er his cheek, of murmuring sighs, lers o'er his brow, and falls ght upon his eyes. th that long kiss he dimly sees, hed in smiles and tears, known face; and from those lips known voice he hears. doubtful look he scans the Maid, alf-delighted, half-afraid, ows his wilder'd head, ith deep groans, he strives to pray leaven would drive the fiend away, aunts his dying bed. he dares to view the air : auteous ghost yet lingers there, n a spotless shroud: ing in tones subdued and low er him like Heaven's radiant bow, Il as evening-cloud.

thou a phantom of the brain? s, a mermaid from the main? ph from the sky? thou a fiend with a seraph's smile, ere to mock on this horrid Isle, ng agony ?-

t fair creature's cheek while thus he spoke,

ard the stifled sigh that slowly broke ter untainted bosom's lab'ring swell, ree had hoped, that at the throne of

uel words could e'er have been forgiven. pious sin of doubting such a face,

Of speaking thus of Heaven. Weeping, she wrings his dripping hair That hangs across his cheek; And leaves a hundred kisses there, But not one word can speak. In bliss she listens to his breath: Ne'er murmur'd so the breast of death! Alas! sweet one! what joy can give Fond-cherish'd thoughts like these! For how mayest thou and thy lover live In the centre of the seas? Or vainly to your sorrows seek for rest, On a rock where never verdure grew, Too wild even for the wild sca-mew To build her slender nest!

Sublime is the faith of a lonely soul, In pain and trouble cherish'd; Sublime the spirit of hope that lives, When earthly hope has perish'd. And where doth that blest faith abide? O! not in Man's stern nature: human pride Inhabits there, and oft by virtue led, Pride though it be, it doth a glory shed, That makes the world we mortal beings tread.

In chosen spots, resplendent as the Heaven! But to you gentle Maiden turn, Who never for herself doth mourn, And own that faith's undying urn Is but to woman given. Now that the shade of sorrow falls Across her life, and duty calls, Her spirit burns with a fervent glow, And stately through the gloom of woe Behold her alter'd form arise, Like a priestess at a sacrifice. The touch of earth hath left no taint Of weakness in the fearless saint. Like clouds, all human passions roll, At the breath of devotion, from her soul, And God looks down with a gleam of grace, On the stillness of her heavenward face, Just paler in her grief. While, hark! like one who God adores, Such words she o'er her lover pours, As give herself relief.

Oh! look again on her who speaks To thee, and bathes thy sallow cheeks With many a human tear! No cruel thing beside thee leans, Thou knowest what thy Mary means, Thy own true love is here. but seen what touching sadness fell Open thine eyes! thy beauteous eyes! For mercy smile on me! Speak !- but one word! one little word! Tis all I ask of thee, If these eyes would give one transient gleam, To cheer this dark and dreadful dream, If, while I kiss thy cheek, These dear, dear lips, alas! so pale, Before their parting spirit fail, One low farewell would speak,-

This rock so hard would be a bed Of down unto thy Mary's head, And gently would we glide away, Fitz-Owen! to that purer day Of which thou once didst sing; Like birds, that, rising from the foam, Seek on some lofty cliff their home, On storm-despising wing. Yes! that thou' hearst thy Mary's voice, That lovely smile declares! Here let us in each other's arms Dissolve our life in prayers. I see in that uplifted eye, That thou art not afraid to die; For ever brave wert thou. Oh! press me closer to thy soul, And, while yet we hear the Ocean roll, Breathe deep the marriage-vow! We hoped far other days to see; But the will of God be done! My husband! behold you pile of clouds Like a city, round the Sun: Beyond these clouds, ere the phantoms part, Thou wilt lean in bliss on my loving heart .-

Sweet seraph! lovely was thy form, When, shronded in the misty storm That swept o'er Snowdon's side, The Cambrian shepherd, through the gloom, Like a spirit rising from the tomb, With awe beheld thee glide; And lovely wert thou, Child of Light! When, gazing on the starry night Within Llanberris Lake, Thy spirit felt, in a hush like death, The fading earth's last whisper'd breath The holy scene forsake. Oh! lovelier still, when thy noiseless tread Around thy aged mother's bed Fell soft as snow on snow, When thy yearning heart repress'd its sighs, And from thy never-closing eyes Forbade the tears to flow. But now unto thy looks are given The beauty and the power of Heaven: The sternness of this dismal Isle Is soften'd by thy saintly smile, And he, who lay, like a madman, bound In fetters of anguish to the ground, And heard and saw, in fearful strife, The sounds and the sights of unearthly life, Now opens his eyes that glisten mild Like the gladsome eyes of a waken'd child, For the hideous trance is fled; And his soul is fill'd with the glory bright, That plays like a wreath of halo-light Around his Mary's head.

Most awful is the perfect rest
That sits within her eye,
Awful her pallid face imprest
With the seal of victory.
Triumphant o'er the ghastly dreams
That haunt the parting soul,

She looks like a bird of calm, that floats Unmoved when thunders roll, And gives to the storm as gentle notes As e'er through sunshine stole. Her lover leans on her quiet breast, And his heart like hers is still: Ne'er martyr'd saints more meekly bow'd To their Creator's will. As calm they sit, as they had steer'd To some little favourite Isle, To mark upon the peaceful waves The parting sunbeams smile; As if the lightly feather'd oar In an hour could take them to the shore, Where friends and parents dwell: But far, alas! from such shore are they, And of friends, who for their safety pray. Have ta'en a last farewell.

But why thus gleams Fitz-Owen's eye? Why bursts his eager speech? Lo! as if brought by angel-hands Uninjur'd on the beach, With oars and sails a vessel lies: Salvation from the gracious skies! He fears it is a dream; that woe Hath surely crazed his brain: He drives the phantom from his gaze, But the boat appears again. It is the same that used to glide When the wind had fallen low. Like a child along its parent's side, Around the guardian prow Of the mighty ship whose shadow lay Unmoved upon the watery way. In the madness of that dismal hour, When the shricking Ship went down. This little boat to the rocky Isle Hath drifted all alone. And there she lies! the oars are laid As by the hand of pleasure, Preparing on the quiet tide To beat a gladsome measure. The dripping sail is careless tied Around the painted mast, And a gaudy flag with purple glows, Hung up in sportive joy by those Whose sports and joys are past.

So lightly doth this little boat
Upon the scarce-touch'd billows float,
So carcless doth she seem to be
Thus left by herself on the homeless sea,
That, while the happy lovers gaze
On her, the hope of happier days
Steals unawares, like Heaven's own breath
O'er souls that were prepared for death.
They gaze on her, till she appears
As if she understood their tears;
To lay there with her cheerful sail
Till Heaven should send some gracious
gale.

Some gentle spirit of the deep, With motion soft and swift as sleep,

ft them to some pleasant cave unknown gardens of the wave, hid from every human eye, ppy in the smiling sky, their beauty win the love ry orb that shines above. wen from his dream awakes, ntly in his arms he takes ntle Maid, as a shepherd kind from the killing mountain-wind -white lamb, and lets it rest p and beauty on his breast. w the gentle fearless Maid the boat in peace is laid: nbs recline as if in sleep, h almost resting on the deep; dear bosom leans her head. rough her long hair, wildly spread I her face, her melting eyes ted upwards to the skies, at prayer that Heaven would save ms that fold her from the grave.

boat hath left the lonesome rock, ies the wave again, she glides without a fear, uteous is the main. tle sail beneath the sun radiant as the snow, er the gently-heaving swell like a mountain-roe. frail bark the lovers sit, tendfast face and silent breath, ing the guiding hope of life, conciled to death. n is round her tender side, noves beneath the press, a mingled beat of solemn awe rgin tenderness. peak not :- but the inward flow h and dread, and joy and woe, rom the other hears: long they gaze with meeting eyes, lift them slowly to the skies in imploring tears. er, as the rock recedes, cel their spirits rise; If forget that the smiling sea all their miseries. fe to them is the trackless brine e well-known and rural road n their childhood ;- for they love ther, and believe in God.

well might the refulgent day
Ocran-Pilgrims cheer,
ike them feel as if the glades
is itself were near.
living sentiment of joy,
is doth sleep on hill and vale
the friendly sun comes from his clouds
rnal bloom to hall,
in the Ocean's sparkling breast,
half in motion, half at rest,

Like a happy thing doth lie; Breathing that fresh and fragrant air, And seeming in that slumber fair The Brother of the Sky. Hues brighter than the ruby-stone With radiance gem his wavy zone, A million hues, I ween: Long dazzling lines of snowy white, Fantastic wreath'd with purple light, Or bathed in richest green. The flying fish, on wings of gold, Skims through the sunny ray, Then, like the rainbow's dying gleam, In the clear wave melts away. And all the beauteous joy seems made For that dauntless Youth and sainted Maid, Whom God and Angels love: Comfort is in the helm, the sail, The light, the clouds, the sea, the gale, Around, below, above.

And thus they sail, and sail along, Without one thought of fear; As calm as if the boatman's song Awoke an echoing chear, O'er the hills that stretch in sylvan pride On the Bala Lake's romantic side. And lo! beneath the mellowing light, That trembles between day and night Before the Sun's decline, As to the touch of fairy-hand Upstarting dim the nameless land Extends its mountain-line. It is no cloud that steadfast lies Between the Ocean and the Skies; No image of a cloud, that flings Across the deep its shadowy wings; Such as oft cheats with visions fair The heart of home-sick mariner. It is the living Earth! They see From the shore a smile of amity That gently draws them on, Such a smile as o'er all Nature glows At a summer-evening's fragrant close, When the winds and rain are gone. The self-moved boat appears to seek With gladsome glide a home-like creek, In the centre of a bay, Which the calm and quiet hills surround, And touch'd by waves without a sound, Almost as calm as they.

And, what if here fierce savage men Glare on them from some darksome den?— What would become of this most helpless Maid?

Fitz-Owen thinks:—but in her eye, So calmly bright, he can descry That she is not afraid Of savage men or monsters wild, But is sublimely reconciled To meet and bear her destiny.

A gentle rippling on the sand—
One stroke of the dexterous oar—

The sail is furl'd: the boat is moor'd: And the Lovers walk the shore. To them it is an awful thought, From the wild world of waters brought By God's protecting hand, When every Christian soul was lost, On that unknown, but beauteous coast, As in a dream to stand. While their spirits with devotion burn, Their faces to the sea they turn, That lately seem'd their grave; And bless, in murmurs soft and low, The beautiful, the halcyon glow, That bathes the evening-wave. Before the setting sun they kneel, And through the silent air, To Him that dwells on that throne of light They pour their souls in prayer. Their thoughts are floating, like the clouds That seek the beauteous West, Their gentleness, their peace the same, The same their home of rest. Now Night hath come with the cooling breeze, And these Lovers still are on their knees.

### CANTO III.

On many are the beauteous isles
Unknown to human eye,
That, sleeping 'mid the Ocean-smiles,
In happy silence lie.
The Ship may pass them in the night,
Nor the sailors know what a lovely sight
Is resting on the Main;
Some wandering Ship who hath lost her

And never, or by night or day, Shall pass these isles again. There groves that bloom in endless spring Are rustling to the radiant wing Of birds, in various plumage bright, As rainbow-hues, or dawning light. Soft-falling showers of blossoms fair, Float ever on the fragrant air, Like showers of vernal snow, And from the fruit-tree, spreading tall, The richly ripen'd clusters fall Oft as sea-breezes blow. The sun and clouds alone possess The joy of all that loveliness; And sweetly to each other smile The live-long day-sun, cloud, and isle. Now silent lies each shelter'd bay! No other visitors have they To their shores of silvery sand, Than the waves that, murmuring in their

All hurrying in a joyful band Come dancing from the sea.

How did I love to sigh and weep For those that sail'd upon the deep, When, yet a wondering child, I sat alone at dead of night, Hanging all breathless with delight O'er their adventures wild! Trembling I heard of dizzy shrouds, Where up among the raving clouds The sailor-boy must go; Thunder and lightning o'er his head! And, should be fall-O thought of dread! Waves mountain-high below How leapt my heart with wildering fears. Gazing on savage islanders Ranged fierce in long canoe, Their poison'd spears, their war-attire, And plumes twined bright, like wreaths of fire.

Round brows of dusky hue!

What tears would fill my wakeful eyes
When some delicious paradise,
(As if a cloud had roll'd
On a sudden from the bursting sun)
Freshening the Ocean where it shone,
Flung wide its groves of gold!
No more the pining Mariner
In wild delirium raves,
For like an angel, kind and fair,
That smiles, and smiling saves,
The glory charms away distress,
Serene in silent loveliness
Amid the dash of waves.

And wouldst thou think it hard to dwell Alone within some sylvan cell, Some fragrant arch of flowers, Raised like a queen with gracious smile In the midst of this her subject isle, This labyrinth of bowers? Could the fair earth, and fairer skies, Clouds, breezes, fountains, groves, To banish from thy heart suffice All thought of deeper loves? Or wouldst thou pine thy life away, To kiss once more the blessed ray That shines in human eyes? What though the clustering roses came Like restless gleams of magic flame, As if they loved thy feet, To win thee like a summer sprite, With purest touches of delight. To the Fairy-Queen's retreat! Oh! they would bloom and wither too, And melt their pearls of radiant dew, Without one look from thee: What pleasure could that beauty give, Which, of all mortal things that live, None but thyself may see? And where are the birds that cheer'd thir

With wings and crests of rainbow dyes.
That wont for age to glide
Like sunbeams through the shady bowd
Charming away the happy hours
With songs of love or pride?

soul hatest this Paradise; soul hath fled fairer than the skies, beauty shed for of the circling wave, th restless means and sighs he dirge-song of the dead, round a grave.

ou lovest is at thy side, ueen becomes thy bride, Nature sanctify the vow; and Ocean smile once more, e forest-fringed shore, and music now! and heavenly tints illume t lately seem'd a tomb wert left to die! joy this earth appears blind for lingering years, ds the sky. is like an untouch'd lyre. h-Let the trembling wire it knows its spirit feel; hat melting murmurs steal to the realms above. as parted souls might love. home-bound vessel lay yon beauteous bay, breeze her canvas wings should swell,

cet Isle thou scarce wouldst part, tou didst, thy lingering heart say: Farewell!

Fairy-Isle now pray'd
id his darling Maid.
on, with a pensive glow,
their forcheads bending low,
he voice, or the breath of their
prayer,
alight lay on the mellow'd air.

he leaves they calmly rose, ght of calm repose, in'd her face of joy on her Lover's breast, nd tones the Maiden press'd re embrace. e kiss'd her tearful eyes, heart lie still, a power in the gracious skies, ir saints from ill by the moon-light pale, into a sylvan vale, warm, and deep; neath her languid head, ither'd leaves he spread, tht sweetly sleep.
e sat by her tender side,
lay, with soft touch dried tears she could not hide; ke a faint shadow, fell at face he loved so well,

And smiling dreams were given To cheer her heart; then down he laid His limbs beside the sleeping Maid, In the face of the starry Heaven.

Sleep fell upon their wearied souls
With a power as deep as death;
Scarce trembled Mary's floating hair
In her Lover's tranquil breath.
In that still trance did dear thoughts come
From the brook, and the glade, and the sky,
of home.

And the gentle sound of her mother's voice Bade Mary's slumbering soul rejoice. For she in dreams to Wales hath flown, And sits in a cottage of her own, Beneath its sheltering tree: Fitz-Owen's eye is fix'd on hers, While with a timid smile she stirs Beside her mother's knee. But the rising sun hath pour'd his beams Into her heart, and broke her dreams; Slowly she lifts her eyes, And, wondering at the change, looks round, Upon that wild enchanted ground, And these delightful skies Over her Lover's breast she breathes A blessing and a prayer, And gently they stir his sleeping soul, Like the voice of the morning-air. Soon as the first surprise is past, They rise from their leafy bed, As cheerful as the new-woke birds That sing above their head. And trusting in the merciful Power That saved them in that dismal hour When the ship sank in the sea, Cheering their souls with many a smile They walk through the woods of this nameless Isle In undisturb'd tranquillity.

Well might they deem that wizard's wand Had set them down in Fairy-land, Or that their souls some beauteous dream

obey'd: They know not where to look or listen, For pools and streams of crystal glisten Above, around,-embracing like the air The soft-reflected trees; while everywhere From shady nook, clear hill, and sunny glade, The ever-varying soul of music play'd; As if, at some capricious thing's command, Indulging every momentary mood, With voice and instrument, a fairy-band Beneath some echoing precipice now stood, Now on steep mountain's rocky battlement, Or from the clouds their blended chorus sent, With jocund din to mock the solitude. They gaze with never-sated eyes On lengthening lines of flowery dyes, That through the woods, and up the mountains run:

Not richer radiance robes the Even,

When she ascends her throne in Heaven, Beside the setting sun.
Scattering the blossomy gems away,
Like the white shower of the ocean-spray,
Across their path for ever glide or shoot
Birds of such beauty, as might lead
The soul to think that magic power decreed
Spirits to dwell therein; nor are they
mute,

But each doth chant his own beloved strain, For ever trembling on a natural tune, The heart's emotions seeming so to suit, That the rapt Lovers are desiring soon, That silence never may return again.

A cheerful welcome these bright creatures sing;

And as the Lovers roam from glade to glade, That shine with sunlight, and with music ring,

Seems but for them the enchanted island made.

So strong the influence of the fairy-scene, That soon they feel as if for many a year In love and rapture they had linger'd here, While with the beauteous things that once have been

Long, long ago, or only in the mind By Fancy imaged, lies their native Wales, Its dim-seen hills, and all its streamy vales: Sounds in their souls its rushing mountainwind.

Like music heard in youth, remember'd well, But when or where it rose they cannot tell. Delightful woods, and many a cloudless sky, Are in their memory strangely floating by, But the faint pageant slowly melts away, And to the living earth they yield Their willing hearts, as if reveal'd In all its glory on this mystic day. Like fire, strange flowers around them flame, Sweet, harmless fire, breathed from some magic urn.

The silky gossamer that may not burn, Too wildly beautiful to bear a name. And when the Ocean sends a breeze, To wake the music sleeping in the trees, Trees scarce they seem to be; for many a flower,

Radiant as dew, or ruby polish'd bright, Glances on every spray, that bending light Around the stem, in variegated bows, Appear like some awaken'd fountain-shower, That with the colour of the evening glows.

And towering o'er these beauteous woods, Gigantic rocks were ever dimly seen, Breaking with solemn gray the tremulous

And frowning far in castellated pride; While, hastening to the Ocean, hoary floods Sent up a thin and radiant mist between, Softening the beauty that it could not hide. Lo! higher still the stately Palm-trees rise,

Chequering the clouds with their unbending stems,

And o'er the clouds amid the dark-blue skies, Lifting their rich unfading diadems. How calm and placidly they rest Upon the Heavens' indulgent breast, As if their branches never breeze had known! Light bathes them aye in glancing showers, And Silence mid their lofty bowers Sits on her moveless throne. Entranced there the Lovers gaze, Till every human fear decays, And bliss steals slowly through their quiet souls;

Though ever lost to human kind And all they love, they are resign'd: While with a scarce-heard murmur rolls, Like the waves that break along the shore, The sound of the world they must see no

List! Mary is the first to speak, Her tender voice still tenderer in her bliss; And breathing o'er her silent husband's cheek, As from an infant's lip, a timid kiss, Whose touch at once all lingering sorrow

Says: God to us in love hath given A home on earth, most like to Heaven, Our own sweet Isle of Palms.

And where shall these happy lovers dwell? Shall they seek in the cliffs for some mossy cell?

Some wilder haunt than ever hermit knew? Where they may shun the mid-day heat, And slumber in a safe retreat, When evening sheds her dew; Or shall they build a leafy nest, Where they like birds may sport and rest, By clustering bloom preserved from sun and

Upon some little radiant mound
Within reach of the freshening sound
That murmurs from the Main?
No farther need their footsteps roam:
Even where they stand, a sylvan hume
Steals like a thought upon their startled
sight;

For Nature's breath with playful power
Hath framed an undecaying bower,
With colours heavenly bright.
Beyond a green and level lawn,
Its porch and roof of roses dawn
Through arching trees that lend a mellowing shade.

How gleams the bower with countless dyra!
Unwearied spring fresh bloom supplies,
Still brightning where they fade.
Two noble Palms, the forest's pride,
Guarding the bower on either side,
Their straight majestic stems to Heaves
uprear:

There Beauty sleeps in Grandeur's arms, And sheltered there from all ularus, Hath nought on earth to fear.

wellers in that lovely bower, shape may breathe such blessed air, ize on it from morn till evening-hour, for other sight more touching fair. ok abroad ? All things are here ul to the eye and ear, rance pure as light floats all around. hey look-those mystic gleams, ry we adore in dreams, e in truth be found. the bower, eternal woods. g the mountain-solitudes, e the soul oppress: wells, with shadowy glories crown'd, g in the gloom profound, rit of the Wilderness. tching inward on the right, ng vale eludes the sight, re it dies the happy soul must dream: er sure beneath the sun, ach lovely banks did run cal a stream. shall dare in thought to paint y-waterfall? isten'd by the misty showers, ry-red, to yellow soft and faint, er the rocky wall; , through the shrouding spray, liamonds glance as bright as they, rds of graceful form, and gorgeous

plumes, ling white as snow; as the passing sun illumes er's bed, in silent pride r the cataract roaring wide, er'd rainbows glow.

urn around, if thou hast power a scene so fair, king left-wards from the bower, lary meets thee there! the heaven-encircled Sea ads his dazzling pageantry, whole creation were his own. Isle, on which thy feet now stand, y rose at his command, his joy alone. his billows rolling bright, rit dares not wing her flight; re, upon the boundless deep, she, if wearied, sink to sleep? the beauteous Isle of Palms returns; there constant calms s. that sleep like inland-lakes, invest ul all; but to your eyes, d Pair! one circlet lies ir than all the rest. ng, through that silent bay eating hearts ye steer'd your way, ting in the guiding love of Heaven; re, upon your bended knees, inseen Pilot of the Seas eechless prayers were given. our hower-porch the skiff behold

That to this Eden bore Your almost hopeless souls:—how bold It seems to lie, all danger o'er, A speck amid the fluid gold That burns along the shore!

Five cloudless days have, from the placid deep In glory risen o'er this refulgent Isle, And still the Sun retired to rest too soon; And each night with more gracious smile, Guarding the lovers when they sleep, Hath watch'd the holy Moon. Through many a dim and dazzling glade, They in their restless joy have stray'd, In many a grot reposed, and twilight-cave; Have wander'd round each ocean-bay, And gazed where inland-waters lay Serene as night, and bright as day, Untouch'd by wind or wave. Happy their doom, though strange and wild, And soon their souls are reconciled For ever here to live, and here to die. Why should they grieve? a constant mirth With music fills the air and earth, And beautifies the sky. High on the rocks the wild-flowers shine In beauty bathed, and joy divine: In their dark nooks to them are given The sunshine and the dews of Heaven. The fish that dart like silver-gleams Are happy in their rock-bound streams, Happy as they that roam the Ocean's breast; Though far away on sounding wings You bird could fly, content he sings Around his secret nest. And shall the Monarchs of this Isle Lament, when one unclouded smile Hangs like perpetual spring on every wood? And often in their listening souls By a delightful awe subdued, God's voice, like mellow thunder, rolls All through the silent solitude.

Five days have fled !- The Sun again, Like an angel, o'er the brightening Main Uplifts his radiant head; And full upon you dewy bower, The warm tints of the dawning hour Mid warmer still are shed. The Sun pours not his light in vain On them who therein dwell:-a strain Of pious music, through the morning-calm Wakening unwonted echoes, wildly rings, And kneeling there to Mercy's fane, While flowers supply their incense-balm, At the foot of you majestic Palm The Maid her matins sings. It is the Sabbath-morn :- since last From Heaven it shone, what awful things, have past! In their beloved vessel as it roll'd In pride and beauty o'er the waves of gold, Then were they sailing free from all alarms,

Rejoicing in her scarce-felt motion
When the ship flew, or slumbering Ocean
Detain'd her in his arms.
Beneath the sail's expanded shade,
They and the thoughtless crew together
pray'd,
And sweet their voices rose above the
wave:

Nor seem'd it woeful as a strain That never was to rise again, And chanted o'er the grave.

Ne'er seem'd before the Isle so bright; And when their hymns were ended, Oh! ne'er in such intense delight Had their rapt souls been blended. Some natural tears they surely owed To those who wept for them, and fast they flow'd,

And oft will flow amid their happiest hours; But not less fair the summer-day, Though glittering through the sunny ray Are seen descending showers. But how could Sorrow, Grief, or Pain, The glory of that morn sustain? Alone amid the Wilderness More touching seem'd the holiness Of that mysterious day of soul-felt rest: They are the first that e'er adored On this wild spot their Heavenly Lord, Or gentle Jesus bless'd. O Son of God!-How sweetly came Into their souls that blessed name! Even like health's hope-reviving breath To one upon the bed of death. Our Saviour!-What angelic grace Stole with dim smiles o'er Mary's face, While through the solitude profound With love and awe she breathed that holy

sound!
Yes! He will save! a still small voice
To Mary's fervent prayer replied;
Beneath his tender care rejoice,
On earth who for his children died.
Her Lover saw that, while she pray'd,
Communion with her God was given
Unto her sinless spirit:—nought he said;
But gazing on her with a fearful love,
Such as saints feel for sister-souls above,
Her cheek upon his bosom gently laid,
And dreamt with her of Heaven.

Pure were their souls, as infant's breath,
Who in its cradle guiltless sinks in death.
No place for human frailty this,
Despondency or fears;
Too beautiful the wild appears
Almost for human bliss.
Was love like theirs then given in vain?
And must they, trembling, shrink from pure
delight?

Or shall that God, who on the main Hath bound them with a billowy chain, Approve the holy rite, That, by their pious souls alone
Perform'd before his silent throne
In innocence and joy,
Here, and in realms beyond the grave,
Unites those whom the cruel wave
Could not for grief destroy?
No fears felt they of guilt or sin,
For sure they heard a voice within
That set their hearts at rest;
They pass'd the day in peaceful prayer,
And when beneath the evening-air,
They sought again their arbour fair,
A smiling angel met them there,
And bade their couch be blest.
Nor veil'd the Moon her virgin-light,
But, clear and cloudless all the night,
Hung o'er the flowers where love and
beauty lay;

And, loath to leave that holy hower, With lingering pace obey'd the power Of bright-returning day.

And say! what wanteth now the Isle of Palms,
To make it happy as those Isles of rest
(When eve the sky becalms
Like a subsiding sea)
That hang resplendent mid the gorgeous west.

All brightly imaged, mountain, grove, and tree.

The setting sun's last lingering pageantry!
Hath Fancy ever dreamt of Scruph-Powers
Walking in beauty through these cloudframed bowers.

Light as the mist that wraps their dazzling

And hath she ever paused to hear,
By moonlight brought unto her car,
Their hymnings wild and sweet?
Lo! human creatures meet her view
As happy, and as beauteous too,
As those acrial phantoms!—in their mica,
Where'er they move, a graceful calm is seen
All foreign to this utter solitude,
Yet blended with such wild and fairy glide.
As erst in Grecian Isle had beautified
The guardian Deitics of Grove and Flood,
Are these fair creatures earth-born and alive.
And mortal, like the flowers that round

Or if into the Ocean sank their Isle
A thousand fathoms deep — would they
survive,—

Like sudden rainbows spread their arching wings,

And while, to cheer their airy voyage, aircs With joy the charmed sea, the Heaves

That in the spirits, who had sojourn'd lost On earth, might glide, then re-assume their sway.

And from the gratulating throng Of kindred spirits drink the inexpressive song? Oh! fairer now these blessed Lovers seem, Gliding like spirits through o'er-arching trees,

Their beauty, mellowing in the chequer'd light,

Than, years ago, on that resplendent night, When yielded up to an unearthly dream, In their sweet ship they sail'd upon the seas.

Ay! years ago!—for in this temperate clime,
Fleet, passing fleet, the noiseless plumes of time Float through the fragrance of the sunny air; One little month seems scarcely gone, Since in a vessel of their own At eve they landed there. Their bower is now a stately bower, For, on its roof, the loftiest flower To bloom so lowly grieves, And up like an ambitious thing That feareth nought behold it spring Till it meet the high Palm-leaves! The porch is opening seen no more, But folded up with blossoms hoar, And leaves green as the sea, And, when the wind hath found them out, The merry waves that dancing rout May not surpass in glee. About their home so little art, They seem to live in Nature's heart, A sylvan court to hold In a palace framed of lustre green, More rare than to the bright Flower-Queen Was ever built of old.

Where are they in the hours of day? The birds are happy on the spray, The dolphins on the deep Whether they wanton full of life, Or, wearied with their playful strife, Amid the sunshine sleep.

And are these things by Nature blest In sport, in labour, and in rest,-And yet the Sovereigns of the Isle opprest With languor or with pain? No! with light glide, and cheerful song, Through flowers and fruit they dance along, And still fresh joys, uncall'd for, throng Through their romantic reign. The wild-deer bounds along the rock, But let him not you hunter mock, Though strong, and fierce, and fleet; For he will trace his mountain-path, Or else his antlers' threatening wrath In some dark winding meet. Vaunt not, guy bird! thy gorgeous plume Though on you leafy tree it bloom like a flower both rich and fair: Vain thy foud song and scarlet glow, To save from his unerring bow; The arrow finds thee there. Burk are the caverns of the wave, Yet those, that sport there, cannot save, Though hidden from the day, With silvery sides bedropt with gold, Struggling they on the beach are roll'd -O'er shells as bright as they.

Their pastimes these, and labours too, From day to day unwearied they renew, In garments floating with a woodland-grace: Oh! lovelier far than fabled sprites, They glide along through new delights, Like Health and Beauty vying in the race. Yet hours of soberer bliss they know, Their spirits in more solemn flow At day-fall oft will run When from his throne, with kingly motion, Into the loving arms of Ocean Descends the setting Sun. Oh! beauteous are thy rocky vales, Land of my birth, forsaken Wales! Towering from continent or sea, Where is the Mountain like to thee?-The eagle's darling, and the tempest's pride,-

Thou! on whose ever-varying side
The shadows and the sun-beams glide
In still or stormy weather,
Oh Snowdon! may I breathe thy name?
And thine too, of gigantic frame,
Cader-Idris? 'neath the solar flame,'
Oh! proud ye stand together!
And thou, sweet Lake!—but from its wave
She turn'd her inward eye,
For near these banks, within her grave,
Her Mother sure must lie:
Weak were her limbs, long, long ago,
And grief, ere this, hath laid them low.

Yet soon Fitz-Owen's eye and voice
From these sad dreams recall
His weeping wife; and deeply chear'd
She soon forgets them all.
Or, haply, through delighted tears,
Her mother's smiling shade appears,
And, her most duteous child caressing,
Bestows on her a parent's blessing,
And tells that o'er these holy groves
Oft hangs the parent whom she loves.
How beauteous both in hours like these!
Prest in each other's arms, or on their knees,
They think of things for which no words
are found;

They need not speak: their looks express More life-pervading tenderness Than music's sweetest sound. He thinks upon the dove-like rest That broods within her pious breast; The holy calm, the hush divine, Where pensive, night-like glories shine; Even as the mighty Ocean deep, Yet clear and waveless as the sleep Of some lone heaven-reflecting lake, When evening-airs its gleam forsake. She thinks upon his love for her, His wild, empassion'd character, To whom a look, a kiss, a smile, Rewards for danger and for toil! His power of spirit unsubdued, His fearlessness,-his fortitude,-The radiance of his gifted soul, Where never mists or darkness roll:

A poet's soul that flows for eyer, Right onwards like a noble river, Refulgent still, or by its native woods Shaded, and rolling on through sunless solitudes.

In love and mercy, sure on him had God The sacred power that stirs the soul bestow'd; Nor fell his hymns on Mary's ear in vain; With brightening smiles the Vision hung O'er the rapt poet while he sung, More beauteous from the strain. The songs he pour'd were sad and wild, And while they would have sooth'd a child, Who soon bestows his tears, A deeper pathos in them lay Than would have moved a hermit gray. Bow'd down with holy years. One song he had about a Ship That perish'd on the Main, So woeful, that his Mary pray'd, At one most touching pause be made. To cease the hearse-like strain: And yet, in spite of all her pain, Implored him, soon as he obey'd, To sing it once again. With faltering voice then would be sing Of many a well-known far-off thing, Towers, castles, lakes, and rills; Their names he gave not-could not give-But happy ye, he thought, who live Among the Cambrian hills. Then of their own sweet Isle of Palms, Full many a lovely lay He sung; -and of two happy sprites Who live and revel in delights For ever, night and day. And who, even of immortal birth, Or that for Heaven have left this carth, Were e'er more blest than they!

But shall that bliss endure for ever? And shall these consecrated groves Behold and cherish their immortal loves? Or must it come, the hour that is to sever Those whom the Ocean in his wrath did spare?

Awful that thought, and, like unto despair, Oft to their hearts it sends an icy chill; Pain, death they fear not, come they when

they will,
But the same fate together let them share;
For how could either hope to die resign'd,
If God should say: One must remain behind!
Yet wisely doth the spirit shrink
From thought, when it is death to think:
Or haply, a kind being turns
To brighter hopes the soul that mourns
In killing woe; else many an eye,
Now glad, would weep its destiny.
Even so it fares with them: they wish to live
Long on this island, lonely though it be.
Old age itself to them would pleasure give,

For lo! a sight, which it is heaven to see, Down yonder hill comes glancing beauteously, And with a silver-voice most wildly sweet,

And with a silver-voice most wildly sweet, Flings herself, laughing, down before her parents' feet.

Are they in truth her parents?—Was her birth

Not drawn from heavenly sire, and from the breast

Of some fair spirit, whose sinless nature glow'd

With purest flames, enamour'd of a God, And gave this child to light in realms of rest:

Then sent her to adorn these island-bowers, To sport and play with the delighted hours, Till call'd again to dwell among the blest? Sweet are such fancies:—but that kindling smile

Dissolves them all!—Her native isle
This sure must be: If she in Heaven were
born,

What breath'd into her face
That winning human grace,
Now dim, now dazzling like the break of
morn?

For, like the timid light of infant-day,
That oft, when dawning, seems to die away,
The gleam of rapture from her visage flies,
Then fades, as if afraid, into her tender eyes.
Open thy lips, thou blessed thing, again!
And let thy parents live upon the sound;
No other music wish they till they die.
For never yet disease, or grief, or pain,
Within thy breast the living lyre hath found,
Whose chords send forth that touching
melody.

Sing on! sing on! it is a lovely air.
Well could thy mother sing it when a maid:
Yet strange it is in this wild Indian glade.
To list a tune that breathes of nothing there,
A tune that by his mountain-springs,
Beside his slumbering lambkins fair,
The Cambrian shepherd sings.

The air on her sweet lips hath died, And as a harper, when his tune is play'd, Pathetic though it be, with smiling brow Haply doth careless fling his harp aside, Even so regardlessly upstarteth now, With playful frolic, the light-hearted maid. As if, with a capricious gladness, She strove to mock the soul of sadness, Then mourning through the glade. Light as a falling leaf that springs Away before the zephyr's wings, Amid the verdure seems to lie Of motion reft, then suddenly, With bird-like fluttering, mounts on high. Up yon steep hill's unbroken side, Behold the little Fairy glide.

Though free her breath, untired her limb.

gh the air she seems to swim,
e stops to look behind
below;—till with the wind
gain, and on the hill-top far
the spirit of the evening star.
solong: as if a sight
half-wonder, urged her flight,
totion, winding still
the steepness of the hill,
s, and springs, and out-stretch'd
arms.

eful in her vain alarms, outstrips the ocean-gale, tell her wondrous tale. ts' joyful hearts admire, c's plumes her glancing tire, with tiny suns, leamings of the feathery gold, along each wavy fold ntle as she runs.

Is my child? her mother cries, wildness in her eyes, er on her cheek; lly she beckons still, watch-tower on the hill, ord can she speak. ! Mother! quickly fly green-hill-top with me, ie what you there descry; id hath fallen from the sky, ing on the sea, not to hear that word again: seems level as the plain, ey glide with ease : d one moment on the height then bless the sight, upon their knees. no more can Mary say, Ship! and faints away. happy sight subdues 's heart ;-he calmly views it vessel toss superbly up and down, wore the Ocean-Crown; exulting in the breeze, woke English pride he sees 's blessed Cross.

them now, the happy three,
a signal o'er the sea,
with echoing sound,
adden'd by her parents' bliss,
prints many a playful kiss
r hands, or, mad with glee,
round and round.
h the thoughtless infant know
their tears like rain should flow,
met also weep;
as innocence doth shed
indisturbed bed,
aming in its sleep,
nd oft, her father presses
t to his, and bathes her tresses,

Her sweet eyes, and fair brow. How beautiful upon the wave The vessel sails, who comes to save! Fitting it was that first she shone Before the wondering eyes of one, So beautiful as thou. See how before the wind she goes, Scattering the waves like melting snows! Her course with glory fills The sea for many a league!—Descending, She stoopeth now into the vale, Now, as more freshly blows the gale, She mounts in triumph o'er the watery hills. Oh! whither is she tending? She holds in sight you shelter'd bay; As for her crew, how blest are they! See! how she veers around! Back whirl the waves with louder sound; And now her prow points to the land: For the Ship, at her glad lord's command, Doth well her helm obey.

They cast their eyes around the isle: But what a change is there! For ever fled that lonely smile That lay on earth and air, That made its haunts so still and holy, Almost for bliss too melancholy, For life too wildly fair. Gone-gone is all its loneliness, And with it much of loveliness. Into each deep glen's dark recess, The day-shine pours like rain, So strong and sudden is the light Reflected from that wonder bright, Now tilting o'er the Main. Soon as the thundering cannon spoke, The voice of the evening-gun The spell of the enchantment broke, Like dew beneath the sun. Soon shall they hear th' unwonted cheers Of these delighted mariners, And the loud sound of the oar, As bending back away they pull, With measured pause, most beautiful, Approaching to the shore. For her yards are bare of man and sail, Nor moves the giant to the gale; But, on the Ocean's breast, With storm-proof cables, stretching far, There lies the stately Ship of War; And glad is she of rest.

Ungrateful ye! and will ye sail away, And leave your bower to flourish and decay, Without one parting tear? Where you have slept, and loved, and pray'd, And with your smiling infant play'd For many a blessed year!
No! not in vain that bower hath shed Its blossoms o'er your marriage-bed, Nor the sweet Moon look'd down in vain, Forgetful of her heavenly reign, On them whose pure and holy bliss

Even beautified that wilderness.
To every rock, and glade, and dell,
You now breathe forth a sad farewell.
Say! wilt thou ever murmur on
With that same voice when we are gone,
Beloved stream!—Ye birds of light!
And in your joy as musical as bright,
Still will you pour that thrilling strain,
Unheard by us who sail the distant main?
We leave our nuptial bower to you!
There still your harmless loves renew,
And there, as they who left it, blest,
The loveliest ever build your nest.
Farewell once more—for now and ever!
Yet, though unhoped-for mercy sever
Our lives from thee, where grief might

come at last; Yet whether chain'd in tropic calms, Or driven before the blast, Most surely shall our spirits never Forget the Isle of Palms.—

What means the Ship? Fitz-Owen cries, And scarce can trust his startled eyes,-While safely she at anchor swings Why doth she thus expand her wings? She will not surely leave the bay, Where sweetly smiles the closing day, As if it tempted her to stay? O cruel Ship! 'tis even so: No sooner come than in huste to go; Angel of bliss! and fiend of woe!--Oh! let that God who brought her here, My husband's wounded spirit cheer! Mayhap the ship for months and years Hath been among the storms, and fears You lowering cloud, that on the wave Flings down the shadow of a grave; For well thou knowst the bold can be By shadows daunted, when they sail the sea. Think, in our own lost Ship, when o'er our head Walk'd the sweet Moon in unobscured light, How oft the sailors gazed with causeless dread

On her, the glory of the innocent night, As if in those still hours of heavenly joy, They saw a spirit smiling to destroy. Trust that, when morning brings her light, The sun will shew a glorious sight, This very Ship in joy returning With outspread sails and ensigns burning, To quench in bliss our causeless mourning .--O Father! look with kinder eyes On me,-the Fairy-infant cries. Though oft thy face hath look'd most sad, At times when I was gay and glad, These are not like thy other sighs. But that I saw my Father grieve, Most happy when you thing did leave Our shores, was I:-'Mid waves and wind, Where, Father! could we ever find So sweet an island as our own? And so we all would think, I well believe, Lamenting, when we look'd behind, That the Isle of Palms was gone .-

O blessed child! cach artless tone
Of that sweet voice, thus plaintively
Breathing of comfort to thyself unknown,
Who feelest not how beautiful thou art,
Sinks like an anthem's pious melody
Into thy father's agitated heart,
And makes it calm and tranquil as thy own.
A shower of kisses bathes thy smiling face,
And thou, rejoicing once again to hear
The voice of love so pleasant to thine ear,
Thorough the brake, and o'er the lawn,
Bounding along like a sportive fawn,
With laugh and song renewst thy devious
race;

Or round them, like a guardian sprite,
Dancing with more than mortal grace,
Steepest their gazing souls in still delight.
For how could they, thy parents, see
Thy innocent and fearless glee,
And not forget, but one short hour ago,
When the Ship sail'd away, how bitter was
their woe?

—Most like a dream it doth appear,
When she, the vanish'd Ship, was heres—
A glimpse of joy, that, while it shone,
Was surely passing-sweet:—now it is gone.
Not worth one single tear.

#### CANTO IV.

A SUMMER-NIGHT descends in balm
On the orange-bloom, and the stately Palm.
Of that romantic steep,
Where, silent as the silent hour,
'Mid the soft leaves of their Indian bower.
Three happy spirits sleep.
And we will leave them to themselves,
To the moon and the stars, these happy elves,
To the murmuring wave, and the zephyr's

wing, That dreams of gentlest joyance bring To bathe their slumbering eyes; And on the moving clouds of night, High o'er the main will take our flight, Where beauteous Albion lies. Wondrous, and strange, and fair, I ween, The sounds, the forms, the hues have been Of these delightful groves; And mournful as the melting sky, Or a faint-remember'd melody, The story of their loves. Yet though they sleep, those breathings wild. That told of the Fay-like sylvan child, And of them who live in lonely bliss, Like bright flowers of the wilderness, Happy and beauteous as the sky That views them with a loving eye, Another tale I have to sing, Whose low and plaintive murmuring May well thy heart beguile, And when thou weepst along with me,

gh tears no longer mayst thou see fairy Indian Isle.

ing the Cambrian hills we stand! ar compulsion chain'd unto the strand till Lake, yet sleeping in the mist, thin blue mist that beautifies the morning; nowdon's gloomy brow the sun hath kiss'd rising like a giant from his bed, o'er the mountainous sea he lifts his head, neliness of Nature's reign adorning a calm majesty and pleasing dread. it is singing from the coves m and dark; that spirit loves g unto the Dawn, first he sees the shadowy veil, by some slow-stealing gale, her fair face withdrawn. the Lake brightens while we gaze! ent for the flood of rays soon will bathe its breast; rock, and hill, and cloud and sky, like its peaceful self, will lie ng in perfect rest. awn hath brighten'd into day : ags be on you crescent-bay, d in former years! dan! at this silent hour, solemn far thy lonely tower ny soul appears, when, in days of roaming youth, thee first, and scarce could tell wert frowning there in truth, y raised by Fancy's spell. y tower 'mid an unearthly dell.

wildest Bridge, by human hand e'er framed! hou mayat be named : who for many a year hast stood with the deep-green moss of age, y tremulous length were living wood, from the bank on either side, ing, with a careless pride, smults of the wintry flood, il-born tempest's rage. lower upon thy moss I know, ak I know; like things they seem nd unchanged of a returning dream! smooth river to my heart back the thoughts that long ago when forced to part the deep calm of Nature's reign, Ik the world's loud scenes again. t us with that river glide d you hillock's verdant side; ! a gleam of sweet surprise, udden sunshine, warms thine eyes. as the spring's unmelted snow, lives though winter-storms be o'er,

A Cot beneath the mountain's brow Smiles through its shading sycamore. The silence of the morning-air Persuades our hearts to enter there. In dreams all quiet things we love; And sure no star that lies above, Cradled in clouds, that also sleep, Eujoys a calm more husht and deep Than doth this slumbering cell: Yea! like a star it looketh down In pleasure from its mountain-throne, On its own little dell.

A lovelier form now meets mine eye, Than the loveliest cloud that sails the sky! And human feelings blend With the pleasure born of the glistening air, As in our dreams uprises fair The face of a dear friend. A vision glides before my brain, Like her who lives beyond the Main! Breathing delight, the beauteous flower That Heaven had raised to grace this bower. To me this field is holy ground! Her voice is speaking in the sound That cheers the streamlet's bed. Sweet Maiden !- side by side we stand, While gently moves beneath my hand Her soft and silky head. A moment's pause! and as I look On the silent cot and the idle brook, And the face of the quiet day, I know from all that many a year Hath slowly past in sorrow here, Since Mary went away. But that wreath of smoke now melting thin, Tells that some being dwells within; And the balmy breath that stole From the rose-tree, and jasmin, clustering wide.

O'er all the dwelling's blooming side, Tells that whoe'er doth there abide, Must have a gentle soul.

Then gently breathe, and softly tread, As if thy steps were o'er the dead! Break not the slumber of the air, Even by the whisper of a prayer, But in thy spirit let there be A silent Benedicite! Thine eye falls on the vision bright, As she sits amid the lonely light That gleams from her cottage-hearth: O! fear not to gaze on her with love! For, though these looks are from above, She is a form of earth. In the silence of her long distress, She sits with pious stateliness;
As if she felt the eye of God
Were on her childless lone abode. While her lips move with silent vows, With saintly grace the phantom bows Over a Book spread open on her knee. O blessed Book! such thoughts to wake! It tells of Him who for our sake Died on the cross,—Our Saviour's History. How beauteously hath sorrow shed Its mildness round her aged head! How beauteously her sorrow lies In the solemn light of her faded eyes! And lo! a faint and feeble trace Of hope yet lingers on her face, That she may yet embrace again Her child, returning from the Main; For the brooding dove shall leave her nest, Sooner than hope a mother's breast.

Her long-lost child may still survive! That thought hath kept her wasted heart alive:

And often, to herself unknown, Hath mingled with the midnight-sigh, When she breathed, in a voice of agony, Now every hope is gone! 'Twas this that gave her strength to look On the mossy banks of the singing brook, Where Mary oft had play'd; And duly, at one stated hour, To go in calmness to the bower Built in her favourite glade. Twas this that made her, every morn, As she bless'd it, bathe the ancient thorn With water from the spring; And gently tend each flow'ret's stalk, For she call'd to mind who loved to walk Through their fragrant blossoming Yea! the voice of hope oft touch'd her ear From the hymn of the lark that caroll'd clear, Through the heart of the silent sky. Oh! such was my Mary's joyful strain! And such she may haply sing again Before her Mother die. Thus hath she lived for seven long years, With gleams of comfort through her tears; Thus hath that beauty to her face been given And thus, though silver gray her hair, And pale her cheek, yet is she fair As any Child of Heaven!

Yet, though she thus in calmness sit,
Full many a dim and ghastly fit
Across her brain hath roll'd:
Oft hath she swoon'd away from pain;
And when her senses came again,
Her heart was icy-cold.
Hard hath it been for her to bear
The dreadful silence of the air
At night, around her bed;
When her waking thoughts through the
darkness grew

Hideous as dreams, and for truth she knew That her dear child was dead. Things loved before seem alter'd quite, The sun himself yields no delight, She hears not the neighbouring waterfall, Or, if she hear, the tones recall The thought of her, who once did sing So sweetly to its murmuring. No summer-gale, no winter-blast, By day or night o'er her cottage pass'd, If her restless soul did wake, That brought not a Ship before her eyes; Yea! often dying shricks and cries Sail'd o'er Llanberris Lake, Though, far as the charm'd eye could view. Upon the quiet earth it lay, Like the Moon amid the heavenly way, As bright and silent too.

Hath she no friend whose heart may share With her the burthen of despair, And by her earnest, soothing voice Bring back the image of departed joys So vividly, that reconciled To the drear silence of her cot. At times she scarcely miss her child? Or, the wild raving of the sea forgot, Hear nought amid the calm profound, Save Mary's voice, a soft and silver sound? No! seldom human footsteps come Unto her childless widow'd home; No friend like this e'er sits beside her fire: For still doth selfish happiness Keep far away from real distress, Loath to approach, and eager to retire. The vales are wide, the torrents deep, Dark are the nights, the mountains steep, And many a cause, without a name. Will from our spirits hide the blame, When, thinking of ourselves, we cease To think upon another's peace: Though one short hour to sorrow given, Would chear the gloom, and win the applause of Heaven

Yet, when by chance they meet her on the

Or lonely wandering by the sullen rill,
By its wild voice to dim seclusion led,
The shepherds linger on their way,
And unto God in silence pray,
To bless her hoary head.
In churchyard on the Sabbath-day
They all make room for her, even they
Whose tears are falling down in showers
Upon the fading funeral flowers
Which they have planted o'er their children's

clay.

And though her faded cheeks be dry,
Her breast unmoved by groan or sigh,
More piteous is one single smile
Of hers, than many a tear;
For she is wishing all the while
That her head were lying here,
Since her dear daughter is no more,
Drown'd in the sea, or buried on the share.

A sudden thought her brain hath cross's.
And in that thought all woes are lost,
Though sad and wild it be:
Why must she still, from year to year,
In lorely anguish linger here?
Let her go, ere she die, unto the coast.

well beside the sea; a that tore her child away, glad would she have been to stay. ful comfort to her soul ar the sleepless Ocean roll! where her long-wept child might rest; ne far island wreck'd, yet blest as the sunny wave. indeed her child is drown'd, er let her drink the sound lay and night still murmurs round lary's distant grave. will not stay another hour; cole limbs with youthful power cel endow'd; she hath ta'en farewell native stream, and hill and dell; ith a solemn tone the bower implores a blessing, often she had sate caressing ho, she deems, is now a saint in Heaven. her hearth the fire is dead, noke in air hath vanished; ast long lingering look is given, huddering start, - the inward groan,e Pilgrim on her way hath gone.

old her on the lone sea-shore, ing unto the hollow roar with eternal thunder, far and wide, s the black-heaving Main! she stands the cold and moisten'd sands, that deep trance sees the quicklyflowing tide. els it is a dreadful noise, n her bowed soul destroys ther's hope, though blended with her life; arely she hath lost her child, w could one so weak and mild e the Ocean's strife, at this moment of dismay, like a monster o'er his prey! e tide is rippling at her feet, e murmuring sound, so wildly sweet, s these torturing dreams: nce again the sea behold, ill its wavy fields of gold, layful sun-light gleams. little harmless waves so fair, not of sorrow or despair; oft the zephyr's breath! s like joy's own chosen sound; life and pleasure dance around, must thou muse on death? ven the timid child might come, her small feet in the foam; aughing as she view'd illows racing to the shore, t when their short course was o'er, ing and pursued. the billows' verdant hue! almly mounts into the air, the breezes blew her there!

How calmly on the sand alighting,
To dress her silken plumes delighting!
See! how these tiny vessels glide
With all sails set, in mimic pride,
As they were ships of war.
All leave the idle port to-day,
And with our and sheet the sunny bay
Is glancing bright and far.

She sees the joy, but feels it not: If e'er her child should be forgot For one short moment of oblivious sleep, It seems a wrong to one so kind, Whose mother, left on earth behind, Hath nought to do but weep. For, wandering in her solitude, Tears seem to her the natural food-Of widow'd childless age; And bitter though these tears must be, Which falling there is none to see, Her anguish they assuage.

A calm succeeds the storm of grief, A settled calm, that brings relief, And half partakes of pleasure, soft and mild; For the spirit, that is sore distrest, At length, when wearied into rest, Will slumber like a child. And then, in spite of all her woe, The bliss, that charm'd her long ago, Bursts on her like the day. Her child, she feels, is living still, By God and angels kept from ill On some isle far away It is not doom'd that she must mourn For ever ;-One may yet return Who soon will dry her tears: And now that seven long years are flown, Though spent in anguish and alone, How short the time appears! She looks upon the billowy Main, And the parting-day returns again; Each breaking wave she knows And when she listens to the tide, Her child seems standing by her side; So like the past it flows. She starts to hear the city-bell; So toll'd it when they wept farewell! She thinks the self-same smoke and cloud The city domes and turrets shroud; The same keen flash of ruddy fire Is burning on the lofty spire; The grove of masts is standing there Unchanged, with all their ensigns fair; The same the stir, the tumult, and the hum, As from the city to the shore they come.

Day after day, along the beach she roams, And evening finds her there, when to their homes

All living things have gone. No terrors hath the surge or storm For her;—on glides the aged form, Still restless and alone. Familiar unto every eye
She long hath been: her low deep sigh
Hath touch'd with pity many a thoughtless
breast:

And prayers, unheard by her, are given,
That in its mercy watchful Heaven
Would send the aged rest.
As on the smooth, and harden'd sand,
In many a gay and rosy band,
Gathering rare shells, delighted children

With pitying gaze they pass along, And hush at once the shout and song, When they chance to cross her way. The strangers, as they idly pace Along the beach, if her they meet, No more regard the sea: her face Attracts them by its solemn grace, So mournful, yet so sweet. The boisterous sailor passes by With softer step, and o'er his eye A haze will pass most like unto a tear; For he hath heard, that, broken-hearted, Long, long ago, that mother parted With her lost daughter here. Such kindness soothes her soul, I ween, As through the harbour's busy scene, She passes weak and slow. A comfort sad it brings to see That others pity her, though free Themselves from care or woe.

The playful voice of streams and rills,
The echo of the cavern'd hills,
The murmur of the trees,
The bleat of sheep, the song of bird,
Within her soul no more are heard;
There sound for aye the seas.
Seldom she hears the ceaseless din
That stirs the busy port. Within
A murmur dwells, that drowns all other
sound:

And oft, when dreaming of her child, Her tearful eyes are wandering wild, Yet nought behold around. But hear and see she must this day; Her sickening spirit must obey The flashing and the roar That burst from fort, and ship, and tower, While clouds of gloomy splendour lower O'er city, sea, and shore. The pier-head, with a restless crowd, Seems all alive; there voices loud Oft raise the thundrous cheer, While, from on board the ship of war, The music-bands both near and far Are playing, faint or clear. The bells ring quick a joyous peal, Till the very spires appear to feel The joy that stirs throughout their tapering height;

Ten thousand flags and pendants fly
Abroad, like meteors in the sky,
So beautiful and bright.
And, while the storm of pleasure raves

Through each tumultuous street, Still strikes the ear one darling tune, Sung hoarse, or warbled sweet; Well doth it suit the first of June, Britannia rule the Waves!

What Ship is she that rises slow Above the horizon?-White as snow, And cover'd as she sails By the bright sunshine, fondly woo'd In her calm beauty, and pursued By all the ocean-gales? Well doth she know this glorious morn, And by her subject waves is borne. As in triumphal pride: And now the gazing crowd descry, Distinctly floating on the sky, Her pendants long and wide, The outward forts she now hath pass'd; Loftier and loftier towers her mast; You almost hear the sound Of the billows rushing past her sides, As giant-like she calmly glides Through the dwindled ships around. Saluting thunders rend the Main! Short silence !- and they roar again, And veil her in a cloud: Then up leap all her fearless crew, And cheer till shore, and city too, With echoes answer loud. In peace and friendship doth she come. Rejoicing to approach her home, After absence long and far: Yet with like calmness would she go. Exulting to behold the foe, And break the line of war.

While all the noble Ship admire. Why doth One from the crowd retire. Nor bless the stranger bright? So look'd the Ship that bore away Her weeping child! She dares not stay. Death-sickening at the sight. Like a ghost, she wanders up and down Throughout the still deserted town. Wondering, if in that noisy throng. Amid the shout, the dance, the song One wretched heart there may not be, That hates its own mad revelry! One mother, who hath lost her child. Yet in her grief is reconciled To such unmeaning sounds as these; Yet this may be the mere disease Of grief with her: for why destroy The few short hours of human joy, Though Reason own them not?—Shout es

Ye thoughtless, happy souls! A mother's sighs

Must not your bliss profane. Yet blind must be that mother's heart Who loves thee, beauteous as thou art, Thou Glory of the Main! ds the church-yard see the Matron | Oh! Thou alone mayst be torn! rely she in solitude may mourn, ed not by such distracting noise. e seems no peace for her this day, owd advances on her way spot were sacred from their joys. t that crowd! for Heaven is there! es around thee in the air, when unto dim despair rt was sinking fast: lot hath long been thine; let thy face with rapture shine, awaiteth thee divine, ly woes are past. rds she hears among the crowd, p that hath on board ristian souls, who on the coast wild land were wreck'd long years ago,

but they were in a tempest lost, by Heaven are rescued from their woe.

heir country wondrously restored. c, the blessed name, she hears, cloved Youth, ace she call'd her son; but fears more, for it appears enly for the truth. are speaking of a child, ks more beautifully wild tured fairy in Arabian tale; s her foreign garb, they say, with starry plumage gay, und her head tall feathers play, e with every gale.

less upon the beach she stands, to Heaven her clasped hands, ely dares to turn her eye ay barge fast rushing by. ing oar disturbs her brain e, that sickens into pain. appears so wondrous fair, hter must be sitting there! er gilded prow is dancing the land-swell, and gaily glancing he sunny gleams, must own, so sweet a sight, to yield a strange delight, felt even in dreams. music of the oar! sailors leap on shore, and gaze around. a child's, a kinsman's eye, one family-sound. or, he, so fondly pressing thild in his arms, her brow, her bosom kissing, ng her with many a blessing her vain alarms. that creature by his side, es with languid glee, lling from a mother's pride!

The mother of that fairy-child: These tresses dark, these eyes so wild, That face with spirit beautified, She owes them all to thee.

Silent and still the sailors stand, To see the meeting strange that now befell. Unwilling sighs their manly bosoms swell, And o'er their eyes they draw the sun-burnt hand.

To hide the tears that grace their cheeks so well.

They lift the aged Matron from her swoon, And not one idle foot is stirring there; For unto pity melts the sailor soon, And chief when helpless woman needs his

She wakes at last, and with a placid smile, Such as a saint might on her death-bed give, Speechless she gazes on her child awhile, Content to die since that dear one doth live. And much they fear that she indeed will die! So cold and pale her cheek, so dim her eye; And when her voice returns, so like the breath

It sounds, the low and tremulous tones of death.

Mark her distracted daughter seize Her clay-cold hands, and on her knees Implore that God would spare her hoary head;

For sure, through these last lingering years, By one so good enough of tears Hath long ere now been shed. The fairy-child is weeping too; For though her happy heart can slightly know

What she hath never felt, the pang of woe, Yet to the holy power of Nature true, From her big heart the tears of pity flow, As infant-morning sheds the purest dew. Nought doth Fitz-Owen speak: he takes His reverend mother on his filial breast, Nor fears that, when her worn-out soul finds

rest In the new sleep of undisturbed love, The gracious God who sees them from above, Will save the parent for her children's sakes.

Nor vain his pious hope: the strife Of rapture ends, and she returns to life, With added beauty smiling in the lines By age and sorrow left upon her face. Her eye, even now bedimm'd with anguish, shines

With brightening glory, and a holy sense In her husht soul of heavenly Providence, Breathes o'er her bending frame a loftier

Her Mary tells in simple phrase, Of wildest perils past in former days, Of shipwreek scarce remember'd by herself; Then will she speak of that delightful isle,

Where long they lived in love, and to the elf Now fondly clinging to her grandam's knee, In all the love of quick-won infancy, Point with the triumph of a mother's smile. The sweet child then will tell her tale Of her own blossom'd bower, and palmy vale.

And birds with golden plames, that sweetly

Tunes of their own, or borrow'd from her voice;

And, as she speaks, lo! flits with gorgeous wing

Upon her outstretch'd arm, a fearless bird, Her eye obeying, ere the call was heard, And wildly warbles there the music of its joys.

Unto the blessed Matron's eye
How changed seem now town, sea, and sky!
She feels as if to youth restored,
Such fresh and beauteous joy is pour'd
O'er the green dancing waves, and shelly
sand.

The crowded masts within the harbour stand, Emblems of rest: and yon ships far away, Brightening the entrance of the Crescent-bay, Seem things the tempest never can destroy, To longing spirits harbingers of joy. How sweet the music o'er the waves is borne, In celebration of this glorious morn! Ring on, ye bells! most pleasant is your chime;

And the quick flash that bursts along the shore,

The volumed smoke, and city-shaking roar, Her happy soul now feels to be sublime. How fair upon the human face appears A kindling smile! how idle all our tears! Short-sighted still the moisten'd eyes of

To-day our woes can never end,
Think we!—returns a long-lost friend,
And we are blest to-morrow.
Her anguish, and her wish to die,
Now seem like worst impiety,
For many a year she hopeth now to live;
And God, who sees the inmost breast,
The vain repining of the sore distrest,
In mercy will forgive.

How oft, how long, and solemnly,
Fitz-Owen and his Mary gaze
On her pale cheek, and sunken eye!
Much alter'd since those happy days,
When scarcely could themselves behold
One symptom faint that she was waxing old.
That evening of her life how bright!
But now seems falling fast the night.
Yet the Welch air will breathe like balm
Through all her wasted heart, the heavenly

That 'mid her native mountains sleeps for

Where long they lived in love, and to the elf In the deep vales,—even when the storms Now fondly clinging to her grandam's knee,

High up among the cliffs: and that sweet

That round the white walls of her cottage flows,

With gliding motion most like to repose, A quicker current to her blood restoring, Will cheer her long before her eye-lids close. And yonder cheek of rosy light, Dark-clustering hair, and star-like eyes, And fairy-form, that wing'd with rapture flies,

And voice more wild than songstress of the night

E'er pour'd unto the listening skies; Yon spirit, who, with her angel-smile, Shed Heaven around the lonely isle, With Nature, and with Nature's art, Will twine herself about the heart Of her who hoped not for a grand-child's

These looks will scare disease and pain, Till in her wasted heart again Life grow with new-born bliss.

Far is the city left hehind, And faintly-smiling through the soft-blue skies.

Like castled clouds the Cambrian hills arise: Sweet the first welcome of the mountainwind!

And ever nearer as they come, Beneath the hastening shades of silent Even, Some old familiar object meets their sight. Thrilling their hearts with sorrowful delight. Until through tears they hail their blessed home.

Bathed in the mist, confusing earth with heaven.

With solemn gaze the aged matron sees. The green roof laughing beneath greener trees;

And thinks how happy she will live and dit Within that cot at last, beneath the eye Of them long wept as perish'd in the seas And what feel they? with dizzy brain they look

On cot, field, mountain, garden, tree, and

With none contented, although loving all;
While deep-delighted memory,
By faint degrees, and silently,
Doth all their names recall.
And looking in her mother's face,
With smiles of most bewitching grace,
In a wild voice that wondering pleasure ralm.
Exclaims the child. Is this home ours?
Ah me! how like these lovely flowers
To those I train'd upon the bowers
Of our own Isle of Palms!

Husht now these island-bowers as death! And ne'er may human foot or breath, w disturb again; but not more still Encompass'd with delight.

y, o'er-shadowed by their palmy
hill.

Encompass'd with delight.

May thy old-age be caln
Thou gray - hair'd one!

s deserted cottage! O'er the green, ooth before the porch, rank weeds are seen.

the feebler flowers: with blossoms

ant leaves, the unpruned eglantine
n beauty foldeth up the door;
agh the clustering roses that entwine
ce-window, neat and trim before,
ng sun's slant beams no longer shine.
stands on the ivied tree,
murs not one single bee;
ks the osier-seat, and gray,
h sat there for many a day;
dial, hid in weeds and flowers,
l, by none beheld, the solitary hours;
that love the haunts of men
e, or through the garden sing;
the thick-matted hedge the lonely

id by on timid wing,
a leaf by wandering zephyr moved.
it is since that sweet bird,
iters 'neath the cottage-eaves,
e by listening morning heard:
the summer-songstress, leaves
f by laughter never stirr'd,
ng human life and by it still beloved.

ldest cottage of the wild! e waking from thy breathless sleep! distinguish'd from the rocky steep, r thy roof in forms fantastic piled. inteous art thou than of yore, all glistering after sorrow's gloom; who in that paradise abide, ss and misfortune beautified, righter walk than o'er you islandshore, iness wakes lovelier from the tomb. syst thou stand in sun and dew, ng thy faded flowers renew, d by frost or blight! the wonder of each eye, as happy as the sky,

Encompass'd with delight.

—May thy old-age be calm and bright,
Thou gray - hair'd one! — like some sweet
night

Of winter, cold, but clear, and shining far Through mists with many a melancholy star.

O Fairy-child! what can I wish for thee? Like a perennial flow'ret mayst thou be, That spends its life in beauty and in bliss! Soft on thee fall the breath of time, And still retain in heavenly clime The bloom that charm'd in this!

O, happy Parents of so sweet a child, Your share of grief already have you known; But long as that fair spirit is your own, To either lot you must be reconciled. Dear was she in yon palmy grove, When fear and sorrow mingled with your love,

And oft you wish'd that she had ne'er been born:

While, in the most delightful air
Th' angelic infant sang, at times her voice,
That seem'd to make even lifeless things
rejoice,

Woke, on a sudden, dreams of dim despair, As if it breathed: For me, an Orphan, mourn! Now can they listen when she sings With mournful voice of mournful things, Almost too sad to hear; And when she chants her evening-hymn, Glad smile their eyes, even as they swim With many a gushing tear. Each day she seems to them more bright And beautiful,—a gleam of light That plays and dances o'er the shadowy earth!

It fadeth not in gloom or storm,— For Nature charter'd that aerial form In youder fair Isle when she bless'd her birth!

The Isle of Palms! whose forests tower again,

Darkening with solemn shade the face of heaven.

Now far away they like the clouds are driven, And as the passing night-wind dies my strain!

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

#### THE SCHOLAR'S FUNERAL.

Why hang the sweet bells mute in Magdalene-Tower,
Still wont to usher in delightful May,
The dewy silence of the morning-hour
Cheering with many a changeful roundelay?
And those pure youthful voices where are

they,
That hymning far up in the listening sky,
Seem'd issuing softly through the gates of
day,

As if a troop of sainted souls on high Were hovering o'er the earth with angelmelody?

This day the pensive Choristers are mute, The Tower stands silent in the shades of wee.

And well that darkness and those shadows suit

The solemn hush shed o'er the courts below. There all is noiseless as a plain of snow, Nor wandering footstep stirs th' unechoing wall.

Hark-hark! the muffled bell is tolling slow!

Into my mournful soul its warnings fall— It is the solemn day of Vernon's funeral.

No sound last night was heard these courts

Save sleepless scholar sobbing in his cell; For mirth had seem'd a sacrilegious sin Against the dead whom all did love so well. Only—at evening-prayer the holy swell Of organ at the close of service sent (While on their knees the awe-struck weepers fell

Or on the pillar'd shade in anguish leant) Through the dim echoing aisle a sorrowful lament.

All night the melancholy moonshine slept O'er the lone chamber where his corpse was laid:

Amid the sighing groves the cold dews wept, And the sad stars in glimmering beams array'd

In heaven seem'd mourning o'er the parted shade

Of him who knew the nature and the name Cf every orb to human ken display'd, Whether on silent throne a stedfast flame, Or roll'd in music round the Universal Frame.

And now the day looks mournful as the night, For all o'er heaven black clouds begin to roll. Through which the dim sun streams a fitful light

In sympathy with man's desponding soul.
Is nought around but images of dole!
The distant towers a kindred sorrow breathe,
Struck 'mid their own groves by that dis-

And the gray cloisters, coldly stretch'd beneath,

Hush'd in profounder calm confess the power of death.

Sad for the glory that hath parted thence, Through spire, tower, temple, theatre, and dome,

Mourns Oxford in her old magnificence, Sublimely silent 'mid the sunless gloom. But chief one College weeps her favourite's doom—

All hearts turn thither in the calm of mara; Silent she standeth like one mighty tomb, In reverend beauty—desolate—forlorn— For her refulgent star is all-untimely shorn.

Her courts grow darker as the hour draws near When that blest corpse must sink for evermore.

Let down by loving hands to dungeon dreat From the glad world of sunshine cover'd o'st By the damp pavement of the silent floor! —Sad all around—as when a gentle day All dimly riseth o'er a wreck-strewn short. When Love at last hath ceas'd to Heaven

And Grief hath wept her fill, and Hope tural sick away.

Yea! even a careless stranger might perceiv That death and sorrow rule this delefil place—

Passing along the gray-hair'd menials grieve.
Nor is it hard a tender gloom to trace
On the young chorister's sunshiny face.
While slow returning from the manufel
room

Of friend where they were weeping o'er the days

With Vernon past-profoundly sunk in gloom | Pale as a statue bending o'er a tomb, The pale-fac'd scholar walks, still dreaming of the tomb.

Now ghastly sight and lowly-whispering sound

On every side the sadden'd spirit meet-And notice give to all the courts around Of doleful preparation—the rude feet Of death's hir'd menials through this calm

With careless tread are hurrying to and fro-And loving hearts with pangs of anguish beat.

To see the cloisters blackening all below With rucful sable plumes-a ghastly funeral-

Come let us now with silent feet ascend The stair that leads up to you ancient tower-There, lieth in his shroud my dearest friend!

Oh! that the breath of sighs, the dewy shower

Stream'd from so many eye-lids had the power Gently to stir, and raise up from its bed The broken stalk of that consummate flower! Nought may restore the odours once when shed,

That sunshine smiles in vain-it wakens not the dead!

Behold! his parents kneeling side by side, Still as the body that is sleeping there! Far off were they when their sweet Henry died,

At once they fell from bliss into despair. What sorrows slumber in that silvery hair! show

To the glad day-light-while a sobbing prayer

Steals from the calmer partner of his woc, Who gently lays her hand upon those locks of snow.

He lifts his eyes-quick through a parting cloud

The sun looks out-and fills the room with light,

Hath given a purer lustre to the shroud, And plays and dances o'er those cheeks so white.

Curst be the cruel Sun! who shines so bright

Upon my dead boy's face! one kiss - one kiss-

Refere thou sink to everlasting night! My child - my child! - oh! how unlike to this

The last embrace I gave in more than mortal bliss.

The childless mother! as a statue still! But Resignation, Hope, and Faith illume Her upward eyes! and her meek spirit fill With downy peace, which blasts of earthly ill May never ruffle more-a smile appears At times to flit across her visage chill, More awful rendering every gush of tears Shed at the dark eclipse of all life's sunny years.

The whole path from his cradle to his grave She travels back with a bewilder'd brain! Bright in the gales of youth his free locks wave.

As if their burnish'd beauty laugh'd at pain, And god-like claim'd exemption from the reign

Of grief, decay, and death! Her touch doth meet

Lips cold as ice that ne'er will glow again, And lo! from these wan lips unto his feet Drawn by the hand of death a ghostly winding-sheet!

She hop'd to have seen him in yon hallow'd grove,

With gay companions laughing at his side, And listening unto him whom all did love! For she had heard with pure maternal pride How science to his gaze unfolded wide Her everlasting gates-but as he trod. The Temple's inner shrine, he sank and

died-And all of him that hath not gone to God Within her loving clasp lies senseless as the clod.

The old man groans, nor dares his face to With tottering steps she to the window O! what a glorious burst of light is there! Rejoicing in his course the river flows, And 'neath its coronet of dark-blue air The stately Elm-grove rises fresh and fair, Blest in the dewy silence of the skies! She looks one moment—then in blind despair Turns to the coffin where her Henry lies -The green earth laughs in vain before his closed eyes!

> The Old Man now hath no more tears to shed-

Wasted are all his groans so long and deep-He looks as if he car'd not for the dead! Or thought his Son would soon awake from sleep.

An agony there is that cannot weep, That glares not on the visage, but is borne Within the ruin'd spirits dungeon-keep, In darkness and in silence most forlorn, Hugging the grave-like gloom, nor wishing for the morn.

And hurrying up and down, all round the walls

Glances wild looks-and now his pale hands seize,

Just as the light on its expression falls, You picture, whose untroubled face recalls A smile for ever banish'd from the air! O dark! my Boy! are now thy Father's halls!

But I will hang this silent picture there, And morn and night will kneel before it in despair.

With trembling grasp he lifts the idle gown Worn by his Son-then closing his dim eyes, With a convulsive start he flings it down, Goes and returns, and loads it where it lies With hurried kisses! Then his glance espies A letter by that hand now icy-cold Fill'd full of love and homebred sympathies; Naming familiarly both young and old, And blessing that sweet Home he ne'er was to behold.

And now the Father lays his wither'd hand Upon a book whose leaves are idly spread: Gone-gone is he who well could understand The kingly language of the mighty dead! -There lies the flute that oft at twilight shed

Airs that beguil'd the old man of his tears; But cold the master's touch - his skill is fled.

And all his innocent life at once appears Like some sweet lovely tune that charm'd in other years.

But now the door is open'd soft and slow. The hour is come, and all the mourners wait With heads uncover'd in the courts below! Stunn'd are the parents with these words of fate,

And bow their heads low down beneath the weight

Of one soul-sickening moment of despair! Grief cometh deadly when it cometh late, And with a Fury's hand delights to tear From Eld's deep-furrow'd front the thin and hoary hair.

His eyes are open, and with tearless gleam Fix'd on the coffin! but they see it not, Like haunted Guilt blind - walking in a dream,

With soul intent on its own secret blot. The coffin moves !- yet rooted to the spot, He sees it borne away, with vacant eyes, Unconscious what it means! hath even forgot The name of Her who in a death-fit lies, His heart is turn'd to stone, nor heeds who lives or dies!

Lo! suddenly he starteth from his knees! | Lo! now the Pall comes forth into the light And one chill shudder thrills the weeping crowd!

There is it 'mid the sunshine black as night! And soon to disappear—a passing cloud! Grief can no longer bear—but bursts alond! Youth, manhood, age, one common nature sways

And hoary heads across the pall are bowed Near burnish'd locks where youthful beauty plays-

For all alike did love the Form that there decays!

List! list! a doleful dirge-a wild death-song! The coffin now is placed upon its bier, And through the echoing cloisters borne along!

-How touching those young voices thus to hear

Singing of sorrow, and of mortal fear To their glad innocence as yet unknown! Singing they weep-but transient every tear. Nor may their spirits understand the groan That age or manhood pours above the funeral stone.

Waileth more dolefully that passing psalm, At every step they take towards the cell That calls the coffin to eternal calm! At each swing of the melancholy bell More loud the sighing and the sobbing swell, More ghostly paleness whitens every face! Slow the procession moves-slow tolls that knell-

But yet the funeral at that solemn pace Alas! too soon will reach its final restingplace.

How Vernon lov'd to walk this cloister'd shade

In silent musings, far into the night! When o'er that Tower the rising moon dis-

play'd Not power than his soul her cloudless light Still was his lamp-lit window burning bright, A little earthly star that shone most sweet To those in heaven-but now extinguish'd quite-

-Fast-chain'd are now those nightly-wand-'ring feet

In bonds that none may burst-folds of the winding-sheet.

Wide is the chapel-gate, and entereth slow With all its floating pomp that sable pall! Silent as in a dream the funeral-show (For grief hath breath'd one spirit into all) Is ranged at once along the gloomy wall!

Ah me! what mournful lights athwart the gloom.

From yonder richly-pictur'd window fall!

with a transitory smile illume dim-discover'd depth of that damp breathless tomb.

profound,
profound,
momentary solace vainly seek
uzing on the solemn objects round!
e pictur'd saints with eyes uplifted meek
e still heavens, how silently they speak
ith untroubled, sanctity divine—
e on the paleness of each placid cheek
eem to see a holy lustre shine
mortal beauty breath'd from an immortal shrine!

t though beneath our feet the earthly mould rine, beauty, youth, and genius lie im decay! Yet round us we behold cheering emblems of eternity. t voice divine is theirs! If soul may die, nought its perishable glory save, you marble face that to the sky up with humble hope, what feeling

gave e smiles that speak of heaven, though kindling o'er a grave!

ly image of the Son of God! ng his cross up toilsome Calvary! that stern path for sinful mortals trod? thinks from that calm cheek, and pity-

ing eye
ted to that grim and wrathful sky,
for our sakes with a celestial tear)
a sweet smile where Vernon's relics lie
ortal stillness on the unmoving bier!
ing the bright spring-morn of heaven's
eternal year.

wn, down within oblivion's darksome brink

lingering motion, as if every hand loth to let the mournful burden sink, soffin disappears! The weeping band, and that gulf one little moment stand ite and black dismay—and scarcely know the dire event has happen'd! the loose sand the vault-stone with dull drop sounds below,—

grave's low hollow voice hath told the

for the last time down that cold damp gloom; ose bright letters take a farewell-sight! wn falls the vault-stone on the yawning tomb, all below is sunk in sudden night!

is the chapel-nisle with sunshine bright,

The upper world is glad, and fresh and fair, But that black stone repels the dancing light— The beams of heaven must never enter there, Where by the mould'ring corpse in darkness sits Despair!

Where now those tears, smiles, motions, looks and tones, That made our Vernon in his pride of place So glorious and so fair! these sullen stones, Like a frozen sea, lie o'er that beauteous face! Soon will there be no solitary trace

Soon will there be no solitary trace
Of him, his joys, his sadness, or his mirth!
Even now grows dim the memory of that

That halo-like shone round the soul of worth!
All fading like a dream! all vanishing from earth.

Where now the fancies wild—the thoughts benign

That rais'd his soul and purified his heart!
Where now have fled those impulses divine
That taught that gifted youth the Poet's art,
Stealing at midnight with a thrilling start
Into his spirit, wakeful with the pain
Of that mysterious joy! In darkness part
All the bright hopes, that in a glorious train
Lay round his soul, like clouds that hail the
morning's reign!

Ah me! can sorrow such fair image bring Before a mourner's eyes! Methinks I see, Laden with all the glories of the spring, Balm, brightness, music, a resplendent tree, Waving its blossom'd branches gloriously Over a sunny garden of delight! A cold north-wind comes wrathful from the sea.

And there at dawn of day a rueful sight!

As winter brown and sere the glory once so bright.

I look into the mist of future years, And gather comfort from the eternal law That yields up manhood to a host of fears, To blinded passion, and bewildering awe! Th' exulting soul of Vernon never saw Hope's ghastly visage by Truth laugh'd to scorn;

Imagination had not pans'd to draw
The gorgeous curtains of Life's sunny morn,
Nor show'd the scenes behind so dismal and
forlorn.

To thee, my Friend! as to a shining star Through the blue depths a cloudless course was given;

There smil'd thy soul, from earthly vapours

Serenely sparkling in its native heaven! No clouds at last were o'er its beauty drivenBut as aloft it burn'd resplendently,
At once it faded from the face of even,
As oft before the nightly wanderer's eye
A star on which he gaz'd drops sudden
from the sky!

Who comes to break my dreams? The chapel-door

Is opening slow, and that old Man appears With his long floating locks so silvery-hoar! His frame is crouching, as if twenty years Had pass'd in one short day! There are no tears On his wan wrinkled face, or hollow eyes! At last with pain his humbled head he rears, And asks, while not one grief-chok'd voice replies,

Show me the very stone neath which my Henry lies!

He sees the scatter'd dust—and down he falls Upon that pavement with a shuddering groan; And with a faltering broken voice he calls By that dear name upon his buried Son. Then dumb he lies! and ever and anon Fixes his eye-balls with a ghastly glow On the damp blackness of that hideous stone, As if he look'd it through, and saw below The dead face looking up as white as frozen snow!

O gently make way for that Lady fair! How calm she walks along the solemn aisle! Beneath the sad grace of that braided hair, How still her brow! and what a holy smile! One start she gives—and stops a liftle while, When bow'd by grief her husband's frame

appears,
With reverend locks which the hard stones
defile!

Then with the only voice that mourner hears, Lifts up his hoary head and bathes it in her tears!

At last the funeral party melts away,
And as I look up from the chapel-floor,
No living object can my eyes survey,
Save these two childless Parents at the door,
Flinging back a wild farewell—then seen no
more!

And now I hear my own slow footsteps sound Along the echoing aisle—that tread is o'er— And as with blinded eyes I turn me round, The Sexton shuts the gate that stuns with thundering sound!

How fresh and cheerful laughs the open air To one who has been standing by a tomb! And yet the beauty that is glistening there Flings back th' unwilling soul into the gloom. We turn from walls which dancing rays illume Unto the darkness where we lately stood, And still the image of that narrow room Beneath the sunshine chills our very blood, With the damp breathless air of mortal solitude.

O band of rosy children shouting loud, With Morris-dance in honour of the May! Restrain that laughter ye delighted crowd, Let one sad hour disturb your holiday. Ye drop your flowers, and wonder who are they With garb so black and cheeks of deadly hue! With one consent then rush again to play. For what hath Sadness, Sorrow, Death to do, Beneath that sunny sky with that lighthearted crew!

And now the Parents have left far behind The gorgeous City with its groves and bowers.

The funeral toll pursues them on the wind, And looking back, a cloud of thunder lowers In mortal darkness o'er the shining towers, That glance like fire at every sunny gleam! Within that glorious scene, what hideous hours

Dragg'd their dire length! tower, palace, temple swim,

Before their wilder'd brain-a grand but dreadful dream!

Say who will greet them at their Castle-gate?

A silent line in sable garb array'd,
The ancient servants of the House will wait!
Up to those woe-worn visages afraid
To lift their gaze! while on the tower
displayed,

A rueful scutcheon meets the Father's eye, Hung out by death when heauty had decayed, And sending far into the sunless sky The mortal gloom that shrouds its dark emblazonry.

Oh! black as death you pine-grove on the

You waterfall hath now a dismal roar! Why is that little lake so sadly still, So dim the flowers and trees along the shore! 'Tis not in vernal sunshine to restore Their faded beauty, for the source of light That warm'd the primrose-bank doth flow no more!

Vain Nature's power! for unto Sorrow's sight No dewy flower is fair, no blossomy tree is bright.

Five years have travell'd hy-since side by side

That aged pair were laid in holy ground! With them the very name of Vernon died. And now it seemeth like an alien sound. co once it shed bright smiles and blessings round!
her race dwell in that ancient Hall,
one memorial of that youth is found
his sweet Picture—now unknown to
all—
smiles, and long will smile neglected
on the wall.

not forgotten in that lofty clime, restar-like once thy radiant spirit shone, thou my Vernon! 'mid those courts sublime mournful music of thy name is knowned still glories in her gifted Son, gray-hair'd men who speak of days gone by ant what noble palms by him were won, ibe his step, his mien, his voice, his eye, cars will oft rush in to close his eulogy.

mage stands! with pale but life-like face!
cold white marble breathes a heavenly smile,
still locks cluster with a mournful grace.
'er may time that beauteous bust deface!
may it smile through ages far away,
sose, who, walking through that holy place,

e dim silence of the Chapel-aisle

ment pause that Image to survey, read with soften'd soul the monumental lay.

#### DDRESS TO A WILD DEER

HE POREST OF DALNESS, GLEN-ETIVE,

bright!

pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight; chat hath the child of the desert to dread, ing up his own mountains that farbeaming head; beaming of the whirlwind down on the vale?—

King of the wild and the beautiful!—
hail!

Idol divine!—whom Nature hath borne a hundred hill-tops since the mists of the morn, must be pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and moor,

the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,

pread in a garment of glory o'er thec.

Up! up to you cliff! like a King to his throne! O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and

A throne which the eagle is glad to resign Unto footsteps softeet and so fearless as thine. There the bright heather springs up in love

Lo! the clouds in the depth of the sky are at rest;

And the race of the wild winds is o'er on the hill!

In the hush of the mountains, ye antiers lie still-

Though your branches now toss in the storm of delight, Like the arms of the pine on you shelterless height.

One moment—thou bright Apparition!—
delay!

Then melt o'er the crags, like the sun from the day.

Aloft on the weather-gleam, scorning the earth,

The wild spirit hung in majestical mirth: In dalliance with danger, he bounded in bliss, O'er the fathomless gloom of each meaning abyss;

O'er the grim rocks careering with prosperous motion.

Like a ship by herself in full sail o'er the

Then proudly he turn'd ere he sank to the dell, And shook from his forchead a haughty farewell.

While his horns in a crescent of radiance shone,

Like a flag burning bright when the vessel is gone.

The ship of the descrt hath pass'd on the wind,

And left the dark ocean of mountains behind! But my spirit will travel wherever she flee, And behold her in pomp o'er the rim of the

Her voyage pursue—till her anchor be cast In some cliff-girdled haven of beauty at last.

What lonely magnificence stretches around! Each sight how sublime! and how awful each sound!

All hush'd and serene, as a region of dreams, The mountains repose 'mid the roar of the streams,

Their glens of black umbrage by cataracts

But calm their blue tops in the beauty of Heaven.

Here the glory of nature buth nothing to

-Aye! Time the destroyer in power hath been here;

so high,

Like a black thunder-cloud on the arch of
the sky,

Hath gone, like that cloud, when the tempest came by.

Deep sunk in the black moor, all worn and
decay'd,

Where the floods have been raging, the limbs are display'd Of the Pine-tree and Oak sleeping vast in the gloom,

The kings of the forest disturb'd in their tomb.

E'en now, in the pomp of their prime, I behold O'erhanging the desert the forests of old! So gorgeous their verdure, so solemn their shade. Like the heavens above them, they never may fade. The sunlight is on them-in silence they sleep-A glimmering glow, like the breast of the deep, When the billows scarce heave in the calmness of morn. -Down the pass of Glen-Etive the tempest is borne, And the hill-side is swinging, and roars with a sound In the heart of the forest embosom'd profound. Till all in a moment the tumult is o'er, And the mountain of thunder is still as the shore When the sea is at ebb; not a leaf nor a breath To disturb the wild solitude, steadfast as

death. From his eyric the eagle hath soar'd with a scream, And I wake on the edge of the cliff from my dream; -Where now is the light of thy far-beaming brow? Fleet son of the wilderness! where art thou now? -Again o'er you crag thou returnst to my sight. Like the horns of the moon from a cloud of the night! Serene on thy travel-as soul in a dream-Thou needest no bridge o'er the rush of the stream. With thy presence the pine-grove is fill'd, as with light, And the caves, as thou passest, one moment are bright. Through the arch of the rainbow that lies on the rock 'Mid the mist stealing up from the cataract's shock.

And the forest that hung on you mountain so high,

Like a black thunder-cloud on the arch of the sky.

Thou fling'st thy bold beauty, exulting and free,

O'er a pit of grim blackness, that roars like the sea.

His voyage is o'er!—As if struck by a spell
He motionless stands in the hush of the dell,
There softly and slowly sinks down on his breast,
In the midst of his pastime enamour'd of rest.
A stream in a clear pool that endeth its race—
A dancing ray chain'd to one sunshiny place—
A cloud by the winds to calm solitude driven—

Fit couch of repose for a pilgrim like thee!
Magnificent prison enclosing the free!
With rock-wall encircled—with precipice
crown'd—

A hurricane dead in the silence of heaven!

Which, awoke by the sun, thou can'st clear at a bound.

'Mid the fern and the heather kind Nature doth keep One bright spot of green for her favourite's sleep;

And close to that covert, as clear as the skies When their blue depths are cloudless, a little lake lies.

Where the creature at rest can his image

Looking up through the radiance, as bright and as bold!

How lonesome! how wild! yet the wildness is rife

With the stir of enjoyment—the spirit of life. The glad fish leaps up in the heart of the lake. Whose depths, at the sullen plunge, sullenly quake!

Elate on the fern-branch the grasshopper sings,

And away in the midst of his roundelay springs;

'Mid the flowers of the heath, not more bright than himself,

The wild-bee is busy, a musical elf— Then starts from his labour, unwearied and gay,

And, circling the antlers, booms far far away. While high up the mountains, in ailease remote,

The cuckoo unseen is repeating his note, And mellowing echo, on watch in the skies, Like a voice from some loftier climate replies.

With wide-branching antlers a guard to his breast.

There lies the wild Creature, even stately in rest!

'Mid the grandeur of nature, compos'd and serene,

And proud in his heart of the mountained scene,

He lifts his calm eye to the eagle and raven, When the clear depth of noon-tide, with At noon sinking down on smooth wings to their haven,

As if in his soul the bold Animal smil'd To his friends of the sky, the joint-heirs of the wild.

Yes! fierce looks thy nature, ev'n hush'd in repose-

In the depth of thy desert regardless of foes. Thy bold antlers call on the hunter afar With a haughty defiance to come to the war! No outrage is war to a creature like thee! The bugle-horn fills thy wild spirit with glee, As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,

And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind.

In the beams of thy forehead that glitter with death,

In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,-

In the wide-raging torrent that lends thee its roar,-In the cliff that once trod must be trodden

no more,-Thy trust-'mid the dangers that threaten

thy reign! -But what if the stag on the mountain be

slain? On the brink of the rock-lo! he standeth

at bay Like a victor that falls at the close of the

While hunter and hound in their terror

retreat From the death that is spurn'd from his

furious feet: and his last cry of anger comes back from

the skies, a nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

High life of a hunter! he meets on the hill he new waken'd daylight, so bright and so still;

and feels, as the clouds of the morning unroll, The silence, the splendour, ennoble his soul. Tis his o'er the mountains to stalk like a ghost,

Enshrouded with mist, in which nature is lost,

THI he lifts up his eyes, and flood, valley, and height,

one moment all swim in an ocean of light; While the sun, like-a glorious banner unfurl'd,

eems to wave o'er a new, more magnificent world.

Tis his-by the mouth of some cavern his seat-

The lightning of heaven to hold at his feet, While the thunder below him that growls from the cloud,

To him comes on echo more awfully loud.

glittering motion,

O'erflows the lone glens-an aerial ocean-When the earth and the heavens, in union profound.

Lie blended in beauty that knows not a sound-

As his eyes in the sunshiny solitude close 'Neath a rock of the desert in dreaming repose,

He sees, in his slumbers, such visions of old As his wild Gaelic songs to his infancy told; O'er the mountains a thousand plum'd hunters are borne,

And he starts from his dream at the blast of the horn.

Yes! child of the desert! fit quarry were thou

For the hunter that came with a crown on his brow,-

By princes attended with arrow and spear, In their white-tented camp, for the warfare of deer.

In splendour the tents on the green summit stood.

And brightly they shone from the glade in the wood.

And, silently built by a magical spell, The pyramid rose in the depth of the dell. All mute was the palace of Lochy that day, When the king and his nobles-a gallant array-

To Gleno or Glen-Etive came forth in their pride,

And a hundred fierce stags in their solitude died.

Not lonely and single they pass'd o'er the height-

But thousands swept by in their hurricaneflight:

And bow'd to the dust in their trampling tread

Was the plumage on many a warrior's head. -"Fall down on your faces!-the herd is at hand!"

-And onwards they came like the sea o'er the sand;

Like the snow from the mountain when loosen'd by rain. And rolling along with a crash to the plain;

Like a thunder-split oak-tree, that falls in one shock

With his hundred wide arms from the top of the rock,

Like the voice of the sky, when the black cloud is near,

So sudden, so loud, came the tempest of Deer.

Wild mirth of the desert! fit pastime for kings!

Which still the rude Bard in his solitude sings

Oh reign of magnificence! vanish'd for ever! Like music dried up in the bed of a river,

Whose course hath been chang'd! yet my soul can survey
The clear cloudless morn of that glorious day.
Yes! the wide silent forest is loud as of yore,
And the far-ebbed grandeur rolls back to
the shore.

I wake from my trance!—lo! the Sun is declining!

And the Black-mount afar in his lustre is shining,

One soft golden gleam ere the twilight prevail!

Then down let me sink to the cot in the dale, Where sings the fair maid to the viol so sweet,

Or the floor is alive with her white twinkling feet.

Down, down like a bird to the depth of the del!

—Vanish'd Creature! I bid thy fair image farewell!

## A CHURCH-YARD-SCENE.

How sweet and solemn, all alone, With reverend steps, from stone to stone In a small village-church-yard lying, O'er intervening flowers to move! And as we read the names unknown Of young and old to judgment gone, And hear in the calm air above Time onwards softly flying, To meditate, in Christian love, Upon the dead and dying! Across the silence seem to go With dream-like motion, wavering, slow, And shrouded in their folds of snow, The friends we loved long long ago! Gliding across the sad retreat, How beautiful their phantom-feet! What tenderness is in their eyes, Turned where the poor survivor lies 'Mid monitory wanctities! What years of vanished joy are fanned From one uplifting of that hand In its white stillness! when the Shade Doth glimmeringly in sunshine fade From our embrace, how dim appears This world's life through a mist of tears! Vain hopes! blind sorrows! needless fears!

Such is the scene around me now:
A little Church-yard on the brow
Of a green pastoral hill;
Its sylvan village sleeps below,
And faintly here is heard the flow
Of Woodburn's summer-rill;
A place where all things mournful meet,
And yet the sweetest of the sweet,
The stillest of the still!

With what a pensive beauty fall Across the mossy mouldering wall That rose-tree's clustered arches! See The robin-redbreast warily, Bright through the blossoms, leaves his nest: Sweet ingrate! through the winter blest At the firesides of men—but shy Through all the sunny summer-hours, He hides himself among the flowers In his own wild festivity. What lulling sound, and shadow cool Hangs half the darkened church-yard o'er, From thy green depths so beautiful . Thou gorgeous sycamore! Oft hath the holy wine and bread Been blest beneath thy murmuring tent, Where many a bright and hoary head Bowed at that awful sacrament. Now all beneath the turf are laid On which they sat, and sang, and prayed. Above that consecrated tree Ascends the tapering spire that seems To lift the soul up silently To heaven with all its dreams, While in the belfry, deep and low, From his heaved bosom's purple gleams The dove's continuous murmurs flow, A dirge-like song, half-bliss, half-woc, The voice so lonely seems!

## HYMN TO SPRING.

How beautiful the pastime of the Spring!
Lo! newly waking from her wintry dream,
She, like a smiling infant, timid plays
On the green margin of this sunny lake,
Fearing, by starts, the little breaking waves
(If riplings rather known by sound than
sight

May haply so be named) that in the grass Soon fade in murmuring mirth; now seeming proud

To venture round the edge of you far point. That from an eminence softly sinking down, Doth from the wide and homeless waters

A scene of tender, delicate repose, Fit baunt for thee, in thy first hours of joy, Delightful Spring!—nor less an emblem fair. Like thee, of beauty, innocence, and youth

On such a day, 'mid such a scene as this, Methinks the poets who in lovely hymne Have sung thy reign, sweet Power, and wished it long.

In their warm hearts conceived those culogies That, lending to the world inanimate A pulse and spirit of life, for any present The sanctity of Nature, and embalm Her fleeting spectacles in memory's cell In spite of time's mutations. Onwards rell The circling seasons, and as each gives high

To dreams peculiar, yea destructive oft Of former feelings, in oblivion's shade Sleep the fair visions of forgotten hours. But Nature calls the poet to her aid, And in his lays beholds her glory live For ever. Thus, in winter's deepest gloom, When all is dim before the outward eye, Nor the ear catches one delightful sound, They who have wander'd in their musingwalks

With the great poets, in their spirits feel No change on earth, but see the unalter'd woods

Laden with beauty, and inhale the song

So hath it been with me, delightful Spring! And now I hail thee as a friend who pays An annual visit, yet whose image lives From parting to return, and who is blest Each time with blessings warmer than before.

Oh! gracious Power! for thy beloved approach The expecting earth lay wrapt in kindling

smiles, Struggling with tears, and often overcome.

A blessing sent before thee from the heavens, A balmy spirit breathing tenderness, Prepared thy way, and all created things Felt that the angel of delight was near. Thou camest at last, and such a heavenly

Shone round thee, as beseem'd the eldestborn

Of Nature's guardian-spirits. The great Sun, Scattering the clouds with a resistless smile, Came forth to do thee homage; a sweet hymn Was by the low Winds chaunted in the sky; And when thy feet descended on the earth, Scarce could they move amid the clustering flowers

By Nature strewn o'er valley, hill, and field, To hail her blest deliverer!—Ye fair Trees, How are ye changed, and changing while I gaze!

It seems as if some gleam of verdant light Fell on you from a rainbow; but it lives Amid your tendrils, brightening every hour Into a deeper radiance. Ye sweet Birds, Were you asleep through all the wintry hours,

Beneath the waters, or in mossy caves? There are, 'tis said, birds that pursue the Spring

Where'er she flies, or else in death-like sleep Abide her annual reign, when forth they

With freshen'd plumage and enraptured song, As ye do now, unwearied choristers, Till the land ring with joy. Yet are ye not, porting in tree and air, more beautiful Than the young lambs, that from the valley-

Send a soft bleating like an Infant's voice, Half happy, half afraid! O blessed things! At sight of this your perfect innocence, The sterner thoughts of manhood melt away Into a mood as mild as woman's dreams. The strife of working intellect; the stir Of hopes ambitious; the disturbing sound Of fame, and all that worshipp'd pageantry That ardent spirits burn for in their pride, Fly like disparting clouds, and leave the soul Pure and serene as the blue depths of heaven.

Now, is the time in some meek solitude Of birds, airs, echoes, and of vernal showers. To hold communion with those innocent thoughts

That bless'd our earlier days;-to list the voice

Of Conscience murmuring from her inmost shrine,

And learn if still she sing the quiet tune That fill'd the ear of youth. If then we feel, That 'mid the powers, the passions, and desires

Of riper age, we still have kept our hearts Free from pollution and 'mid tempting scenes Walk'd on with pure and unreproved steps, Fearless of guilt, as if we knew it not; Ah me! with what a new sublimity Will the green hills lift up their sunny heads, Ourselves as stately. Smiling will we gaze On the clouds whose happy home is in the heavens;

Nor envy the clear streamlet that pursues His course 'mid flowers and music to the sea. But dread the beauty of a vernal day, Thon trembler before memory! To the saint What sight so lovely as the angel-form That smiles upon his sleep! The sinner veils His face ashamed,-unable to endure The upbraiding silence of the scraph's eyes!-

Yet awful must it be, even to the best And wisest man, when he beholds the sun Prepared once more to run his annual round Of glory and of love, and thinks that God To him, though sojourning in earthly shades, Hath also given an orbit, whence his light May glad the nations, or at least diffuse Peace and contentment over those he loves! His soul expanded by the breath of Spring, With holy confidence the thoughtful man Renews his vows to virtue,-vows that bind To purest motives and most useful deeds. Thus solemnly doth pass the vernal day, In abstinence severe from worldly thoughts; Lofty disdainings of all trivial joys Or sorrows; meditations long and deep On objects fit for the immortal love Of souls immortal; weeping penitence For duties (plain though highest duties be) Despised or violated; humblest vows, Though humble strong as death, henceforth to walk

Elate in innocence; and, holier still, Warm gushings of his spirit unto God For all his past existence, whether bright, As the spring-landscape sleeping in the sun, Or dim and desolate like a wintry sea Stormy and boding storms! Oh! such will be Frequent and long his musings, till he feels As all the stir subsides, like busy day Soft-melting into eve's tranquillity, How blest is peace when born within the soul.

And therefore do I sing these pensive hymns, O Spring! to thee, though thou by some

art call'd Parent of mirth and rapture, worshipp'd best With festive dances and a choral song. No melancholy man am I, sweet Spring!

Who, filling all things with his own poor griefs. Sees nought but sadness in the character

Of universal Nature, and who weaves Most doleful ditties in the midst of joy. Yet knowing something, dimly though it be, And therefore still more awful, of that strange

And most tumultuous thing, the heart of man, It chanceth oft, that, mix'd with Nature's smiles,

My soul beholds a solemn quietness That almost looks like grief, as if on earth There were no perfect joy, and happiness Still trembled on the brink of misery!

Yea! mournful thoughts like these even now arise.

While Spring, like Nature's smiling infancy, Sports round me, and all images of peace Seem native to this earth, nor other home Desire or know. Yet doth a mystic chain Link in our hearts foreboding fears of death With every leveliest thing that seems to us Most deeply fraught with life. Is there a child

More beauteous than its playmates, even more pure

Than they? while gazing on its face, we think

That one so fair most surely soon will die! Such are the fears now beating at my heart. Ere long, sweet Spring! amid forgotten things

Thou and thy smiles must sleep: thy little lambs

Dead, or their nature changed; thy hymning birds

Mute ;-faded every flower so beautiful ;-And all fair symptoms of incipient life To fulness swollen, or sunk into decay!

Such are the melancholy dreams that

Whene'er they named the Spring. Thence, doubts and fears Of what might be the final doom of man; Till all things spoke to their perplexed souls The language of despair; and, mournful night!

Even hope lay prostrate upon beauty's grave!

Vain fears of death! breath'd forth in deathless lays!

O foolish bards, immortal in your works, Yet trustless of your immortality! Not now are they whom Nature calls her bards

Thus daunted by the image of decay. They have their tears, and oft they shed them too.

By reason unreproach'd; but on the pale Cold cheek of death they see a spirit smile. Bright and still brightening, even like thee, oh Spring!

Stealing in beauty through the wintersnow !-

Season, beloved of Heaven! my hymn is closed!

And thou, sweet Lake! on whose retired banks

I have so long reposed, yet in the depth Of meditation scarcely seen thy waves Farewell !- the voice of worship and of praise

Dies on my lips, yet shall my heart preserve Inviolate the spirit whence it sprung Even as a harp, when some wild plaintive strain

Goes with the hand that touch'd it, still retains

The soul of music sleeping in its strings.

## LORD RONALD'S CHILD.

THREE days ago Lord Ronald's child Was singing o'er the mountain-wild, Among the sunny showers That brought the rainbow to her sight. And bathed her footsteps in the light Of purple heather-flowers. But chilly came the evening's breath-The silent dew was cold with death-She reached her home with pain; And from the bed where now she lies. With snow-white face and closed eyes, She ne'er must rise again.

Still is she as a frame of stone. That in its beauty lies alone, With silence breathing from its face, For ever in some holy place! Chapel or aisle! on marble laid-In the elder time the songs of tenderest bards, With pale hands o'er its pale breast apreadnage humble, meek, and low, ac forgotten long ago!

feet are winding up the stair—
o! a Vision passing fair!
resa'd in white—a mournful show—
ad of orphan children come,
footsteps like the falling snow,
car to her eternal home
gracious Lady who look'd down
smiles on their forlorn estate—
t Mercy up to heaven is gone,
eft the friendless to their fate.

pluck the honeysuckle's bloom, through the window fills the room mournful odours—and the rose in its innocent beauty glows, ag its dewy golden head rds the pale face of the dead, ing like a thing forsaken eyes that will not waken, thed in pity's gentle showers place these melancholy flowers the cold white breast! here they lie! profoundly calm! ag to fill with fading balm ce of deeper rest!

at fair Band the bier is borne he open light of morn,— ill the parting dirge be said, a spot of sunshine laid th a grove of trees! and uncovered every head, t-tressed youth, and hoary agen suddenly before the dead tonald's gather'd vassalage own upon their knees! tive and its mountains lie ent as the depth profound it unclouded sunbright sky-eard the melancholy sound ters murmuring by. softly from the orphan-band ping Child, and takes her stand to the Lady's feet, wildly sings a funeral hymn! verflowing eyes and dim in the winding-sheet!

#### HYMN.

ntiful the streams through our vallies run, and dancing in the gleams ummer's cloudless sun.

rectest of them all a its fairy banks is gone; e music of the waterfall left the silent stone! Up among the mountains
In soft and mossy cell,
By the silent springs and fountains
The happy wild-flowers dwell.

The queen-rose of the wilderness
Hath wither'd in the wind,
And the shepherds see no loveliness
In the blossoms left behind.

Birds cheer our lonely groves
With many a beauteous wing—
When happy in their harmless loves
How tenderly they sing.

O'er all the rest was heard One wild and mournful strain,— But hush'd is the voice of that hymning bird, She ne'er must sing again!

Bright through the yew-trees gloom, I saw a sleeping dove! On the silence of her silvery plume, The sunlight lay in love.

The grove seem'd all her own
Round the beauty of that breast—
But the startled dove afar is flown;
Forsaken is her nest!

In yonder forest wide
A flock of wild-deer lies,
Beauty breathes o'er each tender side,
And shades their peaceful eyes!

The hunter in the night
Hath singled out the doe,
In whose light the mountain-flock lay bright,
Whose hue was like the snow!

A thousand stars shine forth,
With pure and dewy ray—
Till by night the mountains of our north
Seem gladdening in the day.

O empty all the heaven!
Though a thousand lights be there—
For clouds o'er the evening-star are driven,
And shorn her golden hair!

That melancholy music dies—
And all at once the kneeling crowd
Is stirr'd with groans, and sobs, and sighs—
As sudden blasts come rustling loud
Along the silent skies.
Hush! hush! the dirge doth breathe again!
The youngest of the orphan-train
Walks up unto the bier,

With rosy checks and smiling eyes As heaven's unclouded radiance clear; And there like Hope to Sorrow's strain With dewy voice replies:

What! though the stream be dead,
Its banks all still and dry!
It murmureth now o'er a lovelier bed
In the air-groves of the sky.

What! though our prayers from death
The queen-rose might not save!
With brighter bloom and balmier breath
She springeth from the grave.

What! though our bird of light
Lie mute with plumage dim!
In heaven I see her glancing bright—
I hear her angel-hymn.

What! though the dark tree smile No more—with our dove's calm sleep! She folds her wing on a sunny isle In heaven's untroubled deep.

True that our beauteous doe Hath left her still retreat— But purer now in heavenly snow She lies at Jesus' feet.

O star! untimely set!
Why should we weep for thee!
Thy bright and dewy coronet
Is rising o'er the sea!

# THE ANGLER'S TENT.

Tak hush of bliss was on the sunny hills, The clouds were sleeping on the silent sky, We travelled in the midst of melody Warbled around us from the mountain-rills. The voice was like the glad voice of a friend Murmuring a welcome to his happy home; We felt its kindness with our spirits blend, And said: This day no farther will we roam! The coldest heart that ever looked on heaven, Had surely felt the beauty of that day, And, as he paused, a gentle blessing given To the sweet scene that tempted him to stay. But we, who travelled through that region bright,

Were joyful pilgrims under Nature's care, From youth had loved the dreams of pure delight,

Descending on us through the lonely air, When Heaven is clothed with smiles, and Earth as Heaven is fair!

Seven lovely days had like a happy dream Died in our spirits silently away, Since Grassmere, waking to the morning-ray, Met our last lingering look with farewell gleam.

I may not tell what joy our being filled, Wand'ring like shadows over plain and steep, What beauteous visions lonely souls can build When 'mid the mountain-solitude they sleep. I may not tell how the deep power of sound Can back to life long-faded dreams recall, 'When lying 'mid the noise that lives around Through the hush'd spirit flows a waterfall. To thee, my Wordsworm! whose inspired

Comes forth in pomp from Nature's inner

To thee by birth-right such high themes belong,

The unseen grandeur of the earth is thine! One lowlier simple strain of human love be mine.

How leapt our hearts, when from an airy height, On which we paused for a sweet fountain's sake,

With green fields fading in a peaceful lake. A deep-sunk vale burst sudden on our sight! We felt as if at home; a magic sound, As from a spirit whom we must obey, Bade us descend into the vale profound, And in its silence pass the Sabbath-day. The placid lake that rested far below, Softly embosoming another sky, Still as we gazed assumed a lovelier glow. And seem'd to send us looks of amity. Our hearts were open to the gracious love Of Nature, smiling like a happy bride; So following the still impulse from above, Down the green slope we wind with airy glide,

And pitch our snowy tent on that fair water's side.

Ah me! even now I see before me stand, Among the verdant holly-boughs half-hid, The little radiant airy Pyramid, Like some wild dwelling built in Fairy-land. As silently as gathering cloud it rose, And seems a cloud descended on the earth. Disturbing not the Sabbath-day's repose, Yet gently stirring at the quiet birth Of every short-lived breeze: the sunbesses

The beauteous stranger in the lonely by:
Close to its shading tree two streamletamod.
With gentle glide, as weary of their play.
And in the liquid lustre of the lake
Its image sleeps, reflected far below;
Such image as the clouds of snumer main.
Clear seen amid the waveless water's glow.
As slumbering infant still and pure as Appli-

rising fair,

A sudden stranger 'mid the sylvan scene, One spot of radiance on surrounding green, Human it is and human souls are there! Look through that opening in the canvas wall.

Through which by fits the scarce-felt breezes play.

Upon three happy souls thine eyes will fall. The summer lambs are not more blest than

they! On the green turf all motionless they lie, In dreams romantic as the dreams of sleep, The filmy air slow-glimmering on their eye, And in their ear the murmur of the deep. Or haply now by some wild-winding brook, Deep, silent pool, or waters rushing loud, In thought they visit many a fairy-nook That rising mists in rainbow colours shroud, And ply the Angler's sport involved in mountain-cloud!

Yes! dear to us that solitary trade, 'Mid vernal peace in peacefulness pursued, Through rocky glen, wild moor, and hanging wood,

White-flowering meadow, and romantic glade!

The sweetest visions of our boyish years Come to our spirits with a murmuring tone Of running waters, - and one stream appears, Remember'd all, tree, willow, bank, and stone!

How glad were we, when after sunny showers Its voice came to us issuing from the school! How fled the vacant, solitary hours, By dancing rivulet, or silent pool! And still our souls retain in manhood's prime The love of joys our childish years that

blest: So now encircled by these hills sublime, We Anglers, wandering with a tranquil

Build in this happy vale a fairy-bower of rest!

Within that bower are strewn in careless

guise, Idle one day, the angler's simple gear; Lines that, as fine as floating gossamer, Dropt softly on the stream the silken flies; The limber rod that shook its trembling

length, Almost as airy as the line it threw, Yet aften bending in an arch of strength When the tired salmon rose at last to view, Now lightly leans across the rushy bed, On which at night we dream of sports by day; And empty now, beside it close is laid The goodly parmier framed of osiers gray; And maple bowl in which we wont to bring The limpid water from the morning-wave, Or from some mossy and sequester'd spring

Wild though the dwelling seem, thus To which dark rocks a grateful coolness gave,

Such as might Hermit use in solitary cave!

And ne'er did Hermit, with a purer breast, Amid the depths of sylvan silence pray, Than prayed we friends on that mild quiet

day By God and man beloved, the day of rest! All passions in our souls were lull'd to sleep, Ev'n by the power of Nature's holy bliss; While Innocence her watch in peace did keep Over the spirit's thoughtful happiness! We view'd the green earth with a loving

Like us rejoicing in the gracious sky; A voice came to us from the running brook That seem'd to breathe a grateful melody. Then all things seem'd embued with life and

look.

And as from dreams with kindling smiles to wake.

Happy in beauty and in innocence; While, pleased our inward quiet to partake, Lay hush'd, as in a trance, the scarcelybreathing lake.

Yet think not, in this wild and fairy spot, This mingled happiness of earth and heaven, Which to our hearts this Sabbath-day was

Think not, that far-off friends were quite forgot.

Helm-crag arose before our half-closed eyes With colours brighter than the brightening

Beneath that guardian mount a cottage lies Encircled by the halo breathed from Love! And sweet that dwelling rests upon the brow (Beneath its sycamore) of Orest-hill,

As if it smiled on Windermere below, Her green recesses and her islands still! Thus, gently-blended many a human thought With those that peace and solitude supplied, Till in our hearts the moving kindness wrought

With gradual influence, like a flowing tide, And for the lovely sound of human voice we sigh'd.

And hark! a laugh, with voices blended, stole

Across the water, echoing from the shore! And during pauses short the beating oar Brings the glad music closer to the soul. We leave our tent; and lo! a lovely sight Glides like a living creature through the air, For air the water seems thus passing bright, A living creature beautiful and fair! Nearer it glides; and now the radiant glow That on its radiant shadow seems to float, Turns to a virgin-band, a glorious shew, Rowing with happy smiles a little boat.

Towards the tent their lingering course they steer.

And cheerful now upon the shore they stand, In maiden bashfulness, yet free from fear, And by our side, gay-moving hand in hand, Into our tent they go, a beauteous sisterhand!

Scarce from our hearts had gone the sweet surprise,

Which this glad troop of rural maids awoke; Scarce had a more familiar kindness broke From the mild lustre of their smiling eyes, Ere the tent seem'd encircled by the sound

Of many voices; in an instant stood Men, women, children, all the circle round, And with a friendly joy the strangers view'd. Strange was it to behold this gladsome crowd Our late so solitary dwelling fill;

And strange to hear their greetings mingling lond

Where all before was undisturb'd and still. Yet was the stir delightful to our ear, And moved to happiness our inmost blood, The sudden change, the unexpected cheer, Breaking like sunshine on a pensive mood, This breath and voice of life in seeming solitude!

Hard task it was, in our small tent to find Seats for our quickly-gather'd company; But in them all was such a mirthful glee. I ween they soon were seated to their mind! Some viewing with a hesitating look The panniers that contained our travelling fare.

On them at last their humble station took, Pleased at the thought, and with a smiling

Some on our low-framed beds then chose their seat.

Each maid the youth that loved her best beside.

While many a gentle look, and whisper sweet, Brought to the stripling's face a gladsome pride.

The playful children on the velvet green, Soon as the first-felt bashfulness was fled, Smiled to each other at the wondrous scene, And whisper'd words they to each other said, And raised in sportive fit the shining, golden Seen in great cities, - temple, tower, and head!

Then did we learn that this our strangertent.

Seen by the lake-side gleaming like a sail, Had quickly spread o'er mountain and o'er vale

A gentle shock of pleased astonishment. The lonely dwellers by the lofty rills Gazed in surprise upon th' unwonted sight, The wandering shepherds saw it from the hills,

And quick descended from their airy height. Soon as the voice of simple song and prayer Ceased in the little chapel of the dell,

The congregation did in peace repair To the lake-side, to view our wondrous cell. While leaving, for one noon, both young and old.

Their cluster'd hamlets in this deep recess, All join the throng, in conscious good-will bold.

Elate and smiling in their Sabbath-dress, A mingled various groupe of homely happiness!

And thus our tent a joyous scene became, Where loving hearts from distant vales did meet

As at some rural festival, and greet Each other with glad voice and kindly name. Here a pleased daughter to her father smiled, With fresh affection in her soften'd eyes; He in return look'd back upon his child With gentle start and tone of mild surprise: And on his little grand-child, at her breast, An old man's blessing and a kiss bestow'd, Or to his cheek the lisping baby prest, Light'ning the mother of her darling load; While comely matrons, all sedately ranged Close to their husbands' or their children's side.

A neighbour's friendly greeting interchanged. And each her own with frequent glances

And raised her head in all a mother's harmless pride.

Happy were we among such happy hearts! And to inspire with kindliness and love Our simple guests, ambitiously we strove, With novel converse and endearing arts! We talk'd to them, and much they loved to

hear, Of those sweet vales from which we late had come;

For though these vales are to each other

Seldom do dalesmen leave their own der home:

Then would we speak of many a wondrous sight

And winding streets at night - fall blazing bright

With many a star-like lamp of glimmerits fire.

The gray-hair'd men with deep attention heard,

Viewing the speaker with a solemn face, While round our feet the playful children stirr'd.

And near their parents took their silent plan Listening with looks where wonder breathe a glowing grace.

delight

nish'd rod, with joints that shone like gold,

en line on glittering reel enroll'd, t-unglers a most wondrous sight! could their chiding parents then controul

ttle hearts in harmless malice gay, one, bolder than his fellows, stole h the tempting treasures where they lay.

pture glistened in their eager eyes, with kind voice, we bade these children take

ous store of well-dissembled flies with caution for the strangers' sake! ook'd-for gift we graciously bestow udden joy the leaping heart o'erpowers:

rasp the lines, while all their faces glow

as spring - blossoms after sunny showers,

ir them in their hats like wreaths of valley-flowers!

ould they check their joyance and surprise.

he clear crystal and the silver bowl with a novel beauty on their soul, wine mantled with its rosy dies. ur pomp we shew'd with mickle glee, icest viands, fitly to regale,

a day of rare festivity, sts thus wondering at their native vale.

we pledged them, nor could they decline

ial cup we did our best to press, gled wishes with the joyful wine, ishes for our health and happiness. the while a low delightful sound soft-answering voice with music fill'd

y-palace's enchanted ground, nes as seem from blooming tree distill'd,

unseen bees repair their waxen cells to build.

s we were in that most blessed mood Nature's sons alone can deeply prove, sh'd with free heart our kindest love who breath'd, -one common brotherhood.

aithful servants, men of low degree, th us, as we roamed the wilds among, it pleased their simple hearts to see asters mingling with the rural throng. ir guests they sought to speak aside, the genial flow of gladness, told e were free from haughtiness or

pride,

much they gazed with never-tired | Though scholars all, and rich in lands and

We smiled to hear our praise thus rudely sung,

(Well might such praise our modesty offend) Yet, we all strove, at once with eye and tongue

To speak, as if invited by a friend, And with our casual talk instruction's voice to blend.

Rumours of wars had reached this peaceful vale,

And of the Wicked King, whom guilt hath driven

On earth to wage a warfare against Heaven, These sinless shepherds had heard many a

Encircled as we were with smiles and joy, In quietness to Quiet's dwelling brought, To think of him whose bliss is to destroy, At such a season was an awful thought! We felt the eternal power of happiness And virtue's power; we felt with holy awe That in this world, in spite of chance-distress, Such is the Almighty Spirit's ruling law. And joyfully did we these shepherds tell To hear all rumours with a tranquil mind, For, in the end, that all would yet be well, Nor this bad Monarch leave one trace behind, More than o'er yonder hills the idly-raving

Then gravely smiled, in all the power of

A hoary-headed, venerable man, Like the mild chieftain of a peaceful clan, Mid simple spirits looked on as a sage. Much did he praise the holy faith we held, Which God, he said, to cheer the soul had given,

For even the very angels that rebelled, By sin performed the blessed work of Heaven. The Wicked King, of whom we justly spake, Was but an instrument in God's wise hand, And though the kingdoms of the earth might quake,

Peace would revisit every ravaged land. Even as the carthquake, in some former time, Scatter'd you rugged mountain far and wide, Till years of winter's snow and summer's prime,

To naked cliffs fresh verdure have supplied-Now troops of playful lambs are bounding on its side.

Pleased were the simple groupe to hear the sire

Thus able to converse with men from far, And much did they of vaguely-rumour'd war, That long had raged in distant lands, inquire. Scarce could their hearts, at peace with all mankind,

That man of woman born should be so blind As walk in guilt beneath the blessed sun; And one, with thoughtful countenance, ex-

prest
A fear lest on some dark disastrous day, Across the sea might come that noisome pest, And make fair England's happy vales his prey

Short lived that fear !- soon firmer thoughts arise:

Well could these dalesmen wield the patriot's sword,

And stretch the foe beneath the smiling skies:

In innocence they trust, and in the Lord, Whom they, that very morn, in gladness had adored!

But soon such thoughts to lighter speech give way

We in our turn a willing ear did lend To tale of sports, that made them blythely

spend The winter-evening and the summer-day. Smiling they told us of the harmless glee That bids the echoes of the mountains wake, When at the stated festival they see Their new-wash'd flocks come snow-white from the lake;

And joyful dance at neighbouring village-fair, Where lads and lasses, in their best attire, Go to enjoy that playful pastime rare, And careful statesmen shepherds new to hire! Or they would tell, how, at some neighbour's cot,

When nights are long, and winter on the earth,

All cares are in the dance and song forgot, And round the fire quick flies the circling mirth,

When nuptial vows are pledged, or at an infant's birth!

Well did the roses blooming on their cheek.

And eyes of laughing light, that glisten'd fair Beneath the artless ringlets of their hair, Each maiden's health and purity bespeak. Following the impulse of their simple will, No thought had they to give or take offence; Glad were their bosoms, yet sedate and still, And fearless in the strength of innocence. Oft as, in accents mild, we strangers spoke To these sweet maidens, an unconscious smile Like sudden sunshine o'er their faces broke, And with it struggling blushes mix'd the while.

And oft as mirth and glee went laughing round.

Breath'd in this maiden's ear some harmless jest

Would make her, for one moment, on the ground

Believe what bloody deeds on earth are done, Her eyes let fall, as wishing from the rest To hide the sudden throb that beat within her breast.

> Oh! not in vain have purest poets told, In elegies and hymns that ne'er shall die, How, in the fields of famous Arcady, Lived simple shepherds in the age of gold! They fabled not, in peopling rural shades With all most beautiful in heart and frame; Where without guile swains woo'd their happy maids,

> And love was friendship with a gentler name.

> Such songs in truth and nature had their birth,

> Their source was lofty and their aim was pure,

> And still, in many a favour'd spot of earth. The virtues that awoke their voice endure! Bear witness thou! O, wild and beauteous dell.

> To whom my gladden'd heart devotes this strain;

> O! long may all who in thy bosom dwell Nature's primeval innocence retain, Nor e'er may lawless foot thy sanctity

profane!

Sweet Maids! my wandering heart returns

And well the blush of joy, the courteous air. Words unrestrained, and open looks declare That fancy's day-dreams have not been untrue

It was indeed a beauteous thing, to see The virgin, while her bashful visage smiled, As if she were a mother on her knee Take up, with many a kiss, the asking child. And well, I ween, she play'd the mother's

For as she bended o'er the infant fair, A mystic joy seem'd stirring at her heart, A yearning fondness, and a silent prayer. Nor did such gentle maiden long refuse To cheer our spirits with some favourits strain,

Some simple ballad, framed by rustic muse, Of one who died for love, or, led by gain, Sail'd in a mighty ship to lands beyond the main.

And must we close this scene of merrinest! Lo! in the lake soft burns the star of me. And the night-hawk hath warn'd our guests to leave.

Ere darker shades descend, our happy test The Moon's bright edge is seen above the hill:

She comes to light them on their homewar way 4

And every heart, I ween, now lies as still As on you fleecy cloud her new-born ray.

kindly by young and old our hands are | Our tent with laughter; from the hills they press'd.

And kindly we the gentle touch return; Each face declares that deep in every breast Peace, virtue, friendship, and affection burn. At last beneath the silent air we part, And promise make that shall not be in vain, A promise asked and given warm from the

heart, That we will visit all, on hill and plain, If e'er it be our lot to see this land again!

Backward they gazed, as slowly they withdrew.

With step reluctant, from the water-side; And oft, with waving hand, at distance tried Through the dim light to send a last adieu! One lovely groupe still linger'd on the green, The first to come, the last to go away While steep'd in stillness of the moonlightscene,

Moor'd to a rock their little pinnace lay. These laughing damsels climb its humble

side, Like fairy-elves that love the starry sea; Nor e'er did billows with more graceful glide Mid the wild main enjoy their liberty. Their faces brightening in triumphant hue, Close to each maid their joyful lovers stand ; One gives the signal,-all the jovial crew Let go, with tender press, the yielding hand; -Down drop the oars at once,-away they push from land.

The boat hath left the silent bank, the tone

Of the retiring oar escapes the mind; Like mariners some ship hath left behind, We feel, thus standing speechless and alone. One moment lives that melancholy trance-The mountains ring; oh! what a joy is there!

As hurries o'er their heights, in circling dance, Cave-loving Echo, Daughter of the Air. Is it some spirit of night that wakes the shout.

As o'er the cliffs, with headlong speed, she ranges ?

Is it, on plain and steep, some fairy-rout Answering each other in tumultuous changes? There seems amid the hills a playful war; Trumpet and clarion join the mystic noise; Now growing on the car, now dying far! Great Gabel from his summit sends a voice, And the remotest depths of Ennerdale rejoice!

mirth!

No spirits are they, who, trooping through the sky,

In chorus swell that mountain-melody; These are the voices that so late did chear come

With friendly sound unto our listening ear, A jocund farewell to our glimmering home Loth are our guests, though they have linger'd long,

That our sweet tent at last should leave their sight;

So with one voice they sing a parting-song, Ere they descend behind the clouds of night. Nor are we mute; an answering shout we wake,

At each short pause of the long, lengthening sound,

Till all is silent as the silent Lake, And every noise above, below, around, Seems in the brooding night-sky's depth of slumber drown'd!

Soon from that calm our spirits start again With blyther vigour; nought around we see Save lively images of mirth and glee, And playful fancies hurry through our brain. Shine not, sweet Moon! with such a haughty

light; Ye stars! behind your veil of clouds retire; For we shall kindle on the earth, this night, To drown your feeble rays, a joyous fire. Bring the leaves withering in the holly-shade, The oaken branches sapless now and hoar, The fern no longer green, and whins that fade

'Mid the thin sand that strews the rocky shore.

Heap them above that new-awaken'd spark; Soon shall a pyramid of flame arise; Now the first rustling of the vapour, hark! The kindling spirit from its prison flies, And in an instant mounts in glory to the skics!

Far gleams the Lake, as in the light of day, Or when, from mountain-top, the setting sun, Ere yet his earth-delighting course is run, Sheds on the slumbering wave a purple ray. A bright'ning verdure runs o'er every field, As if by potent necromancer shed, And a dark wood is suddenly reveal'd, A glory resting on its ancient head. And oh! what radiant beauty doth invest Our tent that seems to feel a conscious pride, Whiter by far than any cygnet's breast, Or cygnet's shadow floating with the tide. A warmer flush unto the moonlight cold, Winning its lovely way, is softly given, A silvery radiance tinged with vivid gold; While thousand mimic stars are gayly driven Oh! well I know what means this din of Through the bright glistening air, scarce known from those in Heaven.

Amid the flame our lurid figures stand, It comes from mortal children of the earth! Or, through the shrouding vapour dimly view'd.

To fancy seem, in that strange solitude, Like the wild brethren of some lawless band. One, snatching from the heap a blazing bough, Would, like lone maniac, from the rest retire, And, as he waved it, mutter deep a vow, His head encircled with a wreath of fire. Others, with rushing haste, and cager voice, Would drag new victims to the insatiate

power,

That like a savage idol did rejoice
Whate'er his suppliants offer'd to devour.
And aye strange murmurs o'er the mountains roll'd,

As if from sprite immured in cavern lone, While higher rose pale Luna to behold Our mystic orgies, where no light had shone, For many and many a year of silence—but her own.

O! gracious Goddess! not in vain did shine Thy spirit o'er the heavens; with reverent eye We hail'd thee floating through the happy

No smiles to us are half so dear as thine! Silent we stood beside our dying flame, In pensive sadness, born of wild delight, And gazing heavenward many a gentle name Bestow'd on her who beautifies the night. Then, with one heart, like men who inly mourn'd,

Slowly we paced towards our fairy-cell, And ere we enter'd for one moment turn'd And bade the silent majesty farewell! Our rusby beds invite us to repose; And while our spirits breathe a grateful

In balmy slumbers soon our eyelids close, While, in our dreams, the Moon, serenely fair,

Still bathes in light divine the visionary air!

Methinks, next night, I see her mount her throne, Intent with loving smile once more to hail The deep, deep peace of this her loneliest

-But where hath now the magic dwelling

Oh! it hath melted like a dream away, A dream by far too beautiful for earth; Or like a cloud that hath no certain stay, But ever changing, like a different birth. The aged holly-trees more silently, Now we are gone, stand on the silent ground; I seem to hear the streamlet floating by With a complaining, melancholy sound. Hush'd are the echoes in each mountain's

breast,
No traces there of former mirth remain;
They all in friendly grandeur lie at rest
And silent, save where Nature's endless
strain.

From cataract and cave, delights her lonely reign. Yet, though the strangers and their tent

Away, like snow that leaves no mark behind, Their image lives in many a guiltless mind, And long within the shepherd's cot shall last. Oft when, on winter-night, the crowded seat Is closely wheel'd before the blazing fire, Then will he love with grave voice to repeat (He, the gray-headed venerable sire) The conversation he with us did hold On moral subjects, he had studied long; And some will gibe the maid who was so

As sing to strangers readily a song.
Then they unto each other will recal
Each little incident of that strange night,
And give their kind opinion of us all:
God bless their faces smiling in the light
Of their own cottage-hearth! O, fair subduing sight!

Friends of my heart! who shared that purest joy,
And oft will read these lines with soften'd soul,

Go where we will, let years of absence roll, Nought shall our sacred amity destroy. We walk'd together through the mountaincalm.

In open confidence, and perfect trust; And pleasure, falling through our breasts like balm,

Told that the yearnings that we felt were just. No slighting tone, no chilling look e'er marr'd. The happiness in which our thoughts reposed. No words save those of gentleness were heard,

The eye spoke kindly when the lip was closed.

But chief, on that blest day that wakes my song,

Our hearts eternal truth in silence swere: The holy oath is planted deep and strong Within our spirits,—in their inmost core.— And it shall blossom fair till life shall be no more!

Most hallow'd day! scarce can my heart sustain

Your tender light by memory made more mild;

Tears could I shed even like unto a child. And sighs within my spirit hush the strain. Too many clouds have dimm'd my youthful life.

These wakeful eyes too many vigils kept; Mine hath it been to toss in mental strife. When in the moonlight breathing Nature

slept.
But I forget my cares, in bliss forget,
When, peaceful Valley! I remember thee;
I seem to breathe the air of joy, and yet
Thy bright'ning hues with moisten's eyo
I see.

So will it be, till life itself doth close, Roam though I may o'er many a distant clime;

Happy, or pining in unnoticed woes,
Oft shall my soul recal that blessed time,
And in her depths adore the beauteous and
sublime!

Time that my rural reed at last should Its willing numbers; not in vain hath flow'd The strain that on my singing heart bestow'd The holy boon of undisturbed peace. O gentlest Lady! Sister of my friend, This simple strain I consecrate to thee; Haply its music with thy soul may blend, Albeit well used to loftier minstrelsy. Nor may thy quiet spirit read the lay With cold regard, thou wife and mother blest For he was with me on that Sabbath-day, Whose heart lies buried in thy inmost breast. Then go my innocent and blameless tale, In gladness go, and free from every fear, To you sweet dwelling above Grassmere-vale, And he to them I long have held so dear, One of their fire-side-songs, still fresh from year to year!

#### THE FAIRIES.

## A DREAM-LIKE REMEMBRANCE OF A DREAM.

It chanced three merry Fairies met On the bridge of a mountain-rivulet, Whose hanging arch through the misty

Like a little lunar-rainbow lay,
With turf and flowers a pathway meet,
For the twinkling of unearthly feet,
For bright were the flowers as their golden
tresses.

And green the turf as their Elfin-dresses.

Aye the water o'er the Linn

Was mocking, with a gleesome din,

The small shrill laughter, as it broke
In peals from these night-wandering Folk;

While the stream danced on with a tinkling

All happy to meet by a blink o' the moon.

Now laughing louder than before,

They strove to deaden that ceaseless roar;
And, when vanquished was the waterfall,
Loudly they shouted, one and all,
Like the chorus of a Madrigal,

Till the glen awoke from its midnight trance,
And a'er the hills in flight-like dance,
Was all the troop of echoes driven,

This moment on earth, and that in heaven.

From the silent heart of a hollow Yew, A charm had hushed the thundering shock. The Owl sailed forth with a loud halloo; And stillness steeped the blackened rocks.

And his large yellow eyes looked bright With wonder, in the wan moonlight, As hovering white, and still as snow, He caught a glance of the things below, All burning on the bridge like fire In the sea-green glow of their wild attire. Halloo! Halloo! tu-whit! tu-whoo! Cried the gleesome Elves, and away they flew, With mimic shriek, sob, cry, and how!, In headlong chase of the frightened Owl. With many a buffet they drove him onward, Now hoisted him up, now pressed him downward;

They pulled at his horns, and with many a tweak,

Around and around they screwed his beak; On his back they beat with a birch-spray flail,

And they tore the long feathers from his tail;

Then, like warriors mounted in their pride, Behind his wings behold them ride! And shouting, charge unto the war, Each waving his soft plume-scymitar; A war of laughter, not of tears, The wild-wood's harmless Cuirassiers.

Through the depth of Ivy on the wall (The sole remains of old Greystock Hall) The Screamer is driven, half scared to death; And the gamesome Fairies, all out of

Their tiny robes in the air arranging,
And kisses in their flight exchanging,
Now slowly with the soft wind stealing
Right onwards, round about now wheeling,
Like leaves blown off in gusty weather,
To the rainbow-bridge all flock together;
And lo! on the green moss all alight,
Like a cluster of Goldfinches mingling bright.

What feats the Fairy-Creatures played! Now seeming of the height afraid, And, folding the moss in fast embraces, They peeped o'er the bridge with their love-

Now hanging like the fearless flowers
By their tiny arms in the cataract-showers,
Swung back and forward with delight,
Like pearls in the spray-shower burning
bright!

Then they dropt at once into the pool—A moment gone! then beautiful Ascending on slow-hovering wing, As if with darkness dallying, They rose again, through the smiling air, To their couch of moss and flow'rets fair, And rooted lay in silence there.

Down into the gulf profound
Slid the stream without a sound!
A charm had husbed the thundering shocks,
And stillness strenged the blackened rocks.

'Twas fit, where these fair things were lying, In the soft moonlight-glow I knew No sound, save of some Zephyr sighing, Should stir the gentle Solitude! The mountain's night-voice was subdued To far-off music faint and dim, From Nature's heart a holy hymn! Nor was that Universal Strain Through Fairy-bosoms breathed in vain; Entranced in joy the Creatures lay, Listening the music far away, Till One the deep'ning silence broke, And thus in song-like murmurs spoke.

#### MOUNTAIN-PAIRY.

Soon as the lingering Sun was gone, I sailed away from my sparry throne, Mine own cool, silent, glimmering dwelling, Below the roots of the huge Hylvellyn. As onwards like a thought I flew, From my wings fast fell the pearly dew, Sweet tiny orbs of lucid ray Rising and setting on my way, As if I had been some Planet fair, That ruled its own bright atmosphere. O beauteous sight! the Shepherd cried, To the Shepherd slumbering at his side, Look where the Mountain-Fairy flies! But ere he had opened his heavy eyes, I had flown o'er Grassmere's moonlight-flood, And the rustling swing of old Rydal-Wood, And sunk down 'mid the heather-bells On the shady side of sweet Furness-Fells. 'Twas but one soft wave o' my wing! A start, and an end to my journeying. One moment's rest in a spot so dear. For the Moonlight was sleeping on Windermere,

And I saw in that long pure streak of light The joy and the sadness of the night, And mine eyes, in sooth, began to fill, So beautiful that Lake—so still— So motionless its gentle breast-Save where just rocking in their rest, A crowd of water-lilies lay Like stars amid the milky way.

But what had I with the Lake to do? So off to the misty hills I flew, And in dark ravines, and creviced rocks, With my finger I counted my thousand flocks, And each little Lamb by name I blest, As snow-white they lay in their innocent rest. When I saw some weak cold tottering Lamb Recline 'gainst the side of its pitiful Dam, Who seemed to have some wildering fear Of Death, as of a Foe that was near, I shone like a sunbeam soft and warm Till the fleece lay smooth on its strengthened form,

And the happy Creatures lay down together Like waves on the sea in gentle weather, And in contentment calm and deep Sank faintly-bleating into sleep.

Where the herbs that hold the poison

And at the touch of my feathery foot They withered at once both stalk and root; But I shook not the gracious tears of night From the plants most dear to the Shepherd's sight.

And with mellower lustre bade them spring In the yellow round of the Fairy's ring Till, methought, the hillside smiled afar, With the face of many a verdant Star. I marked the Fox at the mouth of his den. And raised the shadows of Hunter-men, And I bade aërial beagles rave, And the horn twang through the Felon's cave, Then buried him with Famine in his grave.

The Raven sat upon Langdale-Peak With crusted blood on his ebon-beak. And I dashed him headlong from the steep. While the murderer croaked in his sullen

sleep.

Away I sailed by the Eagle's nest And the Eaglets couched warm beneath her breast.

But the Shepherd shall miss her cry at

For her eyes are dim and her plumage torn, And I left in their Eyrie the Impa accurat To die in their hunger, and cold, and thirst. All, all is well with my lovely Flocks! And so I dropt suddenly down the rocks, From Loughrig-top, like a falling Star. Seen doubtless through the mists afar By a hundred Shepherds on the Hill Wandering among the Moonlight still, And with folded wings and feet earth-bound I felt myself standing o'er the sound Of this Waterfall, and with joy espied A Sister-Elf at either side! My Tale is told-nor strange nor new-Now, sweet Lady Bright-Eyes! what any you?"

As some wild Night-Flower through the Looks to the Moon with freshened hue. When a wandering breath of air Hath lifted up its yellow hair, And its own little glade grows bright At the soft revealment of its light: Upsprung, so sudden and so sweet. The COTTAGE-FAIRY to her feet; And, looking round her with a smile, Silent the Creature paused awhite, Uncertain what glad thoughts should bard In music from her spirit first, Till, like a breath breathed clear from Heaven.

To her at once a voice was given, And through the tune the words are As through the fragrant dew the leaflets of the Rose.

COTTAGE-FAIRY.

s! I have seen this night dred Cottage-Fires burn bright, thousand happy faces shining bursting blaze and the gleam declining. not I for the stars above, ights on earth are the lights I love: enus bless the Evening-air, at morn Prince Lucifer, iose little tiny stars be mine brough the softened copse-wood shine, beauty crown the pastoral hill, limmer o'er the sylvan rill, e stands the peasant's ivied nest, he huge mill-wheel is at rest. out the honeysuckle's bloom oed into that laughing room, like a hail-drop, on the pane ing; I stilled the din again, every startled eye looked up; half-raised to her lips the cup, osy Maiden's look met mine! veiled mine eyes with the silken twine small wild roses clustering thickly; to her seat returning quickly; an to talk with bashful glee iries 'neath the greenwood-tree ig by moonlight, and she blest our silent Land of rest. nfants playing on the floor, se wild words their sports gave o'er, ked where lived the Cottage-Fairy; mid replied: She loves to tarry es beside our very hearth, oins in little Children's mirth they are gladly innocent; metimes beneath the leafy tent, nurmurs round our cottage-door, vershadowing Sycamore, e her dancing in a ring, ar the blessed Creature singature full of gentleness, ing in our happiness .placked I a wreath with many a gem ng—a flowery Diadem; brough the wicket with a glide ed, and sat me down beside oungest of those Infants fair, reathed the blossoms round her hair. laced these flowers on William's head? tle wondering Sister said, ath not half so bright and gay ed me, upon the morn of May, of that sunny Holiday, ny Monarch laughed aloud pride among the loving crowd, with my shrillest voice, I lent rus to their merriment; with such murmur as a bee from a flower-cup suddenly off into the silent sky, med away, and with delight down the calm stream of the night, ently, as a flake of Snow, nore I dropt on earth below,

And girdled, as with a rainbow-zone, The Cot beloved I call mine own.

Sweet Cot! that on the mountain-side Looks to the stars of Heaven with pride, And then flings far its smiling cheer O'er the radiant Isles of Windermere,—Blest! ever blest! thy sheltered roof! Pain, grief, and trouble, stand aloof From the shadow of thy green palm-tree! Let nought from Heaven e'er visit thee, But dews, and rays, and sounds of mirth; And ever may this happy Earth Look happiest round thy small domain! Thee were I ne'er to see again, Methinks that agony and strife Would fall even on a Fairy's life, And nought should ever bless mine eyes Save the dream of that vanished Paradise. The hush'd bee-hives were still as death—And the sleeping doves held fast their breath,

Nestling together on the thatch; With my wing-tip I raised the latch, And there that lovely Lady shone, In silence sitting all alone, Beside the cradle of her Child! And ever as she gazed, she smiled On his calm forehead white as snow; I rock'd the cradle to and fro, As on the broom a Linnet's nest Swings to the mild wind from the west; And oft his little hands and breast, With warm and dewy lips I kist. Sweet Fairy! the glad Mother said, And down she knelt as if she prayed-While glad was I to hear our name Bestowed on such a beauteous frame, And with my wings I hid mine eyes, Till I saw the weeping kneeler rise From her prayer in holy extacies!

The Cottage-Fairy ceased; and Night, That seem'd to feel a calm delight In the breath of that sweet-warbling tongue, , Was sad at closing of the song, And all her starry eyne look'd dull, Of late so brightly beautiful; Till on the Fox-glove's topmost cup The FAIRY OF THE LAKE leapt up, And with that gorgeous column swinging, By fits a low wild prelude singing, And gracefully on tip-toe standing, With outstretched arm, as if commanding, The beauty of the Night again Revived beneath her heavenly strain .-Low, sad, and wild, were the tones I heard, Like the opening song of the hidden bird, Ere music steeps th' Italian vales From the heart of a thousand nightingales; But words were none; the balmy air Grew vocal round that Elfin fair, And, like her fragrant breath, the song Dropp'd dewily from that sweet tongue,

But 'twas a language of her own,
To grosser human sense unknown;
And while in blissful reverie
My soul lived on that melody,
In a moment all as death was still:
Then, like an echo in a hill
Far off one melancholy strain!
Too heavenly pure to rise again,
And all alone the dreamer stood
Beside the disenchanted flood,
That rolled the rocky banks along
With its own dull, slow, mortal song.
—What wafted off the Fairies? hush!
The storm comes down the glen—crush—

And as the blackening rain-cloud broke, The pine-tree groans to the groaning oak! Thunder is in the waving wood-And from Rydal-mere's white-flashing flood There comes through the mist an angry roar, Loud as from the great sca-shore. Well, I ween, the Fairies knew The clouds that the sudden tempest brew, And had heard far-off the raging rills, As they leapt down from a hundred hills,-And the ghostlike moan that wails and raves From the toppling crags and the sable caves,-Ere the night-storm in his wrath doth come, And bids each meaner sound be dumb-So they sailed away to the land of rest, Each to the spot that it loved the best, And left our noisy world!

# LINES

WRITTEN ON READING THE MEMOIRS OF MISS ELISABETH SMITH.

PEACE to the dead! the voice of Nature

eries,
Even o'er the grave where guilt or frailty

Compassion drives each sterner thought away,

And all seem good when mouldering in the clay.

For who amid the dim religious gloom, The solemn Sabbath brooding o'er the tomb, The holy stillness that suspends our breath When the soul rests within the shade of death.

What heart could then withhold the pensive

Reflection pays to poor mortality,
Nor sunk in pity near allied to love,
E'en bless the being we could ne'er approve!
The headstrong will with innocence at strife,
The restless passions that deform'd his life,
Desires that spurn'd at reason's weak controul,
And dimm'd the native lustre of the soul,
The look repulsive that like ice repress'd
The friendly warmth that play'd within the
breast,

The slighting word, through heedlessness

Wounding the spirit that it ought to cheer, Lie buried in the grave! or if they live, Remembrance only wakes them to forgive; While vice and error steal a soft relief From the still twilight of a mellowing grief. And oh! how lovely do the tints return Of every virtue sleeping in the urn! Each grace that fleeted unobserved away, Starts into life when those it deck'd decay; Regret fresh beauty on the corse bestows. And self-reproach is mingled with our woes.

But nobler sorrows lift the musing mind, When soaring spirits leave their frames behind.

Who walked the world in Nature's generous pride.

And, like a sun-beam, lighten'd as they died! Hope, resignation, the sad soul beguile, And Grief's tear drops 'mid Faith's celestial smile:

Then burns our being with a holy mirth That owns no kindred with this mortal earth; For hymning angels in blest vision wave Their wings' bright glory o'er the scraph's grave!

Oh thou! whose soul unmoved by earthly strife.

Led by the pole-star of eternal life, Own'd no emotion stain'd by touch of clay. No thought that angels might not pleased

Thou! whose calm course through Virtue's fields was run

From youth's fair morning to thy setting

Nor vice e'er dared one little cloud to roll O'er the bright beauty of thy spotless soult Thou! who secure in good works strong to save,

Resign'd and happy, eyed'st the opening grave,

And in the blooming summer of thy years Scarce feltst regret to leave this vale of tears;

Oh! from thy throne amid the starry skies. List to my words thus interwove with sighs. And if the high resolves, the cherish'd pais That prompt the weak but reverential strain If love of virtue ardent and sincere Can win to mortal verse a cherub's car.

Bend from thy radiant throne thy ferm divine, And make the adoring spirit pure as this

When my heart muses o'er the long review Of all thy bosom felt, thy reason knew, O'er boundless learning free from beastfel

And patience humble though severely tried.
Judgment unclouded, passions thrice reford.
A heaven-aspiring loftiness of mind.

tre perfection! calm and sober sense ed with fancy's wild magnificence; with the pomp of Nature's wondrous plan.

plan, with joy the dignity of man, aring high above life's roaring sea, to the dwelling of my God and Thee.

t here thy stay! for souls of holiest birth

out a moment with the sons of carth; s dim sphere by God's indulgence given,

riends are angels, and their home is heaven.

irest rose in shortest time decays; n, when brightest, soon withdraws his rays;

w that gleams like diamonds on the

nstantaneous at the breath of morn; in a rolling shade of darkness shrouds r that smiles amid the evening-clouds; ands that come so sweetly on the ear, he soul wishes every sense could hear,

the Light's unwearied pinions fleet, ce as beauteous, and as short as sweet.

though the unpolluted soul requires rn in Heaven to fan her sacred fires, sunts to God exulting to be free leshly chain that binds mortality, orld is hallow'd by her blest sojourn, ory dwells for ever round her urn! irts of heauty sanctify the air It her breathings and that heard her

prayer; cs where'er the radiant vision trod, re e'en Atheists must believe in God! he proud triumphs that the g'ood achieve!

he blest gift that sinless spirits leave! arted soul in god-given strength sublime.

s undimm'd splendour o'er unmeasured time :

the earth the sainted hues survive, the tomb, but in the heart alive. the tide of ages strives to roll to check the intercourse of soul; vering spirits of the good and great and remembrance own their former state.

sing virtue often can behold a high their plumes of wavy gold, ak with tranced car the silver sound phs hymning on their nightly round. th untanght, our range of thought is small,

by the attraction of this earthly ball, crows and our joys, our hopes and fears,

pent within a few short years;

re perfection! calm and sober sense But when our hearts have read Fate's mystic ed with fancy's wild magnificence;

On Heaven's gemm'd sphere we lift a joyful look,

Hope turns to Faith, Faith glorifies the gloom,

And life springs forth exulting from the tomb!

Oh, blest ELIZA! though to me unknown Thine eye's mild lustre and thy melting tone; Though on this earth apart our lives were led, Nor my love found thee till thy soul was fled;

Yet, can affection kiss thy silent clay, And rend the glimmering veil of death away: Fancy beholds with fixed, delighted eye, Thy white-robed spirit gently gliding by; Deep sinks thy smile into my quiet breast, As moonlight steeps the occan-wave in rest! While thus, bright shade! thine eyes of

mercy dwell
On that fair land thou lovedst of old so well,
What holy raptures through thy being flow,
To see thy memory blessing all below,
Virtue re-kindle at thy grave her fires,
And vice repentant shun his low desires!
This the true Christian's heaven! on earth

The sovereign power of immortality
At war with sin, and in triumphant pride
Spreading the empire of the Crucified.

Oft 'mid the calm of mountain-solitude, Where Nature's loveliness thy spirit woo'd; Where lonely cataracts with sullen roar To thy hush'd heart a fearful rapture bore, And caverns moaning with the voice of night, Steep'd through the ear thy mind in strange delight—

I feel thy influence on my heart descend Like words of comfort whispered by a friend, And every cloud in lovelier figures roll, Shaped by the power of thy presiding soul! And when, slow-sinking in a blaze of light, The sun in glory bathes each radiant height, Amid the glow thy form scraphic seems To float refulgent with unborrow'd beams; For thou, like him, hadst still thy course pursued,

From thy own blessedness dispensing good; Brightly that soul in life's fair morn arose, And burn'd like him, more glorious at its close.

But now, I feel my pensive spirit turn. Where parents, brothers, sisters, o'er thee mourn.

For though to all unconscious time supplies A strength of soul that stifles useless sighs; And in our loneliest hours of grief is given To our dim gaze a nearer glimpse of heaven.

Yet, human frailty pines in deep distress, Even when a friend has soar'd to happiness, And sorrow, selfish from excess of love, Would glad recal the seraph from above! And, chief, to thee! on whose delighted Yet oft has faith with deeper bliss beguiled brenst,

While, yet a babe, she play'd herself to Who rock'd her cradle with requited care,

And bless'd her sleeping with a silent prayer; To thee, who first beheld, with watchful eye, From her flush'd cheek health's natural radiance fly,

And, though by fate denied the power to save, Smooth'd with kind care her passage to the grave.

When slow consumption led with fatal bloom A rosy spectre smiling to the tomb; The strain of comfort first to thee would

flow, But thou hast comforts man could ne'er bestow:

And e'en misfortune's long and gloomy roll Wakes dreams of glory in thy stately soul. For reason whispers, and religion proves, That God by sorrow chasteneth whom he loves:

And suffering virtue smiles at misery's gloom, Cheer'd by the light that burns beyond the tomb.

All Nature speaks of thy departed child, The flowery meadow, and the mountainwild;

Of her the lark 'mid sun-shine oft will sing, And torrents flow with dirge-like murmuring! The lake, that smiles to heaven a watery gleam,

Shows in the vivid beauty of a dream Her, whose fine touch in mellowing hues array'd

The misty summit and the woodland glade, The sparkling depth that slept in waveless rest.

And verdant isles reflected on its breast. As down the vale thy lonely footsteps stray, While eve stills dimly on retiring day, And the pale light that nameless calm

That holds communion with the promised skies,

When Nature's beauty overpowers distress, And stars soft-burning kindle holiness, Thy lips in passive resignation move, And peace broods o'er thee on the wings of

love. The languid mien, the cheek of hectic dye, The mournful beauty of the radiant eye, The placid smile, the light and easy breath Of nature blooming on the brink of death, When the fair phantom breathed in twilight-

A dying vigour and deceitful calm. The tremulous voice that ever loved to tell Thy fearful heart, that all would soon be well, Stands looking round with his delicate creat

Steal on thy memory, and though tears will fall

O'er scenes gone by that thou wouldst fain recal.

A parent weeping her departed child, Than love maternal, when her baby lay Hush'd at her breast, or smiling in its play, And, as some glimpse of infant-fancy came, Murmuring in scarce-heard lisp some broken name

Thou feelst no more grief's palpitating start, Nor the drear night hangs heavy on thy

Though sky and star may yet awhile divide Thy mortal being from thy bosom's pride, Your spirits mingle-while to thine is given A loftier nature from the touch of heaven.

# EDITH AND NORA.

#### A PASTORAL PORT'S DREAM.

SHE hath risen up from her morning-prayer, And chained the waves of her golden hair, Hath kissed her sleeping sister's cheek, And breathed the blessing she might not

speak, Lest the whisper should break the dream that smil'd

Round the snow-white brow of the sinless

Her radiant Lamb and her purpling Dove Have ta'en their food from the hand they love;

The low deep coo and the plaintive bleat In the morning-calm, how clear and sweet! Ere the Sun has warmed the dawning hours, She hath watered the glow of her garden-

flowers, And welcomed the hum of the earliest Bee In the moist bloom working drowsily; Then up the flow of the rocky rill She trips away to the pastoral Hill; And, as she lifts her glistening eyes In the joy of her heart to the dewy skies, She feels that her sainted Parents bless The life of their Orphan Shepherdess.

'Tis a lonely Glen! but the happy Child Hath friends whom she meets in the morning

As on she trips, her native stream, Like her hath awoke from a joyful dress And glides away by her twinkling fret. With a face as bright and a voice as sweet In the osier-bank the Ouzel sitting, Hath heard her steps, and away is flitting From stone to stone, as she glides along Then sinks in the stream with a broken see The Lapwing, fearless of his nest,

lovelike joy is in his cry, wheels and darts and glances by. he Heron asleep on the silvery sand is little lake? Lo! his wings expand dreamy thought, and withouten dread, dlike he floats o'er the Maiden's head. looks to the birch-wood-glade, and lo! re is browzing there the mountain-roe, lifts up her gentle eyes, nor moves a glides the form whom all nature loves. ing spent in heaven an hour of mirth, Lark drops down to the dewy earth, as silence smooths his yearning breast e gentle fold of his lowly nest, Linnet takes up the hymn, unseen he yellow broom or the bracken green. now, as the morning-hours are glowing, a the hillside-cots the cocks are crowing, the Shepherd's Dog is barking shrill the mist fast rising from the hill, the Shepherd's-self, with locks of gray, blessed the Maiden on her way! now she sees her own dear flock verdant mound beneath the rock; lose together in beauty and love, the small fair clouds in heaven above, her innocent soul at the peaceful sight rimming o'er with a still delight.

nd how shall sweet Edith pass the day, n her home and her sister so far away, h none to whom she may speak the while, hare the silence and the smile, n the stream of thought flows calm and

deep, the face of Joy is like that of Sleep? not-the long, still Summer-day owny wings hath sailed away, is melting unawares in Even, a pure cloud in the heart of Heaven, Weariness nor Woe hath paid visit to the happy Maid ng in sunshine or in shade. many a wild tale doth she know, aed in these valleys long ago ensive Shepherds, unto whom sweet breath of the heather-bloom ght inspiration, and the sky ing the hill-tops silently, nirs so spirit-like, and streams murmuring through a world of dreams. indred plaintive tunes hath sheindred chaunts of sober gleeshe hath sung them o'er and o'er,on some solitary shore, said the Mermaid oft doth sing ath some cliffs o'ershadowing, le melteth o'er the waters clear g which there is none to hear! at the close of each wild strain gentle Edith lived again ong-past hours - while smiles and sighs ed their own loved melodies. rose to sight the hawthorn-glade, re that old blind Musician played

So blithely to the dancing ring-Or, in a fit of sorrowing, Sung mournful songs of other years That filled his own dim eyes with tears. And then the Sabbath seemed to rise In stillness o'er the placid skies, And from the small Kirk in the Dell Came the clear chime of holy Bell, Solemnly ceasing, when appeared The gray-haired Man beloved and feared— The Man of God-whose eyes were filled With visions in the heavens beheld, And rightfully inspired fear, Whose yoke, like Love's, is light to bear.

-And thus sole-sitting on the brae, From human voices far away, Even like the flowers round Edith's feet, Shone forth her fancies wild or sweet; Some in the shades of memory Unfolding out reluctantly, But breathing from that tender gloom A faint-etherial-pure perfume; Some burning in their full-blown pride, And by the Sun's love beautified; None wither'd-for the air is holy, Of a pure spirit's melancholy; And God's own gracious eye hath smiled On the sorrows of this Orphan-Child; Therefore, her Parents' Grave appears Green, calm, and sunbright through her tears.

Beneath the deep'ning hush of years.

An Image of young Edith's Life, This one still day—no noise—no strife— Alike calm—morning—noon—and even— And Earth to her as pure as Heaven.

Now night comes wavering down the sky
The clouds like ships at anchor lie,
All gathered in the glimmering air,
After their pleasant voyage: there
One solitary bark glides on
So slow, that its haven will ne'er be won.
But a wandering wind hath lent it motion,
And the last Sail hath passed o'er the
heavenly ocean.

Are these the hills so steeped by day, In a greenness that seemed to mock decay, And that stole from the Sun so strong and

light,
That it well might dare th' eclipse of night?
Where is the sound that filled the air
Around—and above—and every where?
Soft wild pipes hushed! and a world of wings
All shut with their radiant shiverings!
The wild bees now are all at rest
In their earthen cell—or their mossy nest—
Save when some lated labourers come
From the far-off hills with a weary hum,
And drop down 'mid the flowers, till morn
Shall awaken to life each tiny horn.
Dew sprinkles sleep on every flower,
And each bending stalk has lost its power—

No toils have they, but in beauty blest, They seem to partake in Nature's rest. Sleep calms the bosom of the Earth, And a dream just moves it in faintest mirth.

The slumber of the hills and sky
Hath hushed into a reverie
The soul of Edith—by degrees,
With half-closed eyes she nothing sees
But the glimmer of twilight stretched afar,
And one bright solitary star,
That comes like an angel with his beams,
To lead her on through the world of dreams.
She feels the soft grass beneath her head,
And the smell of flowers around her shed,
Breathing of Earth,—as yet, she knows
Whence is the sound that past her flows,
(The flowery fount in its hillside-cell)
But a beauty there is which she cannot tell
To her soul that beholds it, spread all around;
And she feels a rapture, oh! more profound
Than e'er by a dream was breathed, or
driven.

Through a bosom, all suddenly filled with heaven.

Oh! come ye from heaven ye blessed
Things,
So silent with your silvery wings
Folded in moonlight-glimmerings?
—They have dropt like two soft gleams of
light,

Those gracious Forms, on the verdant height Where Edith in her slumber lies, With calm face meeting the calm skies, Like one whose earthly course is o'er, And sleepeth to awake no more! Gazing upon the Child they stand, Till one with small soft silent hand Lifts from that brow the golden hair-Was ever mortal face so fair? God gives to us the sleeping maid! And scarcely are the kind words said, Than Edith's lovely neck is wreathed With arms as soft as zephyrs breathed O'er sleeping lilies,-and slowly raised The still form of the child, amazed To see those visages divine, And eyes so filled with pity, shine On her, a simple Shepherdess, An orphan in the wilderness!

"O, happy child! who livest in mirth And joy of thine own on this sinful Earth, Whose heart, like a lonely stream, keeps singing,

Or, like a holy bell, is ringing
So sweetly in the silent wild—
Wilt thou come with us, thou happy child,
And live in a land where woe and pain
Are heard but as a far-off strain
Of mournful music,—where the breath
Of Life is murmuring not of Death;

And Happiness alone doth weep,
And nought but Bliss doth breathe our sleep.
Wilt thou come with us to the Land of
Dreams?"

—A kiss as soft as moonlight seems
To fall on Edith's brow and cheek—
As that voice no more is heard to speak;
And bright before her half-closed eyes
Stand up these Shapes from Paradise,
Breathing sweet fear into her heart!
—She trembleth lest their beauty part,
Cloudlike, ere she be full awake,
And leave her weeping for their sake,
An orphan Shepherdess again,
Left all by herself in that lonely glen!

"Fear not, sweet Edith! to come along With us, though the voice of the Fairy's Song

Sound strange to thy soul thus murmuring

Fear not, for thou hast nought to fear! Oft Hast thou heard our voice before, Hymnlike pass by thy cottage-door When thou and thy sister were at prayers, Oft hast thou heard it in wild low airs, Circling thy couch on the heathery hill,-And when all the stars in heaven were still, As their images in the lake below, That was our voice that seemed to flow, Like softest waters through the night, The music breathed from our delight. Then, come with us, sweet Edith! come And dwell in the Lake-Fairy's home; And happier none can be in heaven, Than we in those green vallies, given By Nature's kind beneficence To us, who live in innocence; And on our gentle missions go, Up to the human world of woe, To make by our music mortal Elves For a dream as happy as ourselves; All flitting back ere the morn arise, To our own untroubled Paradisc.'

"O waft me there, ere my dream is gest. For dreams have a wild world all their own! And never was vision like to this—O waft me away ere I wake from bliss! But where is my little sister? Where The child whom her mother with dying

Put into my bosom, and bade us be True to each other, as on the sea Two loving birds, whom a wave may divide. But who float back soon to each other's aide!

Bring Nora here, and we two will take Our journey with you deep down the Lake. And let its waters for ever close O'er the upper world of human wees. For young though we be, and have known no strife,

Yet we start at the shadows of nunrtal life:

many a tear have we two shed ch other's arms, on an orphan bed, t Nora to my heart be given, with you will we fly, and trust in Heaven."

ound of parting wings is heard, hen at night some wandering bird by us, absent from its nest ad the hour of the Songsters' rest. the younger Fairy away hath flown, ath Nora found in her sleep alone, raised her up between her wings, ulled her with gentlest murmurings, borne her over plain and steep soft smooth glide that breaks not sleep, aid her down as still as death dith's side on the balmy heath, Il ere twice ten waves have broke e Lake's smooth sand, or the aged oak ceased to shiver its leaves so red th the breeze that just touched its head. eath-flowers all are shining bright, very star has it own soft light, Il the quiet clouds are there, he same sweet sound is in the air, stream and echo mingling well silence of the glimmering dell,-o more is seen the radiant fold iry-wings bedropt with gold, hose sweet human faces! They melted like the dew away, dith and Nora never more be sitting seen on the earthly shore! hey drift away with peaceful motion, birds into the heart of ocean, silent spot secure from stormsfloat on with their soft-plumed forms er than the white sca-foam, dancing on from home to home; Creatures! in their lonely glee er than Stars in Heaven or Sea.

g years are past—and every stone
corphans' cot is with moss o'ergrown,
wild-stalks beautiful and tall
o'er the little garden-wall,
he clear well within the rock
with its smiling calm unbroke
pping pitcher! There the hives!
o faint feeble hum survives—
is that Cottage once so sweet,
ded as in a winding-sheet—
wen the sobbing of the air
as o'er the life that once was there!

appy ye! who have flown afar the sword of those ruthless men of war,

for many a year, have bathed in blood ind's green glens of solitude! ins were ye—but your lips were calm together ye sang the evening-psalm;

Nor sound of terror on the breeze. E'er startled you up from your humble knees, When on the dewy daisied sod, In heaven ye worshipp'd your Father's God, After the simple way approved By men whom God and Angels loved. Dark-dark days come-when holy prayers Are sinful held, and snow-white hairs By ruffian hands are torn and strewed, Even where the Old Man bows to God! Sahbath is heavy to the soul, When no kirk-bell is heard to toll, Struck dumb as ice-no bridal show Shines cheerful through these days of woe; Now are the blest baptismal rites Done by lone streams, in moonless nights; Now every lover loves in dread; Sleep flies from cradle and from bed; The silent meal in fear is blest; In fear the mother gives her breast To the infant, whose dim eyes can trace A trouble in her smiling face. The little girl her hair has braided, Over a brow by terror shaded; And virgins, in youth's lovely years, Who fear not death, have far worse fears. Wailing is heard o'er all the land, For, by day and night, a bloody hand A bloody sword doth widely wave, And peace is none, but in the grave.

But Edith and Nora lead happy hours
In the Queen Lake-Fairy's palace-bowers,
Nor troubles from the world of ill
E'er reach that kingdom calm and still,
A dream-like kingdom sunk below,
The fatal reach of waking woe!
There, radiant water-drops are shed,
Like strings of pearl round each Orphan's
head.

Glistening with many a lovely ray,
Yet, all so light, that they melt away,
Unfelt by the locks they beautify—
The flowers that bloom there never die,
Breathing for ever through the calm
A gentle breath of honeyed balm;
Nor ever happy Fairy grieves
O'er the yellow fall of the forest-leaves
Nor mourns to hear the rustling dry
Of their faded pride in the frosty sky;
For all is young and deathless there,
All things unlike—but all things fair.
Nor is that saddest beauty known
That lies in the thoughts of pleasure flown;
Nor doth joy ever need to borrow
A charm to its soul from the smiles of

Nor are the upper world and skies
Withheld, when they list, from these
Orphans' eyes—
The shadow of green trees on earth
Falls on the Lake — and the small bird's
mirth

Doth often through the silence ring
In sweet, shrill, merry jargoning—
So that the Orphans almost think
They are lying again on the broomy brink
Of their native Dee—and scarcely know
If the change hath been to bliss or woe,
As, 'mid that music wild, they seem
To start back to life from a fairy-dream.
So all that most beautiful is above
Sends down to their rest its soul of love;
Nor have they in their bliss forgot
The walls, roof, and door, of their native

Nor the bed in which their Parents died, And they themselves slept side by side! They know that Heaven hath brought them here.

To shield them from the clouds of fear; And therefore on their sinless breasts When they go to sleep the Bible rests, The Bible that they read of old, Beside their lambs in the mountain-fold, Unseen but by one gracious eye, That blest their infant-piety!

On what doth the wondering shepherd

As o'er Loch-Ken the moonlight plays, And in the Planet's silvery glow, Far shines the smooth sand, white as snow? In Heaven or Lake there is no breeze, Yet a glimmering Sail that shepherd sees. Swanlike steer on its stately way Into the little Crescent bay; Now jocundly its fair gleam rearing, And now in darkness disappearing, Till 'mid the water-lilies riding It hangs, and to the green shore gliding Two lovely Creatures silently Sit down beneath the star-light sky, And look around, in deep delight. On all the pure still smiles of night. As they sit in beauty on the shore. The shepherd feels he has seen before The quiet of their heavenly eyes: Tis the Orphans come back from Paradise, Edith and Nora! They now return, When this wee-worn Land hath ceased to mourn.

We thought them dead, but at Heaven's command,

For years they have lived in Fairy-Land, And they glide back by night to their little cot, O absent long, but by none forgot!

The boat with its snow-white sail is gone, And the Creatures it brought to shore are flown!

Still the crowd of water-lilies shake, And a long bright line shines o'er the Lake, But nought else tells that a bark was near; While the wildered shepherd seems to hear A wild hymn wandering through the wood, Till it dies up the mountain-solitude; And a dreamy thought, as the sounds depart, Of Edith and Nora comes o'er his heart.

At Morning's first pure silent glow,
A band of simple shepherds go
To the Orphans' Cot, and there they behold
The Dove so bright, with its plumes of gold,
And the radiant Lamb, that used to glide
So spirit-like by fair Edith's side.
Fair Creatures! that no more were seen
On the sunny thatch or the flowery green,
Since the lovely Sisters had flown away,
And left their Cottage to decay!
Back to this world returned again;
They seem in sadness and in pain,
And coo and bleat is like the breath
Of sorrow mourning over death.

Lo! smiling on their rushy bed, Lie Edith and Nora—embraced—and dead! A gentle frost has closed their eyes, And hushed — just hushed — their balmy

Over their lips, yet rosy red,
A faint, pale, cold decay is shed;
A dimness hangs o'er their golden hair,
That sadly tells no life is there;
There beats no heart, no current flows
In bosoms sunk in such repose;
Limbs may not that chill quiet have,
Unless laid ready for the grave.
Silence lies there from face to feet,
And the bed she loves best is a winding-sheet

Let the coffin sink down soft and slowly. And calm be the burial of the holy!
One long look in that mournful cell—
Let the green turf heave—and then, farewell!
No need of tears! in this church-yard-shade
Oft had the happy Orphans played
Above these quiet graves! and well they lie
After a calm bright life of purity,
Beneath the flowers that once sprung to

The motion of their now still feet!
The mourners are leaving the buried elay.
To the holy hush of the Sabbath-day.
When a Lamb comes sadly bleating by,
And a Dove soft wavering through the sky,
And both lie down without a sound,
In beauty on the funeral mound!
What may these lovely creatures be?
—Two sisters who died in infancy,
And thus had those they loved attended,
And been by those they loved befriended!
Whate'er—fair Creatures! might be their

Never more were they seen on earth; But to young and old belief was given That with Edith and Nova they went to Heaven.

# MY COTTAGE.

my tired mind may rest and call it home.
s a magic in that little word;
mystic circle that surrounds
ts and virtues never known beyond
llowed limit.

Southey's Hymn to the Penates.

have I found at last a home of peace de me from the world; far from its noise,

d that spirit, which, though sprung

nk'd to human beings by the bond thly love, hath yet a loftier aim perishable joy, and through the calm sleeps amid the mountain-solitude, ear the billows of eternity, ear delighted. Many a mystic gleam, though faint, of imaged happiness my youthful heart, as oft her light on a wandering cloud, ere the fair

risen in the sky. And oh! ye dreams, to such spiritual happiness could shape only reveries of my boyish days, at last fulfill'd? Ye fairy-scenes, to the doubting gaze of prophecy ovely, with your fields of sunny green, sparkling rivulets and hanging groves are than rainbow-lustre, where the swing

ods primeval darken'd the still depth es bold-sweeping round their guardian

hills

ike the arms of Ocean, where the roar and far from mountain-cataract rard amid the silence, like a thought emn mood that tames the dancing soul swarming with delights;—Ye fairy-

scenes!
d no more, but hursting on my heart
ng beauty, with adoring song
you hail! and with as holy love
r beautified the eye of saint
ing his midnight-orisons, to you
cerate my life,—till the dim stain,
by those wordly and unhallow'd
thoughts

aint the purest soul, by bliss destroyed, irit travel like a summer-sun, all glory, and its path all joy.

will the musing penance of the soul, med by moonlight, or the setting sun, mn of swinging oak, or the wild flow untain-torrent, ever lead her on tue, but through peace. For Nature speaks

ent's language, and, in tones as mild hush'd infant on its mother's breast, us to learn her lore. Yea! even to guilt,

Though in her image something terrible Weigh down his being with a load of awe, Love mingles with her wrath, like tender light

Stream'd o'er a dying storm. And thus where'er

Man feels as man, the earth is beautiful. His blessings sanctify even senseless things, And the wide world in cheerful loveliness Returns to him its joy. The summer-air, Whose glittering stillness sleeps within his soul.

Stirs with its own delight: the verdant earth,

Like beauty waking from a happy dream, Lies smiling: each fair cloud to him appears A pilgrim travelling to the shrine of peace; And the wild wave, that wantons on the sea, A gay though homeless stranger. Ever blest The man who thus beholds the golden chain Linking his soul to outward Nature fair, Full of the living God! And where, ye haunts

Of grandeur and of beauty! shall the heart, That yearns for high communion with its God,

Abide, if e'er its dreams have been of you? The loveliest sounds, forms, hues, of all the earth

Linger delighted here: here guilt might

With sullen soul abhorring Nature's joy, And in a moment be restored to Heaven. Here sorrow, with a dimness o'er his face, Might be beguiled to smiles,—almost forget His sufferings, and, in Nature's living book, Read characters so lovely, that his heart Would, as it bless'd them, feel a rising swell Almost like joy!—O earthly paradise! Of many a secret anguish hast thou healed Him, who now greets thee with a joyful

strain.

And oh! if in those elevated hopes
That lean on virtue,—in those high resolves
That bring the future close upon the soul,
And nobly dare its dangers;—if in joy
Whose vital spring is more than innocence,
Yea! Faith and Adoration!—if the soul
Of man may trust to these,—and they are
strong.

Strong as the prayer of dying penitent,— My being shall be bliss. For witness, Thou! Oh Mighty One! whose saving love has stolen

On the deep peace of moon-beams to my heart,—

Thou! who with looks of mercy oft hast cheer'd

The starry silence, when, at noon of night, On some wild mountain thou hast not declined The homage of thy lonely worshipper,— Bear witness, Thou! that, both in joy and grief,

The love of nature long hath been with me

32

The love of virtue:—that the solitude
Of the remotest hills to me hath been
Thy temple:—that the fountain's happy
voice

Hath sung thy goodness, and thy power has stunn'd

My spirit in the roaring cataract!

Such solitude to me! Yet are there hearts,— Worthy of good men's love, nor unadorn'd With sense of moral heauty,—to the joy That dwells within the Almighty's ontward shrine,

Senseless and cold. Aye, there are men who see

The broad sun sinking in a blaze of light, Nor feel their disembodied spirits hail With adoration the departing God; Who on the night-sky, when a cloudless moon

Glides in still beauty through unnumbered stars,

Can turn the eye unmoved, as if a wall
Of darkness screen'd the glory from their
souls.

With humble pride I bless the Holy One For sights to these denied. And oh! how oft In seasons of depression,—when the lamp Of life burn'd dim, and all unpleasant thoughts

Subdued the proud aspirings of the soul,— When doubts and fears withheld the timid

From scanning scenes to come, and a deep sense

Of human frailty turn'd the past to pain, How oft have I remember'd that a world Of glory lay around me, that a source Of lofty solace lay in every star, And that no being need behold the sun, And grieve, that knew Wuo hung him in the sky.

Thus unperceived I woke from heavy grief To airy joy: and sceing that the mind Of man, though still the image of his God, Lean'd by his will on various happiness, I felt that all was good; that faculties, Though low, might constitute, if rightly used.

True wisdom; and when man hath here attain'd

The purpose of his being, he will sit Near Mercy's throne, whether his course hath been

Prone on the earth's dim sphere, or, as with wing

Of viewless eagle, round the central blaze.

Then ever shall the day that led me here Be held in blest remembrance. I shall see, Even at my dying hour, the glorious sun That made Winander one wide wave of gold. When first in transport from the mountaintop I hail'd the heavenly vision! Not a cloud, Whose wreaths lay smiling in the lap of light,

Not one of all those sister-isles that aleep Together, like a happy family Of beauty and of love, but will arise To cheer my parting spirit, and to tell That Nature gently leads unto the grave All who have read her heart, and kept their

In kindred holiness. But ere that hour Of awful triumph, I do hope that years Await me, when the unconscious power of joy Creating wisdom, the bright dreams of soul Will humanize the heart, and I shall be More worthy to be loved by those whose love Is highest praise:—that by the living light That burns for ever in affection's breast, I shall behold how fair and beautiful

A human form may be. - Oh, there are thoughts

That slumber in the soul, like sweetest sounds

Amid the harp's loose strings, till airs from Heaven

On earth, at dewy night-fall, visitant, Awake the sleeping melody! Such thoughts, My gentle Mary, I have owed to thee. And if thy voice e'er melt into my sonl With a dear home-toned whisper,—if thy face

E'er brighten in the unsteady gleams of light

From our own cottage-hearth; O Mary!

My overpowered spirit will recline Upon thy inmost heart, till it become, O sinless scraph! almost worthy thee.

Then will the earth,-that oft-times to

the eye
Of solitary lover seems o'crhung
With too severe a shade, and faintly smiles
With ineffectual beauty on his heart,—
Be clothed with everlasting joy; like land
Of blooming faery, or of boyhood's dreams
Ere life's first flush is o'er. Oft shall I turn
My vision from the glories of the seeme
To read them in thine eyes; and hidden

That slumbers in the crimson clouds of Even. Will reach my spirit through their varying light,

Though viewless in the sky. Wandering with thee,

A thousand beauties never seen before Will glide with sweet surprise into my soil. Even in those fields where each particular tree

Was look'd on as a friend,—where I had been Frequent, for years, among the lonely gless

Nor, 'mid the quiet of reflecting bliss. Will the faint image of the distant world oat before us:-Cities will arise the clouds that circle round the sun, a with tower and temple. The night-voice

and mountain to our ear will seem la loud stir:-and, as the dream dissolves,

rning spirit we will smile to see Moon rejoicing in the sky, still grandeur of the eternal hills.

hough the fulness of domestic joy ir united beings, and the home happy where thy smiles are seen, human voice might never touch our ear

p of friend or brother; -vet, oh! think

re benevolence will warm our hearts, eith the undelaying steps of love h you o'ershadowing wood we dimly sec

g friend, far distant then believed, inlook'd-for. When the short distrust pected joy no more constrains, eye's welcome brings him to our

arms ladden'd spirit he will quickly own te love ne'er was selfish, and that man new the whole affection of his heart ing on another's. If from scenes life he come, and in his soul e of Nature, like a long-past dream, t stir, yield but a dim delight, shall lead him where the genial

power ty, working by the wavy green ascending wood, the misty gleam reposing in their peaceful vales, velier than the loveliness below. conlight-heaven, shall to his blood restore

sturbed flow, such as he felt his being, morning, noon, and night, outh's bright years pass'd happily

away his native hills, and all he knew ded cities was from passing tale ller half-believed and soon forgotten.

fear not, Mary! that, when winter comes,

olitary mountains will resign auty that pervades their mighty

frames, e a living soul. The gleams of light g in joyful tumult o'er the cliffs, ing to our musings many a burst en grandeur, even as if the eye were wandering o'er the lovely wild, with his own creation; -the still joy lless skies; and the delighted voice aning fountains, these will leave As if beneath the harvest-moon awhile

The altered earth:-but other attributes Of Nature's heart will rule, and in the storm We shall behold the same prevailing Power That slumbers in the calm, and sanctify, With adoration, the delight of love.

I lift my eyes upon the radiant Moon, That long unnoticed o'er my head has held Her solitary walk, and as her light Recals my wandering soul, I start to feel That all has been a dream. Alone I stand Amid the silence. Onward rolls the stream Of time, while to my ear its waters sound With a strange rushing music. O my soul! Whate'er betide, for aye remember thou These mystic warnings, for they are of Heaven.

## THE PAST.

How wild and dim this Life appears! One long, deep, heavy sigh! When o'er our eyes, half-clos'd in tears, The images of former years Are faintly glimmering by! And still forgotten while they go, As on the sea-beach wave on wave Dissolves at once in snow. Upon the blue and silent sky The amber clouds one moment lie, And like a dream are gone! Though beautiful the moon-beams play On the lake's bosom bright as they And the soul intensely loves their stay, Soon as the radiance melts away We scarce believe it shone! Heaven-airs amid the harp-strings dwell, And we wish they ne'er may fade-They cease! and the soul is a silent cell, Where music never played. Dream follows dream through the long nighthours.

Each lovelier than the last-But ere the breath of morning-flowers, That gorgeous world flies past. And many a sweet angelic cheek, Whose smiles of love and kindness speak, Glides by us on this earth-While in a day we cannot tell Where shone the face we loved so well In sadness or in mirth.

### THE DESOLATE VILLAGE.

PIRST DREAM.

Sweet Village! on thy pastoral hill Arrayed in sunlight sad and still, Thy noiseless homes were sleeping!

It is the merry month of June, And creatures all of air and earth Should now their holiday of mirth With dance and song be keeping. But, loveliest Village! silent thou, As cloud wreathed o'er the Morning's brow When light is faintly breaking, And Midnight's voice afar is lost, Like the wailing of a wearied ghost, The shades of earth forsaking. 'Tis not the day to Scotia dear, A summer-sabbath mild and clear! Yet from her solemn burial-ground The small kirk-steeple looks around, Enshrouded in a calm Profound as fills the house of prayer, Ere from the band of virgins fair Exhales the choral-psalm. A sight so steeped in perfect rest Is slumbering not on nature's breast In the smiles of earthly day! 'Tis a picture floating down the sky, By fancy framed in years gone by; And mellowing in decay!
That thought is gone!—the Village still With deepening quiet crowns the hill, Its low green roofs are there! In soft material beauty beaming, As in the silent hour of dreaming They hung embowered in air!

Is this the day when to the mountains The happy shepherds go, And bathe in sparkling pools and fountains Their flocks made white as snow? Hath gentle girl and gamesome boy, With meek-eyed mirth or shouting joy, Gone tripping up the brae? Till far behind their town doth stand, Like an image in sweet Fairy-Land, When the Elves have flown away O sure if aught of human breath Within these walls remain, Thus deepening in the hush of death, Tis but some melancholy crone, Who sits with solemn eyes Beside the cradle all alone, And lulls the infant with a strain Of Scotia's ancient melodies.

What if these homes be filled with life? 'Tis the sultry month of June, And when the cloudless sun rides high Above the glittering air of noon, All nature sinks opprest,—
And labour shuts his weary eye In the mid-day hour of rest.
Yet let the soul think what it will, Most dirge-like mourns that moorland rill How different once its flow!
When with a dreamy motion gliding 'Mid its green fields in love abiding, Or leaping o'er the mossy linn, And sporting with its own wild din,

Seemed water changed to snow.
Beauty lies spread before my sight,
But grief-like shadows dim its light,
And all the scene appears
Like a church-yard when a friend is dying,
In more than earthly stillness lying,
And glimmering through our tears!

Sweet Woodburn! like a cloud that name Comes floating o'er my soul!
Although thy beauty still survive,
One look hath changed the whole.
The gayest village of the gay
Beside thy own sweet river,
Wert thou on weck- or sabbath-day!
So bathed in the blue light of joy,
As if no trouble could destroy
Peace doomed to last for ever.
Now in the shadow of thy trees
Still lovely in the tainted breeze,
The fell Plague-Spirit grimly lies
And broods, as in despite
Of uncomplaining lifelessness,
On the troops of silent shades that press
Into the church-yard's cold recess,
From that region of delight.

Last summer from the school-house-door. When the glad play-bell was ringing, What shoals of bright-haired elves would

Like small waves racing on the shore, In dance of rapture singing! Oft by you little silver well, Now sleeping in neglected cell, The village-maid would stand, While resting on the mossy bank With freshened soul the traveller drank The cold cup from her hand; Haply some soldier from the war, Who would remember long and far That Lily of the Land.
And still the green is bright with flowers, And dancing through the sunny hours, Like blossoms from enchanted bowers On a sudden wafted by, Obedient to the changeful air, And proudly feeling they are fair, Glide bird and butterfly. But where is the tiny hunter-rout That revelled on with dance and shout Against their airy prey? Alas! the fearless linnet sings, And the bright insect folds its wings Upon the dewy flower that springs Above these children's clay. And if to you deserted well Some solitary maid, As she was wont at eve, should go-There silent as her shade She stands a while-then sad and slow Walks home, afraid to think Of many a loudly-laughing ring

lpped their pitchers in that spring, gered round its brink.

on-through woeful images rit holds her way! n each drooping flower she sees: the momentary breeze ng of decay. igh upon the slender bough angs the crow her nest? isturbed her young have lain ring-time in their nest; they flew on tender wing ir'd the cross-bow or the sling. a the purpling turtle-dove, alks serene in human love, gpie hops from door to door; hare, not fearing to be seen, umbol on the village-green he lonely moor. sheep wandering by the brook Il a dim neglected look, ating in their dumb distress their sweet dead shepherdess. ses pasturing through the range dess fields, all common now, om the yoke enjoy the change, n a long long sabbath-sleep! athering in one thunderous band, the wild they sweep, the long hair from their eyes— the living whirlwind flies the desert sand. uman let their course is freely angler down the lea the zephyr's breathbeggar far away doth roam, ing in his hovel-home try to death. green hedge a scattered row ather-stained-once white as snownents that have long been spread, w belong unto the dead, like proclaim to every eye, s no place for charity!"

st are ye! unthinking creatures!

ig in your lowly natures

e round human tombs!
gladlier sings the mountain-lark

er the church-yard dim and dark!

re, than on the church-yard-wall,
he wild rose-tree brighter fall
nsitory blooms!

it to that lovely sky

er worshippers should die!

illy her splendours play
grave where human forms decay,
the dewy turf of Morn,
the virgin, like a woodland Fay

es of joy was borne.

now a soft and silvery haze
illage—Tree—is steeping
oveliness of happier days,

Ere rose the voice of weeping! When incense-fires from every hearth To heaven stole beautiful from earth.

Sweet Spire! that crownst the house of God!

To thee my spirit turns, While through a cloud the softened light On thy yellow dial burns. Ah, me! my bosom inly bleeds To see the deep-worn path that leads Unto that open gate! In silent blackness it doth tell How oft thy little sullen bell Hath o'er the village toll'd its knell, In beauty desolate. Oft, wandering by myself at night, Such spire bath risen in softened light Before my gladdened eyes,— And as I looked around to see The village sleeping quietly Beneath the quiet skies,-Methought that 'mid her stars so bright, The moon in placid mirth, Was not in heaven a holier sight Than God's house on the earth. Sweet image! transient in my soul! That very bell hath ceased to toll When the grave receives its dead-And the last time it slowly swung, Twas by a dying stripling rung O'er the sexton's hoary head! All silent now from cot or hall Comes forth the sable funeral! The Pastor is not there! For you sweet Manse now empty stands, Nor in its walls will holier hands Be e'er held up in prayer.

#### SECOND DREAM.

### BESSY BELL AND MARY GRAY.

O nusn'n be our souls as this Burial-ground!
And let our feet without a sound
Glide o'er the mournful clay;
For lo! two radiant Creatures flitting
O'er the grave-stones! now moveless sitting
On a low funeral mound! 'Tis day!
And, but that ghosts where'er they rove
Do in their breathless beauty love
The cold, the wan, and the silent light
O'er the Church-yard shed by the Queen
of Night,

Sure Sister-Shades were They!

Of many 'tis the holy faith,

Ere from the dying frame
Departs the latest lingering breath,

Its earthly garb the same,
A shadowy Likeness still doth come,
A noiseless, pale-faced, beckoning Wraith

To call the stranger home!

Or, are ye Angels? who from bliss,
With dewy fall, unto our earth
On wings of Paradise descend,
The grave of Innocence to kiss,
And tears of an immortal birth
With human tears to blend!
Aye! there they sit! like earthly Creatures
With softer, sadder, fainter features!
A Halo round each head;
Fair Things whose earthly course is o'er,
And who bring from some far-distant shore
The beauty that on earth they wore,
With the silence of the dead.

The dream of Ghost and Angel fades, And I gaze upon two Orphan-Maids, Frail Creatures, doom'd to die! Spirits may be fair in their heavenly sleep, But sure when mortal Beings weep In tears a beauty lies more deep, The glimmering of mortality! Their aged Friend in slumber lies, And hath closed for an hour the only eyes That ever cheered their orphan-state, At the hour of birth left desolate! She sleeps! and now these Maids have come With mournful hearts to this mournful home, Led here by a pensive train Of thoughts still brooding on the dead! For they have watched the breast of pain Till it moved not on its bed, The lifeless lips together prest, And many a ghastly body drest, And framed the shroud for the corse of bone That lay unheeded and alone, When all its friends were dead and gone!

So they walk not to you breezy mountain To sit in the shade of its silvery fountain, And 'mid that lofty air serene Forget the dim and wailing scene That spreads beneath their feet! They walk not down you fairy-stream Whose liquid lapses sweet Might wrap them in some happy dream Of a pure, calm, far retreat, As on that rivulet seems to flow, Escaping from a world of Wo! But this still realm is their delight, And hither they repair Communion with the dead to hold! Peaceful, as at the fall of night, Two little Lambkins gliding white Return unto the gentle air That sleeps within the fold. Or like two Birds to their lonely nest, Or wearied waves to their bay of rest, Or fleecy clouds, when their race is run, That hang, in their own beauty blest, 'Mid the calm that sanctifies the west Around the setting Sun.

Phantoma! ye waken to mine eye Sweet trains of earthly imagery!

Whate'er on Nature's breast is found . In loveliness without a sound, That silent seems to soul and sense, Emblem of perfect Innocence! Two radiant dew-drops that repose On mossy bank at evening's close, And happy in the gentle weather, In beauty disappear together; Two flowers upon the lonesome moor, When a dim day of storm is o'er, Lifting up their yellow hair To meet the balm of the slumbering air; Two sea-birds from the troubled ocean Floating with a snowy motion, In the absence of the gale Over a sweet inland-vale; Two early-risen stars that lie Together on the evening-sky, And imperceptibly pursue Their walk along the depths of blue. -Sweet Beigns! on my dreams ye risc With all your frail humanities! Nor Earth below, nor Heaven above, An image yields of Peace and Love, So perfect as your pensive breath That brings unsought a dream of death! Each sigh more touching than the last. Till life's pathetic tune be past!

THIRD DREAM.

#### THE DEPARTURE.

THE grave is fill'd and the turf is spread To grow together o'er the dead. The little daisies bright and fair Are looking up scarce injured there, And one warm night of summer-dew Will all their wonted smiles renew. Restoring to its blooming rest-A soft couch for the sky-lark's breast. The funeral-party, one by one Have given their blessing and are goar-Prepared themselves ere long to die, A small, sad, silent company. The orphans robed in spotless white Yet linger in the holy ground, And shed all o'er that peaceful mound A radiance like the wan moonlight. Then from their mother's grave they glide Out of the church-yard side by side. Just at the gate they pause and turn-I hear sad blended voices mourn Mother, farewell !- the last endeavour To send their souls back to the clay. Then they hide their eyes-and walk anay From her grave-now and for ever!

Not till this parting invocation To their mother's buried breast, Had they felt the power of desolution! Long as she lived the village lay was its own consolation,
seem'd only rest.
n dim and sullen breath
acter'd the face of death;
and sighs, and sobs, and waiting,
o'er human joy prevailing—
e pausing fits of woe,
ce, like a depth of snow
in slumber stern and dull
c-ficids late so beautiful,
fainting spirits press
th of utter hopelessness,
them off, they heed not where,
livion's chiless wave
r ever on one grave,
c of despair.

th such spectacles of woe heir solitary home village-green they gostreamlet's murmuring flow, It away the specks of foam, n creatures dying oyage down life's peaceful stream. osom of a dream less pleasure lying. ries of composing grief! y sadness yields relief and soul, and eye. us look around-and lo! ing is that Lilac's glow, e tall Laburnum's bow ing spans the sky! n gleam-that gentle fire n anguish to admire; cheers away distress wer of nature's loveliness. a little garden steal t have been wasting long a there was none to feel; he hidden flowers a song happy multitude that solitude, rings of all the strife ss of superior life, em, 'mid these insects blest, insect hardly miss'd.

ze that transient calm; the door in cottage open stands—
than one hour before,
with weak and trembling hands if that dear coffin bore resource bed!
tr drearier than the tomb, silence of the room y the dead, he dim and senseless walls, fast away; en thought their feet recals, urge their stay, he violence of despair into the open air,

And bless its thatch and sheltering tree,
Then leave it everlastingly!
—On, on they go, in sorrow blind,
Yet with a still and gentle motion
That speaks the inner soul resign'd;
Like little billows o'er the ocean
Still flowing on with tide and wind,
And though the tempest smite their breast,
Reaching at last some bay of rest.

God bless them on their pilgrimage! And may his hand divine With healing dew their woes assuage, When they have reach'd that silent shrine By nature fram'd in the open air, With soft turf for the knees of prayer, And dome of many a pastoral hill Lying in heaven serene and still; For pilgrims ne'er to Sion went More mournful, or more innocent, Before the rueful Cross to lie At midnight on Mount Calvary. Two favourite sheep before them go-Each with its lambs of spotless snow Frisking around with pattering feet, With peaceful eyes and happy bleat. Happy! yet like a soft complaint! As if at times the voice of sorrow Through the hush'd air came breathing faint From blessed things that fear no morrow. -Each Shepherdess holds in her hand A verdant crook of the willow-wand, Wreath'd round with melancholy flowers Gather'd 'mid the hills in happier hours. In a small cage a thrush is sitting-Or, restless as the light That through his sunny prison plays, From perch to perch each moment flitting, His quick and glancing eye surveys The novel trees and fields so bright, And like a torrent gushing strong He sends through heaven his sudden song, A song that all dim thought destroys, And breathes o'er all its own wild joys.

As on the Orphans hold their way Through the stillness of the dying day, Fairies might they seem who are returning, At the end of some allotted time, Unto their own immortal clime! Each bearing in its lovely hand Some small memorial of the land Where they, like common human frames, And call'd by gentle Christian names, For long had been sojourning! Some little fair insensate thing, Relic of that wild visiting! Bird that beneath a brighter spring Of its own vanish'd earth will sing; Those harmless creatures that will glide O'er faery-vales in earthly snow, And from the faery-river's flow Come forth more purely beautified.

Now with a wild and mournful song The fair procession moves along, While by that tune so sweet
The little flock delighted press
As if with human tenderness
Around the singer's feet.
Up—up the gentle slope they wind,
Leaving the laughing flowers behind
That seem to court their stay.
One moment on the top they stand,
At the wild-unfolding vale's command,
—Then down into that facry-land
Dream-like they sink away!

#### LINES

WRITTEN ON SEEING A PICTURE BY BERGHEM, OF AN ASS IN A STORM-SHOWER.

Poon wretch! that blasted leafless tree, More frail and death-like even than thee, Can yield no shelter to thy shivering form; The sleet, the rain, the wind of Heaven Full in thy face are coldly driven, As if thou wert alone the object of the storm.

Yet chill'd with cold, and drench'd with rain, Mild creature! thou dost not complain By sound or look of these ungracious skies; Calmly as if in friendly shed, There standst thou, with unmoving head, And a grave, patient meekness in thy halfclosed eyes.

Long could my thoughtful spirit gaze
On thee; nor am I loth to praise
Him who in moral mood this image drew;
And yet, methinks, that I could frame
An image different, yet the same,
More pleasing to the heart, and yet to Nature true.

Behold a lane retired and green, Winding amid a forest-scene With blooming furze in many a radiant heap; There is a browsing Ass espied, One colt is frisking by her side, And one among her feet is safely stretch'd in sleep.

And lo! a little maiden stands,
With thistles in her tender hands,
Tempting with kindly words the colt to eat;
Or gently down before him lays,
With words of solace and of praise,
Pluck'd from th' untrodden turf the herbage
soft and sweet.

The summer-sun is sinking down, And the peasants from the market-town With cheerful hearts are to their homes returning; Groupes of gay children too are there, Stirring with mirth the silent air, O'er all their eager eyes the light of laughter burning.

The Ass hath got his burthen still!
The merry elves the panniers fill;
Delighted there from side to side they swing:
The creature heeds nor shout nor call,
But jogs on careless of them all,
Whether in harmless sport they gaily strike
or sing.

A gipsey-groupe! the secret wood Stirs through its leafy solitude, As wheels the dance to many a jocund tune; Th' unpannier'd Ass slowly retires From the brown tents, and sparkling fires, And silently feeds on beneath the silent moon.

The Moon sits o'er the huge oak-tree,
More pensive 'mid this scene of glee
That mocks the hour of beauty and of rest;
The soul of all her softest rays
On yonder placid creature plays,
As if she wish'd to cheer the hardship of
the opprest.

But now the silver moonbeams fade, And, peeping through a flowery glade, Hush'd as a wild-bird's nest, a cottage lies. An Ass stands meek and patient there, And by her side a spectre fair, To drink the balmy cup once more before she dies.

With tenderest care the pitying dame Supports the dying maiden's frame, And strives with laughing looks her heart to cheer; While playful children crowd around To catch her are by smile or many

To eatch her eye by smile or sound, Unconscious of the doom that waits their lady dear!

I feel this mournful dream impart
A holier image to my heart,
For oft doth grief to thoughts sublime give
birth:
Blest creature! through the solemn night
I see thee bath'd in heavenly light,
Shed from that wondrous child—the Saviont
of the Earth.

When flying Herod's murd'rons rage,
Thou on that wretched pilgrimage
Didst gently near the virgin-mother liet
On thee the humble Jesus sate,
When thousands rush'd to Salem's gate
To see 'mid holy hymns the sinless man passly

Happy thou wert, nor low thy praise, In peaceful patriarchal days, When countless tents slow passed from he to land, clouds o'er heaven: the gentle race quiet scene did meetly grace, ing the pastoral camp in many a stately band.

wretch! my musing dream is o'er; shivering form I view once more, all the pains thy race is doom'd to prove; hey whose thoughtful spirits see truth of life, will pause with me, bless thee in a voice of gentleness and love!

### PRAYER TO SLEEP.

STEE Sleep! wilt Thou lay thy head one little hour on thy Lover's bed, asne but the silent stars of night witness be to our delight!

'tis said that the Couch must be e Eider-down that is spread for Thee, in my sorrow must lie alone, aine, sweet Sleep! is a Couch of stone.

to Thee, I know, is dear; the saddest of music is ever here, frief sits with me in my cell, she is a Syren who singeth well.

Thou, glad Sleep! lov'st gladsome airs, wilt only come to thy Lover's prayers a the bells of merriment are ringing, cliss with liquid voice is singing.

Sleep! so long in thy beauty wooed, ival hast Thou in my solitude; inc, my Love! and we two will lie aced for ever—or awake to die!

Sleep! farewell!—hour, hour, hour, hour, slowly bring on the gleam of Morrow, Thou art Joy's faithful Paramour, ie wilt Thou not in the arms of Sorrow.

### ART AND NATURE.

the wild Louisa glide
the wild Louisa glide
the dance's glittering row,
footsteps soft as falling snow.
I around her smiles she pour'd,
hough by all admired, adored,
cem'd to hold the homage light,
areless claim'd it as her right.
syren-voice the Lady sung:
on her tones enraptured hung,
timid awe and fond desire
blended from her witching lyre.

While thus, with unresisted art, The Enchantress melted every heart, Amid the glance, the sigh, the smile, Herself, unmoved and cold the while, With inward pity eyed the scene, Where all were subjects—she a Queen!

Again, I saw that Lady fair: Oh! what a beauteous change was there! In a sweet cottage of her own She sat, and she was all alone, Save a young child she sung to rest On its soft bed, her fragrant breast. With happy smiles and happy sighs, She kiss'd the infant's closing eyes, Then, o'er him in the cradle laid, Moved her dear lips as if she pray'd. She bless'd him in his father's name: Lo! to her side that father came. And, in a voice subdued and mild, He bless'd the mother and her child. I thought upon the proud saloon, And that Enchantress Queen; but soon, Far-off Art's fading pageant stole, And Nature fill'd my thoughtful soul!

## TO A SLEEPING CHILD.

ART thou a thing of mortal birth, Whose happy home is on our earth? Does human blood with life embue Those wandering veins of heavenly blue, That stray along thy forehead fair, Lost 'mid a gleam of golden hair? Oh! can that light and airy breath Steal from a being doom'd to death; Those features to the grave be sent In sleep thus mutely eloquent; Or, art thou, what thy form would seem, The phantom of a blessed dream? A human shape I feel thou art, I feel it, at my beating heart, Those tremors both of soul and sense Awoke by infant innocence! Though dear the forms by fancy wove, We love them with a transient love; Thoughts from the living world intrude Even on her deepest solitude: But, lovely child! thy magic stole At once into my inmost soul, With feelings as thy beauty fair, And left no other vision there.

To me thy parents are unknown!
Glad would they be their child to own!
And well they must have loved before,
If since thy birth they loved not more.
Thou art a branch of noble stem,
And, seeing thee, I figure them.
What many a childless one would give,
If thou in their still home wouldst live!

Though in thy face no family-line Might sweetly say: This babe is mine! In time thou wouldst become the same As their own child,—all but the name!

How happy must thy parents be Who daily live in sight of thee! Whose hearts no greater pleasure seek. Than see thee smile, and hear thee speak, And feel all natural griefs beguiled By thee, their fond, their duteous child. What joy must in their souls have stirr'd When thy first broken words were heard, Words, that, inspired by Heaven, express'd The transports dancing in thy breast! As for thy smile!—thy lip, cheek, brow, Even while I gaze, are kindling now.

I called thee duteous; am I wrong?
No! truth, I feel, is in my song:
Duteous thy heart's still beatings move
To God, to Nature, and to Love!
To God!—for thou a harmless child
Hast kept his temple undefiled:
To Nature!—for thy tears and sighs
Obey alone her mysteries:
To Love!—for fiends of hate might see
Thou dwellst in love, and love in thee!
What wonder then, though in thy dreams
Thy face with mystic meaning beams!

Oh! that my spirit's eye could see
Whence burst those gleams of extacy!
That light of dreaming soul appears
To play from thoughts above thy years.
Thou smil'st as if thy soul were soaring
To heaven, and heaven's God adoring!
And who can tell what visions high
May bless an infant's sleeping eye?
What brighter throne can brightness find
To reign on than an infant's mind,
Ere sin destroy, or error dim,
The glory of the Seraphim?

But now thy changing smiles express
Intelligible happiness.
I feel my soul thy soul partake;
What grief! if thou shouldst now awake!
With infants happy as thyself
I see thee bound, a playful elf:
I see thou art a darling child
Among thy playmates, bold and wild.
They love thee well; thou art the queen
Of all their sports, in bower or green;
And if thou livest to woman's height,
In thee will friendship, love delight.

And live thou surely must; thy life Is far too spiritual for the strife Of mortal pain, nor could disease Find heart to prey on smiles like these. Oh! thou wilt be an angel bright!
To those thou lovest a saving light!
The staff of age, the help sublime
Of erring youth and stubborn prime;
And when thou goest to heaven again,
Thy vanishing be like the strain
Of airy harp, so soft the tone
The ear scarce knows when it is gone!

Thrice blessed he! whose stars design His spirit pure to lean on thine; And watchful share, for days and years, Thy sorrows, joys, sighs, smiles, and tears! For good and guiltless as thou art, Some transient griefs will touch thy heart, Griefs that along thy alter'd face Will breathe a more subduing grace, Than ev'n those looks of joy that lie On the soft cheek of infancy. Though looks, God knows, are cradled there That guilt might cleanse, or sooth despair.

Oh! vision fair! that I could be Again, as young, as pure as thee! Vain wish! the rainbow's radiant form May view but cannot brave the storm; Years can bedim the gorgeous dyes That paint the bird of paradise, And years, so fate hath order'd, roll Clouds o'er the summer of the soul. Yet, sometimes, sudden sights of grace, Such as the gladness of thy face, O sinless babe! by God are given To charm the wanderer back to heaven.

No common impulse hath me led To this green spot, thy quiet bed, Where, by mere gladness overcome, In sleep thou dreamest of thy home. When to the lake I would have gone, A wondrous beauty drew me on, Such beauty as the spirit sees. In glittering fields and moveless trees, After a warm and silent shower, Ere falls on earth the twilight hour. What led me hither, all can say, Who, knowing God, his will obey.

Thy slumbers now cannot be long:
Thy little dreams become too strong
For sleep—too like realities:
Soon shall I see those hidden eyes!
Thou wakest, and, starting from the ground,
In dear amazement lookst around;
Like one who, little given to roam,
Wonders to find herself from home!
But when a stranger meets thy view,
Glistens thine eye with wilder hue.
A moment's thought who I may be,
Blends with thy smiles of courtesy.

is that face as break of dawn, i'er its beauty sleep was drawn thin veil that half-conceal'd ht of soul, and half-reveal'd. hy hush'd heart with visions wrought, embling eye-lash moved with thought, ngs we dream, but ne'er can speak, ouds came floating o'er thy check, mmmer-clouds as travel light, he soul's heaven lies calm and bright; on awok'st,—then to thine eye hole heart leapt in extacy!

cely is that heart of thine,
these eyes could never shine
ach a wild, yet bashful glee,
alf-o'ercome timidity!
has breath'd into thy face
t of unconscious grace;
t that lies never still,
kes thee joyous 'gainst thy will.
actimes o'er a sleeping lake
s a gentle rippling make,
we we know, the strangers fly,
ter blends again with sky.

ppy sprite! didst thou but know bleasures through my being flow hy soft eyes, a holier feeling wir blue light could ne'er be stealing, a wouldst be more loth to part, re me more of that glad heart! me thou art! and bearest hence ory of thy innocence. th deep joy I breathe the air sa'd thy cheek, and fann'd thy hair, il though fate our lives must sever, all thy image live for ever!

## SONNETS.

T.

EN ON THE BANKS OF WASTWATER, DURING A STORM.

s a lake hid far among the hills, aves around the throne of solitude, I by gentle streams, or playful rills, adlong cataract and rushing flood. gleam no lovely hues of hanging wood, t of sunshine lights her sullen side; ror shaped the wild in wrathful mood, or the tempest heaved the mountain's pride.

art one, in dark presumption blind, ainly deemst no spirit like to thine, ofty genius deifies thy mind, ostrate here at Nature's stormy shrine, the thunderous scene disturbs thy heart,

iy changed eye, and own how low thou art. III.

WRITTEN ON THE BANKS OF WASTWATER, DUBING A CALM.

Is this the Lake, the cradle of the storms, Where silence never tames the mountain-roar, Where poets fear their self-created forms, Or, sunk in trance severe, their God adore? Is this the Lake, for ever dark and loud With wave and tempest, cataract and cloud? Wondrous, oh Nature! is thy sovereign power, That gives to horror hours of peaceful mirth; For here might beauty build her summerhower!

Lo! where you rainbow spans the smiling earth,

And, clothed in glory, through a silent shower The mighty Sun comes forth, a godlike birth; While, neath his loving eye, the gentle Lake Lies like a sleeping child too blest to wake!

## III.

WRITTEN AT MIDNIGHT, ON HELM-CRAG.

Go up among the mountains, when the storm Of midnight howls, but go in that wild mood, When the soul loves tumultuous solitude, And through the haunted air each giant form Of swinging pine, black rock, or ghostly cloud, That veils some fearful cataract tumbling loud,

Seems to thy breathless heart with life embued.

'Mid those gaunt, shapeless things thou art

The mind exists, thinks, trembles through the ear.

The memory of the human world is gone, And time and space seem living only here. Oh! worship thou the visions then made

While sable glooms round Nature's temple roll,

And her dread anthem peals into thy soul.

### IV.

### THE EVENING-CLOUD.

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow:
Long had I watched the glory moving on
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seem'd, and floated slow!
Even in its very motion there was rest:
While every breath of eve that chanced to
blow.

Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West. Emblem, methought, of the departed soul! To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is

given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,
Where, to the eye of Faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

V

WRITTEN ON SKIDDAW, DURING A TEMPEST.

It was a dreadful day, when late I pass'd O'er thy dim vastness, Skiddaw!—Mist and cloud

Each subject Fell obscured, and rushing blast To thee made darling music, wild and loud, Thou Mountain-Monarch! Rain in torrents

play'd,
As when at sea a wave is borne to heaven,
A watery spire, then on the crew dismay'd
Of recling ship with downward wrath is
driven.

I could have thought that every living form Had fled, or perished in that savage storm, So desolate the day. To me were given Peace, calmness, joy: then, to myself I said: Can grief, time, chance, or elements controul Man's charter'd pride, the Liberty of Soul?

## VI.

I wander'd lonely, like a pilgrim sad, O'er mountains known but to the eagle's gaze; Yet, my hush'd heart, with Nature's beauty

glad,
Slept in the shade, or gloried in the blaze.
Romantic vales stole winding to my eye
In gradual loveliness, like rising dreams;

Fair, nameless tarns, that seem to blend with sky, Rocks of wild majesty, and elfin streams.

Rocks of wild majesty, and elfin streams. How strange, methought, I should have lived so near,

Nor ever worshipp'd Nature's altar here! Strange! say not so-hid from the world and thee,.

Though in the midst of life their spirits move, Thousands enjoy in holy liberty The silent Eden of unenvied Love!

## VII.

The Lake lay hid in mist, and to the sand The little billows hastening silently,' Came sparkling on, in many a gladsome band, Soon as they touched the shore, all doom'd to die!

I gazed upon them with a pensive eye, For on that dim and melancholy strand, I saw the image of Man's destiny. So hurry we, right onwards, thoughtlessly, Unto the coast of that Eternal Land! Where, like the worthless billows in their

The first faint touch unable to withstand, We melt at once into Eternity.

O Thou who weighst the waters in thine hand,

My awe-struck Spirit puts her trust in Thee.

## EXTRACTS FROM THE CITY OF THE PLAGUE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Old Man. — Three months ago Within my soul I heard a mighty sound As of a raging river, day and night Triumphing through the city: 'twas the voice Of London sleepless in magnificence. This morn I stood and listen'd. Art thou

Queen of the world! I ask'd my awe-struck heart,

And not one breath of life amid the silence Disturb'd the empire of mortality. Death's icy hand hath frozen, with a touch,

The fountain of the river that made glad

Amid the towers of Judah, while the people Fell on their faces, and the hearts of kings Perish'd, and prophets wonder'd in their fear. Then came the dry wind from the wilderness, Towards the hill of Sion, not to fan

Or cleanse, but, whirlwind-like, to sweep away

The tents of princes and the men of war. Know ye what you will meet with in the city! Together will ye walk, through long, long

All standing silent as a midnight-church. You will hear nothing but the brown red grass Rustling beneath your feet; the very beating Of your own hearts will awe you; the small voice

Of that vain bauble, idly counting time, Will speak a solemn language in the desert. Look up to heaven, and there the sultry clouds,

Still threatening thunder, lower with grim delight.

As if the Spirit of the Plague dwelt there. Darkening the city with the shadows of death

And let the Pest's triumphal chariet
Have open way advancing to the tomb.
See how he mocks the pomp and pageanity

Of earthly kings! A miserable cart, Heap'd up with human bodies ; dragg'd along By shrunk steeds, skeleton-anatomies! And onwards urged by a wan meagre wretch, Doom'd never to return from the foul pit, Whither, with oaths, he drives his load of horror.

Would you look in? Gray hairs and golden tresses

Wan shrivell'd cheeks that have not smiled for years,

And many a rosy visage smiling still; Bodies in the noisome weeds of beggary wrapt,

With age decrepit, and wasted to the bone; And youthful frames, august and beautiful, In spite of mortal pangs,-there lie they all Embraced in ghastliness! But look not long, For haply, 'mid the faces glimmering there, The well-known cheek of some beloved friend

Will meet thy gaze, or some small snowwhite hand,

Bright with the ring that holds her lever's hair.

## ACT I. SCENE IV.

The street. - A long table covered with glasses. -A party of young men and women carousing.

Young Man. I rise to give, most noble President,

The memory of a man well known to all. Who by keen jest, and merry anecdote, Sharp repartee, and humorous remark

Most biting in its solemn gravity, Much cheer'd our out-door table, and dispell'd The fogs which this rude visitor the Plague Oft breathed across the brightest intellect. But two days past, our ready laughter chased His various stories; and it cannot be That we have in our gamesome revelries Forgotten Harry Wentworth. His chair stands

Empty at your right hand—as if expecting That jovial wassailer—but he is gone Into cold narrow quarters. Well, I deem The grave did never silence with its dust A tongue more eloquent; but since 'tis so, And store of boon companious yet survive, There is no reason to be sorrowful; Therefore let us drink unto his memory With acclamation, and a merry peal Such as in life he loved.

Master of Revels. 'Tis the first death Hath been amongst us, therefore let us drink His memory in silence.

Young Man. Be it so.

They all rise, and drink their

glasses in silence.

Master of Revels. Sweet Mary Gray! Thou hast a silver voice,

And wildly to thy native melodies Canst tune its flute-like breath—sing us a song.

And let it be, even 'mid our merriment, Most sad, most slow, that when its music dies, We may address ourselves to revelry, More passionate from the calm, as men leap up To this world's business from some heavenly dream.

#### MARY GRAY'S SONG.

I walk'd by mysel' ower the sweet bracs o' Yarrow,

When the earth wi' the gowans o' July was drest;

But the sang o' the bonny burn sounded like sorrow,

Round ilka house cauld as a last simmer's

I look'd through the lift o' the blue smiling morning,

But never ae wee cloud o' mist could I see On its way up to heaven, the cottage adorning,

Hanging white ower the green o' its sheltering tree.

By the outside I ken'd that the inn was forsaken,

That nae tread o' footsteps was heard on the floor;

O loud craw'd the cock whare was nane to awaken,

And the wild-raven croak'd on the seat by the door!

Sic silence - sic lonesomeness, oh, were bewildering!

I heard nae lass singing when herding her sheep;

I met nae bright garlands o' wee rosy children

Dancing on to the school-house just waken'd frae sleep.

I pass'd by the school-house-when strangers were coming,

Whose windows with glad faces seem'd all alive;

Ae moment I hearken'd, but heard nac sweet hamming,

For a night o' dark vapour can silence the hive.

I pass'd by the pool where the lasses at daw'ing

Used to bleach their white garments wi' daffin and din;

But the foam in the silence o' nature was And fifty brown hillocks wi' fresh mould fa'ing,

And nae laughing rose loud through the roar of the linn.

I gaed into a small town-when sick o' my roaming-

Whare ance play'd the viol, the tabor, and flute; 'Twas the hour loved by Labour, the saft

smiling gloaming, Yet the green round the Cross-stane was empty and mute.

To the yellow-flower'd meadow, and scant rigs o' tillage, The sheep a' neglected had come frac the

glen; The cushat-dow coo'd in the midst o' the village,

And the swallow had flown to the dwellings o' men!

Sweed Denholm! not thus, when I lived in thy bosom.

Thy heart lay so still the last night o' the week:

Then nane was sae weary that love would nae rouse him, And Grief gaed to dance with a laugh on his cheek.

Sic thoughts wet my cen-as the moonshine was beaming

On the kirk-tower that rose up sae silent and white;

The wan ghastly light on the dial was streaming,

But the still finger tauld not the hour of the night.

The mirk-time pass'd slowly in siching and weeping,

I waken'd, and nature lay silent in mirth; Ower a' holy Scotland the Sabbath was sleeping,

And Heaven in beauty came down on the earth.

The morning smiled on - but nae kirk-bell was ringing.

Nae plaid or blue bonnet came down frae the hill;

The kirk-door was shut, but nae psalm-tune was singing, And I miss'd the wee voices sae sweet and

sae shrill. I look'd ower the quiet o' Death's empty

dwelling, The lav'rock walk'd mute 'mid the sorrowful scene.

were swelling

Ower the kirk-yard o' Denholm, last simmer sae green.

The infant had died at the breast o' its mither

The cradle stood still at the mitherless bed; At play the bairn sunk in the hand o' its brither;

At the fauld on the mountain the shepherd lay dead.

Oh! in spring-time 'tis eerie, when winter is over.

And birds should be glinting ower forest and lea,

When the lint-white and mavis the yellow leaves cover,

And nae blackbird sings loud frae the tap o' his tree.

But eerier far, when the spring-land rejoices, And laughs back to heaven with gratitude bright,

To hearken! and naewhere hear sweet human voices!

When man's soul is dark in the season o' light!

Master of Revels. We thank thee, sweet one! for thy mournful song.

It seems, in the olden time, this very Plague Visited thy hills and valleys, and the voice Of lamentation wail'd along the streams That now flow on through their wild para-

dise. Murmuring their songs of joy. All that

survive

In memory of that melancholy year, When died so many brave and beautiful, Are some sweet mournful airs, some shep herd's lay

Most touching in simplicity, and none Fitter to make one sad amid his mirth Than the tune yet faintly singing through our souls.

Mary Gray. O! that I ne'er had sung it but at home

Unto my aged parents! to whose ear Their Mary's tones were always musical I hear my own self singing o'er the most, Beside my native cottage, - most unlike The voice which Edward Walsingham has

praised,
It is the angel-voice of innocence, 2d Woman. I thought this cant were out

of fashion now. But it is well; there are some simple souls Even yet, who melt at a frail maiden's team And give her credit for sincerity.

She thinks her eyes quite killing while she weeps.

Thought she as well of smiles, her lips would pout

With a perpetual simper. Walsingham Hath praised these crying beauties of the north.

So whimpering is the fashion. How I hate The dim dull yellow of that Scottish hair! Master of Revels. Hush! hush!—is that the sound of wheels I hear?

[The Dead-cart passes by, driven by a Negro.

Ha! dost thou faint, Louisa! one had thought

That railing tongue bespoke a mannish heart. But so it ever is. The violent Are weaker than the mild, and abject fear Dwells in the heart of passion. Mary Gray, Throw water on her face. She now revives.

Mary Gray. O sister of my sorrow and my shame!

Lean on my bosom. Sick must be your heart After a fainting-fit so like to death.

Louisa (recovering). I saw a horrid demon in my dream!

With sable visage and white-glaring eyes, He beckon'd on me to ascend a cart Fill'd with dead bodies, muttering all the while

An unknown language of most dreadful sounds.

What matters it? I see it was a dream.

Pray, did the dead-cart pass?

Young Man. Come, brighten up, Louisa! Though this street be all our own, A silent street that we from death have rented.

Where we may hold our orgies undisturb'd, You know those rumbling wheels are privileged,

And we must bide the nuisance. Walsingham, To put an end to bickering, and these fits Of fainting that proceed from female vapours, Give us a song; — a free and gladsome

song;
None of those Scottish ditties framed of sighs,
But a true English Bacchanalian song,
By toper chaunted o'er the flowing bowl.

Hy toper chaunted o'er the flowing bowl.

Master of Revels. I have none such; but
I will sing a song

Upon the Plague. I made the words last

night, After we parted: a strange rhyming-fit

After we parted: a strange rhyming-ht
Fell on me; 'twas the first time in my life.
But you shall have it, though my vile crack'd
voice

Won't mend the matter much.

Many voices. A song on the Plague!

A song on the Plague! Let's have it! brave!

## SONG.

Two navies meet upon the waves
That round them yawn like op'ning graves;
The battle rages; seamen fall,
And overboard go one and all!

The wounded with the dead are gone; But Ocean drowns each frantic groan, And, at each plunge into the flood, Grimly the billow laughs with blood.— Then, what although our Plague destroy—Seaman and landman, woman, boy? When the pillow rests beneath the head, Like sleep he comes, and strikes us dead. What though into yon Pit we go, Descending fast, as flakes of snow? Who matters body without breath? No groan disturbs that hold of death.

#### CHORUS.

Then, leaning on this snow-white breast, I sing the praises of the Pest!

If me thou wouldst this night destroy, Come, smite me in the arms of Joy.

Two armies meet upon the hill; They part, and all again is still. No! thrice ten thousand men are lying, Of cold, and thirst, and hunger dying. While the wounded soldier rests his head About to die upon the dead, What shricks salute you dawning light? "Tis Fire that comes to aid the Fight!-All whom our Plague destroys by day, His chariot drives by night away; And sometimes o'er a churchyard-wall His banner hangs, a sable pall! Where in the light by Hecate shed With grisly smile he counts the dead, And piles them up a trophy high In honour of his victory.

King of the aisle and churchyard-cell!
Thy regal robes become thee well.
With yellow spots, like lurid stars
Prophetic of throne-shattering wars,
Bespangled is its night-like gloom,
As it sweeps the cold damp from the tomb.
Thy hand doth grasp no needless dart,
One finger-touch benumbs the heart.
If thy stubborn victim will not die,
Thou rollst around thy bloodshot eye,
And Madness leaping in his chain
With giant buffet smites the brain,
Or Idiocy with drivelling laugh
Holds out her strong-drugg'd bowl to quaff,
And down the drunken wretch doth lie
Unsheeted in the cemetery.

Thou! Spirit of the burning breath,
Alone deservest the name of death!
Hide, Fever! hide thy scarlet brow;
Nine days thou lingerst o'er thy blow,
Till the leach bring water from the spring,
And scare thee off on drenched wing.
Consumption! waste away at will!
In warmer climes thou failst to kill,
And rosy Health is laughing loud
As off thou stealst with empty shroud!

Ha! blundering Palsy! thou art chill! But half the man is living still; One arm, one leg, one cheek, one side In antic guise thy wrath deride. But who may 'gainst thy power rebel, King of the aisle and churchyard-cell!

To thee, O Plague! I pour my song, Since thou art come I wish thee long! Thou strikest the lawyer 'mid his lies, The priest 'mid his hypocrisies. The miser sickens at his hoard, And the gold leaps to its rightful lord. The husband, now no longer tied, May wed a new and blushing bride, And many a widow slyly weep O'er the grave where her old dotard sleeps, While love shines through her moisten'd eye On you tall stripling gliding by. 'Tis ours who bloom in vernal years To dry the love-sick maiden's tears, Who turning from the relics cold, In a new swain forgets the old.

#### ACT II. SCENE II.

#### HYMN.

THE air of death breathes through our souls, The dead all round us lie; By day and night the death-bell tolls And says: Prepare to die!

The face that in the morning-sun We thought so wondrous fair. Hath faded, ere his course was run, Beneath its golden hair.

I see the old man in his grave With thin locks silvery gray; I see the child's bright tresses wave In the cold breath of the clay.

The loving ones we loved the best, Like music all are gone! And the wan moonlight bathes in rest Their monumental stone.

But not when the death-prayer is said, The life of life departs: The body in the grave is laid Its beauty in our hearts.

At holy midnight voices sweet Like fragrance fill the room, And happy ghosts with noiscless feet Come bright'ning from the tomb.

We know who sends the visions bright, From whose dear side they came! We veil our eyes before thy light. We bless our Saviour's name!

This frame of dust, this feeble breath, The Plague may soon destroy; We think on Thee, and feel in death A deep and awful joy,

Dim is the light of vanish'd years In the glory yet to come; O idle grief! O foolish tears! When Jesus calls us home.

Like children for some bauble fair That weep themselves to rest; We part with life-awake! and there The jewel in our breast!

#### ACT II. SCENE III.

Before the Plague burst out. All who had eye-sight witness'd in the city Dread Apparitions, that sent through the soul Forebodings of some wild calamity. The very day-light seem'd not to be pour'd Down from the sun-a ghastly glimmering

haze Sent upwards from the earth; while every

face Look'd wan and sallow, gliding through the streets

That echoed in the darkness. When the veil Of mist was drawn aside, there hung the sun In the unrejoicing atmosphere, blood-red, And beamless in his wrath. At morn and even, And through the dismal day, that fieres aspect

Glared on the city, and many a wondering

Gazed till they scarce believed it was the sun. Did any here behold, as I beheld, That phantom who three several nights

appear'd,

Sitting upon a cloud-built throne of state Right o'er St. Paul's Cathedral ? On that throne

At the dead hour of night he took his seat. And monarch-like stretch'd out his mighty

That shone like lightning. In that kingly motion

There seem'd a steadfast threat'ning-and his features,

Gigantic 'neath their shadowy diadem, Frown'd, as the phantom vow'd within his heart

Perdition to the city. Then he rose, Majestic spectre! keeping still his face Towards the domes beneath, and disappear's, Still threatening with his outstretch'd arm of light

Into a black abyss behind the clouds.

And saw ye not The sheeted corpses stalking through the In long, long troops together -yet all silent

And, unobservant of each other, gliding Down a dark flight of steps that seem'd to lead Into the bosom of eternity?

I have seen hearses moving through the sky! Not few and solitary, as on earth They pass us by upon a lonesome road, But thousands, tens of thousands moved along Ingrim procession—a long league of plumes Tossing in the storm that roar'd aloft in heaven,

Yet bearing onwards through the hurricane, A black, a silent, a wild cavalcade

That nothing might restrain; till in a moment The heavens were freed, and all the sparkling stars

Look'd through the blue and empty firmament!

A mighty church-yard spread its dreary realms

O'er half the visible heavens - a churchyard blacken'd

With censcless funerals that besieged the

With lamentation and a wailing echo.
O'er that aërial cemet'ry hung a bell
Upon a black and thund'rous-looking cloud,
And there at intervals it swung and toll'd
Throughout the startled sky! Not I alone,
But many thousands heard it—leaping up,
Not knowing whether it might be a dream,
As if an earthquake shook them from their
beds.

Nor dared again to sleep.

### ACT III. SCENE I.

Priest. Like a thunder-peal One morn a rumour turn'd the city pale; And the tongues of men, wild-staring on each other.

Utter'd with faltering voice one little word, The Plague! Then many heard within their dreams

At dead of night a voice foreboding woe, And rose up in their terror, and forsook Homes, in the haunted darkness of despair No more endurable. As thunder quails Th' inferior creatures of the air and earth, So bow'd the Plague at once all human souls, And the brave man beside the natural coward Walk'd trembling. On the restless multitude, Thoughtlessly toiling through a busy life, Nor hearing in the tumult of their souls The ordinary language of decay.

The ordinary language of decay, A voice came down that made itself be heard, And they started from delusion when the

Of Death's benumbing fingers suddenly Swept off whole crowded streets into the grave. Then rose a direful struggle with the Pest! And all the ordinary forms of life Moved onwards with the violence of despair. Wide flew the crowded gates of theatres, And a pale frightful audience, with their

Looking in perturbation through the glare Of a convulsive laughter, sat and shouted At obscene ribaldry and mirth profane. There yet was heard parading through the

streets

War-music, and the soldiers' tossing plumes Moved with their wonted pride. O idle show Of these poor worthless instruments of death, Themselves devoted! Childish mockery! At which the Plague did scoff, who in one night

The trumpet silenced and the plumes laid low. As yet the Sabbath-day—though truly fear Rather than piety fill'd the house of God—Received an outward homage. On the street Friends yet met friends, and dared to inter-

change
A cautious greeting—and firesides there were
Where still domestic happiness survived
'Mid an unbroken family; while the soul,
In endless schemes to overcome the Plague,
In art, skill, zeal, in ruth and charity
Forgot its horrors, and oft seem'd to rise
More life-like 'mid the ravages of death.
But soon the noblest spirits disappear'd,
None could tell whither—and the city stood
Like a beleaguer'd fortress, that hath lost,
The flower of its defenders. Then the Plague
Storm'd, raging like a barbarous conqueror,
And, hopeless to find mercy, every one
Fell on his face, and all who rose again
Crouch'd to the earth in suppliant agony.
Wilmot. Father! how mournful every

Sabbath-day
To miss some well-known faces! to behold
The congregation weekly thinn'd by death,
And empty scats with all their Bibles lying

Cover'd with dust.

Priest. Ay—even the house of God Was open to the Plague. Amid their prayers The kneelers sicken'd, and most deadly-pale Rose up with sobs,—and beatings of the heart

That far off might be heard, a hideous knell That ne'er ceased sounding till the wretches died.

Sometimes the silent congregation sat Waiting for the priest, then stretch'd within his shroud.

Or when he came, he bore within his eyes A trouble that disturb'd, and read the service With the hollow voice of death.

Wilmot. Where was the king, The nobles, and the judges of the land? Priest. They left the city. Whither—

none inquired.

Who cares now for the empires of the earth,
Their peerage or their monarchs? Kingly

Sit unobserved upon their regal seats,

34

And the soul looks o'er ocean, earth, and The breathless calm of universal death. air,

Heedless to whom its fields or waves belong, So that there were some overshadowing

Central amid a mighty continent, Or sacred island in the healthful main, Where men might be transported in a thought Far from the wild dominion of the Plague. Now He is monarch here-nor mortal brow Durst wear a crown within the fatal sweep Of his long bony arm.
Wilmot. He loves the silence

Of an unpeopled reign.

Priest. Once at noon-day Alone I stood upon a tower that rises From the centre of the city. I look'd down With awe upon that world of misery Nor for a while could say that I beheld Aught save one wide gleam indistinctly flung From that bewildering grandeur; till at once The objects all assumed their natural form, And grew into a City stretching round On every side, far as the bounding sky. Mine eyes first rested on the squares that lay Without one moving figure, with fair trees Lifting their tufted heads unto the light, Sweet, sunny spots of rural imagery That gave a beauty to magnificence. Silent as nature's solitary glens Slept the long streets-and mighty London

seem'd. With all its temples, domes, and palaces, Like some sublime assemblage of tall cliffs That bring down the deep st llness of the heavens

To shroud them in the desert. Groves of masts

Rose through the brightness of the sunsmote river,

But all their flags were struck, and every sail

Was lower'd. Many a distant land had felt The sudden stoppage of that mighty heart. Then thought I that the vain pursuits of man Possess'd a semblance of sublimity, Thus suddenly o'erthrown; and as I look'd

Down on the courts and markets, where the soul

Of this world's business once roar'd like the

That sound within my memory strove in vain, Yet with a mighty power, to break the silence That like the shadow of a troubled sky Or moveless cloud of thunder lay beneath me,

Wilmot. How many children Must have died in beauty and in innocence This fatal summer!

Priest. Many sweet flowers died! Pure innocents! they mostly sank in peace. Yet sometimes it was misery to hear them Praying their parents to shut out the Plague; Nor could they sleep alone within their beds, In fear of that dread monster. Childhood lost Its bounding gladsomeness - its fearless

glee-And infants of five summers walk'd about With restless eyes, or by their parents' sides Crouch'd shuddering, for they ever heard them speaking

Of death, or saw them weeping - no one smiled.

Wilmot. Hath not the summer been most beautiful.

'Mid all this misery? Priest. A sunny season! What splendid days, what nights magnificent Pass'd in majestic march above the City. When all below was agony and death! O peaceful dwellers! in yon silent stars, Burning so softly in their happiness! Our souls exclaim'd, — unknown inhabitants Of unknown worlds! no misery reaches you, For bliss is one with immortality! The very river as it flow'd along Appear'd to come from some delightful land Unknown unto the Plague, and hastening on,

To join the healthful ocean, calmly smiled, A privileged pilgrim through the realms of death.

Yea! in the sore disturbance of men's souls They envied the repose of lifeless things! And the leafy trees that graced the city-

squares, Bright with the dews of morning, they seem'd blest!

On them alone th' untainted air of heaven Shed beauty and delight-all round them died. London alone, of all the world seem'd curst. O happy spots in country-or in town! 'Mid savage wilds - or dark and noisome

streets-

Cut off from human intercourse-or haunted By vice and sorrow, penury and guilt, Ye seem'd to all a blessed Paradise, Whither on wings of rapture they would fly, Nor ever leave you more-for nature groams: Where the Plague is not, there dwells happiness.

# AMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

## SYBILLINE LEAVES.

MARINER.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

redu, plures esse Naturas invisibiles iles in rerum universitate. Sed horum niliam quis nobis enarrabit? et gradus esset discrimina et singulorum munera? ? quæ loca habitant? Harum rerum mper ambivit ingenium humanum, nunt. Juvat, interca, non difiteor, quandono, tanquam in tabula, majoris et mell imaginem contemplari: ne mens associerum vita-minutis se contrahat nia subsidat in posillas cogitationes. Sed tersa idvigilandum est, modusque sercerta ab incertis, diem a nocte, distin-

BURNEY, Archaeol. Phil.

I.

ancient Mariner, toppeth one of three. ing gray beard and glittering eye, refore stopst thou me?

egroom's doors are open'd wide, next of kin; its are met, the feast is set: ar the merry din.

him with his skinny hand, s a ship, quoth he. unhand me, gray-beard loon! his hand dropt he.

him with his glittering eyeding-guest stood still, ns like a three years child: iner hath his will.

ding-guest sat on a stone: ot chuse but hear; spake on that ancient man, ht-eyed Mariner.

IME OF THE ANCIENT | The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd, Merrily did we drop Below the kirk, below the hill, Below the light-house-top.

> The Sun came up upon the left, Out of the sea came he; And he shone bright, and on the right Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day, Till over the mast at noon-The wedding-guest here beat his breast, For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall, Red as a rose is she; Nodding their heads before her goes The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast, Yet he can not chuse but hear; And thus spake on that ancient man, The bright-eyed Mariner.

And now the storm-BLAST came, and he Was tyrannous and strong : He struck with his o'ertaking wings, And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow, As who pursued with yell and blow Still treads the shadow of his foe And forward bends his head, The ship drove fast, loud roar'd the blast, And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow, And it grew wonderous cold : And ice, mast-high, came floating by, As green as emerald.

And through the drifts the snowy clift Did send a dismal sheen: Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken-The ice was all between.

The ice was here, the ice was there, The ice was all around: It cracked and growled, and roar'd and howl'd, Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross: Thorough the fog it came; As if it had been a Christian soul, We hailed it in God's name.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat, And round and round it flew. The ice did split with a thunder-fit; The helmsman steer'd us through!

And a good south-wind sprung up behind; The Albatross did follow, And every day, for food or play, Came to the Mariner's hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perch'd for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke
white,
Glimmered the white Moon-shine.

God save thee, ancient Mariner!
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—
Why lookst thou so?—With my crossbow
I shot the Albatross!

#### 11.

THE Sun now rose upon the right: Out of the sea came he, Still hid in mist, and on the left Went down into the sea.

And the good south-wind still blew behind, But no sweet bird did follow, Nor any day for food or play Came to the Mariners' hollo!

And I had done an hellish thing, And it would work 'em woe: For all averred, I had killed the bird That made the breeze to blow, Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay That made the breeze to blow!

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head, The glorious Sun uprist: Then all averred, I had killed the bird That brought the fog and mist. "Twas right, said they, such birds to slay, That bring the fog and mist.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew, The furrow stream'd off free: We were the first that ever burst Into that silent sea. Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down 'Twas sad as sad could be; And we did speak only to break The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky, The bloody Sun, at noon, Right up above the mast did stand, No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day, We stuck, nor breath nor motion, As idle as a painted ship Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water, every where, And all the boards did shrink; Water water, every where, Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout The death-fires danced at night; The water, like a witch's oils, Burnt green, and blue and white.

And some in dreams assured were Of the spirit that plagued us so: Nine fathom deep he had followed us From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter drought.
Was wither'd at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choak'd with soot.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks Had I from old and young! Instead of the cross, the Albatross About my neck was hung.

## III.

THERE passed a weary time. Each threat Was parched, and glazed each eye. A weary time! a weary time! How glazed each weary eye! When looking westward, I beheld A something in the sky.

At first it seem'd a little speck,
And then it seem'd a mist:
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist! And still it near'd and near'd: And as if it dodged a water-sprite, It plunged and tack'd and veer'd.

With throat unslak'd, with black lips baked, We could nor laugh nor wail; Through utter drought all dumb we stood! I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, And cried: A sail! a sail!

With throat unslak'd, with black lips baked, Agape they heard me call: Gramercy! they for joy did grin, And all at once their breath drew in, As they were drinking all.

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more! Hither to work us weal; Without a breeze, without a tide, She steddies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.
The day was well nigh done!
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

And straight the Sun was fleeked with bars, (Heaven's Mother send us grace!)
As if through a dungeon-grate he peer'd,
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud) How fast she nears and nears! Are those her sails that glance in the Sun, Like restless gossameres!

Are those her ribs through which the Sun Did peer, as through a grate? And is that Woman all her crew? Is that a Dearn? and are there two? Is Dearn that woman's mate?

Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her locks were yellow as gold: Her skin was as white as leprosy, The Night-Mair Lure-in-Dearn was she, Who thicks mun's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came, And the twain were casting dice; The game is done! I've, I've won! Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out: At one stride comes the dark; With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea, if shot the spectre-bark. We listen'd and look'd sideways up!
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seem'd to sip!
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleam'd
white;

From the sails the dews did drip— Till clombe above the eastern bar The horned Moon, with one bright star Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogg'd Moon Too quick for groan or sigh, Each turn'd his face with a glustly pang, And curs'd me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men, (And I heard nor sigh nor groan) With heavy thump, a lifeless lump, They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,— They fled to bliss or woe! And every soul, it passed me by, Like the whiz of my cross-bow!

## IV.

I FEAR thee, ancient Mariner!
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye, And thy skinny hand, so brown.— Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest! This body dropt not down.

Alone, alone, all, all alone, Alone on a wide wide sea! And never a saint took pity on My soul in agony.

The many men, so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Liv'd on; and so did I.

I look'd upon the rotting sea, And drew my eyes away; I look'd upon the rotting deck, And there the dead men lay.

I look'd to Heaven, and tried to pray; But ere ever a prayer had gusht, A wicked whisper came, and made My heart as dry as dust. I closed my lids, and kept them close, And the balls like pulses beat; For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky Lay, like a load, on my weary eye, And the dead were at my feet.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs, Nor rot nor reek did they: The look with which they look'd on me Had never pass'd away.

An orphan's curse would drag to Hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

The moving Moon went up the sky, And no where did abide: Softly she was going up, And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemock'd the sultry main, Like April hoar-frost spread; But where the ship's huge shadow lay, The charmed water burnt alway A still and awful red.

Beyond the shadow of the ship, I watch'd the water-snakes: They moved in tracks of shining white, And when they reared, the elfish light Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship I watch'd their rich attire: Blue, glossy green, and velvet black, They coiled and swam; and every track Was a flash of golden fire.

O happy living things! no tongue Their beauty might declare: A spring of love gusht from my heart, And I blessed them unaware! Sure my kind saint took pity on me, And I blessed them unaware.

The self same moment I could pray; And from my neck so free The Albatross fell off, and sank Like lead into the sea.

V.

On sleer! it is a gentle thing, Belov'd from pole to pole! To Mary Queen the praise be given! She sent the gentle sleep from heaven, That slid into my soul. The silly buckets on the deck, That had so long remained, I dreamt that they were filled with dew; And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold, My garments all were dank; Sure I had drunken in my dreams, And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs: I was so light—almost I thought that I had died in sleep, And was a blessed ghost.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about;
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more lond, And the sails did sigh like sedge; And the rain pour'd down from one black cloud;

The Moon was at its edge.

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still The Moon was at its side: Like waters shot from some high crag, The lightning fell with never a jag, A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship, Yet now the ship moved on! Beneath the lightning and the Moon The dead men gave a groan.

They groan'd, they stirr'd, they all uprose, Nor spake, nor moved their eyes; It had been strange, even in a dream. To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved set? Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes.
Where they were wont to do:
They raised their limbs like lifeless took—We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son Stood by me, knee to knee: The body and I pulled at one rope, But he said nought to me. ancient Mariner!—
u wedding-guest!
ose souls that fled in pain,
iir corses came again,
of spirits blest:

dawned—they dropped their arms, is rose slowly through their mouths, eir bodies passed.

ind, flew each sweet sound, to the Sun; ounds came back again, now one by one.

-dropping from the sky sky-lark sing; Il little birds that are, em'd to fill the sea and air weet jargoning!

as like all instruments, lonely flute; s an angel's song, the Heavens be mute.

et still the sails made on oise till noon, of a hidden brook month of June, sleeping woods all night niet tune.

e quietly sailed on, breeze did breathe: smoothly went the ship, and from beneath.

cel nine fathom deep, and of mist and snow, lid; and it was he the ship to go. noon left off their tune, p stood still also.

ght up above the mast, r to the ocean; nute she 'gan stir, rt uneasy motion. rt uneasy motion.

pawing horse let go, sudden bound: blood into my head, own in a swound.

n that same fit I lay, to declare; living life returned, in my soul discerned in the air. Is it he? quoth one, is this the man? By Him who died on cross, With his cruel bow he laid full low, The harmless Albatross.

The spirit who bideth by himself In the land of mist and snow, He loved the bird that loved the man Who shot him with his bow.

The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew;
Quoth he: The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.

#### VI.

#### PIRST VOICE.

But tell me, tell me! speak again, Thy soft response renewing— What makes that ship drive on so fast? What is the ocean doing?

#### SECOND VOICE.

Still as a slave before his lord, The ocean hath no blast; His great bright eye most silently Up to the Moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go; For she guides him smooth or grim, See, brother, see! how graciously She looketh down on him.

#### PIRST VOICE.

But why drives on that ship so fast, Without or wave or wind?

#### SECOND VOICE.

The air is cut away before, And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high! Or we shall be belated: For slow and slow that ship will go, When the Mariner's trance is abated.

I woke, and we were sailing on As in a gentle weather: "Twas night, calm night, the Moon was high; The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck, For a charnel-dungeon fitter: All fixed on me their stony eyes, That in the Moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died, | This scraph-band, each waved his hand: Had never passed away: I could not draw my eyes from theirs, Nor turn them up to pray.

And now this spell was snapt; once more I viewed the ocean green, And looked far forth, yet little saw Of what had else been seen-

Like one, that on a lonesome road Doth walk in fear and dread, And, having once turn'd round, walks on, And turns no more his head; Because he knows, a frightful fiend Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me, Nor sound nor motion made: Its path was not upon the sea, In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek Like a meadow-gale of spring— It mingled strangely with my fears, Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, Yet she sailed softly too: Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze-On me alone it blew.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed The light-house-top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk? Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar, And I with sobs did pray-O let me be awake, my God! Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass, So smoothly it was strewn! And on the bay the moonlight lay, And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less, That stands above the rock: The moonlight steeped in silentness The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light, Till rising from the same, Full many shapes, that shadows were, In crimson colours came.

A little distance from the prow Those crimson shadows were: I turned my eyes upon the deck-Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat, And, by the holy rood! A man all light, a scraph-man, On every corse there stood.

It was a heavenly sight! They stood as signals to the land, Each one a lovely light:

This scraph-band, each waved his hand, No voice did they impart— No voice; but oh! the silence sank Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars. I heard the Pilot's cheer; My head was turn'd perforce away, And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot, and the Pilot's boy, I heard them coming fast: Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third-I heard his voice: It is the Hermit good! He singeth loud his godly hymns That he makes in the wood. He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away The Albatross's blood.

### VII.

Tais Hermit good lives in that wood Which slopes down to the sen. How loudly his sweet voice he rears! He loves to talk with marineres That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon and eve-He hath a cushion plump: It is the moss that wholly hides The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat near'd: I heard them talk: Why this is strange, I trow! Where are those lights so many and fair, That signal made but now?

Strange, by my faith! the Hermit said-And they answered not our cheer! The planks look warped! and see those sails. How thin they are and sere! I never saw ought like to them, Unless perchance it were Brown skeletons of leaves that lag My forest-brook along; When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow. And the owlet whoops to the wolf below. That eats the she-wolf's young.

Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look-(The Pilot made reply) I am a-feared—Push on, push on! Said the Hermit cheerily.

boat came closer to the ship, nor spake nor stirred; boat came close beneath the ship, traight a sound was heard.

the water it rumbled on, louder and more dread: ich'd the ship, it split the bay; ship went down like lead.

ned by that loud and dreadful sound, h sky and ocean smote, one that hath been seven days drown'd, ody lay afloat; wift as dreams, myself I found in the Pilot's hoat.

the whirl, where sank the ship, boat spun round and round; all was still, save that the hill telling of the sound.

red my lips—the Pilot shricked fell down in a fit; holy Hermit raised his eyes, prayed where he did sit.

k the oars: the Pilot's boy,
now doth crazy go,
hed loud and long, and all the while
yes went to and fro.
ha! quoth he, full plain I see,
Devil knows how to row.

now, all in my own countree.
od on the firm land!
Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
carcely he could stand.

deve me, shrieve me, holy man! Hermit cross'd his brow. Juick, quoth he, I bid thee say manner of man art thou?

with this frame of mine was wrench'd a woeful agony, h forced me to begin my tale; hen it left me free.

then, at an uncertain hour, agony returns; ill my ghastly tale is told, heart within me burns.

s, like night, from land to land; e strange power of speech; moment that his face I see, w the man that must hear me: im my tale I teach.

loud uproar bursts from that door!
sedding-guests are there;
a the garden-bower the bride
oride-maids singing are;
ark the little vesper-bell,
b biddeth me to prayer!

O wedding-guest! this soul hath been Alone on a wide wide sea: So lonely 'twas, that God himself Scarce seemed there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast, 'Tis sweeter far to me, To walk together to the kirk With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk, And all together pray, While each to his great Father bends, Old men, and babes, and loving friends, And youths and maidens gay!

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell To thee, thou wedding-guest! He prayeth well, who loveth well Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best All things both great and small; For the dear God who loveth us, He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright, Whose beard with age is hoar, Is gone; and now the wedding-guest Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned, And is of sense forlorn: A sadder and a wiser man, He rose the morrow morn.

### ODE ON THE DEPARTING YEAR.

Composed on the 24th, 25th, and 26th day of December 1796; and first published on the last day of that year.

Spirit who sweepest the wild Harp of Time!

It is most hard, with an untroubled ear Thy dark inwoven harmonies to hear! Yet, mine eye fixt on Heaven's unchanging clime,

Long had I listened, free from mortal fear, With inward stillness and submitted mind; When lo! its folds far waving on the wind, I saw the train of the DEPARTING YEAR! Starting from my silent sadness. Then with no unholy madness, Ere yet the enter'd cloud foreclos'd my sight, I rais'd th' impetuous song, and solemnized his flight.

Hither, from the recent Tomb, From the Prison's direr gloom, From Distemper's midnight anguish; And thence, where Poverty doth waste and languish;

Or where, his two bright torches blending, Love illumines Manhood's maze; Or where o'er cradled infants bending Hope has fix'd her wishful gaze. Hither, in perplexed dance, Ye Woes! ye young-eyed Joys! advance! By Time's wild harp, and by the hand Whose indefatigable sweep Raises it's fateful strings from sleep, I bid you haste, a mixt tumultuous band! From every private bower, And each domestic hearth, Haste for one solemn hour; And with a loud and yet a louder voice O'er Nature struggling in portentous birth, Weep and rejoice! Still echoes the dread Name, that o'er the earth

Let slip the storm, and woke the brood of Hell.

And now advance in saintly Jubilee Justice and Truth! They too have heard thy spell,

They too obey thy name, divinest LIBERTY!

I mark'd Ambition in his war-array! I heard the mailed Monarch's troublous

Ah! wherefore does the Northern Conqueress stay?

Groans not her chariot on it's onward way? Fly, mailed Monarch, fly! Stunn'd by Death's twice mortal mace, No more on Murder's lurid face Th' insatiate hag shall glote with drunken

Manes of th' unnumber'd slain! Ye that gasp'd on WARSAW's plain! Ye that erst at Ismail's tower, When human ruin choak'd the streams, Fell in conquest's glutted hour, Mid women's shricks and infants' screams! Spirits of the uncoffin'd slain, Sudden blasts of triumph swelling, Oft, at night, in misty train, Rush around her narrow dwelling! The exterminating fiend is fled-(Foul her life and dark her doom) Mighty armies of the dead, Dance like death-fires round her tomb! Then with prophetic song relate, Each some tyrant-murderer's fate!

Departing Year! 'twas on no earthly shore My soul beheld thy vision! Where alone, Voiceless and stern, before the cloudy throne, Aye Memory sits: thy robe inscrib'd with

With many an unimaginable groan Thou storiedst thy sad hours! Silence ensued.

Deep silence o'er th' ethereal multitude, Whose locks with wreaths, whose wreaths Not yet enslay'd, not wholly vile.

Then, his eye wild ardours glancing, From the choired Gods advancing, The Spirit of the Earth made reverence meet. And stood up, beautiful, before the cloudy seat.

Throughout the blissful throng, Hush'd were harp and song: Till wheeling round the throne the LAMPADS

(The mystic Words of Heaven) Permissive signal make; The fervent Spirit bow'd, then spread his wings and spake:

Thou in stormy blackness throning Love and uncreated Light, By the Earth's unsolaced groaning, Seize thy terrors, Arm of might! By Peace, with proffer'd insult scar'd, Masked Hate and envying Scorn! By Years of Havoc yet unborn! And Hunger's bosom to the frost-winds bared! But chief by Afric's wrongs, Strange, horrible, and foul! By what deep guilt belongs To the deaf Synod, full of gifts and lies! By Wealth's insensate laugh! by Torture's howl!

Avenger, rise! For ever shall the thankless Island scowl. Her quiver full, and with unbroken bow? Speak! from thy storm-black heaven oh speak aloud!

And on the darkling foe Open thine eye of fire from some uncertain cloud !

O dart the flash! O rise and deal the blow! The Past to thee, to thee the Future cries! Hark! how wide Nature joins her grouns below!

Rise, God of Nature! rise.

The voice had ceased, the vision fled; Yet still I gasp'd and reel'd with dread. And ever, when the dream of night Renews the phantom to my sight, Cold sweat-drops gather on my limbs; My ears throb hot; my eye-balls start; My brain with horrid tumult swims; Wild is the tempest of my heart; And my thick and struggling breath Imitates the toil of Death! No stranger agony confounds The Soldier on the war-field spread, When all foredone with toil and wounds Death-like he dozes among heaps of dead! (The strife is o'er, the day-light fled, And the night-wind clamours hoarse! See! the starting wretch's head Lies pillow'd on a brother's corse!)

with glories shone. O Albion! O my mother-isle!

ics, fair as Eden's bowers,
reen with sunny showers;
sy uplands' gentle swells
the bleat of flocks;
rassy hills, those glitt'ring dells
ramparted with rocks)
an 'mid his uproar wild
afety to his island-child!
or many a fearless age,
il Quiet lov'd thy shore;
proud Invader's rage
I thy towers, or stain'd thy fields
with gore.

d of Heaven! mad Avarice thy guide, rdly distance, yet kindling with prideherds and thy corn-fields secure thou hast stood, d the wild yelling of Famine and Blood! ons curse thee, and with eager wond'ring ar Destruction, like a vulture, scream! eyed DESTRUCTION! who with many a dream I fires thro'nether seas upthund'ring her fierce solitude; yet as she lies fount, or red volcanic stream, o her lidless dragon-eyes, ! thy predestin'd ruins rise, hag on her perilous couch doth leap, g distemper'd triumph in her charmed sleep.

in vain the Birds of warning sing—
! I hear the famish'd brood of prey r lank pennons on the groaning wind! ty soul, away!
aking of the evil thing, ily prayer and daily toil r for food my scanty soil, iled my country with a loud Lament-ecenter my immortal mind sep sabbath of meek self-content; from the vaporous passions that bedim mage, sister of the Seraphim.

## FRANCE.

AN ODE.

ds! that far above me float and pause, pathless march no mortal may controul! i-Waves! that, wheresoe'er ye roll,

Yield homage only to eternal laws! Ye Woods! that listen to the night-birds' singing. Midway the smooth and perilous slope reclin'd, Save when your own imperious branches swinging Have made a solemn music of the wind! Where, like a man belov'd of God, Through glooms, which never woodman trod, How oft, pursuing fancies holy, My moonlight-way o'er flow'ring weeds I wound. Inspired, beyond the guess of folly, By each rude shape and wild unconquerable sound!

O ye loud Waves! and oh ye Forests high! And oh ye Clouds that far above me soar'd! Thou rising Sun! thou blue rejoicing Sky! Yea, every thing that is and will be free! Bear witness for me, wheresoe'er ye be, With what deep worship I have still ador'd The spirit of divinest Liberty.

When France in wrath her giant-limbs upreared,
And with that oath, which smote air, earth and sea,
Stamp'd her strong foot and said she would be free,

Bear witness for me, how I hop'd and fear'd! With what a joy my lofty gratulation Unaw'd I sang, amid a slavish band: And when to whelm the disenchanted nation, Like fiends embattled by a wizard's wand, The Monarchs march'd in evil day, And Britain join'd the dire array; Though dear her shores and circling ocean, Though many friendships, many youthful loves
Had swoln the patriot emotion

And flung a magic light o'er all her hills and groves;

Yet still my voice, unalter'd, sang defeat
To all that brav'd the tyrant-quelling lance,
And shame too long delay'd and vain retreat!

For ne'er, O Liberty! with partial aim
I dimm'd thy light or damp'd thy holy flame;
But blest the pæans of deliver'd France,
And hung my head and wept at Britain's
name.

And what, I said, though Blasphemy's loud scream
With that sweet music of deliverance strove? Though all the fierce and drunken passions wove
A dance more wild than e'er was maniac's dream?
Ye storms, that round the dawning east assembled.
The Sun was rising, though ye hid his light!
And when, to sooth my soul, that hoped

and trembled,

and bright;

When France her front deep-scar'd and gory Conceal'd with clustering wreaths of glory; When, insupportably advancing,

Her arm made mockery of the warrior's

ramp: While timid looks of fury glancing, Domestic treason, crush'd beneath her fatal

writh'd like a wounded dragon in his gore; Then I reproach'd my fears that would not flee;

And soon, I said, shall Wisdom teach her lore In the low huts of them that toil and groan! And, conquering by her happiness alone, Shall France compel the nations to be free, Till Love and Joy look round, and call the Earth their own.

Forgive me, Freedom! O forgive those dreams!

I hear thy voice, I hear thy loud lament, From bleak Helvetia's icy caverns sent-I hear thy groans upon her blood-stain'd streams!

Heroes, that for your peaceful country perish'd,

And ye that, fleeing, spot your mountainsnows

With bleeding wounds; forgive me, that I cherish'd

One thought that ever bless'd your cruel foes! To scatter rage, and traitorous guilt, Where Peace her jealous home had built;

A patriot-race to disinherit Of all that made their stormy wilds so dear;

And with inexpiable spirit To taint the bloodless freedom of the mountaineer-

O France, that mockest Heaven, adulterous, blind,

And patriot only in pernicious toils! Are these thy boasts, Champion of human kind;

To mix with Kings in the low lust of sway, Yell in the hunt, and share the murd'rous

To insult the shrine of Liberty with spoils From freemen torn; to tempt and to betray?

The Sensual and the Dark rebel in vain, Slaves by their own compulsion! In mad

game They burst their manacles and wear the name

Of Freedom, graven on a heavier chain! O Liberty! with profitless endeavour Have I pursued thee, many a weary hour; But thou nor swellst the victor's strain, nor ever

Didst breathe thy soul in forms of human

Alike from all, howe'er they praise thee.

The dissonance ceas'd, and all seem'd calm (Nor prayer, nor boastful name delays thee) Alike from Priestcraft's harpy minions, And factious Blasphemy's obscener slaves, Thou speedest on thy subtle pinions, The guide of homeless winds, and playmate of the waves!

And there I felt thee !- on that sea-cliff's

Whose pines, scarce travell'd by the breeze above.

Had made one murmur with the distant

Yes, while I stood and gaz'd, my temples bare.

And shot my being through earth, sea and air, Possessing all things with intensest love, O Liberty! my spirit felt thee there.

February 1798.

#### FEARS IN SOLITUDE.

Written in April 1798, during the Alarm of an Invasion.

A GREEN and silent spot, amid the hills, A small and silent dell! O'er stiller place No singing sky-lark ever pois'd himself. The hills are heathy, save that swelling slope.

Which hath a gay and gorgeous covering on, All golden with the never-bloomless furze, Which now blooms most profusely; but the dell,

Bath'd by the mist, is fresh and delicate As vernal corn-field, or the unripe flax, When, through its half-transparent stalks,

at eve, The level sunshine glimmers with green light.

Oh! 'tis a quiet spirit-healing nook! Which all, methinks, would love; but chiefly

The humble man, who, in his youthful years, Knew just so much of folly, as had made His early manhood more securely wise! Here he might lie on fern or wither'd heath, While from the singing-lark (that sings unseen

The minstrelsy that solitude loves best) And from the Sun, and from the breezy Air, Sweet influences trembled o'er his frame; And he, with many feelings, many thoughts, Made up a meditative joy, and found Religious meanings in the forms of nature! And so, his senses gradually wrapt In a half sleep, he dreams of better worlds And dreaming hears thee still, oh singing lark.

That singest like an angel in the clouds!

My God! it is a melancholy thing For such a man, who would full fain preserve ndeed a melancholy thing, weighs upon the heart, that he must

think uproar and what strife may now be

stirring way or that way o'er these silent hillsion, and the thunder and the shout, ill the crash of onset; fear and rage, indetermin'd conflict-even now, now, perchance, and in his native isle: ge and groans beneath this blessed Sun! ave offended, oh! my countrymen! ave offended very grievously, een most tyrannous. From east to west oan of accusation pierces heaven! wretched plead against us; multitudes tless and vehement, the Sons of God, trethren! Like a cloud that travels on, a'd up from Cairo's swamps of pestilence, o, my countrymen! have we gone forth orne to distant tribes slavery and pangs, leadlier far, our vices, whose deep taint slow perdition murders the whole man, ody and his soul! Meanwhile, at home, dividual dignity and power lph'd in Courts, Committees, Institu-

tions. intions and Societies,

in, speech-mouthing, speech-reporting Guild.

BENEVIT-CLUB for mutual flattery, ave drunk up, demure as at a grace, tions from the brimming cup of wealth; mptuous of all honorable rule, partering freedom and the poor man's

life old, as at a market! The sweet words bristian promise, words that even yet t stem destruction, were they wisely

preach'd, mutter'd o'er by men, whose tones proclaim

flat and wearisome they feel their trade: scoffers some, but most too indolent sem them falsehoods or to know their truth.

blasphemous! the book of life is made perstitions instrument, on which abble o'er the oaths we mean to break; Il must swear-all and in every place, ge and wharf, council and justice-court; Il must swear, the briber and the bribed, hant and lawyer, senator and priest, rich, the poor, the old man and the

young; all make up one scheme of perjury faith doth reel; the very name of God ds like a juggler's charm; and, bold

with joy,
from his dark and lonely hiding-place, entous sight!) the owlet, ATREISM, g on obscene wings athwart the noon, his blue-fringed lids, and holds them close.

aul in calmness, yet perforce must feel And hooting at the glorious Sun in Heaven, Il his human brethren—O my God! Cries out: Where is it? Thankless too for peace;

(Peace long preserv'd by fleets and perilous seas)

Secure from actual warfare, we have lov'd To swell the war-whoop, passionate for war! Alas! for ages ignorant of all

It's ghastlier workings (famine or blue plague,

Battle, or siege, or flight through wintry snows),

We, this whole people, have been clamorous For war and bloodshed; animating sports, The which we pay for as a thing to talk of, Spectators and not combatants! No guess Anticipative of a wrong unfelt,

No speculation on contingency, However dim and vague, too vague and dim To yield a justifying cause; and forth (Stuff'd out with big preamble, holy names, And adjurations of the God in Heaven.) We send our mandates for the certain death Of thousands and ten thousands! Boys and

girls, And women, that would groan to see a child Pull off an insect's leg, all read of war, The best amusement for our morning-meal! The poor wretch, who has learnt his only prayers

From curses, who knows scarcely words enough

To ask a blessing from his heavenly Father, Becomes a fluent phraseman, absolute And technical in victories and deceit, And all our dainty terms for fratricide; Terms which we trundle smoothly o'er our tongues

Like mere abstractions, empty sounds to which

We join no feeling and attach no form! As if the soldier died without a wound; As if the fibres of this godlike frame Were gor'd without a pang; as if the wretch, Who fell in battle, doing bloody deeds, Pass'd off to Heaven, translated and not kill'd; As though he had no wife to pine for him, No God to judge him! Therefore, evil days Are coming on us, oh my countrymen! And what if all-avenging Providence, Strong and retributive, should make us know The meaning of our words, force us to feel The desolation and the agony Of our fierce doings? Spare us yet awhile, Father and God! Oh! spare us yet awhile!

Oh! let not English women drag their flight Fainting beneath the burthen of their babes, Of the sweet infants, that but yesterday Laugh'd at the breast! Sons, brothers, hus-

bands, all Who ever gaz'd with fondness on the forms Which grew up with you round the same fire-side.

And all who ever heard the sabbath-bells Without the infidel's scorn, make yourselves pure!

Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe, Impious and false, a light yet cruel race, Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth With deeds of murder; and still promising Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free, Poison life's amities, and cheat the heart Of faith and quiet hope, and all that soothes And all that lifts the spirit! Stand we forth; Render them back upon the insulted ocean, And let them toss as idly on it's waves As the vile sea-weed, which some mountain-

Swept from our shores! And oh! may we

Not with a drunken triumph, but with fear, Repenting of the wrongs with which we stung

So fierce a foe to frenzy!—I have told, O Britons! O my brethren! I have told Most bitter truth, but without bitterness. Nor deem my zeal or factious or mis-tim'd; For never can true courage dwell with them, Who, playing tricks with conscience, dare not look

At their own vices. We have been too long Dupes of a deep delusion! Some, belike, Groaning with restless enmity, expect All change from change of constituted power; As if a Government had been a robe, On which our vice and wretchedness were tagg'd

Like fancy-points and fringes, with the robe Pull'd off at pleasure. Fondly these attach A radical causation to a few Poor drudges of chastising Providence, Who borrow all their hues and qualities From our own folly and rank wickedness, Which gave them birth and nurse them.

Others.meanwhile,

Dote with a mad idolatry; and all Who will not fall before their images, And yield them worship, they are enemies Even of their country! Such have I been deem'd—

But, O dear Britain! O my Mother-Isle! Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy

To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,
A husband, and a father! who revere
All bonds of natural love, and find them all
Within the limits of thy rocky shores.
O native Britain! O my Mother-Isle!
How shouldst thou prove aught else but
dear and holy

To me, who from thy lakes and mountainhills,

Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,

Have drunk in all my intellectual life, All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts, All adoration of the God in Nature, All lovely and all honorable things, Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel The joy and greatness of its future being? There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul Unborrow'd from my country. O divine

Stand forth! be men! repel an impious foe, Impious and false, a light yet cruel race, Who laugh away all virtue, mingling mirth With deeds of murder; and still promising Freedom, themselves too sensual to be free,

My filial fears, be vain! and may the vaunts
And menace of the vengeful enemy
Pass like the gust, that roar'd and died away
In the distant tree: which heard, and only
heard

In this low dell, bow'd not the delicate grass.

But now the gentle dew-fall sends abroad The fruit-like perfume of the golden furze: The light has left the summit of the hill, Though still a sunny gleam lies beautiful Aslant the ivied beacon. Now farewell, Farewell, awhile, O soft and silent spot! On the green sheep-track, up the heathy hill, Homeward I wind my way; and, lo! recall'd From bodings that have well nigh wearied

I find myself upon the brow, and pause Startled! And after lonely sojourning In such a quiet and sorrounded nook, This burst of prospect, here the shadowy Main.

Dim tinted, there the mighty majesty
Of that huge amphitheatre of rich
And elmy Fields, seems like society—
Conversing with the mind, and giving it
A livelier impulse and a dance of thought!
And now, beloved Stowey! I behold
Thy church-tower, and, methinks, the four
huge elms

Clustering, which mark the mansion of my friend;

And close behind them, hidden from my view,

Is my own lowly cottage, where my habe And my babe's mother dwell in peace! With light

And quicken'd footsteps thitherward I tend. Remembering thee, oh green and silent dell! And grateful, that by nature's quietness And solitary musings all my heart Is soften'd and made worthy to indulge Love, and the thoughts that yearn for human kind.

#### THE VISIONARY HOPE.

San lot, to have no Hors! The lowly kneeling.

He fain would frame a prayer within his breast,

Would fain intreat for some sweet breath of healing.

That his sick body might have case and rest;

He strove in vain! the dull sighs from his chest

Against his will the stifling load revealing

The Nature forc'd; the like some captive under the name of a War-Eelogue, in which guest,

Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast, as the speakers. The gentleman so address-

Some royal prisoner at his conqueror's feast, An alien's restless mood but half concealing, The sternness on his gentle brow confest Sickness within and miserable feeling: The obscure pangs made curses of his dreams, And dreaded sleep, each night repell'd in vain, Each night was scatter'd by its own loud

Screams:
Yet never could his heart command, the fain,
One deep full wish to be no more in pain.

That Hope, which was his inward bliss and boast,

Which wan'd and died, yet ever near him stood,

Tho' chang'd in nature, wander where he would-

For Love's Despair is but Hope's pining Ghost!

For this one hope he makes his hourly moan, He wishes and can wish for this alone! Pierc'd, as with light from heaven, before its gleams

(So the love-stricken visionary deems)
Disease would vanish, like a summer-shower,
Whose dews fling sunshine from the noontide bower!

Or let it stay! yet this one Hope should give

Such strength that he would bless his pains and live.

#### FIRE, FAMINE, AND SLAUGHTER.

A WAR-ECLOGUE,

## WITH AN APOLOGETIC PREFACE.

Me dolor incantum, me lubrica duxerit mtas, Me tumor impulerit, me devius egerit ardor: Te tamen hand decuit paribus concurrere telis. En adsum: veniam, confessus crimina, posco. CLAUB. Epist. ad Hadr.

There is one that slippoth in his speech, but not from his heart; and who is he that hath not affended with his tongue? Ecclesiasticus, xix. 16.

Ar the house of a gentleman, who by the principles and corresponding virtues of a sincere Christian consecrates a cultivated genius and the favorable accidents of birth, upulence, and splendid connexions, it was any good fortune to meet, in a dinner-party, with more men of celebrity in science or polite literature, than are commonly found collected round the same table. In the course of conversation, one of the party reminded in illustrious Poet, then present, of some verses which he had recited that morning, and which had appeared in a newspaper

Fire, Famine, and Slaughter were introduced as the speakers. The gentleman so addressed replied, that he was rather surprised that none of us should have noticed or heard of the Poem, as it had been, at the time, a good deal talked of in Scotland. It may be easily supposed, that my feelings were at this moment not of the most comfortable kind. Of all present, one only knew, or suspected me to be the author; a man who would have established himself in the first rank of England's living Poets, if the Genius of our country had not decreed that he should rather be the first in the first rank of its Philosophers and scientific Benefactors. It appeared the general wish to hear the lines. As my friend chose to remain silent, I chose to follow his example, and Mr. """ recited the Poem. This he could do with the better grace, being known to have ever been not only a firm and active Anti-Jacobin and Anti-Gallican, but likewise a zealous admirer of Mr. Pitt, both as a good man and a great Statesman. As a Poet exclusively, he had been amused with the Eclogue; as a Poet, he recited it; and in a spirit, which made it evident, that he would have read and repeated it with the same pleasure, had his own name been attached to the imaginary object or agent.

After the recitation, our amiable host observed, that in his opinion Mr. "" had over-rated the merits of the poetry; but had they been tenfold greater, they could not have compensated for that malignity of heart, which could alone have prompted sentiments so atrocious. I perceived that my illustrious friend became greatly distressed on my account; but fortunately I was able to preserve fortitude and presence of mind enough to take up the subject without exciting even a suspicion, how nearly and pain-

fully it interested me.

What follows, is substantially the same as I then replied, but dilated and in language less colloquial. It was not my intention, I said, to justify the publication, whatever its author's feelings might have been at the time of composing it. That they are calculated to call forth so severe a reprobation from a good man, is not the worst feature of such poems. Their moral deformity is aggravated in proportion to the pleasure which they are capable of affording to vindictive, turbulent, and unprincipled readers. Could it be supposed, though for a moment, that the author seriously wished what he had thus wildly imagined, even the attempt to palliate an inhumanity so monstrous would be an insult to the hearers. But it seemed to me worthy of consideration, whether the mood of mind, and the general state of sensations, in which a Poet produces such vivid and fantastic images, is likely to co-exist, or is even compatible with that gloomy and

to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame and mild. The mind, under so direful and fiend-like an influence, seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association, and by the specific joyousness combined with it, would assuredly themselves preclude such activity. Passion, in its own quality, is the antagonist of action; though in an ordinary and natural degree the former alternates with the latter, and thereby revives and strengthens it. But the more intense and insane the passion is, the fewer and the more fixed are the correspondent forms and notions. A rooted hatred, an inveterate thirst of revenge, is a sort of madness, and still eddies round its favourite object, and exercises as it were a perpetual tautology of mind in thoughts and words, which admit of no adequate substitutes. Like a fish in a globe of glass, it moves restlessly round and round the scanty circumference, which it can not leave without losing its vital element.

There is a second character of such imaginary representations as spring from a real and carnest desire of evil to another, which we often see in real life, and might even anticipate from the nature of the mind. The images, I mean, that a vindictive man pla-ces before his imagination, will most often be taken from the realities of life: they will he images of pain and suffering which he has himself seen inflicted on other men, and which he can fancy himself as inflicting on the object of his hatred. I will suppose that we had heard at different times two common sailors, each speaking of some one who had wronged or offended him; that the first with apparent violence had devoted every part of his adversary's body and soul to all the horrid phantoms and fantastic places that ever Quevedo dreamt of, and this in a rapid flow of those outré and wildly combined execrations, which too often with our lower classes serve for escape-valves to carry off the excess of their passions, as so much superfluous steam that would endanger the vessel if it were retained. The other, on the contrary, with that sort of calmness of tone which is to the ear what the paleness of anger is to the eye, shall simply say: "If I chance to be made boatswain, as I hope I soon shall, and can but once get that fellow under my hand (and I shall be upon the

deliberate ferocity which a serious wish to realize them would pre-suppose. It had been often observed, and all my experience tended to confirm the observation, that prospects of pain and evil to others, and in general, all deep feelings of revenge, are commonly expressed in a few words, ironically tame and mild. The mind, under so direful and fiend-like an influence, seems to take a morbid pleasure in contrasting the intensity of its wishes and feelings with the slightness or levity of the expressions by which they are hinted; and indeed feelings so intense and solitary, if they were not precluded (as in almost all cases they would be) by a constitutional activity of fancy and association,

-Too wild, too rude and bold of voice, the skipping spirit, whose thoughts and words reciprocally ran away with each other;

-0 be thou damn'd, inexorable dog! And for thy life let justice be accused!

and the wild fancies that follow, contrasted with Shylock's tranquil I stand here for Law.

Or, to take a case more analogous to the present subject, should we hold it either fair or charitable to believe it to have been Dante's serious wish, that all the persons mentioned by him, (many recently departed and some even alive at the time) should actually suffer the fantastic and horrible punishments, to which he has sentenced them in his hell and purgatory? Or what shall we say of the passages in which Bishop Jeremy Taylor anticipates the state of those who, vicious themselves, have been the cause of vice and misery to their fellow-creatures? Could we endure for a moment to think that a spirit, like Bishop Taylor's, burning with Christian love; that a man constitutionally overflowing with pleasurable kindliness; who scarcely even in a casual illustration introduces the image of woman, child, or bird, but he embalms the thought with so rich a tenderness, as makes the very words seem beauties and fragments of poetry from an Euripides or Simonides;can we endure to think, that a man so matured and so disciplined, did at the time of composing this horrible picture, attach a sober feeling of reality to the phrases? or that he would have described in the same tone of justification, in the same luxuriant flow of phrases, the tortures about to be inflicted on a living individual by a verdict of the Star-Chamber? or the still more atrocious sentences executed on the Scotch anti-prelatists and schismatics, at the command, and in some instances under the very eye of the Duke of Lauderdale, and of that wretched bigot who afterwards dishonored and forfeited the throne of Great Britais? Or do we not rather feel and understan that these violent words were mere bubbles. flashes and electrical apparitions, from the magic cauldron of a fervid and ebulliant

fancy, constantly fuelled by an unexampled | poem, so far was I even then from imagin-

opulence of language?

Were I now to have read by myself for the first time the poem in question, my con-clusion, I fully believe, would be, that the writer must have been some man of warm feelings and active fancy; that he had painted to himself the circumstances that accompany war in so many vivid and yet fantastic forms, as proved that neither the images nor the feelings were the result of observation, or in any way derived from realities. I should judge, that they were the product of his own seething imagination, and therefore impregnated with that pleasurable exultation which is experienced in all energetic exertions of intellectual power; that in the same mood he had generalized the causes of the war, and then personified the abstract and christened it by the name which he had been accustomed to hear most often associated with its management and measures. I should guess that the minister was in the author's mind, at the moment of composition, as completely απαθής, αναιμόσαρχος, as Anacreon's grasshopper, and that he had as little notion of a real person of flesh and blood,

Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb, as Milton had in the grim and terrible phantoms (half person, half allegory) which he has placed at the gates of Hell. I concluded by observing, that the Poem was not calculated to excite passion in any mind, or to make any impression except on poetic readers; and that from the culpable levity, betrayed by the grotesque union of epigrammatic wit with allegoric personification, in the allusion to the most fearful of thoughts, I should conjecture that the "rantin Bardie," instead of really believing, much less wishing, the fate spoken of in the last line, in application to any human individual, would shrink from passing the verdict even on the Devil himself, and exclaim with poor Burns:

But fare ye weel, auld Nickie-ben!
Oh! wad ye tak a thought an' men!
Ye aiblins might—I dinna ken—
Still hae a stake—
I'm wae to think upon yon den,
Ev'n for your sake!

I need not say that these thoughts, which are here dilated, were in such a company only rapidly suggested. Our kind host smiled, and with a courteous compliment observed, that the defence was too good for the cause. My voice faultered a little, for I was somewhat agitated; though not so much on my nun account as for the uneasiness that so kind and friendly a man would feel from the thought that he had been the occasion of distressing me. At length I brought out these words: I must now confess, Sir! that I am the author of that Poem. It was written some years ago. I do not attempt to ustify my past self, young as I then was; and as little as I would now write a similar reasonableness, the amazement and the dis-

ing, that the lines would be taken as more or less than a sport of fancy. At all events, if I know my own heart, there was never a moment in my existence in which I should have been more ready, had Mr. Pitt's person been in hazard, to interpose my own body, and defend his life at the risque of my own.

I have prefaced the poem with this anecdote, because to have printed it without any remark might well have been understood as implying an unconditional approbation on my part, and this after many years consider-ation. But if it be asked why I re-published it at all? I answer, that the Poem had been attributed at different times to different other persons; and what I had dared beget, I thought it neither manly nor honorable not to dare father. From the same motives I should have published perfect copies of two poems, the one entitled The Devil's Thoughts, and the other The Two Round Spaces on the Tomb-Stone, but that the three first stanzas of the former, which were worth all the rest of the poem, and the best stanza of the remainder, were written by a friend of deserved celebrity; and because there are passages in both, which might have given offence to the religious feelings of certain readers. I myself indeed see no reason why vulgar superstitions, and absurd conceptions that deform the pure faith of a Christian, should possess a greater immunity from ridicule than stories of witches, or the fables of Greece and Rome. But there are those who deem it profaneness and irreverence to call an ape an ape, if it but wear a monk's cowl on its head; and I would rather reason with this weakness than offend it.

The passage from Jeremy Taylor to which I referred, is found in his second Sermon on Christ's Advent to Judgement; which is likewise the second in his year's course of sermons. Among many remarkable passages of the same character in those discourses, I have selected this as the most so. "But when this Lion of the tribe of Judah shall appear, then Justice shall strike and Mercy shall not hold her hands; she shall strike sore strokes, and Pity shall not break the blow. As there are treasures of good things, so hath God a treasure of wrath and fury and scourges and scorpions; and then shall be produced the shame of Lust and the malice of Envy, and the groans of the oppressed and the persecutions of the saints. and the cares of Covetousness and the troubles of Ambition, and the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels, and the rage of anger and the uncasiness of impatience, and the restlessness of unlawful desires; and by this time the monsters and diseases will be numerous and intolerable, when God's heavy hand shall press the sanies and the intolerableness, the obliquity and the unand pour them into one chalice, and mingle them with an infinite wrath, and make the wicked drink off all the vengeance, and force it down their unwilling throats with the violence of devils and accursed spirits."

That this Tartarean drench displays the imagination rather than the discretion of the compounder; that, in short, this passage and others of the same kind are in a bad taste, few will deny at the present day. It would doubtless have more behoved the good bishop not to be wise beyond what is written, on a subject in which Eternity is opposed to Time, and a death threatened, not the negative, but the positive Opposite of Life; a subject, therefore, which must of necessity be indescribable to the human understanding in our present state. But I can neither find nor believe, that it ever occurred to any reader to ground on such passages a charge against Bishor Taylon's humanity, or goodness of heart. I was not a little surprized therefore to find, in the Pursuits of Literature and other works, so horrible a sentence passed on Milton's moral character, for a passage in his prose-writings, as nearly parallel to this of Taylor's as two passages can well be conceived to be. All his merits, as a poet, forsooth-all the glory of having written the PARADISE LOST, are light in the scale, nay, kick the beam, compared with the atrocious malignity of heart expressed in the offensive paragraph. I remembered, in general, that Milton had concluded one of his works on Reformation, written in the fervour of his youthful imagination, in a high poetic strain, that wanted metre only to become a lyrical poem. remembered that in the former part be had formed to himself a perfect ideal of human virtue, a character of heroic, disinterested zeal and devotion for Truth, Religion, and public Liberty, in Act and in Suffering, in the day of Triumph and in the hour of Martyrdom. Such spirits, as more excellent than others, he describes as having a more excellent reward, and as distinguished by a transcendent glory: and this reward and this glory he displays and particularizes with an energy and brilliance that announced the Paradise Lost as plainly, as ever the bright purple clouds in the east announced the coming of the Sun. Milton then passes to the gloomy contrast, to such men as from motives of selfish ambition and the lust of personal aggrandizement should, against their own light, persecute truth and the true religion, and wilfully abuse the powers and gifts entrusted to them, to bring vice, blindness, misery and slavery, on their native country, on the very country that had trusted, enriched and honored them. Such beings, after that speedy and appropriate removal from their sphere of mis-

order, the smart and the sorrow, the guilt chief which all good and humane men must and the punishment, out from all our sins, of course desire, will, he takes for granted of course desire, will, he takes for granted by parity of reason, meet with a punishment, an ignominy, and a retaliation, as much severer than other wicked men, as their guilt and its consequence were more enormous. His description of this imaginary punishment presents more distinct pictures to the fancy than the extract from Jeremy Taylor; but the thoughts in the latter are incomparably more exaggerated and horrific. All this I knew; but I neither remembered, nor by reference and careful re-perusal could discover, any other meaning, either in Milton or Taylor, but that good men will be rewarded, and the impenitent wicked punished, in proportion to their dispositions and intentional acts in this life; and that if the punishment of the least wicked be fearful beyond conception, all words and descriptions must be so far true, that they must fall short of the punishment that awaits the transcendently wicked. Had Milton stated either his ideal of virtue, or of depravity, as an individual or individuals actually existing? Certainly not! Is his representation worded historically, or only hypothetically? Assuredly the latter! Does he express it as his own wish, that after death they should suffer these tortures? or as a general consequence, deduced from reason and revelation, that such will be their fate? Again the latter only! His wish is expressly confined to a speedy stop being put by Providence to their power of inflicting misery on others! But did he name or refer to any persons, living or dead? No! But the calumniators of Milton daresay (for what will calumny not dare say?) that he had Laup and Star-FORD in his mind, while writing of remorseless persecution and the enslavement of a free country, from motives of selfish ambition. Now, what if a stern anti-prelatist should daresay, that in speaking of the insolencies of traitors and the violences of rebels. Bishop Taylor must have individualized in his mind, HAMDEN, HOLLIS, PYM, FAIRFAY, IRETON, and MILTON? And what if he should take the liberty of concluding, that in the afterdescription the Bishop was feeding and feasting his partyhatred, and with those individuals before the eyes of his imagination enjoying, trait by trait, horror after horror, the picture of their intolerable ago-nies? Yet this bigot would have an equal right thus to criminate the one good and great man, as these men have to criminate the other. Milton has said, and I doubt not but that Taylor with equal truth could have said it, that in his whole life he never spake against a man even that his skin should be grazed. He asserted this when one of his opponents (either Bishop Hall or his nephew) had called upon the women and children in the streets to take up stones and stone his (Milton). It is known that Milton repeatedly

been meritorious against him, no charge was made, no story pretended, that he had ever directly or indirectly engaged or assisted in their persecution. Oh! methinks there are other and far better feelings, which should be acquired by the perusal of our great elder writers. When I have before me on the same table, the works of Hammond and Baxter; when I reflect with what joy and dearness their blessed spirits are now loving each other; it seems a mournful thing that their names should be perverted to an occasion of bitterness among us, who are enjoying that happy mean which the human roo-NUCH on both sides was perhaps necessary to produce. The tangle of delusions which stifled and distorted the growing tree of our wellbeing have been torn away; the parasite-weeds that fed on its very roots have been plucked up with a salutary violence. To us there remain only quiet duties, the constant care, the gradual improvement, the cantious unbazardous labours of the industrious though contented gardener-to prune, to strengthen, to engraft, and one by one to remove from its leaves and fresh shoots the slug and the caterpillar. But far be it from us to undervalue with light and senseless detraction the conscientious hardihood of our predecessors, or even to condemn in them that vehemence, to which the blessings it won for us leave us now neither temptation nor pretext. We ante-date the feelings, in order to criminate the authors, of our present Liberty, Light, and Toleration.

If ever two great men might seem, during their whole lives, to have moved in direct opposition, though neither of them has at any time introduced the name of the other, Milton and Jeremy Taylor were they. The former commenced his career by attacking the Church-Liturgy and all set forms of prayer. The latter, but far more successfully, by defending both. Milton's next work was then against the Prelacy and the then existing Church-Government-Taylor's, in vindication and support of them. Milton became more and more a stern republican, or rather an advocate for that religious and moral aristocracy which, in his day, was colled republicanism, and which, even more than royalism itself, is the direct antipode of modern jacobinism. Taylor, as more and more sceptical concerning the fitness of men in general for power, became more and more attached to the prerogatives of monarchy. From Calvinism, with a still decreasing respect for Fathers, Councils, and for Church-Antiquity in general, Milton seems to have ended in an indifference, if not a dislike, to all forms of ecclesiastic government, and to have retreated wholly into the inward and spiritual church-communion of his own spirit with the Light, that lighteth every man moral and temporal improvement of their

used his interest to protect the royalists; that cometh into the world. Taylor, with but even at a time when all lies would have a growing reverence for authority, an increasing sense of the insufficiency of the Scriptures without the aids of tradition and the consent of authorized interpreters, advanced as far in his approaches (not indeed to Popery, but) to Catholicism, as a conscientious minister of the English Church could well venture. Milton would be, and would utter the same, to all, on all occasions; he would tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Taylor would become all things to all men, if by any means he might benefit any; hence he availed himself, in his popular writings, of opinions and representations which stand often in striking contrast with the doubts and convictions expressed in his more philosophical works. He appears, indeed, not too severely to have blamed that management of truth (istam falsitatem dispensativam) authorized and exemplified by almost all the fathers: Integrum omnino Doctoribus et cœtus Christiani Antistitibus esse, ut dolos versent, falsa veris intermisceant et imprimis religionis hostes fallant, dummodo veritatis commodis et utilitati inserviant.

The same antithesis might be carried on with the elements of their several intellectual powers. Milton, austere, condensed, imaginative, supporting his truth by direct enunciation of lofty moral sentiment and by distinct visual representations, and in the same spirit overwhelming what he deemed falsehood by moral denunciation and a succession of pictures appalling or repulsive. In his prose, so many metaphors, so many allegorical miniatures. Taylor, eminently discursive, accumulative, and (to use one of his own words) agglomerative; still more rich in images than Milton himself, but images of Fancy, and presented to the common and passive eye, rather than to the eye of the imagination. Whether supporting or assailing, he makes his way either by argument or by appeals to the affections, unsurpassed even by the Schoolmen in subtlety, agility and logical wit, and unrivalled by the most rhetorical of the fathers in the copiousness and vividness of his expressions and illustrations. Here words that convey feelings, and words that flash images, and words of abstract notion, flow together, and at once whirl and rush onward like a stream, at once rapid and full of eddies; and yet still, interfused here and there, we see a tongue or islet of smooth water, with some picture in it of earth or sky, landscape or living group of quiet beauty.

Differing, then, so widely, and almost contrariantly, wherein did these great men agree? wherein did they resemble each other? In Genius, in Learning, in unfeigned Picty, in blameless Purity of Life, and in benevolent aspirations and purposes for the

tin Accidence, to render education more easy and less painful to children; both of them composed hymns and psalms proportioned to the capacity of common congregations; both, nearly at the same time, set the glorious example of publicly recommending and supporting general Toleration, and the Li-berty both of the Pulpit and the Press! In the writings of neither shall we find a single sentence, like those meek deliverances to God's mercy, with which LAUD accompanied his votes for the mutilations and loathsome dungeoning of Leighton and others!-no where such a pious prayer as we find in Bishop Hall's memoranda of his own Life, concerning the subtle and witty Atheist that so grievously perplexed and gravelled him at Sir Robert Drury's, till he prayed to the Lord to remove him, and behold! his prayers were heard; for shortly afterward this phi-listine-combatant went to London, and there perished of the plague in great misery! In short, no where shall we find the least approach, in the lives and writings of John Milton or Jeremy Taylor, to that guarded gentleness, to that sighing reluctance, with which the holy Brethren of the Inquisition deliver over a condemned heretic to the civil magistrate, recommending him to mercy, and hoping that the magistrate will treat the erring brother with all possible mildness!-the magistrate, who too well knows what would be his own fate, if he dared offend them by acting on their recommendation.

The opportunity of diverting the reader from myself to characters more worthy of his attention, has led me far beyond my first intention; but it is not unimportant to expose the false zeal which has occasioned these attacks on our elder patriots. It has been too much the fashion, first to personify the Church of England, and then to speak of different individuals, who in different ages have been rulers in that church, as if in some strange way they constituted its personal identity. Why should a clergyman of the present day feel interested in the defence of Laud or Sheldon? Surely it is sufficient for the warmest partizan of our establishment, that he can assert with truth, -when our Church persecuted, it was on mistaken principles held in common by all Christendom; and at all events, far less culpable was this intolerance in the Bishops, who were maintaining the existing laws, than the persecuting spirit afterwards shewn by their successful opponents, who had no such excuse, and who should have been taught mercy by their own sufferings, and wisdom by the utter failure of the experiment in their own case. We can say, that our Church, apostolical in its faith, primi-tive in its ceremonies, unequalled in its liturgical forms; that our Church, which Their wives and their children faint for breat

fellow-creatures! Both of them wrote a La- has kindled and displayed more bright and burning lights of Genius and Learning, than all other protestant churches since the reformation, was (with the single exception of the times of Laud and Sheldon) least intolerant, when all Christians unhappily deemed a species of intolerance their religious duty; that Bishops of our church were among the first that contended against this error; and finally, that since the reformation. when tolerance became a fashion, the Church of England, in a tolerating age, has shewn herself eminently tolerant, and far more so, both in Spirit and in Fact, than many of her most bitter opponents, who profess to deem toleration itself an insult on the rights of mankind! As to myself, who not only know the Church-Establishment to be tolerant, but who see in it the greatest, if not the sole safe bulwark of Toleration, I feel no necessity of defending or palliating op-pressions under the two Charleses, in order to exclaim with a full and fervent heart. ESTO PERPETUA!

> The Scene, a desolated Tract in la Vendee. FAMINE is discovered lying on the ground; to her enter FIRE and SLAUGHTER.

Famine. Sisters! sisters! who sent you here? Slaughter (to Fire). I will whisper it is her ear.

Fire. No! no! no! Spirits hear what spirits tell: Twill make an holiday in Hell, No! no! no! Myself, I nam'd him once below, And all the souls, that damned be, Leapt up at once in anarchy, Clapp'd their hands and danced for glee. They no longer heeded me: But laugh'd to hear Hell's burning rafters

Unwillingly re-echo laughters! No! no! no! Spirits hear what spirits tell:

'Twill make an holiday in Hell! Famine. Whisper it, sister! so aml so! In a dark hint, soft and slow.

Slaughter. Letters four do form his name-And who sent you?

Both. The same! the same! Slaughter. He came by stealth, and ar lock'd my den,

And I have drank the blood since then Of thrice three hundred thousand men-Both. Who bade you do't? Slaughter. The same! the same! Letters four do form his name.

He let me loose, and cried, Halloo! To him alone the praise is due.

Famine. Thanks, sister, thanks! the met have bled.

I stood in a swampy field of battle; With bones and skulls I made a rattle, To frighten the wolf and carrion-crow And the homeless dog-but they would not go. So off I flew: for how could I bear To see them gorge their dainty fare? I heard a groan and a peevish squall, And through the chink of a cottage-wall-Can you guess what I saw there?

Both. Whisper it, sister! in our ear.

Famine. A baby beat its dying mother: I had starv'd the one and was starving the

Both. Who bade you do't? Famine. The same! the same! Letters four do form his name. He let me loose, and cried, Halloo! To him alone the praise is due.

Fire. Sisters! I from Ireland came! Hedge and corn-fields all on flame, I triumph'd o'er the setting Sun! And all the while the work was done, On as I strode with my huge strides, I flung back my head and I held my sides, It was so rare a piece of fun To see the swelter'd cattle run With uncouth gallop through the night, Scared by the red and noisy light! By the light of his own blazing cot Was many a naked Rebel shot: The house-stream met the flame and hiss'd, While crash! fell in the roof, I wist, On some of those old bed-rid nurses, That deal in discontent and curses.

Both. Who bade you do't? Fire. The same! the same! Letters four do form his name. He let me loose, and cried, Halloo! To him alone the praise is due.

All. He let us loose, and cried, Halloo!

How shall we yield him honour due?

Famine. Wisdom comes with lack of food. I'll gnaw, I'll gnaw the multitude, Till the cup of rage o'erbrim: They shall seize him and his brood-

Staughter. They shall tear him limb from limb!

Fire. O thankless beldames and untrue! And is this all that you can do For him, who did so much for you? Ninety months he, by my troth! Hath richly cater'd for you both; And in an hour would you repay An eight years' work ?-Away! away! I alone am faithful! I Cling to him everlastingly.

## THE KEEP-SAKE.

THE tedded hay, the first-fruits of the soil, The tedded hay and corn-sheaves in one field, Shew summer gone, ere come. The fox- Crushing the purple whorts; while oft glove tall

Sheds its loose purple bells, or in the gust, Or when it bends beneath the up-springing

Or mountain-finch alighting. And the rose (In vain the darling of successful love) Stands, like some boasted beauty of past

The thorns remaining, and the flowers all gone.

Nor can I find, amid my lonely walk By rivulet, or spring, or wet road-side, That blue and bright-eyed flowret of the brook,

Hope's gentle gem, the sweet Forget-ME-Nor! So will not fade the flowers which Emmeline With delicate fingers on the snow-white silk Has work'd, (the flowers which most she knew I lov'd)

And, more belov'd than they, her auburn hair.

In the cool morning-twilight, early waked By her full bosom's joyless restlessness, Leaving the soft bed to her sleeping sister, Softly she rose, and lightly stole along, Down the slope coppice to the woodbine-

bower, Whose rich flowers, swinging in the morning-breeze,

Over their dim fast-moving shadows hung, Making a quiet image of disquiet In the smooth, scarcely moving river-pool; There, in that bower where first she own'd her love.

And let me kiss my own warm tear of joy From off her glowing cheek, she sate and stretch'd

The silk upon the frame, and work'd her name

Between the Moss-Rose and Forget-ME-NOT-Her own dear name, with her own auburn hair!

That, forc'd to wander till sweet spring return,

I yet might ne'er forget her smile, her look, Her voice, (that even in her mirthful mood Has made me wish to steal away and weep) Nor yet th' entrancement of that maiden kiss With which she promis'd, that when spring return'd.

She would resign one half of that dear name, And own thenceforth no other name but mine!

## THE PICTURE,

OR THE LOVER'S RESOLUTION.

THROUGH weeds and thorns, and matted underwood

I force my way; now climb, and now descend O'er rocks, or bare or mossy, with wild foot Hurrying along the drifted forest-leaves, The scared snake rustles. Onward still I toil,

I know not, ask not whither! A new joy, Lovely as light, sudden as summer-gust, And gladsome as the first-born of the spring, Beckons me on, or follows from behind, Playmate, or guide! The master-passion

quell'd,
I feel that I am free. With dun-red bark
The fir-trees, and th' unfrequent slender oak,
Forth from this tangle wild of bush and
brake

Soar up, and form a melancholy vault
High o'er me, murmuring like a distant sea.
Here Wisdom might resort, and here
Remorse;

Here too the love-lorn Man who, sick in soul And of this busy human heart aweary, Worships the spirit of unconscious life In tree or wild-flower.—Gentle Lunatic! If so he might not wholly cease to be, He would far rather not be that, he is; But would be something, that he knows not of,

In winds or waters, or among the rocks!

But hence, fond wretch! breathe not contagion here!

No myrtle-walks are these: these are no

Where Love dare loiter! If in sullen mood He should stray hither, the low stumps shall gore

His dainty feet, the briar and the thorn Make his plumes haggard. Like a wounded bird

Easily caught, ensnare him, oh ye Nymphs, Ye Oreads chaste, ye dusky Dryades! And you, ye Earth-winds! you that make at morn

The dew-drops quiver on the spiders' webs! You, oh ye wingless Ains! that creep between The rigid stems of heath and bitten furze, Within whose scanty shade, at summer-noon, The mother-sheep hath worn a hollow bed—Ye, that now cool her fleece with dropless

damp,
Now pant and murmur with her feeding lamb.
Chase, chase him, all ye Fays, and elfin
Gnomes!

With prickles sharper than his darts bemock His little Godship, making him perforce Creep through a thorn-bush on you hedgehog's back.

This is my hour of triumph! I can now With my own fancies play the merry fool, And laugh away worse folly, being free. Here will I seat myself, beside this old, Hollow, and weedy oak, which ivy-twine Cloaths as with net-work: here will couch my limbs,

Close by this river, in this silent shade,

As an invisible world—unheard, unseen, And listening only to the pebbly brook That murmurs with a dead, yet bell-like

Tinkling, or bees, that in the neighbouring trunk

Make honey-hoards. This breeze, that visits me.

Was never Love's accomplice, never rais'd The tendril ringlets from the maiden's brow, And the blue, delicate veins above her cheek; Ne'er play'd the wanton—never half disclosed The maiden's snowy bosom, scattering thence Eye - poisons for some love - distempered youth,

Who ne'er henceforth may see an aspen-

Shiver in sunshine, but his feeble heart Shall flow away like a dissolving thing.

Sweet breeze! thou only, if I guess aright, Liftest the feathers of the robin's breast, Who swells his little breast, so full of song, Singing above me, on the mountain-ash. And thou too, desert stream! no pool of thine,

Though clear as lake in latest summer-eve, Did e'er reflect the stately virgin's robe, Her face, her form divine, her downcast look Contemplative! Ah see! her open palm Presses her cheek and brow! her clbow rests On the bare branch of half-uprooted tree, That leans towards its mirror! He, mean-

Who from her countenance turn'd or look'd by stealth.

(For fear is true love's cruel nurse) he now. With stedfast gaze and unoffending eye. Worships the watery idol, dreaming hopes Delicious to the soul, but fleeting, vain, E'en as that phantom-world on which he gazed.

She, sportive tyrant! with her left hand plucks

The heads of tall flowers that behind her grow,

Lychnis, and willow-herb, and fox-glove bells; And suddenly, as one that toys with time, Scatters them on the pool! Then all the charm

Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair Vanishes, and a thousand circlets spread. And each mis-shape the other. Stay awhile. Poor youth, who scarcely dar'st lift up thine eyes!

The stream will soon renew its smoothness.

The visions will return! And lo! he stays: And soon the fragments dim of lovely forms Come trembling back, unite, and now ence more

The pool becomes a mirror, and beheld Each wildflower on the marge inverted there. And there the half-uprooted tree—but where O where the virgin's snowy arm, that lean'd One arm between its fore-legs, and the hand On its bare branch? He turns, and she is gone! Homeward she steals through many a woodland maze

Which he shall seek in vain. Ill-fated youth! Go, day by day, and waste thy manly prime In mad love-yearning by the vacant brook, Till sickly thoughts bewitch thine eyes, and thou

Beholdst her shadow still abiding there, The Naiad of the Mirror!-Not to thee, O wild and desert Stream! belongs this tale: Gloomy and dark art thou-the crowded firs Tower from thy shores, and stretch across thy bed,

Making thee doleful as a cavern-well: Save when the shy king-fishers build their

On thy steep banks, no loves hast thou, wild Stream!

This be my chosen haunt-emancipate From passion's dreams, a freeman, and alone, I rise and trace its devious course. O lead Lead me to deeper shades and lonelier glooms! Lo! stealing through the canopy of firs How fair the sunshine spots that mossy rock, Isle of the river, whose disparted waters Dart off asunder with an angry sound, How soon to re-unite! And see! they meet, Each in the other lost and found : And see! Placeless, as spirits, one soft water-sun Throbbing within them, heart at once and eye! With its soft neighbourhood of filmy clouds, The stains and shadings of forgotten tears, Dimness o'erswum with lustre! Such the hour Of deep enjoyment, following love's brief

fends! But hark, the noise of a near waterfall! I come out into light-I find myself Beneath a weeping birch (most beautiful Of forest-trees, the Lady of the woods!) Hard by the brink of a tall weedy rock That overbrows the cataract. How bursts, The landscape on my sight! Two crescent hills Fold in behind each other, and so make A circular vale, and land-lock'd, as might

With brook and bridge, and gray stone cottages.

seem.

Half hid by rocks and fruit-trees. At my feet, The whortle-berries are bedewed with spray, Dashed upwards by the furious waterfall. How solemnly the pendent ivy-mass Swings in its winnow! All the air is calm.

The smoke from cottage-chimnies, ting'd with light. Rises in columns: from this house alone,

Close by the waterfall, the column slants, And feels its ceaseless breeze. But what is TRIS?

That cottage, with its slanting chimneysmoke,

And close beside its porch a sleeping child, His dear head pillowed on a sleeping dog-

Holds loosely its small handful of wildflowers,

Unfilletted, and of unequal lengths. A curious picture, with a master's haste Sketch'd on a strip of pinky-silver skin, Peel'd from the birchen bark! Divinest maid! You bark her canvas, and those purple berries Her pencil! See, the juice is scarcely dried On the fine skin! She has been newly here; And lo! you patch of heath has been her couch-

The pressure still remains! O blessed couch! For this mayst thou flower early, and the Sun.

Slanting at eve, rest bright, and linger long Upon thy purple bells! O Isabel! Daughter of genius! stateliest of our maids! More beautiful than whom Alcaus woo'd The Lesbian woman of immortal song! O child of genius! stately, beautiful, And full of love to all, save only me, And not ungentle e'en to me! My heart, Why beats it thus? Through yonder coppice-wood

Needs must the pathway turn, that leads straightway

On to her father's house. She is alone! The night draws on-such ways are hard to hit-

And fit it is I should restore this sketch, Dropt unawares no doubt. Why should I

To keep the relique? 'twill but idly feed The passion that consumes me. Let me haste! The picture in my hand which she has left; She cannot blame me that I follow'd her: And I may be her guide the long wood through.

## LOVE.

Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in avo, Quas humilis tenero stylus olim effudit in zvo, Perlegis hic lacrymas, et quod pharetratus acuta Ille puer puero fecit mihi cuspide vulnus. Omnia paulatim consumit longior ztas, Vivendoque simul morimur, rapimurque manendo. Ipse mihi collatus enim non ille videbor: Frous alia est, moresque alii, nova mentis imago, Voxque alind sonat— Voxque alinu souat.
Pectore nunc gelido calidos miseremur amantes,
Jamque arsisse pudet. Veteres tranquilla tumultus
Mens horret relegensque alium putat ista locutum.

ALL thoughts, all passions, all delights, Whatever stirs this mortal frame, All are but ministers of Love, And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I Live o'er again that happy hour, When midway on the mount I lay, Beside the ruin'd tower.

The Moonshine, stealing o'er the scene, Had blended with the lights of eye; And she was there, my hope, my joy, My own dear Genevieve!

She leant against the armed man, The statue of the armed knight; She stood and listen'd to my lay, Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own, My hope! my joy! my Genevieve! She loves me best, whene'er I sing The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air, I sang an old and moving story— An old rude song, that suited well That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes and modest grace; For well she knew, I could not chuse But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore Upon his shield a burning brand; And that for ten long years he woo'd The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined; and ah! The deep, the low, the pleading tone With which I sang another's love, Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush, With downcast eyes, and modest grace; And she forgave me, that I gazed Too fondly on her face!

But when I told the cruel scorn
That craz'd that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade,

There came and look'd him in the face An angel beautiful and bright; And that he knew it was a Fiend, This miserable Knight!

And that,unknowing what he did, He leap'd amid a murderous band, And sav'd from outrage worse than death The Lady of the Land!

And how she wept, and claspt his knees; And how she tended him in vain— And ever strove to expiate The scorn that crazed his brain. And that she nursed him in a cave; And how his madness went away, When on the yellow forest-leaves A dying man he lay.

His dying words—but when I reach'd That tenderest strain of all the ditty, My faultering voice and pausing harp Disturb'd her soul with pity!

All impulses of soul and sense Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve; The music, and the doleful tale, The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope, An undistinguishable throng, And gentle wishes long subdued, Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight, She blush'd with love, and virgin-shan And like the murmur of a dream, I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heav'd—she stept aside, As conscious of my look she stept— Then suddenly, with timorous eye, She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms, She press'd me with a meck embrace; And bending back her head, look'd up, And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly Love, and partly Fear, And partly 'twas a bashful art, That I might rather feel, than see, The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm. And told her love with virgin-pride. And so I won my Genevieve, My bright and beauteous Bride.

## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN

WHOM THE AUTHOR HAD KNOWN IN THE DI-

MYRTLE-LEAF that, ill besped, Pinest in the gladsome ray, Soil'd beneath the common tread, Far from thy protecting spray!

When the partridge o'er the sheaf Whirr'd along the yellow vale, Sad I saw thee, heedless leaf! Love the dalliance of the gale. Lightly didst thou, foolish thing!
Heave and flutter to his sighs,
While the flatterer, on his wing,
Wooed and whisper'd thee to rise.

Gaily from thy mother-stalk
Wert thou danced and wafted high—
Soon on this unshelter'd walk
Flung to fade, to rot and die.

## TO AN UNFORTUNATE WOMAN,

AT THE THEATRE.

Maiden, that with sullen brow Sitst behind those virgins gay, Like a scorch'd and mildew'd bough, Leafless 'mid the blooms of May!

Him who lured thee and forsook, Oft I watch'd with angry gaze, Fearful saw his pleading look, Anxious heard his fervid phrase.

Soft the glances of the youth, Soft his speech, and soft his sigh; But no sound like simple truth, But no true love in his eye.

Loathing thy polluted lot,
Hie thee, Maiden, hie thee hence!
Seek thy weeping Mother's cot,
With a wiser innocence.

Thou hast known deceit and folly, Thou hast felt that vice is woe: With a musing melancholy Inly arm'd, go, Maiden! go.

Mother sage of Self-dominion,
Firm thy steps, oh Melancholy!
The strongest plume in wisdom's pinion
Is the memory of past folly.

Mute the sky-lark and forlorn,
While she moults the firstling plumes,
That had skimm'd the tender corn,
Or the bean-field's odorous blooms:

Soon with renovated wing Shall she dare a loftier flight, Upward to the day-star spring And embathe in heavenly light.

#### LINES COMPOSED IN A CONCERT-ROOM.

Non cold, nor stern, my soul! yet I detest These scented rooms, where, to a gaudy throng,

Heaves the proud Harlot her distended breast, In intricacies of laborious song.

These feel not Music's genuine power, nor deign

To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint:

To melt at Nature's passion-warbled plaint; But when the long-breath'd singer's uptrill'd strain

Bursts in a squall—they gape for wonderment.

Hark! the deep buzz of Vanity and Hate! Scornful, yet envious, with self-torturing sneer

My lady eyes some maid of humbler state, While the pert Captain, or the primmer Priest.

Prattles accordant scandal in her ear.

O give me, from this heartless scene releas'd, To hear our old musician, blind and gray, (Whom stretching from my nurse's arms I kist)

His Scottish tunes and warlike marches play, By moonshine, on the balmy summer-night, The while I dance amid the tedded hay With merry maids, whose ringlets toss in light.

Or lies the purple evening on the bay Of the calm glossy lake, oh let me hide Unheard, unseen, behind the alder-trees Around whose roots the fisher's boat is tied, On whose trim seat doth Edmund stretch at ease.

And while the lazy boat sways to and fro, Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow, That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.

But oh, dear Anne! when midnight-wind careers.

And the gust pelting on the out-house shed Makes the cock shrilly in the rain-storm

To hear thee sing some ballad full of woe, Ballad of ship-wreck'd sailor floating dead, Whom his own true-love buried in the sands! Thee, gentle woman, for thy voice remeasures Whatever tones and melancholy pleasures The Things of Nature utter; birds or trees Or moan of ocean-gale in weedy caves, Or where the stiff grass, mid the heath-plant waves.

Murmur and music thin of sudden breeze.

#### HOME-SICK.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

'Tis sweet to him, who all the week
Through city-crowds must push his way,
To stroll alone through fields and woods,
And hallow thus the Sabbath-Day.

And sweet it is, in summer-bower,
Sincere, affectionate and gay,
One's own dear children feasting round,
To celebrate one's marriage-day.

But what is all, to his delight,
Who having long been doom'd to roam,
Throws off the bundle from his back,
Before the door of his own home?

Home-sickness is a wasting pang;
This feel I hourly more and more:
There's healing only in thy wings,
Thou Breeze that playst on Albion's shore!

#### TO A LADY.

WITH PALCONER'S SHIPWRECK.

An! not by Cam or Isis, famous streams, In arched groves, the youthful poet's choice; Nor while half-list'ning, 'mid delicious

To harp and song from lady's hand and voice;

Nor yet while gazing in sublimer mood On cliff, or cataract, in alpine dell; Nor in dim cave with bladdery sea-weed strew'd, Framing wild fancies to the ocean's swell;

Our sea-bard sang this song! which still he sings,
And sings for thee, sweet friend! Hark,
Pity, hark!
Now mounts, now totters on the Tempest's
wings,
Now groans, and shivers, the replunging
Bark!

Cling to the shrowds!—In vain! The breakers
roar—
Death shrieks! With two alone of all his
clan,
Forlorn the poet paced the Grecian shore,
No classic roamer, but a ship-wreck'd man!

Say then, what muse inspir'd these genial strains,
And lit his spirit to so bright a flame?
The elevating thought of suffer'd pains,
Which gentle hearts shall mourn; but
chief, the name

Of Gratitude! Remembrances of Friend, Or absent or no more! Shades of the Past, Which Love makes Substance! Hence to thee I send, O dear as long as life and memory last!

I send with deep regards of heart and head, Sweet maid, for friendship form'd! this work to thee: And thou, the while thou canst not choose but shed

A tear for FALCONER, wilt remember ME!

SOMETHING CHILDISH, BUT VERY NATURAL.

WRITTEN IN GERMANY.

If I had but two little wings,
And were a little feathery bird,
To you I'd fly, my dear!
But thoughts like these are idle things,
And I stay here.

But in my sleep to you I fly: I'm always with you in my sleep; The world is all one's own. But then one wakes, and where am I? All, all alone.

Sleep stays not, though a monarch hids: So I love to wake ere break of day: For though my sleep be gone, Yet, while 'tis dark, one shuts one's lids, And still dreams on.

## THE HAPPY HUSBAND.

Offer, oft methinks, the while with Thee I breathe, as from the heart, thy dear And dedicated name, I hear A promise and a mystery, A pledge of more than passing life, Yea, in that very name of Wife!

A pulse of love, that ne'er can sleep! A feeling that upbraids the heart With happiness beyond desert, That gladness half requests to weep! Nor bless I not the keener sense And unalarming turbulence

Of transient joys, that ask no sting From jealous fears, or coy denying; But born beneath Love's brooding wing. And into tenderness soon dying, Wheel out their giddy moment, then Resign the soul to love again.

A more precipitated vein
Of notes, that eddy in the flow
Of smoothest song, they come, they gand leave their sweeter understrain
Its own sweet self—a love of Thee
That seems, yet cannot greater be!

#### HYMN

N-RISE, IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNY.

Rivers, Arve and Arveiron, which have rees on the foot of Mount-Blanc, five us torrents rush down its sides; and few paces of the Glaciers the Gentiana rows in immense numbers, with its floveliest blue.

ou a charm to stay the Morning-Star

ep course? So long he seems to

pause
Id awful head, O sovran Blanc!
and Arveiron at thy base
elessly; but thou, most awful Form!
m forth thy silent Sea of Pines,
tly! Around thee and above
e air and dark, substantial, black,
nass: methinks thou piercest it,
wedge! But when I look again,
own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
lation from eternity!

id silent Mount! I gaz'd upon thee, still present to the bodily sense, ish from my thought: entranc'd

in prayer ped the Invisible alone.

e some sweet beguiling melody, we know not we are listening to it, meanwhile, wast blending with my thought,

my life and life's own secret joy: ilating soul, enrapt, transfus'd, nighty vision passing—there r natural form, swell'd vast to heaven!

my soul! not only passive praise est! not alone these swelling tears, aks and secret extacy! Awake, sweet song! Awake, my Heart, awake!

es and icy Cliffs, all join my Hymn.

rst and chief, sole Sovran of the

Vale!
ing with the Darkness all the night,
sd all night by troops of stars,
hey climb the sky or when they sink:
n of the Morning-Star at dawn,
arth's ROSY STAR, and of the dawn!
! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
thy sunless pillars deep in Earth?
thy Countenance with rosy light?
e thee Parent of perpetual streams?

d you forth from night and utter death,

From dark and icy caverns call'd you forth, Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks For ever shattered and the same for ever? Who gave you your invulnerable life, Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,

Unccasing thunder and eternal foam? And who commanded (and the silence came), Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

Ye Ice-falls! ye that from the Mountain's brow

Adown enormous ravines slope amain— Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty Voice,

And stopp'd at once amid their maddest plunge!

Motionless Torrents! silent Cataracts! Who made you glorious as the Gates of Heaven

Beneath the keen full Moon? Who bade the

Cloath you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers

Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?—

Gon! let the Torrents, like a shout of Nations Answer! and let the Ice-plains echo, Gon! Gon! sing ye meadow-streams with gladsome voice!

Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soullike sounds!

And they too have a voice, you piles of snow,

And in their perilous fall shall thunder, Gon!

Ye living flowers that skirt th' eternal frost!

Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!

Ye cagles, play-mates of the mountainstorm!

Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!

Ye signs and wonders of the element! Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy skypointing peaks,

Oft from whose feet the Avalanche, unheard, Shoots downward, glittering thro' the pure

Into the depth of clouds that veil thy breast— Thou too again, stupendous Mountain! thou That as I raise my head, awhile bow'd low In adoration, upward from thy base

Slow-travelling with dim eyes suffus'd with tears,

Solemnly seemest, like a vapoury cloud, To rise before me—Rise, O ever rise, Rise like a cloud of Incense, from the Earth! Thou kingly Spirit throned among the hills, Thou dread Ambassador from Earth to ON OBSERVING A BLOSSOM Heaven. Great Hierarch! tell thou the silent Sky, And tell the Stars, and tell you rising Sun, Earth, with her thousand voices, praises Gop.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN THE ALBUM AT ELBINGBRODE, IN THE HARTZ-FOREST.

I stoop on Brocken's sovran height, and saw

Woods crowding upon woods, hills over hills, A surging scene, and only limited By the blue distance. Heavily my way Downward I dragg'd through fir-groves evermore,

Where bright green moss heaves in sepulchral forms

Speckled with sunshine; and, but seldom heard,

The sweet bird's song became an hollow sound:

And the breeze, murmuring indivisibly, Preserved its solemn murmur most distinct From many a note of many a waterfall, And the brook's chatter; 'mid whose islet stones

The dingy kidling with its tinkling bell Leapt frolicsome, or old romantic goat Sat, his white beard slow waving. I moved on In low and languid mood: for I had found That outward forms, the loftiest, still receive Their finer influence from the life within: Fair cyphers of vague import, where the eye Traces no spot, in which the heart may read History or prophecy of friend, or child, Or gentle maid, our first and early love, Or father, or the venerable name Of our adored country! O thou Queen, Thou delegated Deity of Earth, O dear, dear England! how my longing eye Turned westward, shaping in the steady clouds

Thy sands and high white cliffs! My native Land!

Filled with the thought of thee this heart was proud,

Yea, mine eye swam with tears: that all the view

From sovran Brocken, woods and woody hills, Floated away, like a departing dream, Feeble and dim! Stranger, these impulses Blame thou not lightly; nor will I profane, With hasty judgment or injurious doubt, That man's sublimer spirit, who can feel That God is every where! the God who framed

Mankind to be one mighty Family, Himself our Father, and the world our Home.

ON THE 1st OF PEBRUARY, 1796.

SWEET Flower! that peeping from thy russet stem Unfoldest timidly, (for in strange sort This dark, freeze-coated, hoarse, teeth-chattering Month

Hath borrow'd Zephyr's voice, and gaz'd upon thee

With blue voluptuous eye) alas, poor Flower! These are but flatteries of the faithless year. Perchance, escaped its unknown polar cave, Ev'n now the keen North-East is on its way. Flower that must perish! shall I liken thee To some sweet girl of too too rapid growth Nipp'd by Consumption'mid untimely charms? Or to Bristowa's Bard, the wonderous boy! An Amaranth, which Earth scarce seem'd to

Blooming 'mid poverty's drear wintry waste, Till Disappointment came and pelting Wrong Beat it to Earth? or with indignant grief Shall I compare thee to poor Poland's Hope, Bright flower of Hope kill'd in the opening bud?

Farewell, sweet blossom! better fate be thine And mock my boding! Dim similitudes Weaving in moral strains, I've stolen one hour

From anxious SELF, Life's cruel Task-Master! And the warm wooings of this sunny day Tremble along my frame and harmonize Th' attemper'd organ, that even saddest thoughts

Mix with some sweet sensations, like harsh tunes

Play'd deftly on a soft-toned instrument.

#### THE EOLIAN HARP.

My pensive Sara! thy soft cheek reclined Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown With white-flower'd Jasmin, and the broadleav'd Myrtle,

(Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love!) And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,

Slow sad'ning round, and mark the star of eve Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be) Shine opposite! How exquisite the seents Snatch'd from yon bean-field! and the world so hush'd!

The stilly murmur of the distant Sea Tells us of Silence. And that simplest Ir Placed length-ways in the clasping casem hark!

How by the desultory breeze caresa'd, Like some coy maid half yielding to her love It pours such sweet upbraidings, as mu Tempt to repeat the wrong! And now, its | strings

Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes Over delicious surges sink and rise, Such a soft floating witchery of sound As twilight-Elfins make, when they at eve Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land, Where Melodies round honey-dropping flowers.

Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise, Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing!

O! the one life, within us and abroad, Which meets all motion and becomes its soul.

A light in sound, a sound-like power in light, Rhythm in all thought and joyance everywhere

Methinks, it should have been impossible Not to love all things in a world so fill'd, Where the breeze warbles and the mute still air

Is music slumbering on its instrument.

And thus, my love! as on the midway slope

Of yonder hill I stretch my limbs at noon, Whilst thro'my half-closed eye-lids I behold The sunbeams dance, like diamonds, on the main.

And tranquil muse upon tranquillity; Full many a thought uncall'd and undetain'd, And many idle flitting phantasies, Traverse my indolent and passive brain, As wild and various as the random gales That swell and flutter on this subject lute!

And what if all of animated nature Be but organic barps diversly fram'd. That tremble into thought, as o'er them sweeps

Plastic and vast, one intellectual breeze, At once the Soul of each, and God of All?

But thy more serious eye a mild reproof And seats, and lawns, the abbey, and the wood, Darts, O beloved woman! nor such thoughts Dim and unhallow'd dost thou not reject, And hiddest me walk humbly with my God. Meek daughter in the family of Christ! Well hast thou said and holily disprais'd These shapings of the unregenerate mind, On vain Philosophy's aye-babbling spring. For never guiltless may I speak of him, Th' Incomprehensible! save when with awe praise him, and with faith that inly feels;

he with his saving mercies healed me, sinful and most miserable man. · ilder'd and dark, and gave me to possess Peace, and this cot, and thee, heart-honor'd

Maid!

#### REFLECTIONS

ON HAVING LEFT A PLACE OF RETIREMENT.

Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn, The sea's faint murmur. In the open air Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch Thick jasmins twined: the little landscape round

Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye. It was a spot which you might aptly call The VALLEY of SECLUSION! Once I saw (Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness) A wealthy son of commerce saunter by, Bristowa's citizen: methought, it calm'd His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse With wiser feelings: for he paus'd, and look'd

With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around, Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round

again,
And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place. And we were blessed. Oft with patient ear Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note (Viewless, or haply for a moment seen Gleaming on sunny wing) in whisper'd tones I've said to my beloved: Such, sweet girl! The inobtrusive song of Happiness, Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard When the soul seeks to hear; when all is

hush'd. And the heart listens! But the time, when first

From that low dell, steep up the stony mount I climb'd with perilous toil and reach'd the top,

Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount.

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;

Gray clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;

And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd, Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire: The channel there, the islands and white sails, Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean-

It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought.

Bubbles that glitter as they rise and break Had built him there a Temple: the whole world

Seem'd imag'd in its vast circumference. No wish profan'd my overwhelmed heart. Blest hour! It was a luxury,-to be!

Ah! quiet dell! dear cot! and mount sublime!

I was constrain'd to quit you. Was it right, While my unnumber'd brethren toil'd and bled.

On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart

With feelings all too delicate for use? Sweet is the tear that from some Howard's

Drops on the cheek of One he lifts from earth:

And He, that works me good with unmov'd face.

Does it but half: he chills me while he aids, My benefactor, not my brother-man! Yet even this, this cold beneficence Praise, praise it, oh my soul! oft as thou scann'st

The sluggard Pity's vision-weaving tribe, Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched,

Nursing in some delicious solitude Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies! I therefore go, and join head, heart, and hand, Active and firm, to fight the bloodless fight Of science, freedom, and the truth in Christ.

Yet oft when after honorable toil Rests the tir'd mind, and waking loves to

My spirit shall revisit thee, dear cot! Thy jasmin and thy window-peeping rose, And myrtles fearless of the mild sea-air. And I shall sigh fond wishes-sweet abode! Ah! - had none greater! And that all had such!

It might be so-but the time is not yet. Speed it, O Father! Let thy kingdom come!

#### TO THE REV. GEORGE COLERIDGE

WITH SOME POEMS.

Notus in fratres animi paterni.

A BLESSED lot hath he, who having past His youth and early manhood in the stir And turmoil of the world, retreats at length, With cares that move, not agitate the heart, To the same dwelling where his father dwelt;

And haply views his tott'ring little ones Embrace those aged knees and climb that lap, On which first kneeling his own Infancy Lisp'd its brief prayer. Such, oh my earliest

Friend! Thy lot, and such thy brothers too enjoy. At distance did ye climb Life's upland-road, Yet cheer'd and cheering: now fraternal Love Hath drawn you to one centre. Be your days Holy, and blest and blessing may ye live!

To me th' Eternal Wisdom hath dispens'd A different fortune and more different mind-

That I should dream away th' entrusted hours | Me from the spot where first I sprung to light

Too soon transplanted, ere my soul had fix'd Its first domestic loves; and hence through

Chasing chance-started friendships. A brief while

Some have preserv'd me from life's pelting ills;

But, like a tree with leaves of feeble stem. If the clouds lasted, and a sudden breeze Ruffled the boughs, they on my head at once Dropt the collected shower; and some most false,

False and fair foliag'd as the Manchineel, Have tempted me to slumber in their shade E'en 'mid the storm; then breathing subtlest damps

Mixt their own venom with the rain from heaven,

That I woke poison'd! But, all praise to Him Who gives us all things, more have yielded me Permanent shelter; and beside one Friend, Beneath th' impervious covert of one Oak, I've raised a lowly shed, and know the names Of Husband and of Father; nor unhearing Of that divine and nightly-whispering voice, Which from my childhood to maturer years Spake to me of predestinated wreaths, Bright with no fading colours! Yet at times My soul is sad, that I have roam'd through

life Still most a stranger, most with naked heart At mine own home and birth-place: chiefly

When I remember thee, my earliest Friend! Thee, who didst watch my boyhood and

my youth; Didst trace my wanderings with a father's

And boding evil, yet still hoping good, Rebuk'd each fault, and over all my woes Sorrow'd in silence! He who counts alone The beatings of the solitary heart, That Being knows, how I have lov'd thee

Lov'd as a brother, as a son rever'd thee! Oh! 'tis to me an ever new delight To talk of thee and thine; or when the blast Of the shrill winter, rattling our rude sash, Endears the cleanly hearth and social bowl; Or when, as now, on some delicious eve. We in our sweet sequester'd orchard-plot Sit on the tree crook'd earth-ward; whose old boughs.

That hang above us in an arborous roof, Stirr'd by the faint gale of departing May. Send their loose blossoms slanting o'er sur heads!

Nor dost not thou sometimes recall these hours, When with the joy of hope thou gav'st thins

To my wild firstling-lays. Since then my sour

Hath sounded deeper notes, such as beseem | Its worthless Idols! Learning, Power, and Or that sad wisdom, folly leaves behind, Or such as, tun'd to these tumultuous times, Cope with the tempest's swell! - These various strains,

Which I have fram'd in many a various mood.

Accept, my Brother! and (for some perchance

Will strike discordant on thy milder mind) If aught of error or intemperate truth Should meet thine ear, think thou that riper age

Will calm it down, and let thy love forgive it!

#### INSCRIPTION

FOR A FOUNTAIN ON A REATH.

This Sycamore, oft musical with Bees, Such tents the Patriarchs lov'd! O long unharm'd

May all its aged boughs o'er-canopy The small round basin, which this jutting

stone Keeps pure from falling leaves! Long may the spring. Quietly as a sleeping infant's breath,

Send up cold waters to the traveller With soft and even pulse! Nor ever cease You tiny cone of sand its soundless dance, Which at the bottom, like a Fairy's Page, As merry and no taller, dances still, Nor wrinkles the smooth surface of the fount.

Here twilight is and coolness: here is moss, A soft seat, and a deep and ample shade. Thou mayst toil far and find no second tree; Drink, Pilgrim, here! Here rest! and if thy beart

Be innocent, here too shalt thou refresh Thy spirit, list'ning to some gentle sound, Or passing gale, or hum of murmuring bees!

## A TOMBLESS EPITAPH.

"Tis true, Idoloclastes Satyrane! (So call him, for so mingling blame with praise

And smiles with anxious looks, his earliest friends,

Masking his birth-name, wont to character His wild-wood fancy and impetuous zeal,)
Tis true that, passionate for ancient truths And honoring with religious love the Great Of elder times, he hated to excess, With an unquiet and intolerant scorn, The hollow puppets of an hollow age, Ever idolatrous, and changing ever

Time.

(Too much of all) thus wasting in vain war Of fervid colloquy. Sickness, tis true, Whole years of weary days, besieged him close.

Even to the gates and inlets of his life! But it is true, no less, that strenuous, firm, And with a natural gladness, he maintained The Citadel unconquer'd, and in joy Was strong to follow the delightful Muse. For not a hidden path, that to the shades Of the belov'd Parnassian forest leads, Lurk'd undiscover'd by him; not a rill There issues from the fount of Hippocrene, But he had trac'd it upward to its source; Thro' open glade, dark glen, and secret dell, Knew the gay wild flowers on its banks, and cull'd

Its med'cinable herbs. Yea, oft alone, Piercing the long-neglected holy cave, The haunt obscure of old Philosophy, He bade with lifted torch its starry walls Sparkle, as erst they sparkled to the flame Of od'rous lamps tended by Saint and Sage. O fram'd for calmer times and nobler hearts! O studious Poet, eloquent for truth! Philosopher! contemning wealth and death, Yet docile, childlike, full of Life and Love! Here, rather than on monumental stone, This record of thy worth thy Friend inscribes, Thoughtful, with quiet tears upon his cheek.

#### THIS LIME-TREE-BOWER MY PRISON.

In the June of 1797 some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the Author's Cottage; and on the morning of their arrival he met with an accident, which disabled him from walking during the whole time of their stay. One evening, when they had left him for a few hours, he composed the following lines in the gardenbower.

Well, they are gone, and here must I remain,

This Lime-Tree-Bower my Prison! I have lost

Beauties and feelings, such as would have been Most sweet to my remembrance, even when

Had dimmed mine eyes to blindness! They, meanwhile,

Friends, whom I never more may meet again, On springy heath, along the hill-top-edge, Wander in gladness, and wind down, perchance,

To that still roaring dell, of which I told; The roaring dell, o'erwooded, narrow, deep, And only speckled by the mid-day Sun; Where its slim trunk the Ash from rock to

rock Flings arching like a bridge;-that branchless Ash,

Unsunn'd and damp, whose few poor yellow leaves

Ne'er tremble in the gale, yet tremble still, Fann'd by the waterfall! and there my friends Behold the dark green file of long lank weeds, That all at once (a most fantastic sight!) Still nod and drip beneath the dripping edge Of the blue clay-stone. Now, my friends

Beneath the wide wide heaven—and view again

The many-steepled track magnificent Of hilly fields and meadows, and the sea, With some fair bark, perhaps, whose sails light up

The slip of smooth clear blue betwixt two isles

Of purple shadow! Yes! they wander on In gladness all; but thou,methinks,most glad, My gentle-hearted Charles! for thou hast pined

And hunger'd after Nature, many a year, In the great City pent, winning thy way With sad yet patient soul, through evil and

And strange calamity! Ah! slowly sink Behind the western ridge, thou glorious Sun! Shine in the slant beams of the sinking orb Ye purple heath-flowers! richlier burn, ye clouds!

Live in the yellow light, ye distant groves! And kindle, thou blue Ocean! So my Friend Struck with deep joy may stand, as I have stood.

Silent with swimming sense; yea, gazing round On the wide landscape, gaze till all doth seem Less gross than bodily: and of such hues As veil the almighty Spirit, when he makes Spirits perceive his presence. A delight Comes sudden on my heart, and I am glad As I myself were there! Nor in this bower, This little lime-tree-bower, have I not mark'd Much that has sooth'd me. Pale beneath the blaze

Hung the transparent foliage; and I watch'd Some broad and sunny leaf, and lov'd to see The shadow of the leaf and stem above Dappling its sunshine! And that walnut-tree Was richly ting'd, and a deep radiance lay Full on the ancient ivy, which usurps Those fronting elms, and now, with blackest mass

Makes their dark branches gleam a lighter hue

Through the late twilight: and though now the bat

Wheels silent by, and not a swallow twitters, Yet still the solitary humble bee

Sings in the bean-flower! Henceforth I shall know

That Nature ne'er deserts the wise and pure, No plot so narrow, be but Nature there, No waste so vacant, but may well employ Each faculty of sense, and keep the heart Awake to love and beauty! and sometimes 'Tis well to be bereft of promised good,

That we may lift the soul, and contemplate With lively joy the joys we cannot share. My gentle-hearted Charles! when the last rook

Beat its straight path along the dusky air Homewards, I blest it! deeming, its black

(Now a dim speck, now vanishing in light) Had cross'd the mighty Orb's dilated glory, While thou stoodst gazing; or when all was still,

Flew creeking o'er thy head, and had a

For thee, my gentle-hearted Charles, to whom

No sound is dissonant which tells of life.

# TO A FRIEND

WHO HAD DECLARED HIS INTENTION OF WRITING NO MORE POETRY.

DEAR Charles! whilst yet thou wert a babe, I ween
That Genius plunged thee in that wizardfount

Hight Castalie; and (sureties of thy faith) That Pity and Simplicity stood by, And promised for thee, that thou shouldst

The world's low cares and lying vanities, Stedfast and rooted in the heavenly Muse, And wash'd and sanctified to Poesy. Yes—thou wert plunged, but with forgetful hand

Held, as by Thetis erst her warrior Son: And with those recreant unbaptized Heels Thou'rt flying from thy bounden Ministeries—

So sore it seems and burthensome a task To weave unwithering flowers! But take thou heed:

For thou art vulnerable, wild-eyed Boy, And I have arrows mystically dipt, Such as may stop thy speed. Is thy Burns dead?

And shall he die unwept, and sink to Earth Without the meed of one melodious tear? Thy Burns, and Nature's own beloved Bard, Who to the Illustrious of his native Land So properly did look for Patronage.

Ghost of Maccenas! hide thy blushing fare! They snatch'd him from the sickle and the plough—

To gauge Ale-Firkins.—Oh! for shame return On a bleak rock, midway the Aonian mount. There stands a lone and melancholy tree, Whose aged branches to the midnight-blast Make solemn music: pluck its darkest bough. Ere yet the unwholesome night-dew be exhaled,

And weeping wreath it round thy Poet's tamb. Then in the outskirts, where pollutions grev. Pick the rank henbane and the dusky flower

fruit. These with stopped nostril and gloveguarded hand Knit in nice intertexture, so to twine The illustrious brow of Scotch Nobility.

# TO A GENTLEMAN.

COMPOSED ON THE NIGHT AFTER HIS RECITA-TION OF A POEM ON THE GROWTH OF AN IN-DIVIDUAL MIND.

FRIEND of the Wise! and Teacher of the Good ! Into my heart have I received that Lay More than historic, that prophetic Lay Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright) Of the foundations and the building up Of the Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell What may be told, to th' understanding mind Revealable; and what within the mind By vital breathings, like the secret soul Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart Thoughts all too deep for words !- Theme hard as high!

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears (The first-born they of Reason and twinbirth)

Of tides obedient to external force, And currents self-determined, as might seem, Or by some inner Power; of moments awful, Now in thy inner life, and now abroad, When power stream'd from thee, and thy soul received

The light reflected, as a light bestow'd-Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth, Hyblean murmurs of poetic thought Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens Native or outland, lakes and famous hills! Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars Were rising; or by secret mountain-streams, The guides and the companions of thy way!

Of more than fancy, of the social sense Distending wide, and man belov'd as man, Where France in all her towns lay vibrating Even as a bark becalm'd beneath the burst Of beaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud

Is visible, or shadow on the main. For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded.

Amid the tremor of a realm aglow, Amid a mighty nation jubilant, When from the general heart of humankind Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity!

Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,

So summon'd homeward, thenceforth calm and sure

Of night - shade, or its red and tempting | From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute Self. With light unwaning on her eyes, to look Far on-herself a glory to behold, The Angel of the vision! Then (last strain) Of duty, chosen laws controlling choice, Action and joy !- An Orphic song indeed, A song divine of high and passionate thoughts, To their own music chaunted! O great Bard! Ere yet that last strain dying awed the air, With stedfast eye I view'd thee in the choir Of ever-enduring men. The truly great Have all one age, and from one visible space Shed influence! They, both in power and act, Are permanent, and time is not with them, Save as it worketh for them, they in it. Nor less a sacred roll, than those of old, And to be placed, as they, with gradual fame, Among the archives of mankind, thy work Makes audible a linked lay of truth, Of truth profound a sweet continuous lay, Not learnt, but native, her own natural notes!

Ah! as I listen'd with a heart forlorn The pulses of my being beat anew: And even as life returns upon the drown'd, Life's joy rekindling rous'd a throng of pains-

Keen pangs of love, awakening as a babe Turbulent, with an outcry in the heart; And Fears self-will'd, that shunn'd the eye

And Hope that scarce would know itself from Fear;

Sense of past youth, and manhood come in vain.

And genius given, and knowledge won in vain;

And all which I had cull'd in wood-walks wild,

And all which patient toil had rear'd, and all, Commune with thee had open'd out-but flowers

Strew'd on my corse, and borne upon my bier. In the same coffin, for the self-same grave!

That way no more! and ill beseems it me, Who came a welcomer in herald's guise, Singing of glory, and futurity, To wander back on such unhealthful road, Plucking the poisons of self-harm! And ill Such intertwine beseems triumphal wreaths Strew'd before thy advancing! Nor do thou, Sage Bard! impair the memory of that hour Of thy communion with my nobler mind By pity or grief, already felt too long! Nor let my words import more blame than needs.

The tumult rose and ceas'd : for peace is nigh Where wisdom's voice has found a listening heart.

Amid the howl of more than wintry storms, The Halcyon hears the voice of vernal Hours Already on the wing !- Eve following eve,

of home

Is sweetest! moments for their own sake hail'd,

And more desired, more precious for thy song; In silence listening, like a devout child, My soul lay passive, by thy various strain Driven, as in surges now beneath the stars, With momentary stars of my own birth, Fair constellated foam, still darting off Into the darkness; now a tranquil sea, Outspread and bright, yet swelling to the Moon.

And when-O Friend! my comforter and guide!

Strong in thyself, and powerful to give strength!

Thy long sustained song finally closed, And thy deep voice had ceased - yet thou thyself

Wert still before my eyes, and round us both That happy vision of beloved faces-Scarce conscious, and yet conscious of its close

I sate, my being blended in one thought (Thought was it? or aspiration? or resolve?) Absorb'd, yet hanging still upon the sound-And when I rose, I found myself in prayer.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE;

A CONVERSATION-POEM.

Written in April 1798.

No cloud, no relique of the sunken day Distinguishes the West, no long thin slip Of sullen light, no obscure trembling hues Come, we will rest on this old, mossy bridge! You see the glimmer of the stream beneath, But hear no murmuring: it flows silently O'er its soft bed of verdure. All is still, A balmy night! and tho' the stars be dim, Yet let us think upon the vernal showers That gladden the green earth, and we shall find

A pleasure in the dimness of the stars. And hark! the Nightingale begins its song. Most musical, most melancholy bird! A melancholy bird? Oh! idle thought! In nature there is nothing melancholy. But some night-wandering man, whose heart was pierced

With the remembrance of a grievous wrong, Or slow distemper, or neglected love, (And so, poor wretch! fill'd all things with himself

And made all gentle sounds tell back the tale Of his own sorrow) he, and such as he. First named these notes a melancholy strain! And many a poet echoes the conceit,

Dear tranquil time, when the sweet sense Poet who hath been building up the rhyme When he had better far have stretch'd his limbs

Beside a brook in mossy forest-dell, By Sun or Moon-light, to the influxes Of shapes and sounds and shifting elements Surrendering his whole spirit, of his song And of his fame forgetful! so his fame Should share in Nature's immortality, A venerable thing! and so his song Should make all Nature lovelier, and itself Be lov'd like Nature! But 'twill not be so; And youths and maidens most poetical, Who lose the deep'ning twilights of the

In ball-rooms and hot theatres, they still Full of meek sympathy must heave their sighs

O'er Philomela's pity-pleading strains.

My Friend, and thou, our Sister! we have learnt

A different lore: we may not thus profane Nature's sweet voices, always full of love And joyance! 'Tis the merry Nightingale That crowds, and hurries, and precipitates With fast thick warble his delicious notes, As he were fearful that an April-night Would be too short for him to utter forth His love-chant, and disburthen his full soul Of all its music !- And I know a grove Of large extent, hard by a castle huge, Which the great lord inhabits not; and so This grove is wild with tangling underwood. And the trim walks are broken up, and grass. Thin grass and king-cups grow within the paths.

But never elsewhere in one place I knew So many Nightingales; and far and near, In wood and thicket, over the wide grove, They answer and provoke each other's

songs With skirmish and capricious passagings, And murmurs musical and swift jug jug; And one low piping sound more sweet than all-

Stirring the air with such an harmony, That, should you close your eyes, you might almost

Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes, Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed, You may perchance behold them on the twigs, Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,

Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade

Lights, up her love-torch.-A most gentle Maid,

Who dwelleth in her hospitable home Hard by the castle, and at latest eve (Even like a Lady vow'd and dedicate To something more than Nature in the grove Glides thro' the pathways; she knows all their notes.

That gentle Maid! and oft a moment's space,

What time the Moon was lost behind a Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame cloud, Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not

Hath heard a pause of silence; till the

Emerging, hath awaken'd earth and sky With one sensation, and these wakeful birds Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy, As if one quick and sudden gale had swept An hundred airy harps! And she hath watch'd Many a Nightingale perch giddily On bloomy twig still swinging from the

And to that motion tune his wanton song Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Farewell, O Warbler! till to-morrow-eve, And you, my friends! farewell, a short farewell!

We have been loitering long and pleasantly, And now for our dear homes.—That strain again?

Full fain it would delay me! My dear babe, Who, capable of no articulate sound, Mars all things with his imitative lisp, How he would place his hand beside his ear, His little hand, the small forefinger up, And bid us listen! And I deem it wise To make him Nature's play-mate. He knows—well

The evening-star; and once, when he awoke In most distressful mood (some inward pain Had made up that strange thing, an infant's dream)

I hurried with him to our orchard-plot, And he beheld the Moon, and, hush'd at once,

Suspends his sobs, and laughs most silently, While his fair eyes, that swam with undropt tears.

Did glitter in the yellow moon-beam! Well!— It is a father's tale: But if that Heaven Should give me life, his childhood shall

Familiar with these songs, that with the

He may associate joy! Once more farewell, Sweet Nightingale! Once more, my friends! farewell.

# FROST AT MIDNIGHT.

The Frost performs its secret ministry, Unhelp'd by any wind. The owlet's cry Came loud—and hark, again! loud as before. The inmates of my cottage, all at rest, Have left me to that solitude, which suits Abstruser musings: save that at my side My cradled infant slumbers peacefully. Tis calm indeed! so calm, that it disturbs And vexes meditation with its strange And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood, With all the numberless goings on of life,

Inaudible as dreams! the thin blue flame Lies on my low burnt fire, and quivers not; Only that film, which flutter'd on the grate, Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing. Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature Gives it dim sympathies with me who live, Making it a companionable form, To which the living spirit in our frame, That loves not to behold a lifeless thing, Transfuses its own pleasures, its own will.

How oft, at school, with most believing mind,

Presageful, have I gaz'd upon the bars, To watch that fluttering stranger! and as oft With unclosed lids already had I dreamt Of my sweet birth-place, and the old churchtower,

Whose bells, the poor man's only music,

From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day, So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear Most like articulate sounds of things to come! So gaz'd I, till the soothing things, I dreamt, Lull'd me to sleep, and sleep prolong'd my

And so I brooded all the following morn, Aw'd by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye Fix'd with mock study on my swimming book: Save if the door half open'd, and I snatch'd A hasty glance, and still my heart leapt up, For still I hop'd to see the stranger's face, Townsman, or aunt, or sister more beloved, My play -mate when we both were cloth'd alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,

Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,

Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My Babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore
And in far other scenes! For I was rear'd
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and
stars.

But thou, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze

By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores

And mountain-crags: so shalt thou see and hear

The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible Of that eternal language, which thy God Utters, who from eternity doth teach Himself in all, and all things in himself. Great universal Teacher! he shall mould Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee, Whether the summer clothe the general earth With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the evedrops fall,

Heard only in the trances of the blast, Or if the secret ministry of frost Shall hang them up in silent icicles, Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

# DEJECTION.

AN ODE

Late, late yestreen I saw the new Moon, With the old Moon in her arms; And I fear, I fear, my Master dear! We shall have a deadly storm. Ballad of Sir Patrick Spence.

Well! If the Bard was weather-wise, who made

The grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spence, This night, so tranquil now, will not go hence

Unrous'd by winds, that ply a busier trade Than those which mould you clouds in lazy flakes,

Or the dull sobbing draft, that means and rakes

Upon the strings of this Æolian lute,
Which better far were mute.
For lo! the New-moon winter-bright,
And overspread with phantom-light,
(With swimming phantom-light o'erspread
But rimm'd and circled by a silver thread)
I see the old Moon in her lap, foretelling
The coming on of rain and squally blast.
And oh! that even now the gust were swelling,
And the slant night-shower driving loud and
fast!

Those sounds which oft have raised me, whilst they awed,

And sent my soul abroad, Might now perhaps their wonted impulse

Might startle this dull pain, and make it move and live!

A grief without a pang, void, dark, and drear,

A stifled, drowsy, unimpassion'd grief,
Which finds no natural outlet, no relief,
In word, or sigh, or tear—
O Lady! in this wan and heartless mood,
To other thoughts by yonder throstle woo'd,
All this long eve, so balmy and screne,
Have I been gazing on the western sky,
And its peculiar tint of yellow green:
And still I gaze—and with how blank an
eye!

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee, And those thin clouds above, in flakes and bether the summer clothe the general earth

That give away their motion to the stars; Those stars, that glide behind them or between,

Not sparkling, now bedimm'd, but always

You crescent Moon, as fix'd as if it grew In its own cloudless, starless lake of blue; I see them all so excellently fair, I see, not feel how beautiful they are!

My genial spirits fail,
And what can these avail,
To lift the smoth'ring weight from off my
breast?

It were a vain endeavour,
Though I should gaze for ever
On that green light that lingers in the west:
I may not hope from outward forms to win
The passion and the life, whose fountains
are within.

O Lady! we receive but what we give, And in our life alone does nature live: Ours is her wedding-garment, ours her shroud!

And would we aught behold of higher worth, Than that inanimate cold world allow'd To the poor loveless ever-anxious crowd, Ah! from the soul itself must issue forth A light, a glory, a fair luminous cloud Enveloping the Earth—

And from the soul itself must there be sent A sweet and potent voice, of its own birth. Of all sweet sounds the life and element!

O pure of heart! thou needst not ask of me What this strong music in the soul may be! What, and wherein it doth exist,
This light, this glory, this fair luminous mist,
This beautiful and beauty-making power.
Joy, virtuous Lady! Joy that ne'er was given.
Saye to the pure, and in their purest hour,
Life, and life's effluence, cloud at once and

shower,
Joy, Lady! is the spirit and the power,
Which wedding Nature to us gives in dow'r
A new Earth and new Heaven,
Undreamt of by the sensual and the proud-

Joy is the sweet voice, Joy the luminous cloud—

We in ourselves rejoice!

And thence flows all that charms or ear or sight,

All melodies the echoes of that voice, All colours a suffusion from that light.

There was a time when, though my path was rough,
This joy within me dallied with distress.

And all misfortunes were but as the stuff ·Whence Fancy made me dreams of happiness: For hope grew round me, like the twining vine.

And fruits, and foliage, not my own, seem'd mine.

But now afflictions bow me down to earth: Nor care I that they rob me of my mirth, But oh! each visitation

Suspends what nature gave me at my birth, My shaping spirit of Imagination. For not to think of what I needs must feel, But to be still and patient, all I can; And haply by abstruse research to steal From my own nature all the natural Man-This was my sole resource, my only plan: Till that which suits a part infects the whole,

And now is almost grown the habit of my

Hence, viper thoughts, that coil around my

Reality's dark dream! I turn from you, and listen to the wind, Which long has rav'd unnotic'd. What a

Of agony by torture lengthen'd out That lute sent forth! Thou Wind, that rav'st without,

Bare crag, or mountain-tairn, or blasted tree, Or pine-grove whither woodman never clomb, Or lonely house, long held the witches' home,

Methinks were fitter instruments for thee, Mad Lutanist! who in this month of show'rs, Of dark brown gardens, and of peeping flow'rs, Mak'st Devils' yule, with worse than wint'ry

song. The blossoms, buds, and tim'rous leaves among.

Thou Actor, perfect in all tragic sounds! Thou mighty Poet, e'en to Frenzy bold! What telist thou now about? Tis of the rushing of an host in rout, With grouns of trampled men, with smarting

wounds-At once they groan with pain, and shudder with the cold !

But hush! there is a pause of deepest silence! And all that noise, as of a rushing crowd, With grouns, and tremulous shudderings-

all is over-It tells another tale, with sounds less deep and loud!

A tale of less affright, And temper'd with delight, As Otway's self had fram'd the tender lay-Tis of a little child Upon a lonesome wild,

Not far from home, but she hath lost her

and now moans low in bitter grief and fear, And now screams loud, and hopes to make her mother hear.

Tis midnight, but small thoughts have I of sleep :

Full seldom may my friend such vigils keep! Visit her, gentle Sleep! with wings of healing,

And may this storm be but a mountainbirth.

May all the stars hang bright above her dwelling,

Silent as though they watch'd the sleeping Earth!

With light heart may she rise,

Gay fancy, cheerful eyes, Joy lift her spirit, joy attune her voice: To her may all things live, from pole to

pole, Their life the eddying of her living soul! O simple spirit, guided from above, Dear Lady! friend devoutest of my choice, Thus mayst thou ever, evermore rejoice.

# ODE TO GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

ON THE 24TH STANZA IN HER "PASSAGE OVER MOUNT GOTHARD."

And hail the Chapel! hail the Platform wild! Where Tell directed the avenging Dart, With well strung arm, that first preserv'd his Child, Then aimed the arrow at the Tyrant's heart.

SPLENDOR'S fondly fostered child! And did you hail the Platform wild, Where once the Austrian fell Beneath the shaft of Tell? O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure! Whence learnt you that heroic measure?

Light as a dream your days their circlets ran,

From all that teaches brotherhood to man Far, far removed! from want, from hope, from fear!

Enchanting music lull'd your infant ear, Obeisant praises sooth'd your infant heart: Emblazonments and old ancestral crests, With many a bright obstrusive form of art Detain'd your eye from nature: stately vests,

That veiling strove to deck your charms divine,

Rich viands, and the pleasurable wine, Were your's unearn'd by toil; nor could you see

The unenjoying toiler's misery.

And yet, free Nature's uncorrupted child, You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild,

Where once the Austrian fell Beneath the shaft of Tell!

O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure! Whence learnt you that heroic measure? There crowd your finely-fibred frame, All living faculties of bliss: And Genius to your cradle came, His forehead wreath'd with lambent flame, And bending low, with godlike kiss Breath'd in a more celestial life! But boasts not many a fair compeer strife.

Some few, to nobler being wrought, Co-rivals in the nobler gift of thought. Yet these delight to celebrate Laurell'd war and plumy state; Or in verse and music dress Tales of rustic happiness-Pernicious tales! insidious strains! That steel the rich man's breast, And mock the lot unblest, The sordid vices and the abject pains, Which evermore must be The doom of ignorance and penury! But you, free Nature's uncorrupted child, You hail'd the Chapel and the Platform wild, Where once the Austrian fell Beneath the shaft of Tell! O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure! Where learnt you that heroic measure?

-You were a Mother! That most holy

Which Heaven and Nature bless, I may not vilely prostitute to those Whose Infants owe them less Than the poor caterpillar owes Its gaudy parent-fly. You were a Mother! at your bosom fed The Babes that lov'd you. You, with laughing eye,

Each twilight-thought, each nascent feeling read.

Which you yourself created. O delight! A second time to be a Mother, Without the Mother's bitter groans: Another thought, and yet another, By touch, or taste, by looks or tones O'er the growing sense to roll, The Mother of your Infant's Soul! The Angel of the Earth, who, while he guides His chariot-planet round the goal of day, All trembling gazes on the Eye of God, A moment turn'd his awful face away; And as he view'd you, from his aspect sweet New influences in your being rose, Blest intuitions and communious fleet With living Nature, in her joys and woes! Thenceforth your soul rejoic'd to see The shrine of social Liberty! O beautiful! O Nature's child! 'Twas thence you hail'd the Platform wild, Where once the Austrian fell Beneath the shaft of Tell! O Lady, nurs'd in pomp and pleasure! Thence learnt you that heroic measure.

# ODE TO TRANQUILLITY.

TRANQUILLITY! thou better name Than all the family of Fame! Thou ne'er wilt leave my riper age , To low intrigue, or factious rage For oh! dear child of thoughtful Truth. A heart as sensitive to joy and fear?

To thee I gave my early youth.

And some, perchance, might wage an equal And left the bark, and blest the stedfast shore,

Ere yet the Tempest rose and scar'd me with its roar.

Who late and lingering seeks thy shrine, On him but seldom, power divine, Thy spirit rests! Satiety And sloth, poor counterfeits of thee, Mock the tired worldling. Idle Hope And dire Remembrance interlope, To vex the feverish slumbers of the mind: The bubble floats before, the spectre stalks behind.

But me thy gentle hand will lead At morning through the accustom'd mead; And in the sultry summer's heat Will build me up a mossy seat! And when the gust of Autumn crowds And breaks the busy moonlight-clouds. Thou best the thought canst raise, the heart attune.

Light as the busy clouds, calm as the gliding

The feeling heart, the searching soul, To thee I dedicate the whole! And while within myself I trace The greatness of some future race, Aloof with hermit-eye I scan The present works of present man-A wild and dream-like trade of blood and guile, Too foolish for a tear, too wicked for a smile

## TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

ON HIS PROPOSING TO DOMESTICATE WITH THE AUTHOR.

A MOUNT, not wearisome and bare and steep. But a green mountain variously up-piled, Where o'er the jutting rocks soft mosses creep,

Or color'd lichens with slow oosing weep; Where cypress and the darker yew start wild; And 'mid the summer-torrent's gentle dash Dance brighten'd the red clusters of the ash; Beneath whose boughs, by those still sounds beguil'd,

Calm Pensiveness might muse herself to sleep!

Till haply startled by some fleecy dam, That rustling on the bushy clift above, With melancholy bleat of anxious love, Made meek enquiry for her wandering lamb: Such a green mountain 'twere most sweet to climb,

E'en while the bosom ach'd with loneliness— How more than sweet, if some dear friend should bless

Th'advent'rous toil, and up the path sublime Now lead, now follow: the glad landscape round,

Wide and more wide increasing without bound!

O then 'twere loveliest sympathy, to mark The berries of the half-uprooted ash Dripping and bright; and list the torrent's dash,—

Beneath the cypress, or the yew more dark, Seated at ease, on some smooth mossy rock; In social silence now, and now t'unlock The treasur'd heart; arm link'd in friendly arm.

Save if the one, his muse's witching charm Mutt'ring brow-bent, at unwatch'd distance

Till high o'er head his beck'ning friend appears,

And from the forehead of the topmost crag Shouts eagerly: for haply there uprears That shadowing PINE its old romantic limbs, Which latest shall detain th' enamoured sight Seen from below, when eve the valley dims, Ting'd yellow with the rich departing light; And haply, bason'd in some unsunn'd cleft, A beauteous spring, the rock's collected tears,

Sleeps shelter'd there, scarce wrinkled by the gale!

Together thus, the world's vain turmoil left, Stretch'd on the crag, and shadow'd by the pine,

And bending o'er the clear delicious fount, Ah! dearest youth! it were a lot divine To cheat our noons in moralizing mood, While west-winds fann'd our temples toilbedew'd:

Then downwards slope, oft pausing, from the mount,

To some lone mansion, in some woody dale, Where smiling with blue eye, DOMESTIC BLISS Gives this the Husband's, that the Brother's kiss!

Thus rudely vers'd in allegoric lore, The Hill of Knowledge I essay'd to trace; That verd'rous hill with many a resting-place, And many a stream, whose warbling waters

To glad and fertilize the subject plains; That hill with secret springs, and nooks untrod.

And many a fancy-blest and holy sod

Where Inspiration, his diviner strains Low murmuring, lay; and starting from the rocks

Stiff evergreens, whose spreading foliage mocks

Want's barren soil, and the bleak frosts of

And Bigotry's mad fire-invoking rage!
O meek retiring spirit! we will climb,
Cheering and cheer'd, this lovely hill sublime;
And from the stirring world up-lifted high,
(Whose noises, faintly wafted on the wind,
To quiet musings shall attune the mind,
And oft the melancholy theme supply)
There, while the prospect through the gazing
eye

Pours all its healthful greenness on the soul, We'll smile at wealth, and learn to smile at fame.

Our hopes, our knowledge, and our joys the same,

As neighbouring fountains image, each the whole:

Then when the mind hath drank its fill of truth;

We'll discipline the heart to pure delight, Rekindling sober joy's domestic flame. They whom I love shall love thee. Honor'd youth!

Now may Heaven realize this vision bright!

# ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG MAN OF FORTUNE

WHO ABANDON'D RIMSELF TO AN INDOLENT AND CAUSELESS MELANCHOLY.

Hence that fantastic wantonness of woe,
O Youth to partial Fortune vainly dear!
To plunder'd Want's half-shelter'd hovel go,
Go, and some hunger-bitten Infant hear
Moan haply in a dying Mother's ear:
Or when the cold and dismal fog-damps brood
O'er the rank church-yard with sear elmleaves strew'd,

Pace round some widow's grave, whose dearer part

Was slaughter'd, where o'er his uncoffin'd limbs

The flocking flesh-birds scream'd! Then, while thy heart Groans, and thine eye a fiercer sorrow dims, Know (and the truth shall kindle thy young

mind)
What nature makes thee mourn, she bids
thee heal!

O abject! if, to sickly dreams resign'd, All effortless thou leave life's commonweal

A prey to Tyrants, Murderers of Mankind.

#### TELL'S BIRTH - PLACE.

IMITATED FROM STOLBERG.

MARK this holy chapel well! The birth-place, this, of William Tell. Here, where stands God's altar dread, Stood his parents' marriage-bed.

Here first, an infant to her breast, Him his loving mother prest; And kiss'd the babe, and bless'd the day, And pray'd as mothers use to pray:

Vouchsafe him health, oh God! and give The child thy servant still to live!— But God had destined to do more Through him, than through an armed power.

God gave him reverence of laws, Yet stirring blood in Freedom's cause— A'spirit to his rocks akin, The eye of the Hawk, and the fire therein!

To Nature and to Holy-writ Alone did God the boy commit: Where flash'd and roar'd the torrent, oft His soul found wings, and soar'd aloft!

The straining oar and chamois-chase Had form'd his limbs to strength and grace: On wave and wind the boy would toss, Was great, nor knew how great he was!

He knew not that his chosen hand, Made strong by God, his native land Would rescue from the shameful yoke Of Slavery—the which he broke!

## HUMAN LIFE,

ON THE DENIAL OF IMMORTALITY.

#### A PRAGMENT.

Ir dead, we cease to be; if total gloom Swallow up life's brief flash for aye, we fare As summer-gusts, of sudden birth and doom, Whose sound and motion not alone declare, But are their whole of being! If the breath Be life itself, and not its task and tent, If ev'n a soul like Milton's can know death: O Man! thou vessel purposeless, unmeant, Yet drone-hive strange of phantom-purposes, Surplus of nature's dread activity, Which, as she gaz'd on some nigh-finish'd

vase,
Retreating slow, with meditative pause,
She form'd with restless hands unconsciously.
Blank accident! nothing's anomaly!
If rootless thus, thus substanceless thy state,
Go, weigh thy dreams, and be thy hopes,
thy fears

The counter-weights!—Thy laughter and thy tears

Mean but themselves, each fittest to create And to repay the other! Why rejoices
Thy heart with hollow joy for hollow good, Why cowl thy face beneath the Mourner's hood,

Why waste thy sighs, and thy lamenting voices,
Image of Image, Ghost of Ghostly Elf,
That such a thing, as thou, feelst warm

Yet what and whence thy gain, if thou withhold

These costless shadows of thy shadowy self? Be sad! be glad! be neither! seek, or shun! Thou hast no reason why! Thou can'st have none!

Thy being's being is contradiction

# AN ODE TO THE RAIN.

Composed before day-light, on the morning appointed for the departure of a very worthy, but not very pleasant Visitor, whom it was feared the rain might detain.

I know it is dark; and though I have lain Awake, as I guess, an hour or twain, I have not once open'd the lids of my eyes, But I lie in the dark, as a blind man lies. O Rain! that I lie listening to, You're but a doleful sound at best: I owe you little thanks, 'tis true, For breaking thus my needful rest! Yet if, as soon as it is light, O Rain! you will but take your flight, I'll neither rail, nor malice keep, Tho' sick and sore for want of sleep: But only now, for this one day, Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

O Rain! with your dull two-fold sound, The clash hard by, and the murmur all

You know, if you know aught, that we, Both night and day, but ill agree: For days, and months, and almost years, Have limp'd on thro' this vale of tears. Since body of mine and rainy weather Have liv'd on easy terms together. Yet if, as soon as it is light, O Rain! you will but take your flight. Though you should come again to morrow, And bring with you both pain and sorrow. Tho' stomach should sicken, and kness

should swell— I'll nothing speak of you but well. But only now for this one day, Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! I ne'er refus'd to say You're a good creature in your way; Nay, I could write a book myself, Would fit a parson's lower shelf, Shewing, how very good you are— What then? sometimes it must be fair! And if sometimes, why not to day? Do go, dear Rain! do go away!

Dear Rain! if I've been cold and shy, Take no offence! I'll tell you, why. A dear old Friend e'en now is here, And with him came my sister dear; After long absence now first met, Long months by pain and grief beset-We three dear friends! in truth, we groan Impatiently to be alone. We three, you mark! and not one more! The strong wish makes my spirit sore. We have so much to talk about, So many sad things to let out; So-many tears in our eye-corners, Sitting like little Jacky Horners-In short, as soon as it is day. Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

And this I'll swear to you, dear Rain!
Whenever you shall come again,
Be you as dull as e'er you could
(And by the bye 'tis understood,
You're not so pleasant, as you're good),
Yet, knowing well your worth and place,
I'll welcome you with cheerful face;
And though you stay'd a week or more,
Were ten times duller than before;
Yet with kind heart, and right good will,
I'll sit and listen to you still;
Nor should you go away, dear Rain!
Uninvited to remain.
But only now, for this one day,
Do go, dear Rain! do go away.

## THE VISIT OF THE GODS.

IMITATED FROM SCHILLER.

NEVER, believe me,
Appear the Immortals,
Never alone:
Scarce had I welcom'd the Sorrow-beguiler,
Jacchus! but in came Boy Cupid, the Smiler;
Le! Phæbus, the Glorious, descends from
his Throne!
They advance, they float in, the Olympians

with Divinities fills my Terrestrial Hall!

How shall I yield you Due entertainment, Celestial Quire? Me rather, bright guests! with your wings
of upbuoyance
Bear aloft to your homes, to your banquets
of joyance,
That the roofs of Olympus may echo my lyre!
Ah! we mount! on their pinions they waft
up my Soul!

O give me the Nectar!
O fill me the Bowl!

Give him the Nectar!
Pour out for the Poet!
Hebe! pour free!
Quicken his eyes with celestial dew,
That Styx the detested no more he may view,
And like one of us Gods may conceit him to be!
Thanks, Hebe! I quaff it! Jo Pæan, I cry!
The Wine of the Immortals
Forbids me to die!

# AMERICA TO GREAT BRITAIN.

All hail! thou noble Land,
Our Fathers' native soil!
O stretch thy mighty hand,
Gigantic grown by toil,
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore:
For thou with magic might
Canst reach to where the light
Of Phœbus travels bright
The world o'er!

The Genius of our clime,
From his pine-embattled steep,
Shall hail the guest sublime;
While the Tritons of the deep
With their conchs the kindred league shall
proclaim.

Then let the world combine— O'er the main our Naval Line Like the milky way shall shine Bright in fame!

Though ages long have past
Since our Fathers left their home,
Their pilot in the blast,
O'er untravell'd seas to roam,
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins!
And shall we not proclaim
That blood of honest fame
Which no tyranny can tame
By its chains?

While the language free and bold
Which the Bard of Avon sung,
In which our Milton told
How the vault of Heaven rung
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host;
While this, with rev'rence meet,
Ten thousand echoes greet,
From rock to rock repeat
Round our coast;

While the manners, while the arts,
That mould a nation's soul,
Still cling around our hearts—
Between let ocean roll,
Our joint communion breaking with the Sun:
Yet still from either beach
The voice of blood shall reach,
More audible than speech,
"We are One."

## THE PAINS OF SLEEP.

Enz on my bed my limbs I lay,
It hath not been my use to pray
With moving lips or bended knees;
But silently, by slow degrees,
My spirit I to Love compose,
In humble Trust mine eye-lids close,
With reverential resignation,
No wish conceived, no thought expressed!
Only a sense of supplication,
A sense o'er all my soul imprest
That I am weak, yet not unblest,
Since in me, round me, everywhere
Eternal Strength and Wisdom are.

But yester-night I pray'd aloud In anguish and in agony, Up-starting from the fiendish crowd Of shapes and thoughts that tortured me: A lurid light, a trampling throng, Sense of intolerable wrong, And whom I scorn'd, those only strong! Thirst of revenge, the powerless will Still baffled, and yet burning still! Desire with loathing strangely mixed On wild or hateful objects fixed. Fantastic passions! mad'ning brawl! And shame and terror over all! Deeds to be hid which were not hid, Which all confused I could not know, Whether I suffered, or I did: For all seemed guilt, remorse or woe, My own or others still the same Life-stifling fear, soul-stifling shame!

So two nights passed: the night's dismay Sadden'd and stunn'd the coming day. Sleep, the wide blessing, seemed to me Distemper's worst calamity. The third night, when my own loud scream Had waked me from the fiendish dream, O'ercome with sufferings strange and wild, I wept as I had been a child; And having thus by tears subdued My anguish to a milder mood, Such punishments, I said, were due To natures deepliest stain'd with sin: For aye entempesting anew Th' unfathomable hell within The horror of their deeds to view,

To know and loathe, yet wish and do! Such griefs with such men well agree, But wherefore, wherefore fall on me? To be beloved is all I need, And whom I love, I love indeed.

#### THE DESTINY OF NATIONS.

A VISION.

Auspicious Reverence! Hush all meaner song,
Ere we the deep preluding strain have poured
To the Great Father, only rightful King,
Eternal Father! King Omipotent!
Beneath whose shadowy banners, wide unfurl'd,
Justice leads forth her tyrant-quelling hosts.

Such symphony requires best instrument. Seize, then, my soul! from Freedom's trophied dome
The Harp which hangeth high between the Shields
Of Brutus and Leonidas! With that
Strong music, that soliciting spell, force back
Earth's free and stirring spirit that lies

entranced.

For what is Freedom, but the unfetter'd use
Of all the powers which God for use had

given?
But chiefly this, him first, him last to view
Through meaner powers and secondary things
Effulgent, as through clouds that veil his
blaze.

For all that meets the bodily sense I deem Symbolical, one mighty alphabet For infant minds; and we in this low world Placed with our backs to bright Reality, That we may learn with young unwounded ken

The substance from its shadow. Infinite Love, Whose latence is the plenitude of All, Thou with retracted beams and self-celipse Veiling revealest thy eternal Sun.

But some there are who deem themselves most free
When they within this gross and visible sphere
Chain down the winged thought, scoffing ascent,
Proud in their meanness: and themselves they cheat
With noisy emptiness of learned phrase,
Their subtle fluids, impacts, essences,
Self-working tools, uncaused effects, and all
Those blind Omniscients, those Almighty
Slaves.

Untenanting creation of its God.

(If mass there be, fantastic Guess or Ghost!)

Acts only by its inactivity Here we pause humbly. Others boldlier think That as one body seems the aggregate Of Atoms numberless, each organized: So by a strange and dim similitude Infinite myriads of self-conscious minds Are one all-conscious Spirit, which informs With absolute ubiquity of thought (His one eternal self-affirming Act!) All his involved Monads, that yet seem With various province and apt agency Each to pursue its own self-centering end. Some nurse the infant-diamond in the mine; Some roll the genial juices through the oak; Some drive the mutinous clouds to clash in air.

And rushing on the storm with whirlwindspeed,

Yoke the red lightning to their vollying car. Thus these pursue their never - varying course,

No eddy in their stream. Others, more wild, With complex interests weaving human fates, Dutcous or proud, alike obedient all, Evolve the process of eternal good.

And what if some, rebellious, o'er dark realms

Arrogate power? yet these train up to God. And on the rude eye, unconfirmed for day, Flash meteor-lights better than total gloom. As ere from Lieule-Oaive's vapoury head The Laplander beholds the far-off Sun Dart his slant beam on unobeying snows, While yet the stern and solitary Night Brooks no alternate sway, the Boreal Morn With mimic lustre substitutes its gleam, Guiding his course or by Niemi lake Or Balda-Zhiok, or the mossy stone Of Solfar-Kapper, while the snowy blast Drifts arrowy by, or eddies round his sledge, Making the poor babe at its mother's back Scream in its scanty cradle: he the while Wins gentle solace as with upward eye He marks the streamy banners of the North. Thinking himself those happy spirits shall join

Who there in floating robes of rosy light Dance sportively. For Fancy is the Power That first unsensualizes the dark mind. Giving it new delights; and bids it swell With wild activity; and, peopling air, By obscure fears of Beings invisible, Emancipates it from the grosser thrall Of the present impulse, teaching Self-con-

troul. Till Superstition with unconscious hand vain,

Nor yet without permitted power impress'd, I deem those legends terrible, with which Her soul had dwelt; and she was quick to The polar ancient thrills his uncouth throng :

But properties are God: the naked mass | Whether of pitying Spirits that make their moan

> O'er slaughter'd infants, or that Giant-Bird VUOKHO, of whose rushing wings the noise Is Tempest, when the unutterable shape Speeds from the mother of Death, and utters once

> That shriek, which never Murderer heard, and lived.

> Or if the Greenland Wizard in strange trance Pierces the untravelled realms of Ocean's bed (Where live the innocent as far from cares As from the storms and overwhelming waves Dark tumbling on the surface of the deep), Over the abysm, even to that uttermost cave By mis-shaped prodigies beleaguered, such As Earth ne'er bred, nor Air, nor the upper Sen.

There dwells the Fury-Form, whose unheard name

With eager eye, pale cheek, suspended breath, And lips half-opening with the dread of sound, Unsleeping SILENCE guards, worn out with fear

Lest haply escaping on some treacherous blast The fateful word let slip the Elements And frenzy Nature. Yet the wizard her, Armed with Torngarsuck's power, the Spirit of Good.

Forces to unchain the foodful progeny Of the Ocean stream .- Wild phantasies! yet wise,

On the victorious goodness of high God Teaching reliance, and medicinal hope, Till, from Bethabra northward, heavenly Truth

With gradual steps winning her difficult way, Transfer their rude Faith perfected and pure.

If there be Beings of higher class than Man, I deem no nobler province they possess, Than by disposal of apt circumstance To rear up Kingdoms: and the deeds they prompt.

Distinguishing from mortal agency They chuse their human ministers from such

As still the Epic Song half fears to name, Repelled from all the Minstrelsies that strike The palace-roof and sooth the Monarch's pride.

And such, perhaps, the Spirit, who (if words

Witnessed by answering deeds may claim our faith)

Held commune with that warrior-maid of France

Seat Reason on her throne. Wherefore not Who scourg'd the Invader .- From her infantdays,

With Wisdom, Mother of retired Thoughts, mark

The good and evil thing, in human lore Undisciplin'd. For lowly was her birth, And Heaven had doom'd her early years to toil

That pure from tyranny's least deed, herself Unfear'd by fellow-natures, she might wait On the poor lab'ring man with kindly looks, And minister refreshment to the tir'd Way-wanderer, when along the rough-hewn

bench

The sweltry man had stretch'd him, and aloft Vacantly watch'd the rudely pictured board Which on the mulberry-bough with welcome

Swung to the pleasant breeze. Here, too, the Maid

Learnt more than schools could teach: Man's shifting mind,

His vices and his sorrows! And full oft At tales of cruel wrong and strange distress Had wept and shiver'd. To the tottering Eld Still as a Daughter would she run: she plac'd

His cold limbs at the sunny door, and lov'd To hear him story, in his garrulous sort, Of his eventful years, all come and gone.

So twenty seasons past. The Virgin's Form,

Active and tall, nor Sloth nor Luxury Had shrunk or paled. Her front sublime and broad.

Her flexile eye-brows wildly hair'd and low, And her full eye, now bright, now unillum'd, Spake more than woman's thought: and all her face

Was moulded to such features, as declared, That Pity there had oft and strongly work'd, And sometimes Indignation. Bold her mien, And like an haughty Huntress of the woods She mov'd: yet sure she was a gentle maid! And in each motion her most innocent soul Beam'd forth so brightly, that who saw

would say,
Guilt was a thing impossible in her!
Nor idly would have said, for she had liv'd
In this bad world, as in a place of tombs,
And touch'd not the pollutions of the Dead.

'Twas the cold season when the rustic's eye From the drear desolate whiteness of his fields

Rolls for relief to watch the skiey tints And clouds slow-varying their huge imagery; When now, as she was wont, the healthful Maid

Had left her pallet ere one beam of day Slanted the fog-smoke. She went forth alone, Urged by the indwelling angel-guide, that oft, With dim inexplicable sympathies Disquieting the heart, shapes out man's

To the predoomed adventure. Now the ascent

She climbs of that steep upland, on whose top The pilgrim-man, who long since eve had watch'd

The alien shine of unconcerning stars, Shouts to himself, there first the Abbeylights

Seen in Neufchatel's vale; now slopes adown The winding sheep-track valeward: when, behold

In the first entrance of the level road An unattended team! The foremost horse Lay with stretch'd limbs; the others, yet alive

But stiff and cold, stood motionless, their

Hoar with the frozen night-dews. Dismally The dark-red dawn now glimmer'd; but its gleams

gleams
Disclosed no face of man. The maiden paused,
Then hail'd who might be near. No voice
replied.

From the thwart wain at length there reach'd her ear

A sound so feeble that it almost seem'd Distant—and feebly, with slow effort push'd, A miserable man crept forth: his limbs The silent frost had eat, scathing like fire. Faint on the shafts he rested. She, mean time.

Saw crowded close beneath the coverture A mother and her children—lifeless all, Yet lovely! not a lineament was marr'd—Death had put on so slumber-like a form! It was a pitcons sight; and one, a babe, The crisp milk frozen on its innocent lips, Lay on the woman's arm, its little hand Stretch'd on her bosom. Mutely questioning, The Maid gazed wildly at the living wretch. He, his head feebly turning, on the group Look'd with a vacant stare, and his eye spake The drowsy calm that steals on worn-out anguish.

She shudder'd: but, each vainer pang

Quick disentangling from the foremost horse The rustic bands, with difficulty and toil The stiff, crampt team forced homeward. There arrived

Anxiously tends him she with healing herbs. And weeps and prays—but the numb power of Death

Spreads o'er his limbs; and ere the neon-tide-hour

The hov'ring spirits of his wife and bakes Hail him immortal! Yet amid his pangs. With interruptions long from ghastly threes. His voice had falter'd out this simple tale.

The Village, where he dwelt un Husbandman,

By sudden inroad had been seiz'd and fired but man's Late on the yester-evening. With his wife And little ones he hurried his escape. They saw the neighbouring hamlets flame.

they heard

Uproar and shricks! and terror-struck drove Of Chaos the adventurous progeny
on Thou seest; foul missionaries of fo

Through unfrequented roads, a weary way! But saw nor house nor cottage. All had quench'd

Their evening-hearth-fire: for the alarm had spread.

The air clipt keen, the night was fang'd with frost,

And they provisionless! The weeping wife Ill-hush'd her children's moans; and still they moan'd,

Till Fright and Cold and Hunger drank their life.

They closed their eyes in sleep, nor knew 'twas Death.

He only, lashing his o'er-wearied team, Gained a sad respite, till beside the base Of the high hill his foremost horse dropt dead.

Then hopeless, strengthless, sick for lack of food,

He crept beneath the coverture, entranced, Till waken'd by the maiden.—Such his tale.

Ah! suffering to the height of what was suffered,

Stung with too keen a sympathy, the Maid Brooded with moving lips, mute, startful, dark!

And now her flush'd tumultuous features

Such strange vivacity, as fires the eye
Of misery fancy-craz'd! and now once more
Naked, and void, and fix'd, and all, within,
The unquiet silence of confused thought
And shapeless feelings. For a mighty hand
Was strong upon her, till in the heat of soul
To the high hill-top tracing back her steps,
Aside the beacon, up whose smoulder'd stones
The tender ivy-trails crept thinly, there,

Unconscious of the driving element, Yea, swallow'd up in the ominous dream, she sate,

Ghastly as broad-eyed Slumber! a dim anguish

Breath'd from her look! and still with pant and sob

Inly she toil'd to flee, and still subdued Felt an inevitable Presence near.

Thus as she toil'd in troublous extacy, An horror of great darkness wrapt her round, And a voice uttered forth unearthly tones, Calming her soul:—Oh Thou of the Most High

Chosen, whom all the perfected in Heaven Behold expectant

[The following fragments were intended to form part of the Poem when finished.]

Maid belov'd of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Power exclaimed)

Of Chaos the adventurous progeny Thou seest; foul missionaries of foul sire, Fierce to regain the losses of that hour When LOVE rose glittering, and his gorgeous wings

Over the abyss flutter'd with such glad noise, As what time after long and pestful calms, With slimy shapes and miscreated life

Poisoning the vast Pacific, the fresh breeze Wakens the merchant-sail uprising. Night An'heavy unimaginable moan

Sent forth, when she the PROTOFLAST beheld Stand beauteous on Confusion's charmed wave.

Monning she fled, and entered the Profound That leads with downward windings to the

Of darkness palpable, Desart of Death, Sunk deep beneath Generna's massy roots. There many a dateless age the Beldame lurk'd

And trembled; till engender'd by fierce HATE, Fierce HATE and gloomy HOPE, a DREAMAROSE, Shap'd like a black cloud mark'd with streaks of fire.

It rous'd the Hell-Hag : she the dew-damp wiped

From off her brow, and thro' the uncouth

Retraced her steps; but ere she reach'd the mouth

Of that drear labyrinth, shuddering she paused,

Nor dared re-enter the diminish'd Gulph. As thro' the dark vaults of some moulder'd Tower

(Which, fearful to approach, the evening

Circles at distance in his homeward way)
The winds breathe hollow, deem'd the plain-

ing groan
Of prison'd spirits; with such fearful voice
Night murmur'd, and the sound thro' Chaos
went.

Leapt at her call her hideous-fronted brood!

A dark behest they heard, and rush'd on
earth.

Since that sad hour, in Camps and Courts

Rebels from God, and Monarchs o'er Mankind!

Shrick'd Fear, of Cruelty the ghastly Dam, Fev'rish yet freezing, eager-paced yet slow, As she that creeps from forth her swampy reeds,

Ague, the biform Hag! when early Spring Beams on the marsh-bred vapours.

Even so (the exulting Maiden said)
The sainted Heralds of Good Tidings fell.

clouds

Treading, and storms beneath their feet, they soar

Higher, and higher soar, and soaring sing Loud songs of Triumph! O ye spirits of God, Hover around my mortal agonies!-

She spake, and instantly faint melody Melts on her ear, soothing and sad, and slow, Such measures, as at calmest midnight heard By aged Hermit in his holy dream,

Foretell and solace death; and now they rise Louder, as when with harp and mingled voice

The white-robed multitude of slaughter'd saints

At Heaven's wide-open'd portals gratulant Receive some martyr'd Patriot. The har-

Entranced the Maid, till each suspended sense Brief slumber seized, and confused extacy.

At length awakening slow, she gazed around:

And thro' a mist, the relict of that trance, Still thinning as she gaz'd, an Isle appear'd, Its high, o'er-hanging, white, broad-breasted cliffs

Glass'd on the subject ocean. A vast Plain Stretch'd opposite, where ever and anon The plough-man following sad his meagre

Turn'd up fresh sculls unstartled, and the bones

Of fierce hate-breathing combatants, who there

All mingled lay beneath the common earth. Death's gloomy reconcilement! O'er the

Stept a fair form, repairing all she might, Her temples olive-wreath'd; and where she trod.

Fresh flowrets rose and many a foodful herb. But wan her check, her footsteps insecure, And anxious pleasure beam'd in her faint eye, As she had newly left a couch of pain,

Pale Convalescent! (Yet some time to rule With power exclusive o'er the willing world, That blest prophetic mandate then fulfill'd. Peace be on Earth!) An happy while, but brief.

She seem'd to wander with assiduous feet, And heal'd the recent harm of chill and blight,

And nurs'd each plant that fair and virtuous grew.

But soon a deep precursive sound moan'd hollow: Black rose the clouds, and now (as in a

dream) Their reddening shapes, transform'd to Warrior-hosts.

Cours'd o'er the Sky, and battled in mid-air. Yet if LEVIATRAS, weary of case,

And thus they witness'd God! But now the | Nor did not the large blood-drops fall from Heaven

> Portentous! while aloft were seen to float, Like hideous features looming on the mist, Wan stains of ominous light! Resign'd, yet sad,

> The fair Form bow'd her olive-crowned brow:

> Then o'er the Plain with oft reverted eye Fled till a place of tombs she reach'd, and there

> Within a ruin'd sepulchre obscure Found hiding-place.—The delegated Maid Gaz'd thro' her tears, then in sad tones exclaim'd:

> Thou mild-ey'd Foun! wherefore, ah! wherefore fled?

> The power of Justice, like a name all Light,

> Shone from thy brow; but all they, who unblam'd

> Dwelt in thy dwelfings, call thee HAPPINESS. Ah! why, uninjured and unprofited,

> Should multitudes against their brethren rush?

> Why sow they guilt, still reaping misery? Lenient of care, thy songs, oh PEACE! are sweet.

> As after showers the perfumed gale of eve, That flings the cool drops on a feverous cheek:

> And gay thy grassy altar pil'd with fruits But boasts the shrine of Damon Wan one charm.

> Save that with many an orgic strange and foul,

> Dancing around with interwoven arms, The Maniac SUICIDE and Giant MURDER Exult in their fierce union! I am sad. And know not why the simple peasants crowd

Beneath the Chieftains' standard !- Thus the Maid.

To her the tutelary Spirit replied: When Luxury and Lust's exhausted stores No more can rouse the appetites of Kings; When the low flattery of their reptile Lords Falls flat and heavy on the accustom'd ear; When Eunuchs sing, and Fools buffoonery make.

And Dancers writhe their harlot-limbs in vain:

Then WAR and all its dread vicissitudes Pleasingly agitate their stagnant hearts; Its hopes, its fears, its victories, its defeats. Insipid Royalty's keen condiment! Therefore, uninjur'd and unprofited, (Victims at once and Executioners) The congregated husbandmen lay waste The Vineyard and the Harvest. As along The Bothnic coast, or southward of the Line Though hush'd the Winds and cloudless the high Noon.

In sports unwieldy toss his Island-bulk, Ocean behind him billows, and before A storm of waves breaks foamy on the strand. And hence, for times and seasons bloody and dark.

Short Peace shall skin the wounds of causeless War,

And War, his strained sinews knit anew, Still violate th' unfinish'd works of Peace. But yonder look! for more demands thy view!—

He said: and straightway from the opposite

A Vapor sail'd, as when a cloud, exhaled From Egypt's fields that steam hot pestilence,

Travels the sky for many a trackless league,
'Till o'er some death-doom'd land, distant
in vain,

It broods incumbent. Forthwith from the Plain, Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose.

Facing the Isle, a brighter cloud arose, And steer'd its course which way the Vapor went.

The Maiden paus'd, musing what this might mean.

But long time pass'd not, ere that brighter cloud

Returned more bright: along the Plain it swept;

And soon from forth its bursting sides emerg'd

A dazzling Form, broad-bosom'd, bold of eye, and wild her hair, save where with laurels

Not more majestic stood the healing God, When from his brow the arrow sped that slew

Huge Python. Shrick'd American's giant throng,

And with them hiss'd the Locust-fiends that

And glitter'd in Connurrion's slimy track. Great was their wrath, for short they knew their reign:

And such commotion made they, and uproar, As when the mad Tornado bellows through The guilty islands of the western main, What time departing from their native shores.

Eboe, or Koromantyn's plain of Palms, The infuriate spirits of the Murdered make Fierce merriment, and vengeance ask of Heaven.

Warm'd with new influence, the unwholesome Plain

Sent up its foulest fogs to meet the Morn: The Sun that rose on FREEDOM, rose in BLOOP!

Maiden belov'd, and Delegate of Heaven!
(To her the tutelary Spirit said)
Soon shall the Morning struggle into Day,
The stormy Morning into cloudless Noon.

They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

Much hast thou seen, nor all canst understand—
But this be thy best Omen—Save the Country!
Thus saying, from the answering Maid he pass'd,
And with him disappear'd the heavenly Vision.

Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!
All conscious Presence of the Universe!
Nature's vast ever-acting Energy!
In Will, in Deed, Impulse of All to All!
Whether thy Love with unrefracted ray
Beam on the Propher's purged eye, or if,
Diseasing realms, the Entrusiast, wild of
thought,

Scatter new frenzies on the infected Throng, Thou Both inspiring and predooming Both, Fit Instruments and best, of perfect End: Glory to Thee, Father of Earth and Heaven!

——And first a Landscape rose, More wild, and waste, and desolate, than where The white bear, drifting on a field of ice, Howls to her sundered cubs with pitcous

rage

And savage agony.

# EXTRACTS FROM CHRISTABEL.

The night is chill; the forest bare; Is it the wind that mouneth bleak? There is not wind enough in the air To move away the ringlet-curl From the lovely Lady's cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl The one red leaf, the last of its clan, That dances as often as dance it can, Hanging so light, and hanging so high, On the topmost twig that looks up to the sky.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain;
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanc'd, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother:
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining—
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,

And where are they? I pray you tell. She answered: Seven are we; And two of us at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie, My sister and my brother; And, in the church-yard-cottage, I Dwell near them with my mother.

You say that two at Conway dwell, And two are gone to sea, Yet ye are seven!—I pray you tell, Sweet Maid, how this may be?

Then did the little Maid reply: Seven boys and girls are we; Two of us in the church-yard lie, Beneath the church-yard-tree.

You run about, my little Maid, Your limbs they are alive; If two are in the church-yard laid, Then ye are only five.

Their graves are green, they may be seen, The little maid replied, Twelve steps or more from my mother's door, And they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit, My kerchief there I hem; And there upon the ground I sit— I sit and sing to them.

And often after sunset, Sir, When it is light and fair, I take my little porringer, And eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane; In bed she moaning lay, Till God released her of her pain; And then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid; And all the summer dry Together round her grave we played, My brother John and I.

And when the ground was white with snow, And I could run and slide, My brother John was forced to go, And he lies by her side.

How many are you then, said I, If they two are in Heaven?
The little Maiden did reply:
O Master we are seven.

But they are dead; those two are dead! Their spirits are in Heaven! 'Twas throwing words away: for still The little Maid would have her will, And said: Nay, we are seven! TO H. C.

SIX YEARS OLD.

O Thou! whose fancies from afar are brought;
Who of thy words dost make a mock-apparel. And fittest to unutterable thought
The breeze-like motion and the self-born carol;
Thou facry Voyager! that dost float
In such clear water, that thy Boat
May rather seem
To brood on air than on an earthly stream;
Suspended in a stream as clear as sky,
Where earth and heaven do make one

imagery;
O blessed Vision! happy Child!
That art so exquisitely wild,
I think of thee with many fears
For what may be thy lot in future years.

I thought of times when Pain might be
thy guest,
Lord of thy house and hospitality;
And Grief, uneasy Lover! never rest
But when she sate within the touch of thee.
Oh! too industrious folly!
Oh! vain and causeless melancholy!
Nature will either end thee quite;
Or, lengthening out thy season of delight,
Preserve for thee, by individual right,
A young Lamb's heart among the full-grown
flocks.

What hast Thou to do with sorrow,
Or the injuries of to-morrow?
Thou art a Dew-drop, which the morn brings
forth.

Not doom'd to jostle with unkindly shocks; Or to be trail'd along the soiling earth; A Gem that glitters while it lives, And no forewarning gives; But, at the touch of wrong, without a strife Slips in a moment out of life.

THE BLIND, HIGHLAND BOY.

(A TALE TOLD BY THE PIRE-SINE.)

Now we are tired of boisterous joy, We've romp'd enough, my little Boy! Jane hangs her head upon my breast, And you shall bring your stool and rest, This corner is your own.

There! take your seat, and let me see
That you can listen quietly;
And as I promised I will tell
That strange adventure which befel
A poor blind Highland-Boy.

A Highland-Boy!—why call him so?
Because, my Darlings, ye must know,
In land where many a mountain towers,
Far higher hills than these of ours!
He from his birth had liv'd.

He ne'er had seen one earthly sight; The sun, the day; the stars, the night; Or tree, or butterfly, or flower, Or fish in stream, or bird in bower, Or woman, man, or child.

And yet he neither drooped nor pined, Nor had a melancholy mind; For God took pity on the Boy, And was his friend; and gave him joy Of which we nothing know.

His Mother, too, no doubt, above Her other Children him did love: For, was she here, or was she there, She thought of him with constant care, And more than Mother's love.

And proud she was of heart, when clad In crimson stockings, tartan plaid, And bonnet with a feather gay, To Kirk he on the sabbath-day Went hand in hand with her.

A Dog, too, had he; not for need, But one to play with and to feed; Which would have led him, if bereft Of company or friends, and left Without a better guide.

And then the bagpipes he could blow; And thus from house to house would go, And all were pleas'd to hear and see; For none made sweeter melody Than did the poor blind Boy.

Yet he had many a restless dream; Both when he heard the Eagles scream, And when he heard the torrents roar, And heard the water beat the shore Near which their Cottage stood.

Beside a lake their Cottage stood,
Not small like ours, a peaceful flood;
But one of mighty size, and strange;
That, rough or smooth, is full of change,
And stirring in its bed.

For to this Lake, by night and day, The great Sca-water finds its way Through long, long windings of the hills; And drinks up all the pretty rills And rivers large and strong:

Then hurries back the road it came— Returns, on errand still the same; This did it when the earth was new; And this for evermore will do, As long as earth shall last. And, with the coming of the Tide, Come Boats and Ships, that sweetly ride, Between the woods and lofty rocks; And to the Shepherds with their Flocks Bring tales of distant Lands.

And of those tales, whate'er they were, The blind Boy always had his share; Whether of mighty Towns, or Vales With warmer suns and softer gales, Or wonders of the Deep.

Yet more it pleased him, more it stirr'd, When from the water-side he heard The shouting, and the jolly cheers, The bustle of the mariners In stillness or in storm.

But what do his desires avail?
For He must never handle sail;
Nor mount the mast, nor row, nor float
In Sailor's ship or Fisher's boat
Upon the rocking waves.

His Mother often thought, and said, What sin would be upon her head If she should suffer this: "My Son, Whate'er you do, leave this undone, The danger is so great."

Thus lived he by Loch Levin's side
Still sounding with the sounding tide,
And heard the billows leap and dance,
Without a shadow of mischance,
Till he was ten years old.

When one day (and now mark me well, You soon shall know how this befel) He's in a vessel of his own, On the swift water hurrying down Towards the mighty Sea.

In such a vessel ne'er before
Did human Creature leave the shore:
If this or that way he should stir,
Woe to the poor blind Mariner!
For death will be his doom.

But say what bears him?—Ye have seen The Indian's bow, his arrows keen, Rare beasts, and hirds with plumage bright; Gifts which, for wonder or delight Are brought in ships from far.

Such gifts had those sea-faring men Spread round that Haven in the glen; Each hut, perchance, might have its own. And to the Boy they all were known, He knew and prized them all.

And one, the rarest, was a shell Which he, poor child! had studied well; The shell of a green Turtle, thin And hollow;—you might sit therein, It was so wide and deep. 'Twas even the largest of its kind, Large, thin, and light as birch-tree-rind; So light a shell that it would swim And gaily lift its fearless brim Above the tossing waves.

And this the little blind Boy knew:
And he a story strange, yet true,
Had heard, how in a shell like this
An English boy, oh thought of bliss!
Had stoutly launched from shore;

Launched from the margin of a bay Among the Indian isles, where lay His father's ship, and had sailed far, To join that gallant Ship of war In his delightful shell.

Our Highland-Boy oft visited
The house which held this prize; and, led
By choice or chance, did thither come
One day when no one was at home,
And found the door unbarred.

While there he sate alone and blind That story flashed upon his mind;— A bold thought rouzed him, and he took The shell from out its secret nook And bore it in his arms.

And with the happy burthen hied, And pushed it from Loch Levin's side,— Stepped into it; and without dread, Following the fancies in his head, He paddled up and down.

A while he stood upon his feet; He felt the motion—took his seat; And dallied thus, till from the shore The tide retreating more and more Had sucked, and sucked him in.

And there he is in face of Heaven! How rapidly the Child is driven! The fourth part of a mile I ween He thus had gone, ere he was seen By any human eye.

But when he was first seen, oh me! What shricking and what misery! For many saw; among the rest His Mother, she who loved him best, She saw her poor blind Boy.

But for the Child, the sightless Boy, It is the triumph of his joy! The bravest Traveller in balloon, Mounting as if to reach the moon, Was never half so bless'd.

And let him, let him go his way, Alone, and innocent, and gay! For, if good Angels love to wait On the forlorn unfortunate, This Child will take no harm. But now the passionate lament,
Which from the crowd on shore was sent,
The cries which broke from old and young
In Gaelic, or the English tongue,
Arc stifled—all is still.

And quickly with a silent crew
A Boat is ready to pursue;
And from the shore their course they take,
And swiftly down the running Lake
They follow the blind Boy.

But soon they move with softer pace: So have you seen the fowler chase On Grasmere's clear unruffled breast A youngling of the wild-duck's nest With deftly-lifted oar.

Or as the wily sailors crept
To seize (while on the Deep it slept)
The hapless Creature which did dwell
Erewhile within the dancing shell,
They steal upon their prey.

With sound the least that can be made They follow, more and more afraid, More cautious as they draw more near; But in his darkness he can hear, And guesses their intent.

Lei-gha—Lei-gha—then did he cry Lei-gha—Lei-gha—most eagerly; Thus did he cry, and thus did pray, And what he meant was: Keep away, And leave me to myself!

Alas! and when he felt their hands— You've often heard of magic Wands, That with a motion overthrow A palace of the proudest show, Or melt it into air:

So all his dreams, that inward light With which his soul had shone so bright. All vanish'd,—'twas a heartfelt cross To him, a heavy, bitter loss, As he had ever known.

But hark! a gratulating voice With which the very hills rejoice: 'Tis from the crowd, who tremblingly Had watch'd the event, and now can see That he is safe at last.

And then, when he was brought to land.
Full sure they were a happy band,
Which gathering round did on the banks
Of that great Water give God thanks,
And welcom'd the poor Child.

And in the general joy of heart
The blind Boy's little Dog took part;
He leapt about, and oft did kiss
His master's hands in sign of bliss,
With sound like lamentation.

But most of all, his Mother dear, She who had fainted with her fear, Rejoiced when waking she espies The Child; when she can trust her eyes, And touches the blind Boy.

She led him home, and wept amain, When he was in the house again: Tears flowed in torrents from her eyes, She could not blame him, or chastise: She was too happy far.

Thus, after he had fondly braved
The perilous Deep, the Boy was saved;
And, though his fancies had been wild,
Yet he was pleased, and reconciled
To live in peace on shore.

And in the lonely Highland-dell Still do they keep the turtle-shell; And long the story will repeat Of the blind Boy's adventurous feat, And how he was preserved.

## THE HORN OF EGREMONT CASTLE.

When the Brothers reached the gateway, Eustace pointed with his lance
To the Horn which there was hanging;
Horn of the inheritance.
Horn it was which none could sound,
No one upon living ground,
Save He who came as rightful Heir
To Egremont's Domains and Castle fair.

Heirs from ages without record
Had the House of Lucie born,
Who of right had claim'd the Lordship
By the proof upon the Horn:
Each at the appointed hour
Tried the Horn, it own'd his power;
He was acknowledged: and the blast
Which good Sir Eustace sounded was the last.

With his lance Sir Eustace pointed,
And to Hubert thus said he:
What I speak this Horn shall witness
For thy better memory.
Hear, then, and neglect me not!
At this time, and on this spot,
The words are utter'd from my heart,
As my last earnest prayer ere we depart.

On good service we are going
Life to risk by sea and land;
In which course if Christ our Saviour
Do my sinful soul demand,
Hither come thou back straightway,
Hubert, if alive that day;
Return, and sound the Horn, that we
May have a living House still left in thee.

Fear not, quickly answer'd Hubert; As I am thy Father's son, What thou askest, noble Brother, With God's favour shall be done. So were both right well content: From the Castle forth they went. And at the head of their Array To Palestine the Brothers took their way.

Side by side they fought (the Lucies Were a line for valour fam'd) And where'er their strokes alighted There the Saracens were tam'd. Whence, then, could it come the thought, By what evil spirit brought? Oh! can a brave Man wish to take His Brother's life, for Land's and Castle's sake?

Sir! the Ruffians said to Hubert,
Deep he lies in Jordan flood.—
Stricken by this ill assurance,
Pale and trembling Hubert stood.
Take your earnings.—Oh! that I
Could have seen my Brother die!
It was a pang that vex'd him then,
And oft returned, again, and yet again.

Months pass'd on, and no Sir Eustace!
Nor of him were tidings heard.
Wherefore, bold as day, the Murderer
Back again to England steer'd.
To his Castle Hubert sped;
He has nothing now to dread.
But silent and by stealth he came,
And at an hour which nobody could name.

None could tell if it were night-time,
Night or day, at even or morn;
For the sound was heard by no one
Of the proclamation-horn.
But bold Hubert lives in glee:
Months and years went smilingly;
With plenty was his table spread;
And bright the Lady is who shares his bed.

Likewise he had Sons and Daughters;
And, as good men do, he sate
At his board by these surrounded,
Flourishing in fair estate.
And, while thus in open day
Once he sate, as old books say,
A blast was utter'd from the Horn,
Where by the Castle-gate it hung forlorn.

'Tis the breath of good Sir Eustace!
He is come to claim his right:
'Ancient Castle, Woods, and Mountains
Hear the challenge with delight.
Hubert! though the blast be blown
He is helpless and alone:
Thou hast a dungeon, speak the word!
And there he may be lodg'd, and thou be
Lord.

Speak!—astounded Hubert cannot; And if power to speak he had, All are daunted, all the household Smitten to the heart, and sad. Tis Sir Eustace; if it be Living Man, it must be he! Thus Hubert thought in his dismay, And by a postern-gate he slunk away.

Long, and long was he unheard of:
To his Brother then he came,
Made confession, ask'd forgiveness,
Ask'd it by a Brother's name,
And by all the Saints in heaven;
And of Eustace was forgiv'n:
Then in a Convent went to hide
His melancholy head, and there he died.

But Sir Eustace, whom good Angels
Had preserv'd from Murderers' hands,
And from Pagan chains had rescued,
Liv'd with honour on his lands.
Sons he had, saw Sons of theirs:
And through ages, Heirs of Heirs,
A long posterity renown'd,
Sounded the Horn which they alone could
sound.

# THE SEVEN SISTERS, OR THE SOLITUDE OF BINNORIE.

SEVEN Daughters had Lord Archibald,
All Children of one Mother:
I could not say in one short day
What love they bore each other.
A Garland of seven Lilies wrought!
Seven Sisters that together dwell;
But he, bold Knight as ever fought,
Their Father, took of them no thought,
He loved the Wars so well.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie!

Fresh blows the wind, a western wind, And from the shores of Erin, Across the wave, a Rover brave To Binnorie is steering: Right onward to the Scottish strand The gallant ship is borne; The Warriors leap upon the land, And hark! the Leader of the Band Hath blown in bugle-horn. Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully, The Solitude of Binnorie.

Beside a Grotto of their own,
With boughs above them closing,
The Seven are laid, and in the shade
They lie like Fawns reposing.
But now, upstarting with affright
At noise of Man and Steed,
Away they fly to left to right—
Of your fair household, Father Knight,
Methinks you take small heed!
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Away the seven fair Campbells fly. And, over hill and hollow, With menace proud, and insult loud,
The youthful Rovers follow.
Cried they: Your Father loves to roam:
Enough for him to find
The empty House when he comes home;
For us your yellow ringlets comb,
For us be fair and kind!—
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

Some close behind, some side by side,
Like clouds in stormy weather,
They run, and cry: Nay let us die,
And let us die together.
A Lake was near; the shore was steep;
There never foot had been;
They ran, and with a desperate leap
Together plung'd into the deep,
Nor ever more were seen.
Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully,
The Solitude of Binnorie.

The Stream that flows out of the Lake, As through the glen it rambles, Repeats a moan o'er moss and stone, For those seven lovely Campbells. Seven little Islands, green and bare, Have risen from out the deep: The Fishers say, those Sisters fair By Faeries are all buried there, And there together sleep. Sing, mournfully, oh! mournfully, The Solitude of Binnorie.

## EXTRACTS

PROM DESCRIPTIVE SKETCRES TAKEN DURING A PEDESTRIAN TOUR IN THE ALPS.

(Published in 1793)

PLEASURES OF THE PEDESTRIAN.

No sad vacuities his heart annoy;— Blows not a Zephyr but it whispers joy; For him lost flowers their idle sweets exhale; He tastes the meanest note that swells the gale;

For him sod-seats the cottage-door adorn, And peeps the far-off spire, his evening hourn! Dear is the forest frowning o'er his head. And dear the green-sward to his velvet tread; Moves there a cloud o'er mid-day's flaming

Upward he looks—and calls it luxury; Kind Nature's charities his steps attend, In every babbling brook he finds a friend, While chast'ning thoughts of sweetest use, bestowed

By Wisdom, moralize his pensive road.
Host of his welcome inn, the noon-tide hower,
To his spare meal he calls the passing paor;
He views the Sun uplift his golden fire,
Or sink, with heart alive like Memnon's lyre:
Blesses the Moon that comes with kindest ray
To light him shaken by his viewless way.
With bashful fear no cottage-children steal

From him, a brother at the cottage-meal; His humble looks no shy restraint impart, Around him plays at will the virgin heart. While unsuspended wheels the village-dance, The maidens eye him with inquiring glance, Much wondering what sad stroke of crazing

Or desperate Love could lead a wanderer there.

I sigh at hoary Chartreuse' doom.
Where now is fled that Power whose frown

Tamed sober Reason till she crouched in fear? That breathed a death-like peace these woods around;

The cloister startles at the gleam of arms, And Blasphemy the shuddering fane alarms; Nod the cloud-piercing pines their troubled heads,

Spires, rocks, and lawns, a browner night o'erspreads.

Strong terror checks the female peasant's sighs,

And start the astonished shades at female eyes.

The thundering tube the aged angler hears,

And swells the groaning torrent with his

tears.

From Bruno's forest screams the affrighted

And slow the insulted eagle wheels away.

The cross with hideous laughter Demons mock,

By Angels planted on the aereal rock.
The parting Genius sighs with hollow breath
Along the mystic streams of Life and Death.
Swelling the outcry dull, that long resounds
Portentous, through her old woods' trackless
bounds.

Vallombre, 'mid her falling fanes deplores, For ever broke, the sabbath of her bowers.

More pleased, my foot the hidden margin

Of Come becomed deep in chesnut-groves. No meadows thrown between, the giddy steeps

Tower, bare or sylvan, from the narrow deeps.

To towns, whose shades of no rude sound complain,

To ringing team unknown and grating wain, To flat-roofed towns, that touch the water's bound,

Or lurk in woody sunless glens profound, Or from the bending rocks obtrusive cling, And o'er the whitened wave their shadows

Wild round the steeps the little pathway

And Silence loves its purple roof of vines.
The viewless lingerer hence, at evening, sees
From rock-hewn steps the sail between the
trees;

From him, a brother at the cottage-meal; Or marks, 'mid opening cliffs, fair dark-eyed

Tend the small harvest of their garden glades, Or stops the solemn mountain-shades to view Stretch, o'er the pictured mirror, broad and blue.

Tracking the yellow sun from steep to steep, As up the opposing hills, with tortoise-foot,

they creep.

Here half a village shines, in gold arrayed, Bright as the moon; half hides itself in shade. From the dark sylvan roofs the restless spire Inconstant glancing mounts like springing fire. There, all unshaded, blazing forests throw Rich golden verdure on the waves below. Slow glides the sail along th'illumined shore, And steals into the shade the lazy oar. Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs, And amorous music on the water dies.

How bless'd, delicious scene! the eye that

Thy open beauties, or thy lone retreats; Th' unwearied sweep of wood thy cliffs that scales;

The never-ending waters of thy vales; The cots, those dim religious groves embower,

Or, under rocks that from the water tower Insinuated, sprinkling all the shore,

Each with his household-boat beside the door, Whose flaccid sails in forms fantastic droop, Bright'ning the gloom where thick the forests stoop;

-Thy torrents shooting from the clear-blue sky.

Thy towns, like swallows' nests that cleave on high;

That glimmer hoar in eve's last light, descry'd

Dim from the twilight water's shaggy side. Whence lutes and voices down the enchanted

Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods, While Evening's solemn bird melodious

Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steeps;

-Thy lake, 'mid smoking woods, that blue and gray

Gleams, streaked or dappled, hid from morning's ray

Slow travelling down the western hills, to

Its green-tinged margin in a blaze of gold; From thickly-glittering spires the matin-bell Calling the woodman from his desert cell, A summons to the sound of oars, that pass, Spotting the steaming deeps, to early mass; Slow swells the service o'er the water borne, While fill each pause the ringing woods of

Now, passing Urseren's open vale serene, Her quiet streams, and hills of downy green, Plunge with the Russ embrowned by Terror's breath, 'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms

Where danger roofs the narrow walks of death;

By floods, that, thundering from their dizzy height,

Swell more gigantic on the stedfast sight;
Black drizzling crags, that beaten by the din,
Vibrate, as if a voice complained within;
Bare steeps, where Desolation stalks afraid,
Unstedfast, by a blasted yew upstayed;
By cells whose image, trembling as he prays,
Awe-struck, the kneeling peasant scarce
surveys;

Loose hanging rocks the Day's bless'd eye that hide,

And crosses reared to Death on every side, Which with cold kiss Devotion planted near, And bending water'd with the human tear; That faded silent from her upward eye, Unmoved with each rude form of Danger nigh.

Fixed on the anchor left by Him who saves Alike in whelming snows and roaring waves.

On as we move a softer prospect opes, Calm huts, and lawns between, and sylvan slopes,

While mists, suspended on the expiring gale, Moveless o'er-hang the deep secluded vale, The beams of evening, slipping soft between, Light up of tranquil joy a sober scene. Winding its dark-green wood and emerald

glade,
The still vale lengthens underneath the shade;

While in soft gloom the scattering bowers recede,

Green dewy lights adorn the freshened mead, On the low brown wood-huts delighted sleep Along the brightened gloom reposing deep. While pastoral pipes and streams the landscape lull,

And bells of passing mules that tinkle dull, In solemn shapes before the admiring eye Dilated hang the misty pines on high, Huge convent-domes with pinnacles and

towers,
And antique castles seen through drizzling

From such romantic dreams my soul awake, Lo! Fear looks silent down on Uri's lake; Where by the unpathwayed margin still and dread

Was never heard the plodding peasant's tread:
Tower like a wall the naked rocks, or reach
Far o'er the secret water dark with beach;
More high, to where creation seems to end,
Shade above shade the desert pines ascend.
Yet, with his infants, man undaunted creeps,
And hangs his small wood-hut upon the steeps,
Where'er, below, amid the savage scene
Peeps out a little speck of smiling green.

A garden-plot the mountain-nir perfumes,
'Mid the dark pines a little orchard blooms;
A zig-zag path from the domestic skiff,
Threading the painful crag, surmounts the
cliff.

Before those hermit-doors, that never know The face of traveller passing to and fro, No peasant leans upon his pole to tell For whom at morning tolled the funeral bell;

Their watch-dog ne'er his angry bark fore-

Touched by the beggar's moan of human

The grassy scat beneath their casement shade The pilgrim's wistful eye hath never stayed.—There, did the iron Genius not disdain The gentle power that haunts the myrtle-

plain,
There might the love-sick Maiden sit, and
chide

Th' insuperable rocks and severing tide, There watch at eve her Lover's sun-gili sail

Approaching, and upbraid the tardy gale.
There list at midnight, till is heard no more.
Below, the echo of his parting oar,
There hang in fear, when growls the frozen
stream,

To guide his dangerous tread, the taper's gleam.

'Mid stormy vapours ever driving by, Where ospreys, cormorants, and herons cry; Where hardly given the hopeless waste to cheer,

Denied the bread of life the foodful ear, Dwindles the pear on autumn's latest spray, And apple sickens pale in summer's ray; Ev'n here content has fixed her smiling reign With Independence, child of high Disdain. Exulting 'mid the winter of the skies. Shy as the jealous chamois, freedom flies, And often grasps her sword, and often eyes! Her crest a bough of Winter's bleakest piar, Strange weeds and alpine plants her helm entwine,

And wildly pausing oft she hangs aghast.

While thrills the Spartan fife between the
blast.

'Tis storm, and hid in mist from hour to hour.

All day the floods a deepening murmur pout; The sky is veiled, and every cheerful sight: Dark is the region as with coming night; But what a sudden burst of overpowering light!

Triumphant on the bosom of the storm.
Glances the fire-clad eagle's wheeling form;
Eastward, in long perspective glitteriag.

The wood-crowned cliffs that oe'r the lake recline;

Wide o'er the Alps a hundred streams unfold, ThenSummer lengthened out his season bland, At once to pillars turned that flame with gold; Behind his sail the peasant strives to shun The west that burns like one dilated sun, Where in a mighty crucible expire The mountains, glowing hot, like coals of fire.

And sure there is a secret Power that reigns

Here, where no trace of man the spot pro-

Nought but the herds that pasturing upward creep

Hung dim-discover'd from the dangerous steep.

Or summer-hamlet, flat and bare, on high Suspended, 'mid the quiet of the sky. How still! no irreligious sound or sight Rouses the soul from her severe delight. An idle voice the sabbath-region fills Of Deep that calls to Deep across the hills, Broke only by the melancholy sound, Of drowsy bells for ever tinkling round; Faint wail of eagle melting into blue Beneath the cliffs, and pine-woods steady sugh;

The solitary heifer's deepen'd low; Or rumbling heard remote of falling snow Save that, the stranger seen below, the boy Shouts from the echoing hills with savage joy.

When warm from myrtle-bays and tranquil sens

Comes on, to whisper hope, the vernal breeze; When hums the mountain-bee in May's glad

And emerald isles to spot the heights appear: When shouts and lowing herds the valley fill, And louder torrents stun the noon-tide hill; When fragrant scents beneath th'enchanted

tread Spring up, his choicest wealth around him spread,

The pastoral Swiss begins the cliffs to scale, To silence leaving the deserted vale,

Mounts, where the verdure leads, from stage to stage,

And pastures on, as in the Patriarch's age: O'er lofty heights serene and still they go, And hear the rattling thunder far below They cross the chasmy torrent's foam-lit bed, Rocked on the dizzy larch's narrow tread; Or steal beneath loose mountains, half deterr'd.

That sigh and shudder to the lowing herd. -I see him, up the midway cliff he creeps To where a scanty knot of verdure peeps, Thence down the steep a pile of grass he throws.

The fodder of his herds in winter-snows. Far different life to what tradition hoar Transmits of days more blest in times of vore;

And with rock-honey flowed the happy land. Continual fountains welling cheered the waste.

And plants were wholesome, now of deadly taste.

Nor Winter yet his frozen stores had piled Usurping where the fairest herbage smiled; Nor Hunger forced the herds from pastures bare

For scanty food the treacherous cliffs to dare. Then the milk-thistle bade those herds demand

Three times a day the pail and welcome hand. But human vices have provoked the rod Of angry Nature to avenge her God. Thus does the father to his sons relate, On the lone mountain - top, their changed estate.

Still, Nature, ever just, to him imparts Joys only given to uncorrupted hearts. When downward to his winter-hut he goes, Dear and more dear the lessening circle grows, That hut which from the hills his eyes employs

So oft, the central point of all his joys Where safely guarded by the woods behind He hears the chiding of the baffled wind; Hears Winter, calling all his Terrors round, Rush down the living rocks with whirlwindsound.

Through Nature's vale his homely pleasures glide:

Unstained by envy, discontent, and pride; The bound of all his vanity to deck With one bright bell a favourite heifer's neck:

Content, upon some simple annual feast, (Remembered half the year, and hoped the rest,)

If dairy-produce, from his inner hoard, Of thrice ten summers consecrate the board.

Gay lark of hope thy silent song resume! Fair smiling lights the purpled hills illume! Soft gales and dews of life's delicious morn, And thou, lost fragrance of the heart, return ! Soon flies the little joy to man allowed, And grief before him travels like a cloud: For come Diseases on, and Pennry's rage, Labour and Care, and Pain, and dismal Age, Till, hope-deserted, long in vain his breath Implores the dreadful untried sleep of Death.

- 'Mid savage rocks, and seas of snow that shine

Between interminable tracts of pine, A Temple stands; which holds an awful shrine, By an uncertain light revealed, that falls On the mute Image and the troubled walls: Pale, dreadful faces round the shrine appear, Abortive Joy, and Hope that works in fear; While strives a secret Power to hush the crowd,

Pain's wild rebellious burst proclaims her rights aloud.

Oh! give not me that eye of hard disdain But many days, and many months, That views undimmed Einsiedlen's wretched fane.

'Mid muttering prayers all sounds of torment meet,

Dire clap of hands, distracted chafe of feet; While loud and dull ascends the weeping cry, Surely in other thoughts contempt may die. If the sad grave of human ignorance bear One flower of hope-Oh, pass and leave it there.

## ELLEN IRWIN.

OR THE BRAES OF KIRTLE.

FAIR Ellen Irwin, when she sate Upon the Braes of Kirtle, Was lovely as a Grecian Maid Adorned with wreaths of myrtle. Young Adam Bruce beside her lay; And there did they beguile the day With love and gentle speeches, Beneath the budding beeches.

From many Knights and many Squires The Bruce had been selected; And Gordon, fairest of them all, By Ellen was rejected. Sad tidings to that noble Youth! For it may be proclaimed with truth, If Bruce hath loved sincerely, That Gordon loves as dearly.

But what is Gordon's beauteous face? And what are Gordon's crosses To them who sit by Kirtle's Braes Upon the verdant mosses? Alas that ever he was born! The Gordon, couched behind a thorn, Sees them and their caressing, Beholds them blest and blessing.

Proud Gordon cannot bear the thoughts That through his brain are travelling,-And, starting up, to Bruce's heart He launched a deadly javelin! Fair Ellen saw it when it came, And, stepping forth to meet the same, Did with her body cover The Youth, her chosen lover.

And falling into Bruce's arms, Thus died the beauteous Ellen, Thus from the heart of her True-love The mortal spear repelling. And Bruce, as soon as he had slain The Gordon, sailed away to Spain; And fought with rage incessant Against the Moorish Crescent.

And many years ensuing, This wretched Knight did vainly seck The death that he was wooing : And coming back across the wave. Without a groan on Ellens grave His body he extended, And there his sorrow ended-

Now ye, who willingly have heard The tale I have been telling, May in Kirkonnel-churchyard view, The grave of lovely Ellen: By Ellen's side the Bruce is laid; And, for the stone upon his head, May no rude hand deface it, And its forlorn Hic jacet!

## LOUISA.

I MET Louisa in the shade; And, having seen that lovely Maid, Why should I fear to say That she is ruddy, fleet, and strong; And down the rocks can leap along, Like rivulets in May?

And she hath smiles to earth unknown; Smiles, that with motion of their own Do spread, and sink, and rise; That come and go with endless play, And ever, as they pass away, Are hidden in her eyes.

She loves her fire, her cottage-home; Yet o'er the moorland will she roam In weather rough and bleak; And when against the wind she strains, Oh! might I kiss the mountain-rains That sparkle on her cheek.

Take all that's mine beneath the moon, If I with her but half a noon May sit beneath the walls Of some old cave, or mossy nook, When up she winds along the brook, To hunt the waterfalls.

# PAINS OF LOVE.

'Trs said, that some have died for love: And here and there a church-yard-grave is found In the cold North's unhallowed ground,-Because the wretched man himself had slain, His love was such a grievous pain. And there is one, whom I five years have

known;

He dwells alone

Ivellyn's side:

—the pretty Barbara died,
he makes his moan:
ars had Barbara in her grave been
laid
us his moan he made:

ce, thou Cottage, from behind that
oak!
ce aged tree uprooted lie,
come other way you smoke
int into the sky!
ds pass on; they from the heavens
depart:
he sky is empty space;
not what I trace;
en I cease to look, my hand is on
my heart.

t a weight is in these shades! Ye leaves,
ill that dying murmur be supprest?
ind my heart of peace bereaves,
my heart of rest.
hrush, that singest loud—and loud
and free,
row of willows flit,
at alder sit;
mother song, or choose another tree.

k, sweet Rill! back to thy mountain-bounds,
re for ever be thy waters chained!
I dost haunt the air with sounds
nnot be sustained;
cneath that pine-tree's ragged bough
g you waterfall must come,
it then be dumb!—
thing, sweet Rill, but that which
thou art now.

cglantine, whose arch so proudly towers, ike a rainbow spanning half the vale) ne fair shrub, oh! shed thy flowers, anot in the gale. s to see thee nodding in the air,—thy arch thus stretch and bend, see and thus descend,—s me, till the sight is more than I can bear."

n who makes this feverish complaint
of giant stature, who could dance
ed from head to foot in iron mail.
the Love! If ever thought was thine
e up kindred hours for me, thy face
om me, gentle Love! nor let me walk
the sound of Emma's voice, or know
appiness as I have known to-day.

## A COMPLAINT.

There is a change—and I am poor; Your Love hath been, nor long ago, A Fountain at my fond Heart's door, Whose only business was to flow; And flow it did; not taking heed Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count! Bless'd was I then all bliss above! Now, for this consecrated Fount Of murmuring, sparkling, living love, What have I? shall I dare to tell? A comfortles and hidden Well.

A Well of love—it may be deep—
I trust it is, and never dry:
What matter? if the waters sleep
In silence and obscurity.
—Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond Heart, hath made me poor.

# RUTH.

When Ruth was left half desolate Her father took another mate; And Ruth, not seven years old, A slighted child, at her own will Went wandering over dale and hill, In thoughtless freedom bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And from that oaten pipe could draw
All sounds of wind and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth bad been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seemed to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight:
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay,
She passed her time; and in this way
Grew up to woman's height.

There came a Youth from Georgia's shore
A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze,
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
Ah no! he spake the English tongue
And bore a Soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of Genius on his cheek
In finest tones the Youth could speak.

—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely Youth! I guess The panther in the wilderness Was not so fair as he; And, when he chose to sport and play No dolphin ever was so gay Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought; And with him many-tales he brought Of pleasure and of fear; Such tales as, told to any Maid By such a Youth, in the green shade, Were perilous to hear.

He told of Girls, a happy rout!
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian Town,
To gather strawberries all day long;
Returning with a choral song
When day-light is gone down.

He spake of plants divine and strange That every hour their blossoms change, Ten thousand lovely hues! With budding, fading, faded flowers They stand the wonder of the bowers From morn to evening-dews.

He told of the Magnolia, spread High as a cloud, high over head! The Cypress and her spire; Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam Cover a hundred leagues, and seem To set the hills on fire.

The Youth of green savannahs spake, And many an endless, endless lake, With all its fairy crowds Of islands, that together lie As quietly as spots of sky Among the evening-clouds.

And then he said: How sweet it were A fisher or a hunter there, A gardener in the shade, Still wandering with an easy mind To build a household-fire, and find A home in every glade!

What days and what sweet years! Ah me! Our life were life indeed, with thee So passed in quiet bliss! And all the while, said he, to know That we were in a world of woe, On such an earth as this!

And then he sometimes interwove Dear thoughts about a father's love, For there, said he, are spun Around the heart such tender ties, That our own children to our eyes Are dearer than the sun.

Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me My helpmate in the woods to be, Our shed at night to rear; Or run, my own adopted Bride, A sylvan Huntress at my side, And drive the flying deer.

Beloved Ruth!—No more he said. Sweet Ruth alone at midnight shed A solitary tear: She thought again—and did agree With him to sail across the sea, And drive the flying deer.

And now, as fitting is and right, We in the Church our faith will plight, A Husband and a Wife. Even so they did; and I may say That to sweet Ruth that bappy day Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink, Delighted all the while to think That, on those lonesome floods, And green savannahs, she should share His board with lawful joy, and bear His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told, This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold, And with his dancing crest So beautiful, through savage lands Had roamed about with vagrant bands Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky,
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a Youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those Climes he found Irregular in sight or sound Did to his mind impart A kindred impulse, seemed allied To his own powers, and justified The workings of his heart.

Nor less to feed voluptuous thought The beauteous forms of nature wrought. Fair trees and lovely flowers; The breezes their own languor lent; The stars had feelings, which they sent Into those gorgeous bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween That sometimes there did intervene Pure hopes of high intent; For passions linked to forms so fair And stately needs must have their share Of noble sentiment. he lived, much evil saw men to whom no better law etter life was known; rately and undeceived wild men's vices he received, ave them back his own.

mius and his moral frame thus impaired, and he became ave of low desires: who without self-control l seek what the degraded soul thily admires.

et he with no feigned delight ooed the maiden, day and night wed her, night and morn: could he less than love a Maid heart with so much nature played? d and so forlorn!

ow the pleasant dream was gone; pe, no wish remained, not one, stirred him now no more; bjects did new pleasure give, nee again he wished to live less as before.

chile, as thus with him it fared, for the voyage were prepared, ent to the sea-shore; when they thither came, the Youth ed his poor Bride, and Ruth never find him more.

elp thee, Ruth!—Such pains she had the in half a year was mad a prison housed; here, exulting in her wrongs, the music of her songs arfully caroused.

metimes milder hours she knew anted sun, nor rain, nor dew, astimes of the May; all were with her in her cell; wild brook with cheerful knell ir the pebbles play.

Ruth three seasons thus had lain came a respite to her pain, om her prison fled; the Yagrant none took thought; here it liked her best she sought selter and her bread.

the fields she breathed again: aster-current of her brain rmanent and free; oming to the banks of Tone, did she rest; and dwell alone the greenwood-tree. The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves, she loved them still,
Nor ever taxed them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter-bed supplies; But till the warmth of summer-skies And summer-days is gone, (And all do in this tale agree) She sleeps beneath the greenwood-tree, And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray!
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp,, and rain, and cold.

If she is pressed by want of food, She from her dwelling in the wood Repairs to a road-side; And there she begs at one steep place, Where up and down with easy pace The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten Pipe of hers is mute, Or thrown away; but with a flute Her loneliness she cheers: This flute, made of a hemlock-stalk, At evening in his homeward-walk The Quantock Woodman hears.

I, too, have passed her on the hills Setting her little water-mills By spouts and fountains wild— Such small machinery as she turned Ere she had wept, ere she had mourned, A young and happy Child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told, Ill-fated Ruth! in hallowed mould Thy corpse shall buried be; For thee a funeral bell shall ring, And all the congregation sing A Christian psalm for thee.

# THE AFFLICTION

OF MARGABET-OF-

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead?
Oh find me, prosperous or undone!
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name?

Seven years, alas, to have received No tidings of an only child; To have despair'd, and have believ'd, And be for evermore beguil'd; Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss! I catch at them, and then I miss; Was ever darkness like to this?

He was among the prime in worth, An object beauteous to behold; Well born, well bred; I sent him forth Ingenuous, innocent, and bold: If things ensued that wanted grace, As hath been said, they were not base; And never blush was on my face.

Ah! little doth the Young One dream, When full of play and childish cares, What power hath even his wildest scream, Heard by his Mother unawares! He knows it not, he cannot guess: Years to a Mother bring distress; But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me! no, I suffer'd long
From that ill thought; and being blind,
Said, Pride shall help me in my wrong: )
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed; and that is true;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor, Hopeless of honour and of gain, Oh! do not dread thy mother's door; Think not of me with grief and pain: I now can see with better eyes; And worldly grandeur I despise, And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight;
They mount, how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight!
Chains tie us down by land and sea;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan, Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men; Or thou upon a desart thrown Inheritest the Lion's den; Or hast been summoned to the Deep, Thou, Thou and all thy mates, to keep An incommunicable sleep.

I look for Ghosts; but none will force Their way to me; 'tis falsely said That there was ever intercourse Betwixt the living and the dead; For, surely, then I should have sight Of Him I wait for day and night, With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds; I dread the rustling of the grass; The very shadows of the clouds Have power to shake me as they pass: I question things, and do not find One that will answer to my mind; And all the world appears unkind.

Reyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief:
If any chance to heave a sigh
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings that my woes may end;
I have no other earthly friend.

## LAODAMIA.

"With sacrifice, before the rising morn
Performed, my slaughtered Lord have I
required;
And in thick darkness, amid shades forlors,
Him of the infernal Gods have I desired:
Celestial pity I again implore;
Restore him to my sight, great Jove, restore!"

So speaking, and by fervent love endowed With faith, the suppliant heav'nward lifts her hands;
While, like the sun emerging from a cloud, Her countenance brightens, — and her eye expands,
Her bosom heaves and spreads, her stature grows,
And she expects the issue in repose.

O terror! what hath she perceived?—O
joy!
What doth she look on?—Whom doth she
behold?
Her Hero slain upon the beach of Troy?
His vital presence—his corporeal mald?
It is—if sense deceive her not—'tis He!
And a God leads him—winged Mercury!

Mild Hermes spake—and touched her with his wand
That calms all fear: Such grace hath crowned thy prayer,
Laodamia, that at Jove's command
Thy Husband walks the paths of upper air:
He comes to tarry with thee three hours space;
Accept the gift, behold him face to face.

Lord to clasp; Again that consummation she essayed ; But unsubstantial Form cludes her grasp As often as that eager grasp was made. The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite, And re-assume his place before her sight.

"Protesilaus, lo! thy guide is gone! Confirm, I pray, the Vision with thy voice: This is our palace, yonder is thy throne; Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will

Not to appal me have the Gods bestowed This precious boon, -and blest a sad abode."

"Great Jove, Laodamia, doth not leave His gifts imperfect :- Spectre though I be, I am not sent to scare thee or deceive, But in reward of thy fidelity. And something also did my worth obtain; For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

Thou knowst, the Delphic oracle foretold That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand

Should die; but me the threat did not withbold :

A generous cause a Victim did demand; And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain; A self-devoted Chief-by Hector slain."

"Supreme of Heroes-bravest, noblest, best! Thy matchless courage I bewail no more, That then, when tens of thousands were deprest

By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore : Thou foundst, - and I forgive thee - here thou art-

A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

But thou, though capable of sternest deed, Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave; And He, whose power restores thee, hath decreed

That thou shouldst cheat the malice of the

grave; Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair As when their breath enriched Thessalian air.

No Spectre greets me, - no vain Shadow this : Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side!

Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial

To me, this day, a second time thy bride!" Jove frowned in heaven; the conscious Parca:

Upon those rosente lips a Stygian hue.

Forth sprang the impassion'd Queen her | "This visage tells thee that my doom is past: Know, virtue were not virtue if the joys Of sense were able to return as fast And surely as they vanish .- Earth destroys Those raptures duly-Erebus disdains: Calm pleasures there abide-majestic pains.

> Be taught, oh faithful Consort, to control Rebellious passion: for the Gods approve The depth and not the tumult of the soul; The fervor-not the impotence of love. Thy transports moderate; and meekly mourn When I depart, for brief is my sojourn-

"Ah, wherefore? Did not Hercules by force Wrest from the guardian Monster of the

Alcestis, a reanimated Corse, Given back to dwell on earth in beauty's bloom?

Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years, And Eson stood a Youth 'mid youthful peers.

The Gods to us are merciful-and they Yet further may relent: for mightier far Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway Of magic potent over sun and star Is Love, though oft to agony distrest, And though his favourite seat be feeble Woman's breast.

But if thou go'st, I follow-" Peace! he said-She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;

The ghastly colour from his lips had fled; In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared

Elysian beauty-melancholy grace-Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel In worlds whose course is equable and pure; No fears to beat away-no strife to heal-The past unsighed for, and the future sure; Spake, as a witness, of a second birth For all that is most perfect upon earth:

Of all that is most beauteous-imaged there In happier beauty; more pellucid streams, An ampler ether, a diviner air, And fields invested with purpureal gleams; Climes which the Sun, who sheds the hrightest day Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath That privilege by virtue.-Ill-said heThe end of man's existence I discerned, Who from ignoble games and revelry Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight

While tears were thy best pastime, - day and night:

And while my youthful peers, before my eyes, (Each Hero following his peculiar bent) Prepared themselves for glorious enterprize By martial sports, -or, seated in the tent, Chieftains and Kings in council were detained; What time the Fleet at Aulis lay enchained.

The wish'd-for wind was given :- I then revolved

Our future course, upon the silent sea; And, if no worthier led the way, resolved That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be The foremost prow in pressing to the strand, Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang When of thy loss I thought, beloved Wife ! On thee too fondly did my memory hang And on the joys we shared in mortal life,— The paths which we had trod—these fountains-flowers;

My new-planned cities and unfinished towers.

But should suspense permit the foe to cry: "Behold they tremble! - haughty their array,

Yet of their number no one dares to die?" In soul I swept the indignity away: Old frailties then recurred: - but lofty thought, In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

And thou, though strong in love, art all too weak In reason, in self-government too slow; I counsel thee by fortitude to seek Our blest re-union in the shades below. The invisible world with thee hath sym-

pathised; Be thy affections raised and solemnized!

Learn by a mortal yearning to ascend Towards a higher object :- Love was given, Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for this end. For this the passion to excess was driven-That Self might be annulled; her bondage prove

The fetters of a dream, opposed to love .-

Aloud she shricked; for Hermes re-appears! Round the dear Shade she would have clung -'tis vain:

The hours are past, too brief had they been years;

And him no mortal effort can detain: Swift tow'rd the realms that know not carthly day.

He through the portal takes his silent way-And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse she lay.

Ah, judge her gently who so deeply loved! Her, who, in reason's spite, yet without crime,

Was in a trance of passion thus removed; Delivered from the galling yoke of time And these frail elements-to gather flowers Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

Yet tears to human suffering are due; And mortal hopes defeated and o'erthrown Are mourned by man, and not by man alone. As fondly he believes .- Upon the side Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained) A knot of spiry trees for ages grew From out the tomb of him for whom she died;

And ever, when such stature they had gained That Hium's walls were subject to their view, The trees' tall summits wither'd at the sight; A constant interchange of growth and blight!

# HART-LEAP-WELL.

Hart-Leap-Well is a small spring of water, about five miles from Richmond in Yorkshire, and near the side of the road which leads from Richmond to Askrigg. Its name is derived from a remarkable Chase, the memory of which is preserved by the monuments spoken of in the second part of the following Poem, which monuments de now exist as I have there described them.

THE Knight had ridden down from Wensley-

With the slow motion of a summer's cloud; He turned aside towards a Vassal's door, And: Bring another Horse! he cried aloud.

Another Horse! - That shout the Vassal heard,

And saddled his best steed, a comely gray: Sir Walter mounted him; he was the third Which he had mounted on that glorious day-

Joy sparkled in the prancing Courser's eyes; The Horse and Horseman are a happy pair; But though Sir Walter like a falcon flice, There is a doleful silence in the air.

A rout this morning left Sir Walter's Hall, That as they galloped made the echoes rose; But Horse and Man are vanished, one and all: Such race, I think, was never seen before

Sir Walter, restless as a veering wind, Calls to the few tired Dogs that yet remain: Brach, Swift, and Music, noblest of their kind,

Follow, and up the weary mountain strain.

The Knight hallooed, he chid and cheered them on

With suppliant gestures and upbraidings stern; But breath and eye-sight fail; and one by

The Dogs are stretched among the moun-

tain-fern.

Where is the throng, the tumult of the race?

The bugles that so joyfully were blown?

This Chase it looks not like an earthly
Chase;

Sir Walter and the Hart are left alone.

The poor Hart toils along the mountain-side; I will not stop to tell how far he fled, Nor will I mention by what death he died; But now the Knight beholds him lying dead.

Dismounting then, he leaned against a thorn; He had no follower, Dog, nor Man, nor Boy; He neither smacked his whip, nor blew his horn,

But gazed upon the spoil with silent joy.

Close to the thorn on which Sir Walter leaned, Stood his dumb partner in this glorious act; Weak as a lamb the hour that it is yeaned; And foaming like a mountain-cataract.

Upon his side the Hart was lying stretched: His nose half-touched a spring beneath a hill.

And with the last deep groan his breath had fetched

The waters of the spring were trembling still.

And now, too happy for repose or rest, (Was never man in such a joyful case!) Sir Walter walked all round, north, south, and west,

And gazed and gazed upon that darling place.

And climbing up the hill—(it was at least Nine rouds of sheer ascent) Sir Walter found Three several hoof-marks which the hunted Beast

Had left imprinted on the verdant ground.

Sir Walter wiped his face and cried: "Till now Such sight was never seen by living eyes: Three leaps have borne him from this lofty brow.

Down to the very fountain where he lies.

I'll build a Pleasure-house upon this spot, And a small Arbour, made for rural joy; "Twill be the Traveller's shed, the Pilgrim's cot.

A place of love for Damsels that are coy.

A cunning Artist will I have to frame A bason for that Fountain in the dell, And they, who do make mention of the same, From this day forth, shall call it Hart-Leap-Well.

And, gallant brute! to make thy praises known.

Another monument shall here be raised; Three several pillars, each a rough-hewn Stone,

And planted where thy hoofs the turf have grazed.

And, in the summer-time when days are long, I will come hither with my Paramour, And with the Dancers, and the Minstrel's song,

We will make merry in that pleasant Bower.

Till the foundations of the mountains fail My Mansion with its Arbour shall endure;— The joy of them who till the fields of Swale, And them who dwell among the woods of Ure!"

Then home he went, and left the Hart, stonedead,

With breathless nostrils stretched above the spring.

- Soon did the Knight perform what he had said,

And far and wide the fame thereof did ring.

Ere thrice the moon into her port had steered, A Cup of Stone received the living Well; Three Pillars of rude stone Sir Walter reared, And build a House of Pleasure in the dell.

And near the fountain flowers of stature tall With trailing plants and trees were intertwined,—

Which soon composed a little sylvan Hall, A leafy shelter from the sun and wind.

And thither, when the summer-days were long,

Sir Walter journey'd with his Paramour; And with the Dancers and the Minstrel's song Made merriment within that pleasant Bower.

The Knight, Sir Walter, died in course of

And his bones lie in his paternal vale.— But there is matter for a second rhyme, And I to this would add another tale. PART SECOND.

The moving accident is not my trade:
To freeze the blood I have no ready arts:
'Tis my delight, alone in summer-shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts.

As I from Hawes to Richmond did repair, It chanced that I saw standing in a dell Three Aspens at three corners of a square, And one, not four yards distant, near a Well.

What this imported I could ill divine: And, pulling now the rein my horse to stop, I saw three Pillars standing in a line, The last Stone-Pillar on a dark hill-top.

The trees were gray, with neither arms nor head;

Half-wasted the square Mound of tawny green;

So that you just might say, as then I said: Here in old time the hand of man hath been.

I looked upon the hill both far and near, More doleful place did never eye survey; It seemed as if the spring-time came not here, And Nature here were willing to decay.

I stood in various thoughts and fancies lost, When one, who was in shepherd's garb attired, Came up the hollow:—Him did I accost, And what this place might be I then inquired.

The Shepherd stopped, and that same story told,

Which in my former rhyme I have rehearsed.

A jolly place, said he, in times of old!

But something ails it now; the spot is curst.

You see these lifeless stumps of aspen-wood— Some say that they are beeches, others elms— These were the Bower; and here a Mansion stood,

The finest palace of a hundred realms.

The Arbour does its own condition tell; You see the Stones, the Fountain, and the Stream;

But as to the great Lodge! you might as well Hunt half a day for a forgotten dream.

There's neither dog, nor heifer, horse nor sheep,

Will wet his lips within that Cup of stone; And oftentimes, when all are fast asleep, This water doth send forth a dolorous groan.

Some say that here a murder has been done, And blood cries out for blood: but, for my part, I've guessed, when I've been sitting in the sun, That it was all for that unhappy Hart.

What thoughts must through the Creature's brain have passed!
Even from the top-most Stone, upon the

Steep,
Are but three bounds—and look, Sir, at
this last—
O Master! it has been a cruel leap.

For thirteen hours he ran a desperate race; And in my simple mind we cannot tell What cause the Hart might have to love this place, And come and make his death-bed near the Well.

Here on the grass perhaps asleep he sank, Lulled by this Fountain in the summer-tide; This water was perhaps the first he drank When he had wandered from his mother's side.

In April here beneath the scented thorn, He heard the birds their morning-carols sing; And he, perhaps, for aught we know, was

Not half a furlong from that self-same spring.

But now here's neither grass nor pleasant shade; The sun on drearier hollow never shone; So will it be, as I have often said,

Till Trees, and Stones, and Fountain all are

Gray-headed Shepherd, thou hast spoken well; Small difference lies between thy creed and

mine: This Beast not unobserved by Nature fell; His death was mourned by sympathy divise.

The Being, that is in the clouds and air.
That is in the green leaves among the groves,
Maintains a deep and reverential care
For the unoffending creatures whom he
loves.

The Pleasure-house is dust:—behind, before. This is no common waste, no common gloom; But Nature, in due course of time, accommore

Shall here put on her beauty and her bloom.

She leaves these objects to a slow decay. That what we are, and have been, may be known;

But, at the coming of the milder day, These monuments shall all be overgrown. One lesson, Shepherd, let us two divide, Taught both by what she shews, and what He tamed, who foolishly aspires; conceals,

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

# ROB ROY'S GRAVE.

A famous Man is Robin Hood, The English Ballad-singer's joy! And Scotland has a Thief as good, An Outlaw of as daring mood, She has her brave Ros Roy! Then clear the weeds from off his Grave, And let us chaunt a passing Stave In honour of that Hero brave!

HEAVEN gave Rob Roy a dauntless heart, And wondrous length and strength of arm: Nor craved he more to quell his foes, Or keep his friends from harm.

Yet was Rob Roy as wise as brave; Forgive me if the phrase be strong;—
A Poet worthy of Rob Roy Must scorn a timid song.

Say, then, that he was wise as brave; As wise in thought as bold in deed: For in the principles of things He sought his moral creed.

Said generous Rob: "What need of books? Burn all the statutes and their shelves: They stir us up against our kind; And worse, against ourselves.

We have a passion, make a law, Too false to guide us or controul! And for the law itself we fight In bitterness of soul.

And, puzzled, blinded thus, we lose Distinctions that are plain and few: These find I graven on my heart: That tells me what to do.

The Creatures see of flood and field, And those that travel on the wind! With them no strife can last; they live In peace, and peace of mind.

For why?-because the good old Rule Sufficeth them, the simple Plan, That they should take who have the power, And they should keep who can.

A lesson which is quickly learned, A signal this which all can see! Thus nothing here provokes the Strong To wanton cruelty.

All freakishness of mind is checked; While to the measure of his might Each fashions his desires.

All Kinds, and Creatures, stand and fall By strength of prowess or of wit: 'Tis God's appointment who must sway, And who is to submit.

Since, then, the rule of right is plain, And longest life is but a day; To have my ends, maintain my rights, I'll take the shortest way.

And thus among these rocks he lived, Through summer's heat and winter's snow: The Eagle, he was Lord above, And Rob was Lord below.

So was it-would, at least, have been But through untowardness of fate-For Polity was then too strong-He came an age too late;

Or shall we say an age too soon? For, were the bold Man living now, How might he flourish in his pride, With buds on every bough!

Then rents and factors, rights of chase, Sheriffs, and Lairds and their domains Would all have seem'd but paltry things, Not worth a moment's pains.

Rob Roy had never linger'd here, To these few meagre vales confin'd; But thought how wide the world, the times How fairly to his mind!

And to his Sword he would have said: "Do Thou my sovereign will enact From land to land through half 'the earth! Judge thou, of law and fact!

"Tis fit that we should do our part; Becoming, that mankind should learn That we are not to be surpass'd In fatherly concern.

Of old things all are over old, Of good things none are good enough:-We'll show that we can help to frame A world of other stuff.

I, too, will have my Kings that take From me the sign of life and death: Kingdoms shall shift about, like clouds, Obedient to my breath."

And, if the word had been fulfill'd, As might have been, then, thought of joy! France would have had her present Boast; And we our brave Rob Roy!

Oh! say not so; compare them not; I would not wrong thee, Champion brave! Would wrong thee no where; least of all Here standing by thy Grave.

For Thou, although with some wild thoughts, Wild Chieftain of a savage Clan! Hadst this to boast of: thou didst love The liberty of Man.

And, had it been thy lot to live With us who now behold the light, Thou wouldst have nobly stirr'd thyself, And battled for the right.

For thou wert still the poor man's stay, The poor man's heart, the poor man's hand; And all the oppress'd, who wanted strength, Had thine at their command.

Bear witness many a pensive sigh
Of thoughtful herdsman when he strays
Alone upon Loch Veol's heights,
And by Loch Lomond's braes!

And, far and near, through vale and hill, Are faces that attest the same; And kindle, like a fire new stirr'd, At sound of Ron Roy's name.

#### ADDRESS

TO THE SONS OF BURNS APTER VISITING THEIR FATHER'S GRAVE.

(August 14th, 1803.)

YE now are panting up life's hill!
'Tis twilight-time of good and ill,
And more than common strength and skill
Must ye display
If ye would give the better will
Its lawful sway.

Strong-bodied if ye be to bear Intemperance with less harm, beware! But if your Father's wit ye share, Then, then indeed, Ye Sons of Burns! for watchful care There will be need.

For honest men delight will take
To shew you favor for his sake,
Will flatter you; and Fool and Rake
Your steps pursue:
And of your Father's name will make
A snare for you.

Let no mean hope your souls enslave; Be independent, generous, brave! Your Father such example gave, And such revere! But be admonish'd by his Grave,— And think, and fear!

#### TO A HIGHLAND-GIRL.

(At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomend.)

Sweet Highland-Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower!
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head:
And these gray rocks; this household-lawn;
These trees, a veil just half withdrawn;
This fall of water, that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake;
This little bay, a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode;
In truth together ye do seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream;
Such Forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep!
Yet, dream and vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart:
God shield thee to thy latest years!
I neither know thee nor thy peers;
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray For thee when I am far away: For never saw I mien, or face, In which more plainly I could trace Benignity and home-bred sense Ripening in perfect innocence. Here, scattered like a random seed, Remote from men, Thou dost not need The embarrassed look of shy distress, And maidenly shamefacedness: Thou wearst upon thy forehead clear The freedom of a Mountaineer. A face with gladness overspread! Sweet looks, by human kindness bred! And seemliness complete, that sways Thy courtesies, about thee plays; With no restraint, but such as springs From quick and eager visitings Of thoughts, that lie beyond the reach Of thy few words of English speech: A bondage sweetly brooked, a strife That gives thy gestures grace and life! So have I, not unmoved in mind, Seen birds of tempest-loving kind, Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull For thee who art so beautiful? O happy pleasure! here to dwell Beside thee in some heathy dell; Adopt your homely ways and dress, A Shepherd, thou a Shepherdess! But I could frame a wish for thee More like a grave reality: Thou art to me but as a wave Of the wild sea; and I would have Some claim upon thee, if I could, Though but of common neighbourhood. What joy to hear thee, and to see! Thy elder Brother I would be, Thy Father, any thing to thee!

Now thanks to Heaven! that of its grace | Therefore, although it be a history Hath led me to this lonely place. Joy have I had; and going hence I bear away my recompence. In spots like these it is we prize Our Memory, feel that she hath eyes: Then, why should I be loth to stir? I feel this place was made for her; To give new pleasure like the past, Continued long as life shall last. Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart, Sweet Highland-Girl! from Thee to part; For, I, methinks, till I grow old, As fair before me shall behold, As I do now, the cabin small, The lake, the bay, the waterfall; And Thee, the spirit of them all!

# MICHAEL,

#### A PASTORAL POEM.

Ir from the public way you turn your steps Up the tumultuous brook of Green - head Ghyll, You will suppose that with an upright path

Your feet must struggle; in such bold ascent The pastoral mountains front you, face to face.

But, courage! for beside that boisterous brook

The mountains have all opened out themselves

And made a hidden valley of their own. No habitation there is seen; but such As journey thither find themselves alone With a few sheep, with rocks and stones, and kites.

That overhead are sailing in the sky. It is in truth an utter solitude; Nor should I have made mention of this Dell

But for one object which you might pass by. Might see and notice not. Beside the brook There is a straggling heap of unhewn stones; And to that place a story appertains, Which, though it be ungarnished with events, Is not unfit, I deem, for the fireside, Or for the summer-shade. It was the first, The carliest of those tales that spake to me Of Shepherds, dwellers in the valleys, men Whom I already loved; -not verily For their own sakes, but for the fields and

hills Where was their occupation and abode. And hence this Tale, while I was yet a Boy Careless of books, yet having felt the power Of Nature, by the gentle Agency Of natural objects led me on to feel For passions that were not my own, and think

(At random and imperfectly indeed) On man, the heart of man, and human life. She was a woman of a stirring life,

Homely and rude, I will relate the same For the delight of a few natural hearts; And, with yet fonder feeling, for the sake Of youthful Poets, who among these hills Will be my second self when I am gone.

Upon the forest-side in Grasmere-Vale There dwelt a Shepherd, Michael was his name:

An old man, stout of heart, and strong of limb.

His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength: his mind was keen, Intense and frugal, apt for all affairs, And in his shepherd's calling he was prompt, And watchful more than ordinary men. Hence he had learned the meaning of all winds,

Of blasts of every tone; and, oftentimes, When others heeded not, He heard the South Make subterraneous music, like the noise Of Bagpipers on distant Highland-hills. The Shepherd, at such warning, of his flock Bethought him, and he to himself would say: The winds are now devising work for me. And truly, at all times, the storm - that drives

The Traveller to a shelter-summoned him Up to the mountains: he had been alone Amid the heart of many thousand mists That came to him and left him on the heights.

So lived he till his eightieth year was past. And grossly that man errs, who should suppose

That the green Valleys, and the Streams, and Rocks

Were things indifferent to the Shepherd's thoughts.

Fields, where with cheerful spirits he had breathed

The common air; the hills, which he so oft Had climbed with vigorous steps: which had impressed

So many incidents upon his mind Of hardship, skill or courage, joy or fear; Which like a book preserved the memory Of the dumb animals, whom he had saved, Had fed or sheltered, linking to such acts, So grateful in themselves, the certainty Of honourable gain; these fields, these hills, Which were his living Being, even more Than his own blood-what could they less?

had laid Strong hold on his affections, were to him A pleasurable feeling of blind love, The pleasure which there is in life itself.

His days had not been passed in singleness. His Helpmate was a comely Matron, old-Though younger then himself full twenty

she had

Of antique form, this large for spinning wool.

That small for flax; and if one wheel had rest.

It was because the other was at work. The pair had but one Inmate in their house, An only Child, who had been born to them When Michael telling o'er his years began To deem that he was old, - in Shepherd's phrase,

With one foot in the grave. This only Son, With two brave Sheep-dogs tried in many a storm.

The one of an inestimable worth, Made all their household. I may truly say, That they were as a proverb in the vale For endless industry. When day was gone, And from their occupations out of doors The Son and Father were come home, even then

Their labour did not cease; unless when all Turned to their cleanly supper-board, and there.

Each with a mess of pottage and skimmed milk.

Sat round their backet piled with oaten cakes.

And their plain home-made cheese. Yet when their meal

Was ended, Luke (for so the Son was named) And his old Father both betook themselves To such convenient work as might employ Their hands by the fire-side; perhaps to card Wool for the Housewife's spindle, or repair Some injury done to sickle, flail, or scythe, Or other implement of house or field.

Down from the cieling, by the chimney's edge.

Which in our ancient uncouth country-style Did with a huge projection overbrow Large space beneath, as duly as the light Of day grew dim the Housewife hung a Lamp; An aged utensil, which had performed Service beyond all others of its kind. Early at evening did it burn and late, Surviving Comrade of uncounted Hours, Which going by from year to year had found And left the couple neither gay perhaps Nor cheerful, yet with objects and with hopes.

Living a life of eager industry. And now, when Luke was in his eighteenth year.

There by the light of this old Lamp they sat, Father and Son, while late into the night The Housewife plied her own peculiar work, Making the cottage through the silent hours Murmur as with the sound of summer-flies. This Light was famous in its neighbourhood, And was a public Symbol of the life The thrifty Pair had lived. For, as it chanced, Their Cottage on a plot of rising ground

Whose heart was in her house: two wheels | Stood single, with large prospect, North and South,

High into Easedale, up to Dunmal-Raise, And Westward to the village near the Lake; And from this constant light, so regular And so far seen, the House itself, by all Who dwelt within the limits of the vale, Both old and young, was named The EVENING-STAR.

Thus living on through such a length of

The Shepherd, if he loved himself, must needs Have loved his Helpmate; but to Michael's heart

This son of his old age was yet more dear-Effect which might perhaps have been produced

By that instinctive tenderness, the same Blind Spirit, which is in the blood of all-Or that a child, more than all other gifts, Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts,

And stirrings of inquietude, when they By tendency of nature needs must fail. From such, and other causes, to the thoughts Of the old man his only Son was now The dearest object that he knew on earth. Exceeding was the love he bare to him, His Heart, and his Heart's joy! For oftentimes

Old Michael, while he was a babe in arms, Had done him female service, not alone For dalliance and delight, as is the use Of Fathers, but with patient mind enforced To acts of tenderness; and he had rocked His cradle with a woman's gentle hand. And, in a later time, ere yet the Boy Had put on boy's attire, did Michael love, Albeit of a stern unbending mind, To have the young one in his sight, when he Had work by his own door, or when he sat With sheep before him on his shepherd's stool,

Beneath that large old Oak, which near their door

Stood,-and, from its enormous breadth of shade

Chosen for the Shearer's covert from the Sun, Thence in our rustic dialect was called The CLIPPING TREE, a name which yet it bears. There, while they two were sitting in the shade,

With others round them, carnest all and blithe,

Would Michael exercise his heart with looks Of fond correction and reproof bestowed Upon the Child, if he disturbed the sheep By catching at their legs, or with his shouts Scared them while they lay still beneath the shears.

And when by Heaven's good grace the Boy grew up A healthy Lad, and carried in his cherk

Two steady roses that were five years old,
Then Michael from a winter-coppice cut
With his own hand a sapling, which he
hooped

Should pass into a Stranger's hand, I think
That I could not lie quiet in my grave.
Our lot is a hard lot; the Sun itself
Has scarcely been more diligent than I,

With iron, making it throughout in all Due requisites a perfect sepherd's-staff, And gave it to the Boy; wherewith equipt He as a Watchman oftentimes was placed At gate or gap, to stem or turn the flock; And, to his office prematurely called, There stood the Urchin, as you will divine, Something between a hindrance and a help; And for this cause not always, I believe, Receiving from his Father hire of praise; Though nought was left undone which staff or voice.

Or looks, or threatening gestures could perform.

But soon as Luke, full ten years old, could

Against the mountain-blasts, and to the heights,

Not fearing toil, nor length of weary ways, He with his Father daily went, and they Were as companions, why should I relate That objects which the Shepherd loved before Were dearer now? that from the Boy there came

Feelings and emanations,—things which were Light to the sun and music to the wind; And that the Old Man's heart seemed born again.

Thus in his Father's sight the Boy grew up: And now, when he had reached his eighteenth year.

He was his comfort and his daily hope.

While in this sort the simple Household lived,

From day to day to Michael's car there came Distressful tidings. Long before the time Of which I speak the Shepherd had been bound

In surety for his Brother's son, a man Of an industrious life, and ample means,— But unforeseen misfortunes suddenly Had pressed upon him,—and old Michael

Was summoned to discharge the forfeiture, A grievous penalty, but little less Than half his substance. This unlooked-

for claim,
At the first hearing, for a moment took
More hope out of his life than he supposed
That any old man ever could have lost.
As soon as he had gathered so much strength
That he could look his trouble in the face,
It seemed that his sole refuge was to sell
A postion of his patrimonial fields.
Such was his first resolve; he thought again,
And his heart failed him. Isabel, said he,

Two evenings after he had heard the news, I have been toiling more than seventy years, And in the open sunshine of God's love Have we all lived; yet if these fields of ours

That I could not lie quiet in my grave. Our lot is a hard lot; the Sun itself Has scarcely been more diligent than I, And I have lived to be a fool at last To my own family. An evil Man That was, and made an evil choice, if he Were false to us; and, if he were not false, There are ten thousand to whom loss like this Had been no sorrow. I forgive him-but Twere better to be dumb than to talk thus. When I began, my purpose was to speak Of remedies and of a cheerful hope. Our Luke shall leave us, Isabel; the land Shall not go from us, and it shall be free; He shall possess it, free as is the wind That passes over it. We have, thou knowst, Another Kinsman-he will be our friend In this distress. He is a prosperous man, Thriving in trade—and Luke to him shall go, And with his Kinsman's help and his own thrift

He quickly will repair this loss, and then May come again to us. If here he stay, What can be done? Where every one is poor, What can be gained?—At this the old man paused,

And Isabel sat silent, for her mind Was busy, looking back into past times. There's, Richard Bateman, thought she to herself.

He was a parish-boy—at the church-door They made a gathering for him, shillings, pence.

And halfpennies, wherewith the neighbours bought

A Basket, which they filled with Pedlar's

And, with this Basket on his arm, the Lad Went up to London, found a Master there, Who out of many chose the trusty Boy To go and overlook his merchandise Beyond the seas; where he grew wondrous rich,

And left estates and monies to the poor, And at his birth-place built a Chapel floored With marble, which he sent from foreign lands.

These thoughts, and many others of like sort, Passed quickly through the mind of Isabel, And her face brightened. The old man was

And thus resumed: — Well, Isabel! this scheme

These two days has been meat and drink to me.

Far more than we have lost is left us yet.

—We have enough—I wish indeed that I
Were younger,—but this hope is a good hope.

—Make ready Luke's best garments, of the
best

Buy for him more, and let us send him forth To-morrow, or the next day, or to-night: —It he could go, the Boy should go to-night. Here Michael ceased, and to the fields went

forth

five days

Was restless morn and night, and all day long

Wrought on with her best fingers to prepare Things needful for the journey of her Son. But Isabel was glad when Sunday came To stop her in her work: for, when she lay By Michael's side, she through the two last nights

Heard him, how he was troubled in his sleep: And when they rose at morning she could see That all his hopes were gone. That day at noon

She said to Luke, while they two by themselves Were sitting at the door: "Thou must not go: We have no other child but thee to lose, None to remember-do not go away For if thou leave thy Father he will die." The Youth made answer with a jocund voice; And Isabel, when she had told her fears, Recovered heart. That evening her best fare Did she bring forth, and all together sat Like happy people round a Christmas-fire.

Next morning Isabel resumed her work; And all the ensuing week the house appeared

As cheerful as a grove in Spring : at length The expected letter from their Kinsman came, With kind assurances that he would do His utmost for the welfare of the Boy; To which requests were added, that forthwith

He might be sent to him. Ten times or more The letter was read over; Isabel

Went forth to show it to the Neighbours round:

Nor was there at that time on English Land A prouder heart than Luke's. When Isabel Had to her house returned, the Old Man said.

He shall depart to morrow. To this word The Housewife answered, talking much of things

Which, if at such short notice he should go, Would surely be forgotten. But at length She gave consent, and Michael was at ease.

Near the tumultuous brook of Green-head Ghyll,

In that deep Valley, Michael had designed To build a sheep-fold; and, before he heard The tidings of his melancholy loss.

For this same purpose he had gathered up A heap of stones, which by the Streamlet's edge

Lay thrown together, ready for the work. With Luke that evening thitherward he walked;

And soon as they had reached the place he stopped,

And thus the Old Man spake to him :- "My Son.

With a light heart. The Housewife for To-morrow thou will leave me: with full heart

> I look upon thee, for thou art the same That wert a promise to me ere thy birth, And all my life hast been my daily joy. I will relate to thee some little part Of our two histories; 'twill do thee good When thou art from me, even if I should speak

> Of things thou canst not know of .- After thou

> First cam'st into the world-as it befulls The new-born infants-thou didst sleep away Two days, and blessings from thy Father's tongue

> Then fell upon thee. Day by day passed on, And still I loved thee with increasing love. Never to living ear came sweeter sounds Then when I heard thee by our own fire-side First uttering, without words, a natural tune; When thou, a feeding babe, didst in thy joy Sing at thy Mother's breast. Month followed month.

> And in the open fields my life was passed And on the mountains, else I think that thou Hadst been brought up upon thy Father's knees.

> But we were playmates, Luke: among these hills.

> As well thou knowst, in us the old and young

Have played together, nor with me didst thou Lack any pleasure which a boy can know. Luke had a manly heart, but at these words He sobbed aloud. The Old Man grasped his hand.

And said: "Nay, do not take it so-I see That these are things of which I need not

Even to the utmost I have been to thee A kind and a good Father: and herein I but repay a gift which I myself Received at others' hands; for, though now old

Beyond the common life of man, I still Remember them who loved me in my youth. Both of them sleep together: here they lived, As all their Forefathers had done; and when At length their time was come, they were not loth

To give their bodies to the family-mold. I wished that thou shouldst live the life they lived.

But 'tis a long time to look back, my Son, And see so little gain from sixty years. These fields were burthened when they came to me:

Till I was forty years of age, not more Than half of my inheritance was mine. I toiled and toiled; God blessed me is my work.

And till these three weeks past the land was

-It looks as if never could endure Another Master. Heaven forgive me, Luke, If I judge ill for thee, but it seems goed

Man paus'd

Then pointing to the Stones, near which they stood.

Thus, after a short silence, he resumed: This was a work for us, and now, my Son, It is a work for me. But lay one stone-Here lay it for me, Luke, with thine own hands.

Nay, Boy, be of good hope :- we both may live

To see a better day. At eighty-four I still am strong and stout ;-do thou thy part,

I will do mine.-I will begin again With many tasks that were resigned to

Up to the heights and in among the storms, Will I without thee go again, and do All works which I was wont to do alone, Before I knew thy face .- Heaven bless thee, Boy!

Thy heart these two weeks has been beating fast

With many hopes-It should be so-Yes-Ves-

I knew that thou couldst never have a wish To leave me, Luke: thou hast been bound to me

Only by links of love; when thou art gone, What will be left to us !- But, I forget My purposes. Lay now the corner-stone, As I requested, and hereafter, Luke, When thou art gone away, should evil men He thy companions, think of me, my Son, And of this moment: hither turn thy thoughts,

And God will strengthen thee: amid all fear And all temptation, Luke, I pray that thou Mayst bear in mind the life thy Fathers lived.

Who, being innocent, did for that cause Bestir them in good deeds. Now, fare thee well-

When thou returnst, thou in this place wilt see

A work which is not here; a covenant "Twill be between us-But whatever fate Befal thee, I shall love thee to the last, And bear thy memory with me to the grave.

The Shepherd ended here; and Luke stooped down,

And, as his Father had requested, laid The first stone of the Sheepfold. At the sight The Old Man's grief broke from him, to his heart

He pressed his Son, he kissed him and wept; And to the House together they returned. - Hushed was that House in peace, or seem-

ing peace, Ere the night fell: - with morrow's dawn the Boy

Hegan his journey, and when he had reached Is gone—the ploughshare has been through The public way, he put on a bold face;

That thou shouldst go." At this the Old | And all the Neighbours as he passed their doors

> Came forth with wishes and with farewellprayers.

> That followed him till he was out of sight.

A good report did from their Kinsman come,

Of Luke and his well-doing: and the Boy Wrote loving letters, full of wondrous news, Which, as the Honsewife phrased it, were throughout

The prettiest letters that were ever seen. Both parents read them with rejoicing hearts. So, many months passed on, and once again The Shepherd went about his daily work With confident and cheerful thoughts, and

Sometimes when he could find a leisure-hour He to that valley took his way, and there Wrought at the Sheepfold. Meantime Luke began

To slacken in his duty; and at length He in the dissolute city gave himself To evil courses: ignominy and shame Fell on him, so that he was driven at last To seek a hiding-place beyond the seas. There is a comfort in the strength of love; Twill make a thing endurable, which else Would break the heart: Old Michael found it so.

I have conversed with more than one who well

Remember the Old Man, and what he was Years after he had heard this heavy news. His bodily frame had been from youth to age Of an unusual strength. Among the rocks He went, and still looked up upon the sun, And listened to the wind, and as before Performed all kinds of labour for his sheep, And for the land, his small inheritance. And to that hollow Dell from time to time Did he repair, to build the Fold of which His flock had need. 'Tis not forgotten yet The pity which was then in every heart For the Old Man-and 'tis believed by all That many and many a day he thither went, And never lifted up a single stone.

There, by the Sheep-fold, sometimes was he seen

Sitting alone, with that his faithful Dog, Then old, beside him, lying at his feet. The length of full seven years from time to time

Heat the building of this Sheep-fold wrought, And left the work unfinished when he died. Three years, or little more, did Isabel Survive her Husband: at her death the estate Was sold and went into a stranger's hand. The Cottage which was named THE EVENING-STAR

the ground

On which it stood; great changes have been | Some steady love; some brief delight; | wrought | Some memory that had taken flight;

In all the neighbourhood; -yet the Oak is left

That grew beside their door; and the remains Of the unfinished Sheep-fold may be seen Beside the boisterous brook of Green-head Ghyll.

# TO THE DAISY.

п

In youth from rock to rock I went, 'From hill to hill, in discontent Of pleasure high and turbulent,

Most pleas'd when most uneasy; But now my own delights I make,— My thirst at every rill can slake, And gladly Nature's love partake Of thee, sweet Daisy!

When soothed a while by milder airs, Thee Winter in the garland wears That thinly shades his few gray hairs;

Spring cannot shun thee; Whole summer-fields are thine by right; And Autumn, melancholy wight! Doth in thy crimson head delight When rains are on thee.

In shoals and bands, a morrice-train, Thou greetst the Traveller in the lane; If welcom'd once thou countst it gain;

Thou art not daunted,
Nor car'st if thou be set at naught:
And oft alone in nooks remote
We meet thee, like a pleasant thought,
When such are wanted.

Be Violets in their secret mews
The flowers the wanton Zephyrs chuse;
Proud be the Rose, with rains and dews
Her head impearling;
Thou liv'st with less ambitious aim,
Yet hast not gone without thy fame;
Thou art indeed by many a claim

If to a rock from rains he fly,
Or, some bright day of April-sky,
Imprison'd by hot sunshine lie
Near the green holly.
And wearily at length should fare;
He need but look about, and there
Thou art!—a Friend at hand, to scare
His melancholy.

The Poet's darling.

A hundred times, by rock or bower, Ere thus I have lain couch'd an hour, Have I derived from thy sweet power Some apprehension; Some steady love; some brief delight; Some memory that had taken flight; Some chime of fancy wrong or right; Or stray invention.

If stately passions in me burn, And one chance look to Thee should turn, I drink out of an humbler urn

A lowlier pleasure;
The homely sympathy that heeds
The common life, our nature breeds;
A wisdom fitted to the needs
Of hearts at leisure.

When, smitten by the morning-ray, I see thee rise alert and gay. Then, cheerful Flower! my spirits play

With kindred gladness:
And when, at dusk, by dews opprest
Thou sinkst, the image of thy rest
Hath often eased my pensive breast
Of careful sadness.

And all day long I number yet, All seasons through, another debt, Which I, wherever thou art met.

To thee am owing;
An instinct call it, a blind sense;
A happy, genial influence,
Coming one knows not how nor whence,
Nor whither going.

Child of the Year! that round dost run
Thy course, bold lover of the sun,
And cheerful when the day's begun
As morning Leveret,
Thy long-lost praise thou shalt regain;
Dear shalt thou be to future men
As in old time;—thou not in vain
Art Nature's Favorite.

## II.

Wirn little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Common-place
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace,
Which Love makes for thee!

Oft do I sit by thee at case,
And weave a web of similies,
Loose types of Things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising:
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,

As is the humour of the game, While I am gazing, demure, of lowly port, ightly Maiden, of Love's Court, simplicity the sport Of all temptations; en in crown of rubies drest, veling in a scanty vest, , as seem to suit thee best, Thy appellations.

e Cyclops, with one eye to threaten and defy, hought comes next—and instantly The freak is over, ape will vanish, and behold! er Shield with boss of gold, preads itself, some Faery bold In fight to cover.

hee glittering from afar;—
ien thou art a pretty Star,
iite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
te a star, with glittering crest,
ised in air thou seemst to rest;—
eace come never to his nest,
Who shall reprove thee!

Flower! for by that name at last, all my reveries are past, thee, and to that cleave fast, Sweet silent Creature! breath'st with me in sun and air, ou, as thou art wont, repair art with gladness, and a share Of thy meek nature!

#### III.

r Flower, whose home is every where! grim bold in Nature's care, Il the long year through the heir Of joy or sorrow,! aks that there abides in thee concord with humanity, to no other Flower I see The forest thorough!

that Man is soon deprest?
ughtless Thing! who, once unblest,
little on his memory rest,
Or on his reason;
Thou wouldst teach him how to find
her under every wind,
e for times that are unkind
And every season?

wanderest the wide world about, ek'd by pride or scrupulous doubt, friends to greet thee, or without, Yet pleased and willing; Meek, yielding to the occasion's call, And all things suffering from all, Thy function apostolical In peace fulfilling.

## IV.

Sweet Flower, belike one day to have A place upon thy Poet's grave, I welcome thee once more:
But He, who was on land, at sea, My Brother, too, in loving thee, Although he loved more silently, Sleeps by his native shore.

Ah! hopeful, hopeful was the day
When to that Ship he bent his way
To govern and to guide:
His wish was gained: a little time
Would bring him back in manhood's prime,
And free for life, these hills to climb
With all his wants supplied.

And full of hope day followed day
While that stout Ship at anchor lay
Beside the shores of Wight;
The May had then made all things green,
And, floating there in pomp screne,
That Ship was goodly to be seen
His pride and his delight!

Yet then, when called ashore, he sought The tender peace of rural thought; In more than happy mood To your abodes, bright Daisy-flowers! He then would steal at leisure-hours And loved you glittering in your bowers, A starry multitude.

But hark the word!—the Ship is gone;— From her long course returns:—anon Sets sail:—in season due Once more on English earth they stand; But, when a third time from the land They parted, sorrow was at hand For Him and for his Crew.

Ill-fated Vessel!—ghastly shock!— At length delivered from the rock The deep she hath regained; And through the stormy night they steer, Labouring for life, in hope and fear, Towards a safer shore—how near, Yet not to be attained!

Silence! the brave Commander cried;
To that calm word a shrick replied,
It was the last death-shrick.

—A few appear by morning-light,
Preserved upon the tall mast's height;
Oft in my soul I see that sight;
But one dear remnant of the night—
For him in vain I seek.

Six weeks beneath the moving sea He lay in slumber quietly; Unforced by wind or wave To quit the Ship for which he died, (All claims of duty satisfied) And there they found him at her side; And bore him to the grave.

Vain service! yet not vainly done For this, if other end were none, That he, who had been cast Upon a way of life unmeet For such a gentle soul and sweet, Should find an undisturbed retreat Near what he loved, at last;

That neighbourhood of grove and field To Him a resting-place should yield, A meek man and a brave! The birds shall sing and ocean make A mournful murmur for his sake; And Thon, sweet Flower, shalt sleep and wake Upon his senseless grave!

## TO THE SMALL CELANDINE.

п

Pansies, Lilies, Kingeups, Daisies, Let them live upon their praises; Long as there's a sun that sets Primroses will have their glory; Long as there are Violets, They will have a place in story: There's a flower that shall be mine, 'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star;
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout!
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little flower!—I'll make a stir
Like a great Astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf Bold, and lavish of thyself, Since we needs must first have met I have seen thee, high and low, Thirty years or more, and yet 'Twas a face I did not know; Thou hast now, go where I may, Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the Trush
Has a thought about it's nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal;
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmthe or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood! Travel with the multitude; Never heed them; I aver That they all are wanton Woocrs; But the thrifty Cottager, Who stirs little out of doors, Joys to spy thee near her home, Spring is coming, Thou art come!

Comfort have thou of thy merit, Kindly, unassuming Spirit! Carcless of thy neighbourhood, Thou dost shew thy pleasant face On the moor, and in the wood, In the lane—there's not a place, Howseever mean it be, But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befal the yellow Flowers, Children of the flaring hours! Buttercups, that will be seen, Whether we will see or no; Others, too, of lofty mien; They have done as worldlings do, Taken praise that should be thine, Little, humble Celandine!

Prophet of delight and mirth, Scorn'd and slighted upon earth! Herald of a mighty band, Of a joyous train ensuing, Singing at my heart's command, In the lanes my thoughts pursuing, I will sing, as doth behove, Hymns in praise of what I love!

11.

PLEASURES newly found are sweet When they lie about our feet: February last my heart First at sight of thee was glad; All unheard of as thou art, Thou must needs, I think, have had, Celandine! and long ago, Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he, Whosoe'er the man might be, Who the first with pointed rays, (Workman worthy to be sainted) Set the sign-board in a blaze, When the risen sun he painted, Took the fancy from a glance At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring News of winter's vanishing, And the children build their bowers, Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mold All about with full-blown flowers, Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold! With the proudest Thou art there, Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure By myself a lonely pleasure, Sighed to think, I read a book Only read perhaps by me; Yet I long could overlook Thy bright coronet and Thee, And thy arch and wily ways, And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week Thou dost play at hide-and-seek; While the patient Primrose sits Like a Beggar in the cold, Thou, a Flower of wiser wits, Slipst into thy shelter'd hold; Bright as any of the train When ye all are out again.

Thou art not beyond the moon, But a thing beneath our shoon; Let, as old Magellan did, Others roam about the sea; Build who will a pyramid; Praise it is enough for me, If there be but three or four Who will love my little Flower.

# THE WANDERING JEW'S SONG.

Though the torrents from their fountains Roar down many a craggy steep, Yet they find among the mountains Resting-places calm and deep.

Though, as if with eagle-pinion, O'er the rocks the Chamois roam, Yet he has some small dominion Where he feels himself at home.

If on windy days the Raven Gambol like a dancing skiff, Not the less he loves his haven In the bosom of the cliff.

Though the Sea-horse in the Ocean Own no dear domestic cave; Yet he slumbers without motion On the calm and silent wave.

Day and night my toils redouble! Never nearer to the goal; Never-never does the trouble Of the Wanderer leave my soul.

#### ADDRESS

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER,

On being reminded that she was a month old, on that day.

—Hast thou then survived,
Mild offspring of infirm humanity,
Meek Infant! among all forlornest things
The most forlorn, one life of that bright Star,
The second glory of the heavens?—Thou
hast;

Already hast survived that great decay; That transformation through the wide earth felt.

And by all nations. In that Being's sight From whom the Race of human kind proceed, A thousand years are but as yesterday; And one day's narrow circuit is to him No less capacious than a thousand years. But what is time? What outward glory?

A measure is of Thee, whose claims extend Through heaven's eternal year.—Yet hail to Thee,

Frail feeble Monthling!-by that name, methinks.

Thy scanty breathing-time is portioned out Not idly.—Hadst thou been of Indian birth, Couched on a casual bed of moss and leaves, And rudely canopied by leafy boughs, Or to the churlish elements exposed On the blank plains,—the coldness of the night,

Or the night's darkness, or its cheerful face Of beauty, by the changing Moon adorned, Would, with imperious admonition, then Have scored thine age, and punctually timed Thine infant history, on the mind of those Who might have windered with thee.—

Mother's love,

Nor less than Mother's love in other breasts, Will, among us warm clad and warmly housed, Do for thee what the finger of the heavens Doth all too often harshly execute For thy unblest Coevals, amid wilds Where Fancy hath small liberty to grace The affections, to exalt them or refine; And the maternal sympathy itself, Though strong, is, in the main, a joyless tie Of naked instinct, wound about the heart. Happier, far happier is thy lot and ours! Even now, to solemnize thy helpless state, And to enliven in the mind's regard Thy passing beauty, parallels have risen, Resemblances or contrasts, that connect, Within the region of a Father's thoughts, Thee and thy Mate and Sister of the sky. And first; -thy sinless progress; through a world

By sorrow darkened and by care disturbed, Apt likeness bears to hers through gathered

Moving untouched in silver purity, And cheering ofttimes their reluctant gloom. Fair are ye both, and both are free from stain: But thou, how leisurely thou fillst thy horn With brightness!—leaving her to post along And range about—disquieted in change, And still impatient of the shape she wears. Once up, once down the hill, one journey, Babe.

Babe.

With a tiger-leap half way Now she meets the coming Lets it go as fast, and then Has it in her power again:

Babe.

That will suffice thee; and it seems that now Thon hast fore-knowledge that such task is thine;

Thou travell'st so contentedly, and sleepst In such a heedless peace. Alas! full soon Hath this conception grateful to behold, Changed countenance, like an object sullied o'er

By breathing mist; and thine appears to be A mournful labour, while to her is given Hope—and a renovation without end, —That smile forbids the thought;—for on

thy face
Smiles are beginning, like the beams of dawn,
To shoot, and circulate;—smiles have there
been seen,—

Tranquil assurances that Heaven supports The feeble motions of thy life, and cheers Thy loneliness;—or shall those smiles be called

Feelers of love,—put forth as if to explore This untried world, and to prepare thy way Through a strait passage intricate and dim? Such are they,—and the same are tokens,

signs,
Which, when the appointed season hath
arrived,
Joy, as her holiest language, shall adopt;
And Reason's god-like Power be proud to own.

# THE KITTEN AND THE FALLING LEAVES.

That way look, my Infant, lo! What a pretty baby-show! See the Kitten on the Wall, Sporting with the leaves that fall, Wither'd leaves-one-two-and three, From the lofty Elder-tree! Through the calm and frosty air Of this morning bright and fair, Eddying round and round they sink Softly, slowly: one might think, From the motions that are made, Every little leaf convey'd Sylph or Facry hither tending,-To this lower world descending, Each invisible and mute, In his wavering parachute. But the Kitten, how she starts, Crouches, stretches, paws, and darts! First at one and then it's fellow Just as light and just as yellow; There are many now-now one-Now they stop; and there are none-What intenseness of desire In her upward eye of fire!

With a tiger-leap half way
Now she meets the coming prey,
Lets it go as fast, and then
Has it in her power again:
Now she works with three or four,
Like an Indian Conjuror;
Quick as he in feats of art,
Far beyond in joy of heart.
Were her antics played in the eye
Of a thousand Standers-by,
Clapping hands with shout and stare,
What would little Tabby care
For the plaudits of the Crowd?
Over-happy to be proud,
Over-wealthy in the treasure
Of her own exceeding pleasure!

'Tis a pretty baby-treat; Nor, I deem, for me unmeet: Here, for neither Babe or me, Other Play-mate can I see. Of the countless living things, That with stir of feet and wings. (In the sun or under shade Upon bough or grassy blade) And with busy revellings. Chirp and song, and murmurings, Made this Orchard's narrow space And this Vale so blithe a place; Multitudes are swept away Never more to breathe the day: Some are sleeping; some in bands Travell'd into distant lands; Others slunk to moor and wood, Far from human neighbourhood; And, among the Kinds that keep With us closer fellowship, With us openly abide, All have laid their mirth aside. Where is he that giddy Sprite, Blue-cap, with his colours bright, Who was blest as bird could be, Feeding in the apple-tree; Made such wanton spoil and rout. Turning blossoms inside out, Hung with head towards the ground, Flutter'd, perch'd, into a round Bound himself, and then unbound; Lithest, gaudiest Harlequin, Prettiest Tumbler ever seen, Light of heart, and light of limb, What is now become of Him? Lambs, that through the mountains went Frisking, bleating merriment, When the year was in it's prime, They are sober'd by this time If you look to vale or hill, If you listen, all is still. Save a little neighbouring Rill; That from out the rocky ground Strikes a solitary sound. Vainly glitters hill and plain. And the air is calm in vain; Vainly Morning spreads the lure Of a sky serene and pure:

Creature none can she decoy Into open sign of joy: Is it that they have a fear Of the dreary season near? Or that other pleasures be Sweeter even than gaiety?

Yet, whate'er enjoyments dwell In the impenetrable cell Of the silent heart which Nature Furnishes to every Creature, Whatsoe'er we feel and know Too sedate for outward show. Such a light of gladness breaks, Pretty Kitten! from thy freaks,— Spreads with such a living grace O'er my little Laura's face; Yes, the sight so stirs and charms Thee, Baby, laughing in my arms, That almost I could repine That your transports are not mine, That I do not wholly fare Even as ye do, thoughtless Pair! And I will have my careless season Spite of melancholy reason, Will walk through life in such a way That, when time brings on decay, Now and then I may possess Hours of perfect gladsomeness. Pleased by any random toy; By a Kitten's busy joy, Or an Infant's laughing eye Sharing in the ecstasy; I would fare like that or this, Find my wisdom in my bliss; Keep the sprightly soul awake, And have faculties to take, Even from things by sorrow wrought Matter for a jocund thought; Spite of care, and spite of grief, To gambol with Life's falling Leaf.

#### TO THE CUCKOO.

O BLITTE New-comer! I have heard, I hear thee and rejoice: O Cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird, Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass, Thy loud note smites my ear!— From hill to hill it seems to pass, At once far off and near!

I hear thee babbling to the Vale Of sunshine and of flowers, And unto me thon bringst a tale Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, Darling of the Spring! Even yet thou art to me No Bird; but an invisible Thing, A voice, a mystery. The same whom in my school-hoy-days I listen'd to; that Cry Which made me look a thousand ways; In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove Through woods and on the green; And thou wert still a hope, a love; Still long'd for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet; Can lie upon the plain And listen, till I do beget That golden time again.

O. blessed Bird! the earth we pace Again appears to be An unsubstantial, facry place; That is fit home for thee!

#### YEW-TREES.

There is a Yew-tree, pride of Lorton-Vale, Which to this day stands single, in the midst Of its own darkness, as it stood of yore, Nor loth to furnish weapons for the Bands Of Umfraville and Percy ere they marched To Scotland's Heaths; or those that crossed the Sea

And drew their sounding bows at Azincour, Perhaps at earlier Crecy, or Poictiers. Of vast circumference and gloom profound This solitary Tree!—a living thing Produced too slowly ever to decay; Of form and aspect too magnificent To be destroyed. But worthier still of note Are those fraternal Four of Borrowdale, Joined in one solemn and capacious grove; Huge trunks!—and each particular trunk a growth

Of intertwisted fibres serpentine, Up-coiling, and inveterately convolved,— Nor uniformed with Phantasy, and looks That threaten the profane;—a pillared shade,

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue, By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged

Perennially—beneath whose sable roof Of boughs, as if for festal purpose, decked With unrejoicing berries, ghostly Shapes May meet at noontide—Fear and trembling Hope,

Silence and Foresight—Death the Skeleton, And Time the Shadow,—there to celebrate, As in a natural temple scattered o'er With altars undisturbed of mossy stone, United worship; or in mute repose To lie, and listen to the mountain-flood Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves. VIEW FROM THE TOP OF BLACK At thorns, and brakes, and brambles, and, COMB.

This Height a ministering Angel might select:

For from the summit of BLACK COMB (dread

Derived from clouds and storms!) the amplest range

Of unobstructed prospect may be seen That British ground commands:-low dusky tracts,

Where Trent is nursed, far southward! Cambrian Hills

To the south-west, a multitudinous show; And, in a line of eye-sight linked with these, The hoary Peaks of Scotland that give birth To Tiviot's Stream, to Annan, Tweed, and Clyde;

Crowding the quarter whence the sun comes forth

Gigantic Mountains rough with crags; beneath,

Right at the imperial Station's western base, Main Ocean, breaking audibly, and stretched Far into silent regions blue and pale ;-And visibly engirding Mona's Isle That, as we left the Plain, before our sight Stood like a lofty Mount, uplifting slowly. (Above the convex of the watery globe) Into clear view the cultured fields that streak Its habitable shores; but now appears A dwindled object, and submits to lie At the Spectator's feet .- You azure Ridge,

Is it a perishable cloud? Or there Do we behold the frame of Erin's Coast? Land sometimes by the roving shepherdswain,

Like the bright confines of another world, Not doubtfully perceived .- Look homeward

In depth, in height, in circuit, how serene The spectacle, how pure !- Of Nature's Works.

In earth, and air, and earth-embracing sea, A Revelation infinite it seems; Display august of man's inheritance. Of Britain's calm felicity and power.

#### NUTTING.

-Ir seems a day, (I speak of one from many singled out) One of those heavenly days which cannot die, When forth I sallied from our cottage-door, With a huge wallet o'er my shoulder slung, A nutting-crook in hand, and turn'd my steps Towards the distant woods, a Figure quaint, Tricked out in proud disguise of cast-off weeds

Which for that service had been husbanded, By exhortation of my frugal Dame. Motley accoutrement of power to smile

in truth,

More ragged than need was. Among the woods;

And o'er the pathless rocks, I forced my way Until, at length, I came to one dear nook Unvisited, where not a broken bough Drooped with its withered leaves, ungracious sign

Of devastation, but the hazels rose Tall and erect, with milk-white clusters hung. A virgin-scene!-A little while I stood, Breathing with such suppression of the heart As joy delights in; and, with wise restraint Voluptuous, fearless of a rival, eyed The banquet,-or beneath the trees I sate. Among the flowers, and with the flowers I played;

A temper known to those, who, after long And weary expectation, have been blessed With sudden happiness beyond all hope .-Perhaps it was a bower beneath whose leaves

The violets of five seasons re-appear And fade, unseen by any human eye; Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on For ever,-and I saw the sparkling foam, And with my cheek on one of those green stones

That, fleeced with moss, beneath the shady trees.

Lay round me, scattered like a flock of sheep. I heard the murmur and the murmuring sound,

In that sweet mood when pleasure loves to

Tribute to ease; and, of its joy secure, The heart luxuriates with indifferent things, Wasting its kindliness on stocks and stones, And on the vacant air. Then up I rose, And dragged to earth both branch and bough,

with crash And merciless ravage; and the shady nook Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower, Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up Their quiet being: and, unless I now Confound my present feelings with the past, Even then, when from the bower I turned away

Exulting, rich beyond the wealth of kings, I felt a sense of pain when I beheld The silent trees and the intruding sky. Then, dearest Maiden! move along these shades

In gentleness of heart; with gentle hand Touch-for there is a spirit in the woods

## THE PERFECT WOMAN.

San was a Phantom of delight When first she gleamed upon my sight; A lovely Apparition, sent To be a moment's ornament;

Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair; Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair; But all things else about her drawn From May-time and the cheerful Dawn; A dancing Shape, an Image gay, To haunt, to startle, and way-lay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too!
Her household-motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serenc The very pulse of the machine; A Being breathing thoughtful breath; A Traveller betwist life and death; The reason firm, the temperate will, Endurance, foresight, strength and skill; A perfect Woman; nobly plann'd, To warn, to comfort, and command; And yet a Spirit still, and bright With something of an angel-light.

#### NATURE'S FAVOURITE.

Tanke years she grew in sun and shower, Then Nature said: A lovelier flower On earth was never sown; This Child I to myself will take; She shall be mine, and I will make A Lady of my own.

Myself will to my darling be Both law and impulse: and with me The Girl, in rock and plain, In earth and heaven, in glade and bower, Shall feel an overseeing power To kindle or restrain.

She shall be sportive as the Fawn That wild with glee across the lawn Or up the mountain springs; And hers shall be the breathing balm, And hers the silence and the calm Of mute insensate things.

The floating Clouds their state shall lend To her; for her the willow bend; Nor shall she fail to see Even in the motions of the storm Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form By silent sympathy. The Stars of midnight shall be dear To her; and she shall lean her car In many a secret place Where Rivulets dance their wayward round, And beauty born of murmuring sound Shall pass into her face.

And vital feelings of delight Shall rear her form to stately height, Her virgin-bosom swell; Such thoughts to Lucy I will give While she and I together live Here in this happy Dell.

Thus Nature spake—the work was done— How soon my Lucy's race was run! She died, and left to me This heath, this calm, and quiet scene; The memory of what has been, And never more will be.

# GOODY BLAKE AND HARRY GILL.

A TRUE STORY.

On! what's the matter? what's the matter? What is't that ails young Harry Gill? That evermore his teeth they chatter, Chatter, chatter, chatter still! Of waistcoats Harry has no lack, Good duffle gray, and flannel fine; He has a blanket on his back, And coats enough to smother nine.

In March, December, and in July,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
The Neighbours tell, and tell you truly,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.
At night, at morning, and at noon,
'Tis all the same with Harry Gill;
Beneath the sun, beneath the moon,
His teeth they chatter, chatter still.

Young Harry was a lusty drover, And who so stout of limb as he? His cheeks were red as ruddy clover; His voice was like the voice of three. Old Goody Blake was old and poor; Ill fed she was, and thinly clad; And any man who pass'd her door Might see how poor a hut she had.

All day she spun in her poor dwelling:
And then her three hours' work at night!
Alas! 'twas hardly worth the telling,
It would not pay for candle-light.
—This woman dwelt in Dorsetshire,—
Her hut was on a cold hill-side,
And in that country coals are dear,
For they come far by wind and tide.

By the same fire to boil their pottage, Two poor old Dames, as I have known, Will often live in one small cottage; But she, poor Woman, dwelt alone. "Twas well enough when summer came, The long, warm, lightsome summer-day, Then at her door the canty Dame Would sit, as any linnet gay.

But when the ice our streams did fetter,
Oh! then how her old bones would shake!
You would have said, if you had met her,
'Twas a hard time for Goody Blake.
Her evenings then were dull and dead!
Sad case it was, as you may think,
For very cold to go to bed;
And then for cold not sleep a wink.

Oh joy for her! Whene'er in winter The winds at night had made a rout, And scattered many a lusty splinter And many a rotten bough about. Yet never had she, well or sick, As every man who knew her says, A pile before her, wood or stick, Enough to warm her for three days.

Now, when the frost was past enduring, And made her poor old bones to ache, Could any thing be more alluring Than an old hedge to Goody Blake? And now and then, it must be said, When her old bones were cold and chill, She left her fire, or left her bed, To seek the hedge of Harry Gill.

Now Harry he had long suspected This trespass of old Goody Blake; And vowed that she should be detected, And he on her would vengeance take. And oft from his warm fire he'd go, And to the fields his road would take; And there, at night, in frost and snow, He watched to seize old Goody Blake.

And once, behind a rick of barley,
Thus looking out did Harry stand:
The moon was full and shining clearly,
And crisp with frost the stubble-land.
—He hears a noise—he's all awake—
Again?—on tip-toe down the hill
He softly creeps—'tis Goody Blake,
She's at the hedge of Harry Gill.

Right glad was he when he beheld her: Stick after stick did Goody pull: He stood behind a bush of elder, Till she had filled her apron full. Then with her load she turned about, The by-road back again to take, He started forward with a shout And sprang upon poor Goody Blake. And fiercely by the arm he took her, And by the arm he held her fast, And fiercely by the arm he shook her, And cried: I've caught you then at last! Then Goody, who had nothing said, Her bundle from her lap let fall; And, kneeling on the sticks, she prayed To God that is the judge of all.

She prayed, her withered hand uprearing, While Harry held her by the arm—God! who art never out of hearing, O may he never more be warm!—The cold, cold moon above her head, Thus on her knees did Goody pray, Young Harry heard what she had said: And icy cold he turned away.

He went complaining all the morrow
That he was cold, and very chill:
His face was gloom, his heart was sorrow,
Alas! that day for Harry Gill!
That day he wore a riding-coat,
But not a whit the warmer he:
Another was on Thursday brought,
And ere the Sabbath he had three.

'Twas all in vain, a useless matter—And blankets were about him pinn'd;
Yet still his jaws and teeth they clatter,
Like a loose casement in the wind.
And Harry's flesh it fell away;
And all who see him say, 'tis plain,
That, live as long as live he may,
He never will be warm again.

No word to any man he utters, A-bed or up, to young or old; But ever to himself he mutters: Poor Harry Gill is very cold. A-bed or up, by night or day, His teeth, they chatter, chatter still. Now think, ye farmers all, I pray, Of Goody Blake and Harry Gill.

#### ELEMENTARY FEELING.

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud That floats on high o'er Vales and Hills, When all at once I saw a crowd, A host of golden Daffodils; Beside the Lake, beneath the trees, Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine, And twinkle on the milky way, They stretched in never-ending line Along the margin of a bay: Ten thousand saw I at a glance, Tossing their heads in sprightly dance. The waves beside them danced, but they Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company:
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the shew to me had brought:

For oft when on my couch I lie In vacant or in pensive mood, They flash upon that inward eye Which is the bliss of solitude, And then my heart with pleasure fills, And dances with the Daffodils.

#### POWER OF MUSIC.

As Orpheus! An Orpheus!—yes, Faith may grow bold, And take to herself all the wonders of old;— Near the stately Pantheon you'll meet with

In the street that from Oxford hath borrowed its name.

His station is there; -and he works on the crowd,

He sways them with harmony merry and loud;

He fills with his power all their hearts to the brim— Was aught ever heard like his fiddle and him!

What an eager assembly! what an empire is this!

The weary have life and the hungry have bliss!

The mourner is cheered, and the anxious have rest;

And the guilt-burthened soul is no longer opprest.

As the Moon brightens round her the clouds of the night,

So he where he stands is a center of light; It gleams on the face, there, of dusky-browed Jack,

And the pale-visaged Baker's, with basket on back.

That errand-bound 'Prentice was passing in haste-

What matter! he's caught—and his time runs to waste— The News-man is stopped, though he stops

And the half-breathless Lamp-lighter he's in the net!

The Porter sits down on the weight which he bore; The Lass with her barrow wheels hither her store;—

If a Thief could be here he might pilfer at case;
She sees the Musician, 'tis all that she sees!

He stands, back'd by the Wall;—he abates
not his din;
His hat gives him vigour, with boons dropping in,
From the Old and the Young, from the
Poorest; and there!

The one-pennied Boy has his penny to spare.

O blest are the Hearers and proud be the Hand
Of the pleasure it spreads through so thankful a Band;
I am glad for him, blind as he is!—all the while
If they speak 'tis to praise, and they praise

with a smile.

That tall Man, a Giant in bulk and in height, Not an inch of his body is free from delight; Can he keep himself still, if he would? oh, not he!

The music stirs in him like wind through a tree.

There's a Cripple who leans on his Crutch; like a Tower That long has lean'd forward, leans hour after hour!— A Mother, whose Spirit in fetters is bound,

While she dandles the babe in her arms to the sound.

Now, Coaches and Chariots, roar on like a stream;

Here are twenty souls happy as Souls in a dream:

They are deaf to your murmurs—they care not for you,

Nor what ye are flying, or what ye pursue!

GLEN-ALMAIN, OR THE NARROW GLEN.

In this still place, remote from men
Sleeps Ossian, in the Narrow Glen;
In this still place, where murmurs on
But one meek Streamlet, only one:
He sang of buttles, and the breath
Of stormy war, and violent death;
And should, methinks, when all was past,
Have rightfully been laid at last
Where rocks were rudely heap'd, and rent
As by a spirit turbulent;
Where sights were rough, and sounds were
wild,
And every thing unreconciled;

In some complaining, dim retreat, For fear and melancholy meet; But this is calm; there cannot be A more entire tranquillity.

Does then the Bard sleep here indeed? Or is it but a groundless creed? What matters it?—I blame them not Whose Fancy in this lonely spot Was moved; and in this way express'd Their notion of its perfect rest.

A Convent, even a hermit's Cell Would break the silence of this Dell: It is not quiet, is not ease; But something deeper far than these: The separation that is here Is of the grave; and of austere And happy feelings of the dead: And, therefore, was it rightly said That Ossian, last of all his race! Lies buried in this lonely place.

#### THE SOLITARY REAPER.

BEHOLD her, single in the field, Yon solitary Highland-Lass! Reaping and singing by herself; Stop here, or gently pass! Alone she cuts, and binds the grain, And sings a melancholy strain; O listen! for the Vale profound In overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt So sweetly to reposing bands Of Travellers in some shady haunt, Among Arabian Sands. No sweeter voice was ever heard In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird, Breaking the silence of the seas Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings? Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow For old, unhappy, far-off things, And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay, Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain, That has been, and may be again!

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang As if her song could have no ending; I saw her singing at her work, And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listen'd till I had my fill:
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

#### YARROW UNVISITED.

See the various Poems the scene of which is taid upon the Banks of the Yarrow; in particular, the exquisite Ballad of Hamilton, beginning:

Busk ye, busk ye my bonny, bonny Bride, Busk ye, busk ye my winsome Marrow !--

Faon Stirling-Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd;
Had trod the banks of Clyde, and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And, when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow?"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow Folk, frae Selkirk Town, Who have been buying, selling, Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own, Each Maiden to her dwelling! On Yarrow's Banks let herons feed, Hares couch, and rabbits burrow! But we will downwards with the Tweed, Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

There's Galla-Water, Leader-Haughs, Both lying right before us; And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed The Lintwhites sing in chorus; There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land Made hlithe with plough and harrow; Why throw away a needful day To go in search of Yarrow?

What's Yarrow but a River bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn;
My True-love sigh'd for sorrow;
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

Oh! green, said I, are Yarrow'a Holms, And sweet is Yarrow flowing! Fair hangs the apple frae the rock, But we will leave it growing. O'er hilly path, and open Strath, We'll wander Scotland thorough; But, though so near, we will not turn Into the Dale of Yarrow.

Let Beeves and home-bred Kine partake The sweets of Burn-mill meadow; The Swan on still St. Mary's Lake Float double, Swan and Shadow! We will not see them; will not go, To-day, nor yet to-morrow; Enough if in our hearts we know, There's such a place as Yarrow. Be Yarrow Stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own;
Ah! why should we undo it?
The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

If Care with freezing years should come, And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny Holms of Yarrow!

# YARROW VISITED. SEPTEMBER 1814.

And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream Of which my fancy cherish'd, So faithfully, a waking dream? An image that hath perish'd! O that some Minstrel's harp were near, To utter notes of gladness, And chase this silence from the air, That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontrolled meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And. through her depths, Saint Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow-vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender, hazy brightness;
Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow-vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was you smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice—
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy Lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:

And Pity sanctifies the verse That paints, by strength of sorrow, The unconquerable strength of love; Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy;
The grace of forest-charms decayed,
And pastoral melancholy.

That Region left, the Vale unfolds Rich groves of lofty stature, With Yarrow winding through the pomp Of cultivated nature; And, rising from those lofty groves, Behold a Ruin hoary! The shattered front of Newark's Towers, Renowned in Border-story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in;
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
You cottage seems a bower of bliss;
It promises protection
To studious ease, and generous cares,
And every chaste affection!

How sweet, on this autumnal day
The wild wood's fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forchead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own!
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober Hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Lov'd Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe,
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the Heights, They melt,—and soon must vanish; One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—Sad thought, which I would banish, But that I know, where'er I go, Thy genuine image, Yarrow, Will dwell with me—to heighten joy, And cheer my mind in sorrow.

#### SONG.

AT THE PEAST OF BROUGHAM-CASTLE.

Upon the Restoration of Lord Clifford, the Shepherd, to the Estates and Honours of his Ancestors.

High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate;
And Emont's murmur mingled with the Song.—
The words of ancient time I thus translate, A festal Strain that hath been silent long.

From Town to Town, from Tower to Tower, The Red Rose is a gladsome Flower. Her thirty years of Winter past, The Red Rose is revived at last; She lifts her head for endless spring, For everlasting blossoming! Both Roses flourish, Red and White. In love and sisterly delight The two that were at strife are blended, And all old sorrows now are ended .-Joy! joy to both! but most to her Who is the Flower of Lancaster! Behold her how She smiles to-day On this great throng, this bright array! Fair greeting doth she send to all From every corner of the Hall; But, chiefly, from above the Board Where sits in state our rightful Lord, A Clifford to his own restored.

They came with banner, spear, and shield; And it was proved in Bosworth-field. Not long the Avenger was withstood, Earth help'd him with the cry of blood: St. George was for us, and the might Of blessed Angels crown'd the right. Loud voice the Land bath utter'd forth, We loudest in the faithful North: Our Fields rejoice, our Mountains ring, Our Streams proclaim a welcoming; Our Strong-abodes and Castles see The glory of their loyalty. How glad is Skipton at this hour-Though she is but a lonely Tower! Silent, deserted of her best, Without an Inmate or a Guest, Knight, Squire, or Ycoman, Page, or Groom ; We have them at the Feast of Brough'm. How glad Pendragon, though the sleep Of years be on her!-She shall reap A taste of this great pleasure, viewing As in a dream her own renewing. Rejoiced is Brough, right glad I deem Beside her little humble Stream; And she that keepeth watch and ward Her statelier Eden's course to guard; They both are happy at this hour, Though each is but a lonely Tower:-But here is perfect joy and pride For one fair House by Emont's side,

This day distinguished without peer To see her Master and to cheer; Him, and his Lady Mother dear.

Oh! it was a time forlorn
When the Fatherless was born—
Give her wings that she may fly,
Or she sees her Infant die!
Swords that are with slaughter wild
Hunt the Mother and the Child.
Who will take them from the light?
—Yonder is a Man in sight—
Yonder is a House—but where?
No, they must not enter there.
To the Caves, and to the Brooks.
To the Clouds of Heaven she looks;
She is speechless, but her eyes
Pray in ghostly agonies.
Blissful Mary, Mother mild,
Maid and Mother undefiled,
Save a Mother and her Child!

Now Who is he that bounds with joy
On Carrock's side, a Shepherd-Boy?
No thoughts hath he but thoughts that pass
Light as the wind along the grass.
Can this be He who hither came
In secret, like a smothered flame?
O'er whom such thankful tears were shed
For shelter, and a poor Man's bread?
God loves the Child; and God hath will'd
That those dear words should be fulfill'd.
The Lady's words, when forc'd away,
The last she to her Babe did say:
My own, my own, thy Fellow-guest
I may not be; but rest thee, rest,
For lowly Shepherd's life is best!

Alas! when evil men are strong
No life is good, no pleasure long.
The Boy must part from Mosedale's Groves.
And leave Blencathara's rugged Coves,
And quit the Flowers that Summer brings
To Glenderamakin's lofty springs;
Must vanish, and his careless cheer
Be turned to heaviness and fear.
—Give Sir Lancelot Threlkeld praise!
Hear it, good Man, old in days!
Thou Tree of covert and of rest
For this young Bird that is distrest;
Among thy branches safe he lay,
And he was free to sport and play,
When Falcons were abroad for prey.

A recreant Harp, that sings of fear
And heaviness in Clifford's ear!
I said, when evil men are strong.
No life is good, no pleasure long;
A weak and cowardly untruth!
Our Clifford was a happy youth,
And thankful through a weary time,
That brought him up to manhood's prime.

e wanders forth at will, ds a Flock from hill to hill: b is humble; ne'er was seen arb with such a noble mien; the Shepherd-grooms no Mate e, a Child of strength and state! ks not friends for solemn glee, cheerful company, arn'd of him submissive ways, mforted his private days. side the Fallow-deer and rested without fear; gle, lord of land and sea, I down to pay him fealty; th the undying Fish that swim h Bowscale-Tarn did wait on him, ir were Servants of his eye immortality; noved about in open sight, fro, for his delight. w the Rocks which Angels haunt . Mountains visitant; h kenn'd them taking wing; Caves where Faeries sing h entered; and been told ces how Men liv'd of old. the Heavens his eye can see thing that is to be; Men report him right, whisper words of might. another day is come, hope, and nobler doom: h thrown aside his Crook, th buried deep his Book; r rusting in his Halls blood of Clifford calls ;the Scot, exclaims the Lance; te to the heart of France, longing of the Shieldny name, thou trembling Field; thou with our victory! day, and mighty hour, our Shepherd, in his power, and horsed, with lance and sword, Ancestors restored, reappearing Star, glory from afar, hall head the Flock of War!

the fervent Harper did not know or a tranquil Soul the Lay was framed, long compelled in humble walks to go, oftened into feeling, soothed, and tamed.

iad he found in huts where poor Men lie, ily Teachers had been Woods and Rills, lence that is in the starry sky, leep that is among the lonely hills.

the savage Virtue of the Race, ge, and all ferocions thoughts were dead:

Nor did he change; but kept in lofty place The wisdom which adversity had bred.

Glad were the Vales, and every cottagehearth;

The Shepherd-Lord was honoured more and more

And, ages after he was laid in earth.

The Good Lord Clifford was the name he bore.

#### FRENCH REVOLUTION.

AS IT APPEARED TO ENTRUSIASTS AT ITS COM-MENCEMENT.

On! pleasant exercise of hope and joy! For mighty were the Auxiliars, which then stood

Upon our side, we who were strong in love!
Bliss was it in that dawn to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven!—Oh
times!

In which the meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law, and statute, took at once
The attraction of a country in Romance!
When Reason seemed the most to assert her
rights,

When most intent on making of herself A prime Enchantress—to assist the work, Which then was going forward in her name! Not favoured spots alone, but the whole earth The beauty wore of promise—that which sets (To take an image which was felt, no doubt, Among the bowers of paradise itself) The budding rose above the rose full blown. What Temper at the prospect did not wake To happiness unthought of! The inert Were roused, and lively natures rapt away. They who had fed their childhood upon dreams.

The play-fellows of fancy, who had made All powers of swiftness, subtilty and strength Their ministers, — who in lordly wise had stirred

Among the grandest objects of the sense,
And dealt with whatsoever they found there
As if they had within some lurking right
To wield it;—they, too, who of gentle mood
Had watched all gentle motions, and to these
Had fitted their own thoughts, schemers
more mild,

And in the region of their peaceful selves;

Now was it that both found, the Meek and

Lofty,

Did both find helpers to their heart's desire; And stuffat hand, plastic as they could wish! Were called upon to exercise their skill, Not in Utopia, subterraneous Fields, Or some secreted Island, heaven knows where! But in the very world, which is the world Of all of us,—the place where in the end We find our happiness, or not at all!

## LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY, ON REVISITING THE BANKS OF THE WYE DURING A TOUR. JULY 13, 1798.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length Of five long winters! and again I hear These waters, rolling from their mountain-

springs

With a sweet inland-murmur.—Once again Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs, Which on a wild secluded scene impress Thoughts of more deep seclusion; and connect The landscape with the quiet of the sky. The day is come when I again repose Here, under this dark sycamore, and view These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-

Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,

Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves

Among the woods and copses, nor disturb The wild green landscape. Once again I see These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines

Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms

Green to the very door, and wreaths of

Sent up, in silence, from among the trees; With some uncertain notice, as might seem, Of vagrant Dwellers in the houseless woods, Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire

The Hermit sits alone. Though absent long, These forms of beauty have not been to me As is a landscape to a blind man's eye: But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din Of towns and cities, I have owed to them, In hours of weariness, sensations sweet, Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart; And passing even into my purer mind, With tranquil restoration :- feelings too Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps, As may have had no trivial influence On that best portion of a good man's life, His little, nameless, unremembered acts Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust, To them I may have owed another gift, Of aspect more sublime: that blessed mood, In which the burthen of the mystery, In which the heavy and the weary weight Of all this unintelligible world Is lightened:-that serene and blessed mood In which the affections gently lead us on,-Until, the breath of this corporcal frame And even the motion of our human blood Almost suspended, we are laid asleep In body, and become a living soul: While with an eye made quiet by the

Of harmony, and the deep power of joy, We see into the life of things.—If this Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft, In darkness, and amid the many shapes Of joyless day-light, when the fretful stir Unprofitable, and the fever of the world, Have hung upon the beatings of my heart, How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee, O sylvan Wye! Thou wanderer through the woods.

How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity.
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts

That in this moment there is life and food For future years. And so I dare to hope Though changed, no doubt, from what I was, when first

I came among these hills, when like a roc I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams, Wherever nature led: more like a man Flying from something that he dreads, than

Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then

(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days And their glad animal movements all gone by)

To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy
wood.

Their colours and their forms, were then to me

An appetite: a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. — That time is
past,

And all its aching joys are now no more.
And all its dizzy raptures. Nor for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes

The still, sad music of humanity, Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample

To chasten and subdue. And I have felt A presence that disturbs me with the joy Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime Of something far more deeply interfused, Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns, And the round ocean and the living air, And the blue sky, and in the mind of man: A motion and a spirit, that impels All thinking things, all objects of all thought.

And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still

A lover of the meadows and the woods, And mountains; and of all that we behold From this green earth; of all the mighty world

Of eye and ear, both what they half create, And what perceive; well pleased to recognize In nature and the language of the sense, The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse, The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul Of all my moral being. Nor perchance, If I were not thus taught, should I the more Suffer my genial spirits to decay: For thou art with me, here, upon the banks Of this fair river; thou, my dearest Friend, My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch The language of my former heart, and read My former pleasures in the shooting lights Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while May I behold in thee what I was once, My dear, dear Sister ! And this prayer I make, Knowing that Nature never did betray The heart that loved her ; 'tis her privilege, Through all the years of our life, to lead From joy to joy : for she can so inform The mind that is within us, so impress With quietness and beauty, and so feed With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,

Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish

Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all The dreary intercourse of daily life, Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb Our cheerful faith that all which we behold Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon Shine on thee in thy solitary walk; And let the misty mountain-winds be free To blow against thee; and, in after-years, When these wild ecstasics shall be matured Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms, Thy memory be as a dwelling-place For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh then, If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief, Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts

Of tender joy wilt thou remember me, And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance, If I should be where I no more can hear Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes

these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshipper of Nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy
sake.

LINES

LEPT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE, WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE, ON A DESOLATE PART OF THE SHORE, COMMANDING A BEAUTIFUL PROSPECT.

Nav Traveller! rest. This lonely Yewtree stands

Far from all human dwelling: what if here No sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb? What if these barren boughs the bee not loves?

Yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,

That break against the shore, shall full thy

By one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

That piled these stones, and with the mossy sod

First covered o'er, and taught this aged Tree With its dark arms to form a circling bower, I well remember.—He was one who owned No common soul. In youth by science nursed, And led by nature into a wild scene Of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth A favoured Being, knowing no desire Which Genius did not hallow,—'gainst the

taint

Of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate,
And scorn,—against all enemies prepared,
All but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
Owed him no service: wherefore he at once
With indignation turned himself away,
And with the food of pride sustained his soul
In solitude.—Stranger! these gloomy boughs
Had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
His only visitants a straggling sheep,
The stone-chat, or the sand-lark, restless
bird,

Piping along the margin of the lake;
And on these barren rocks, with juniper,
And heath and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er,
Fixing his down-cast-eye, he many an hour
A morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
An emblem of his own unfraitful life:
And lifting up his head, he then would gaze
On the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
Thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
Far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
The beauty still more beauteous. Nor, that
time,

When Nature had subdued him to herself, Would he forget those beings, to whose minds, Warm from the labours of benevolence, The world, and man himself, appeared a scene Of kindred loveliness; then he would sigh With mournful joy, to think that others feit What he must never feel: and so, lost Man! On visionary views would fancy feed, Till his eye streamed with tears. In this

He died,—this seat his only monument.

Of young imagination have kept pure, Stranger! henceforth be warned; and know,

that pride, Howe'er disguised in its own majesty, Is littleness; that he who feels contempt For any living thing, hath faculties Which he has never used; that thought

with him Is in its infancy. The man whose eye Is ever on bimself doth look on one, The least of Nature's works, one who might move

The wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds

Unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou! Instructed that true knowledge leads to love, True dignity abides with him alone Who, in the silent hour of inward thought, Can still suspect, and still revere himself, In lowliness of heart.

#### A POET'S EPITAPH.

ART thou a Statesman, in the van Of public business trained and bred? -First learn to love one living man; Then mayst thou think upon the dead.

A Lawyer art thou?-draw not nigh; Go, carry to some other place The hardness of thy coward eye, The falsehood of thy sallow face.

Art thou a man of purple cheer? A rosy man, right plump to see? Approach !- yet, Doctor, not too near : This grave no cushion is for thee.

Art thou a man of gallant pride, A Soldier, and no man of chaff; Welcome!-But lay thy sword aside, And lean upon a Peasant's staff.

Physician art thou? One, all eyes, Philosopher! a fingering slave, One that would peep and botanize . Upon his mother's grave?

Wrapt closely in thy sensual fleece: O turn aside, -and take, I pray, That he below may rest in peace, That abject thing, thy soul, away.

A Moralist perchance appears; Led, Heaven knows how! to this poor sod: And he has neither eyes nor ears; Himself his world and his own God;

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling Nor form, nor feeling, great nor small; A reasoning, self-sufficing thing, An intellectual All in All!

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms | Shut close the door; press down the latch; Sleep in thy intellectual crust; Nor lose ten tickings of thy watch Near this unprofitable dust.

> But who is he, with modest looks, And clad in homely russet brown? He murmurs near the running brooks A music sweeter than their own.

He is retired as noontide-dew. Or fountain in a noonday-grove; And you must love him, ere to you He will seem worthy of your love.

The outward shows of sky and earth, Of hill and valley, he has viewed; And impulses of deeper birth Have come to him in solitude.

In common things that round us lie Some random truths he can impart, The harvest of a quiet eye That broods and sleeps on his own heart.

But he is weak, both Man and Boy, Hath been an idler in the land; Contented if he might enjoy The things which others understand.

Come hither in thy hour of strength; Come, weak as is a breaking wave! Here stretch thy body at full length; Or build thy house upon this grave.

# CHARACTER

OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR.

Wио is the happy Warrior? Who is he Whom every Man in arms should wish to be? -It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought

Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought Upon the plan that pleased his childish thought;

Whose high endeavours are an inward light That make the path before him always bright;

Who, with a natural instinct to discern What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;

Abides by this resolve, and stops not there, But makes his moral being his prime care; Who, doom'd to go in company with Pain, And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train! Turns his necessity to glorious gain; In face of these doth exercise a power Which is our human nature's highest dower; Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves

Of their bad influence, and their good receives;

abate

Her feeling, render'd more compassionate; Is placable-because occasions rise So often that demand such sacrifice; More skilful in self-knowledge, even more

pure, As tempted more; more able to endure, As more exposed to suffering and distress; Thence, also, more alive to tenderness ;-'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends Upon that law as on the hest of friends; Whence, in a state where men are tempted still

To evil for a guard against worse ill, And what in quality or act is best Doth seldom on a right foundation rest, He fixes good on good alone, and owes To virtue every triumph that he knows;-Who, if he rise to station of command, Rises by open means; and there will stand On honourable terms, or else retire, And in himself possess his own desire; Who comprehends his trust, and to the same Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim; And therefore does not stoop, nor lie in wait For wealth, or honors, or for worldly state; Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,

Like showers of manna, if they come at all: Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,

Or mild concerns of ordinary life, A constant influence, a peculiar grace; But who, if he be called upon to face Some awful moment to which Heaven has join'd

Great issues, good or bad for human-kind, Is happy as a Lover; and attired With sudden brightness like a Man inspired; And through the heat of conflict keeps the law In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw; Or if an unexpected call succeed, Come when it will, is equal to the need ;-He who, though thus endued as with a sense And faculty for storm and turbulence, Is yet a Soul whose master-bias leans To home-felt pleasures and to gentle scenes; Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be, Are at his heart; and such fidelity It is his darling passion to approve; More brave for this, that he hath much to

love; 'Tis, finally, the Man, who, lifted high, Conspicuous object in a Nation's eye, Or left unthought-of in obscurity, Who, with a toward or untoward lot, Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not, Plays, in the many games of life, that one Where what he most doth value must be won; Whom neither shape of danger can dismay, Nor thought of tender happiness betray; Who, not content that former worth stand fast.

Looks forward, persevering to the last, From well to better, daily self-surpast;-

By objects, which might force the soul to | Who, whether praise of him must walk the carth

For ever, and to noble deeds give birth, Or He must go to dust without his fame, And leave a dead unprofitable name, Finds comfort in himself and in his cause; And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws

His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause; This is the happy Warrior; this is He Whom every Man in arms should wish to be.

The above Verses were written soon after tidings had been received of the death of Lord Nelson, which event directed the Author's thoughts to the subject. His respect for the memory of his great fellow-countryman induces him to mention this; though he is well aware that the Verses must suffer from any connection in the Reader's mind with a Name so illustrious.

# EXPOSTULATION AND REPLY.

"Wux, William, on that old gray stone, Thus for the length of half a day, Why, William, sit you thus alone, And dream your time away?

Where are your books? - that light bequeathed To beings else forlorn and blind! Up! up! and drink the spirit breathed From dead men to their kind.

You look round on your mother earth, As if she for no purpose bore you; As if you were her first-born birth, And none had lived before you!"

One morning thus, by Esthwaite-lake, When life was sweet, I knew not why, To me my good friend Matthew spake, And thus I made reply :

"The eye-it cannot choose but see; We cannot bid the car be still: Our bodies feel, where'er they be, Against, or with our will.

Nor less I deem that there are Powers Which of themselves our minds impress; That we can feed this mind of ours In a wise passiveness.

Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum Of things for ever speaking, That nothing of itself will come, But we must still be seeking?

Then ask not wherefore, here, alone, Conversing as I may, I sit upon this old gray stone, And dream my time away."

#### THE TABLES TURNED.

AN EVENING-SCENE, ON THE SAME SUBJECT.

Ur! up! my Friend, and clear your looks; Why all this toil and trouble? Up! up! my Friend, and quit your books, Or surely you'll grow double.

The Sun, above the mountain's head, A freshening lustre mellow Through all the long green fields has spread! His first sweet evening-yellow.

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife: Come, hear the woodland Linnet, How sweet his music! on my life There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the Throstle sings! He, too, is no mean preacher: Come forth into the light of things, Let Nature be your teacher.

He has a world of ready wealth, Our minds and hearts to bless— Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood May teach you more of man, Of moral evil and of good, Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the love which Nature brings; Our meddling intellect Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things; —We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art; Close up these barren leaves; Come forth, and bring with you a heart That watches and receives.

#### TO THE SPADE OF A FRIEND

(AN AGRICULTURIST)

Composed while we were labouring together in his pleasure-ground.

SPADE! with which Wilkinson hath tilled his Lands,

And shaped these pleasant walks by Emont's side,

Thou art a tool of honour in my hands; I press thee through the yielding soil with pride.

Rare Master has it been thy lot to know; Long hast Thon served a Man to reason true;

Whose life combines the best of high and low,
The toiling many and the resting few;

Health, quiet, meekness, ardour, hope secure, And industry of body and of mind; And elegant enjoyments, that are pure As Nature is;—too pure to be refined.

Here often hast Thou heard the Poet sing In concord with his River murmuring by; Or in some silent field, while timid Spring Is yet uncheer'd by other minstrelsy.

Who shall inherit Thee when Death hath

Low in the darksome Cell thine own dear Lord?

That Man will have a trophy, humble Spade! A trophy nobler than a Conqueror's sword.

If he be One that feels, with skill to part False praise from true, or greater from the less,

Thee will he welcome to his hand and heart, Thou monument of peaceful happiness!

With Thee he will not dread a toilsome day, His powerful Servant, his inspiring Mate! And, when thou art past service, worn away.

away,
Thee a surviving soul shall consecrate.

His thrift thy usefulness will never scorn; An Heir-loom in his cottage wilt thou be:— High will he hang thee up, and will adorn His rustic chimney with the last of Thee!

#### WRITTEN IN GERMANY,

ON ONE OF THE COLDEST DAYS OF THE CENTURY.

I must apprise the Reader that the stoves in North-Germany generally have the impression of a galloping horse upon them, this being part of the Brunswick Arms.

A ric for your languages, German and Norse! Let me have the song of the Kettle; And the tongs and the poker, instead of that Horse

That gallops away with such fury and force On this dreary dull plate of black metal.

Our earth is no doubt made of excellent stuff; But her pulses beat slower and slower: The weather in Forty was cutting and rough, And then, as Heaven knows, the Glass stood low enough; And now it is four degrees lower.

Here's a Fly, a disconsolate creature, -- perhaps A child of the field, or the grove! And, sorrow for him! this dull treacherous heat Has seduced the poor fool from his winterretreat, And he creeps to the edge of my stove.

Alas! How he fumbles about the domains Which this comfortless oven environ! He cannot find out in what track he must crawl. Now back to the tiles, and now back to the wall. And now on the brink of the iron.

Stock-still there he stands like a traveller bemazed; The best of his skill he has tried; His feelers methinks I can see him put To the East and the West, and the South and the North; But he finds neither Guide-post nor Guide.

See! his spindles sink under him, foot, leg and thigh; His eye-sight and hearing are lost; Between life and death his blood freezes and thaws And his two pretty pinions of blue dusky ganze Are glued to his sides by the frost.

No Brother, no Friend has he near himwhile I Can draw warmth from the cheek of my Love; As blest and as glad in this desolate gloom. As if green summer-grass were the floor of my room, And woodbines were hanging above.

Yet, God is my witness, thou small helpless Thing ! Thy life I would gladly sustain Till summer comes up from the South, and with crowds Of they brethren a march thou shouldst sound through the clouds, And back to the forests again.

#### LINES

WRITTEN AT A SMALL DISTANCE PROM MY HOUSE, AND SENT BY MY LITTLE BOY TO THE PERSON TO WHOM THEY ARE ADDRESSED.

It is the first mild day of March: Each minute sweeter than before, The Red-breast sings from the tall Larch That stands beside our door.

There is a blessing in the air, Which seems a sense of joy to yield To the bare trees, and mountains bare, And grass in the green field.

My Sister! ('tis a wish of mine) Now that our morning-meal is done, Make haste, your morning-task resign; Come forth and feel the sun.

Edward will come with you; and pray Put on with speed your woodland-dress; And bring no book, for this one day We'll give to idleness.

No joyless forms shall regulate Our living Calendar: We from to-day, my Friend, will date The opening of the year.

Love, now an universal birth, From heart to heart is stealing, From earth to man, from man to earth: -It is the hour of feeling.

One moment now may give us more Than fifty years of reason: Our minds shall drink at every pore The spirit of the season.

Some silent laws our hearts may make, Which they shall long obey: We for the year to come may take Our temper from to-day.

And from the blessed power that rolls About, below, above, We'll frame the measure of our souls: They shall be tuned to love.

Then come, my sister, come, I pray, With speed put on your woodland-dress; And bring no book: for this one day We'll give to idleness.

#### THE GLOW-WORM.

Among all lovely things my Love had been; Had noted well the stars, all flowers that grew About her home; but she had never seen A Glow-worm, never one, and this I knew. While riding near her home one stormy night | She hath neither wish nor heart, A single Glow-worm did I chance to espy; I gave a fervent welcome to the sight, And from my horse I leapt; great joy had I.

Upon a leaf the Glow-worm did I lay, To bear it with me through the stormy night: And, as before, it shone without dismay; Albeit putting forth a fainter light.

When to the dwelling of my Love I came, I went into the Orchard quietly; And left the Glow-worm, blessing it by name, Laid safely by itself, beneath a Tree.

The whole next day, I hoped, and hoped with fear; At night the Glow-worm shone beneath the Tree: I led my Lucy to the spot: Look here! Oh! joy it was for her, and joy for me!

## INCIDENT,

CHARACTERISTIC OF A FAVOURITE DOG, WHICH BELONGED TO A FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR.

On his morning-rounds the Master Goes to learn how all things fare; Searches pasture after pasture, Sheep and Cattle eyes with care; And, for silence or for talk, He hath Comrades in his walk; Four Dogs, each pair of different breed, Distinguished two for scent and two for speed.

See, a Hare before him started! Off they fly in earnest chace; Every Dog is eager-hearted, All the four are in the race! And the Hare whom they pursue Hath an instinct what to do; Her hope is near: no turn she makes; But, like an arrow, to the River takes.

Deep the River was, and crusted Thinly by a one-night's frost; But the nimble Hare hath trusted To the ice, and safely crost; She hath crost, and without heed All are following at full speed, When, lo! the ice, so thinly spread, Breaks—and the Greyhound, Darr, is over head!

Better fate have PRINCE and SWALLOW-See them cleaving to the sport! Music has no heart to follow, Little Music, she stops short.

Hers is now another part: A loving Creature she, and brave! And fondly strives her struggling Friend to save.

From the brink her paws she stretches, Very hands as you would say! And afflicting moans she fetches, As he breaks the ice away. For herself she hath no fears, Him alone she sees and hears, Makes efforts and complainings; nor gives o'er Until her Fellow sunk, and reappear'd no more.

#### TRIBUTE

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SAME DOG.

Lie here sequestered :- be this little mound For ever thine, and be it holy ground! Lie here, without a record of thy worth. Beneath the covering of the common earth! It is not from unwillingness to praise, Or want of love, that here no Stone we raise: More thou deserv'st; but this Man gives to Man. Brother to Brother, this is all we can. Yet they to whom thy virtues made thee dear Shall find thee through all changes of the year: This Oak points out thy grave; the silent Will gladly stand a monument of thee.

I prayed for thee, and that thy end were And willingly have laid thee here at last: For thou hadst lived, till every thing that cheers In thee had yielded to the weight of years; Extreme old age had wasted thee away, And left thee but a glimmering of the day; Thy cars were deaf; and feeble were thy knees,-I saw thee stagger in the summer-breeze, Too weak to stand against its sportive breath, And ready for the gentlest stroke of death. It came, and we were glad; yet tears were shed: Both Man and Woman wept when Thou wert dead : Not only for a thousand thoughts that were. Old household-thoughts, in which thou hadst thy share; But for some precious boons vouchsafed to thee. Found scarcely any where in like degree!

For love, that comes to all; the holy sense, From those abrupt and perilous rocks, Best gift of God, in thee was most intense; A chain of heart, a feeling of the mind, A tender sympathy, which did thee bind Not only to us Men, but to thy Kind: Yea, for thy Fellow-brutes in thee we saw The soul of Love, Love's intellectual law :-Hence, if we wept, it was not done in shame ; Our tears from passion and from reason came, And, therefore, shalt thou be an honoured name!

#### FIDELITY.

A BARKING sound the Shepherd hears, A cry as of a Dog or Fox; He halts, and searches with his eyes Among the scattered rocks: And now at distance can discern A stirring in a brake of fern; And instantly a Dog is seen Glancing from that covert green.

The Dog is not of mountain-breed; Its motions, too, are wild and shy; With something, as the Shepherd thinks, Unusual in its cry: Nor is there any one in sight All round, in Hollow or on Height; Nor shout, nor whistle strikes his ear; What is the Creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess, That keeps till June December's snow; A lofty precipice in front, A silent tarn below! Far in the bosom of Helvellyn, Remote from public road or dwelling, Pathway, or cultivated land, From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes does a leaping Fish Send through the tarn a lonely cheer; The Crags repeat the Raven's croak, In symphony austere; Thither the Rainbow comes—the Cloud— And Mists that spread the flying shroud; And Sun-beams; and the sounding blast, That, if it could, would hurry past, But that enormous Barrier binds it fast.

Not free from boding thoughts, awhile The Shepherd stood: then makes his way Towards the Dog, o'er rocks and stones, As quickly as he may; Nor far had gone before he found A human skeleton on the ground, The appaled discoverer with a sigh Looks round, to learn the history.

The Man had fallen, that place of fear! At length upon the Shepherd's mind It breaks, and all is clear: He instantly recalled the Name, And who he was, and whence he came: Remembered, too, the very day On which the Traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder, for whose sake This lamentable Tale I tell! A lasting monument of words This wonder merits well. The Dog, which still was hovering nigh, Repeating the same timid cry, This Dog had been through three months' space

A Dweller in that savage place.

Yes, proof was plain that since the day On which the Traveller thus had died The Dog had watched about the spot, Or by his Master's side: How nourished here through such long time HE knows, who gave that love sublime, And gave that strength of feeling, great Above all human estimate.

## ODE TO DUTY.

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God! O Duty! if that name thou love Who art a Light to guide, a Rod To check the erring, and reprove; Thou who art victory and law When empty terrors overawe; From vain temptations dost set free: And calmst the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye Be on them; who, in love and truth, Where no misgiving is, rely Upon the genial sense of youth: Glad Hearts! without reproach or blot; Who do thy work, and know it not: May joy be theirs while life shall last! And Thou, if they should totter, teach them to stand fast!

Serene will be our days and bright, And happy will our nature be, When love is an unerring light, And joy its own security. And blest are they who in the main This faith, even now, do entertain: Live in the spirit of this creed. Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried;
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
Full oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferred
The task imposed, from day to day,
But thee I now would serve more strictly,
if I may.

Though no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought,
Me this unchartered freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance-desires;
My hopes no more must change their name,
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we any thing so fair
As is the smile upon thy face;
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds;
And Fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens through Thee
are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy Bondman let
me live!

#### SIMON LEE

THE OLD HUNTSMAN.

In the sweet shire of Cardigan, Not far from the pleasant Ivor-hall, An Old Man dwells, a little man, I've heard he once was tall. Of years he has upon his back, No doubt, a burthen weighty; He says he is threee score and ten, But others say he's eighty.

A long blue livery-coat has he,
That's fair behind, and fair before;
Yet, meet him where you will, you see
At once that he is poor.
Full five-and-twenty years he lived
A running Huntsman merry;
And, though he has but one eye left,
His cheek is like a cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound, And no man was so full of glee; To say the least, four Counties round Had heard of Simon Lee; His Master's dead, and no one now Dwells in the hall of Ivor; Men, Dogs, and Horses, all are dead; He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick,
His dwindled body's half awry;
His ancles, too, are swoln and thick;
His legs are thin and dry.
When he was young he little knew
Of husbandry or tillage;
And now is forced to work, though weak,
—The weakest in the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the race was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

His hunting feats have him bereft
Of his right eye, as you may see:
And then, what limbs those feats have left
To poor old Simon Lee!
He has no son, he has no child
His Wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village Common.

Old Ruth works out of doors with him,
And does what Simon cannot do;
For she, not over stout of limb,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
Alas! 'tis very little, all
Which they can do between them.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay, Not twenty paces from the door, A scrap of land they have, but they Are poorest of the poor. This scrap of land he from the heath Enclosed when he was stronger; But what avails the land to them, Which they can till no longer?

Few months of life has he in store,
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ancles swell.
My gentle Reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And I'm afraid that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O Reader! had you in your mind Such stores as silent thought can bring, O gentle Reader! you would find A tale in every thing. What more I have to say is short, I hope you'll kindly take it: It is no tale; but, should you think, Perhaps a tale you'll make it

One summer-day I chanced to see This Old Man doing all he could To unearth the root of an old tree, A stump of rotten wood.

The mattock tottered in his hand; So vain was his endeavour That at the root of the old tree He might have worked for ever.

You're overtasked, good Simon Lee, Give me your tool,—to him I said; And at the word right gladly he Received my proffered aid. I struck, and with a single blow The tangled root I severed, At which the poor Old Man so long And vainly had endeavoured.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
And thanks and praises seemed to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
They never would have done.

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning.
Alas! the gratitude of men
Has oftener left me mourning.

### THE FARMER OF TILSBURY-VALE.

'Tis not for the unfeeling, the falsely refined, The squeamish in taste, and the narrow of mind.

And the small critic wielding his delicate pen, That I sing of old Adam, the pride of old men.

He dwells in the centre of London's wide

His staff is a sceptre—his gray hairs a crown; Erect as a sunflower he stands, and the streak,

Of the unfaded rose is expressed on his cheek.

'Mid the dews, in the sunshine of morn'mid the joy

Of the fields, he collected that bloom, when a boy; There fashioned that countenance, which, in

There fashioned that countenance, which, in spite of a stain That his life hath received, to the last will remain. A Farmer he was; and his house far and near Was the boast of the Country for excellent cheer:

How oft have I heard in sweet Tilsbury-Vale Of the silver-rimmed horn whence he dealt his good ale.

Yet Adam was far as the farthest from ruin, His fields seemed to know what their Master was doing;

And turnips, and corn-land, and meadow, and lea,

All caught the infection-as generous as he.

Yet Adam prized little the feast and the bowl.—

The fields better suited the case of his soul: He strayed through the fields like an indolent wight.

The quiet of nature was Adam's delight.

For Adam was simple in thought, and the

Familiar with him made an inn of his door; He gave them the best that he had; or to say What less may mislead you, they took it away.

Thus thirty smooth years did he drive on

The genius of plenty preserved him from harm:

At length, what to most is a season of sorrow, His means are run out,—he must beg or must borrow.

To the neighbours he went—all were free with their money; For his hive had so long been replenished

with honey
That they dreamt not of dearth—He continued his rounds,
Knocked here and knocked there, pounds still
adding to pounds.

He paid what he could of his ill-gotten pelf, And something, it might be, reserved for himself:

Then, (what is too true) without hinting a word.

Turned his back on the Country; and off like a Bird.

You lift up your eyes!—and I guess that you frame

A judgment too harsh of the sin and the shame;

In him it was scarcely a business of art, For this he did all in the case of his heart. To London—a sad emigration I ween— With his gray hairs he went from the brook and the green; And there, with small wealth but his legs and his hands, As lonely he stood as a Crow on the sands.

All trades, as needs was, did old Adam
assume,—
Served as Stable-boy, Errand-boy, Porter,
and Groom;
But nature is gracious, necessity kind,
And, in spite of the shame that may lurk
in his mind,

He seems ten birth-days younger, is green
and is stout;
Twice as fast as before does his blood run
about;
You would say that each hair of his beard
was alive,
And his fingers are busy as bees in a hive.

For he's not like an Old Man that leisurely goes
About work that he knows in a track that he knows;
But often his mind is compelled to demur,
And you guess that the more then his body must stir.

In the throng of the Town like a Stranger is he,
Like one whose own Country's far over the sea,
And Nature, while through the great City he hics,
Full ten times a day takes his heart by surprize.

This gives him the fancy of one that is young,

More of soul in his face than of words on his tongue;

Like a Maiden of twenty he trembles and sighs,

And tears of fifteen have come into his eyes.

What's a tempest to him or the dry parching heats?

Yet he watches the clouds that pass over the streets;

With a look of such earnestness often will stand

You might think he'd twelve Reapers at work in the Strand.

Where proud Covent-garden, in desolate hours Of snow and hoar-frost, spreads her fruits and her flowers,

Old Adam will smile at the pains that have made Poor Winter look fine in such strange masquerade.

'Mid coaches and chariots, a Waggon of Straw
Like a magnet the heart of old Adam can draw;
With a thousand soft pictures his memory will teem,
And his hearing is touched with the sounds of a dream.

Up the Hay-market-hill he oft whistles his way,
Thrusts his hands in the Waggon, and smells at the hay:
He thinks of the fields he so often hath mown,
And is happy as if the rich freight were his own.

But chiefly to Smithfield he loves to repair—

If you pass by at morning you'll meet with him there;

The breath of the Cows you may see him inhale,

And his heart all the while is in Tilsbury-Vale.

Now farewell, old Adam, when low thou art laid
May one blade of grass spring up over thy head;
And I hope that thy grave, wheresoever it be,
Will hear the wind sigh through the leaves of a tree.

# INSCRIPTION

FOR THE SPOT WHERE THE HERMITAGE STOOD ON ST. HERBERT'S ISLAND, DERWENT-WATER.

This Island, guarded from profane approach

By mountains high and waters widely spread,
Is that recess to which St. Herbert came
In life's decline; a self-secluded Man,
After long exercise in social cares
And offices humane, intent to adore
The Deity, with undistracted mind,
And meditate on everlasting things.

—Stranger! this shapeless heap of stones
and earth
(Long be its mossy covering undisturbed!)
Is reverenced as a vestige of the Abode

In which, through many seasons, from the Blank ocean and mere sky, support that world

Removed, and the affections of the world, He dwelt in solitude.-But he had left A Fellow-labourer, whom the good Man loved

As his own soul. And, when within his cave

Alone he knelt before the Crucifix While o'er the Lake the cataract of Lodore Pealed to his orisons, and when he paced Along the beach of his small isle and thought Of his Companion, he would pray that both (Now that their earthly duties were fulfill'd) Might die in the same moment. Nor in vain So prayed he: - as our Chronicles report, Though here the Hermit numbered his last day,

Far from St. Cuthbert his beloved Friend, Those holy Men both died in the same hour.

## THE POET'S LIFE.

I am not One who much or oft delight To season my fireside with personal talk,-Of Friends, who live within an easy walk, Or Neighbours, daily, weekly, in my sight: And, for my chance - acquaintance, Ladies bright.

Sons, Mothers, Maidens withering on the stalk.

These all wear out of me, like Forms, with chalk

Painted on rich men's floors, for one feastnight.

Better than such discourse doth silence long, Long, barren silence, square with my desire; To sit without emotion, hope, or aim, In the lov'd presence of my cottage-fire, And listen to the flapping of the flame, Or kettle, whispering its faint undersong. "Yet life," you say, "is life; we have seen

and see, And with a living pleasure we describe; And fits of sprightly malice do but bribe The languid mind into activity. Sound sense, and love itself, and mirth and

glee, Are fostered by the comment and the gibe!" Even be it so: yet still among your tribe, Our daily world's true Worldlings, rank

not me! Children are blest, and powerful; their world lies

More justly balanced; partly at their feet, And part far from them :- sweetest melodies Are those that are by distance made more sweet:

Whose mind is but the mind of his own eyes He is a Slave; the meanest we can meet!

Wings have we,-and as far as we can go We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood. To let slip upon buck or doc.

mood

Which with the lofty sanctifies the low: Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know.

Are a substantial world, both pure and good : Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,

Our pastime and our happiness will grow. There do I find a never-failing store Of personal themes, and such as I love best; Matter wherein right voluble I am: Two will I mention, dearer than the rest: The gentle Lady, married to the Moor; And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

Nor can I not believe but that hereby Great gains are mine: for thus I live remote

From evil-speaking; rancour, never sought, Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie. Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought:

And thus from day to day my little Boat Rocks in its harbour, lodging peaceably. Blessings be with them-and eternal praise, Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares, The Poets, who on earth have made us Heirs Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays! Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs.

Then gladly would I end my mortal days.

# THE FORCE OF PRAYER;

OR THE FOUNDING OF BOLTON-PRIORY.

"Wnar is good for a bootless bene?" With these dark words begins my Tale; And their meaning is: whence can comfort When Prayer is of no avail?

"What is good for a bootless bene?" The Falconer to the Lady said; And she made answer: "Endless Sorrow!" For she knew that her Son was dead.

She knew it by the Falconer's words, And from the look of the Falconer's eye, And from the love which was in her soul For her youthful Romilly.

-Young Romilly through Barden Woods Is ranging high and low; And holds a Greybound in a leash,

And the Pair have reached that fearful chasm, And the Lady prayed in heaviness How tempting to bestride! That looked not for relief; For lordly Wharf is there pent in With rocks on either side.

This Striding-place is called THE STRID, A name which it took of yore: A thousand years bath it borne that name And shall, a thousand more.

And hither is young Romilly come, And what may now forbid That he, perhaps for the hundredth time, Shall bound across THE STRID?

He sprang in glee,-for what cared he That the River was strong and the rocks were steep? -But the Greyhound in the leash hung back, And checked him in his leap.

The Boy is in the arms of Wharf,

And strangled by a merciless force; For never more was young Romilly seen Till he rose a lifeless Corse!

Now there is stillness in the Vale, And long unspeaking sorrow :--Wharf shall be to pitying hearts A name more sad than Yarrow.

If for a Lover the Lady wept, A solace she might borrow From death, and from the passion of death ;-Old Wharf might heal her sorrow.

She weeps not for the wedding-day Which was to be to-morrow: Her hope was a farther-looking hope, And hers is a Mother's Sorrow.

He was a Tree that stood alone, And proudly did its branches wave; And the Root of this delightful Tree Was in her Husband's grave!

Long, long in darkness did she sit, And her first words were: "Let there be In Bolton, on the field of Wharf, A stately Priory!"

The stately Priory was reared; And Wharf, as he moved along, To Matins joined a mournful voice, Nor failed at Even-song.

But slowly did her succour come, And a patience to her grief.

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart That shall lack a timely end, If but to God we turn, and ask Of Him to be our Friend!

#### INTIMATIONS

OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDROOD.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, The earth, and every common sight, To me did seem Apparell'd in celestial light.

The glory and the freshness of a dream. It is not now as it has been of yore;-Turn wheresoe'er I may,

By night or day, The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The Rainbow comes and goes, And lovely is the Rose, The Moon doth with delight Look round her when the heavens are bare:

Waters on a starry night Are beautiful and fair; The sunshine is a glorious birth; But yet I know, where'er I go, That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song. And while the young Lambs bound As to the tabor's sound, To me alone there came a thought of grief:

A timely utterance gave that thought relief. And I again am strong, The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the

steep,-No more shall grief of mine the season wrong ; I hear the Echoes through the mountains

The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,-

And all the earth is gay; Land and sea Give themselves up to jollity, And with the heart of May Doth every Beast keep holiday; Thou Child of Joy Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-Boy! Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call Ye to each other make; I see The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;

My heart is at your festival, My head hath it's coronal, The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.

Oh evil day! if I were sullen While the Earth herself is adorning, This sweet May-morning, And the Children are pulling, On every side,

In a thousand vallies far and wide, Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm.

And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm:

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!

—But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:

The Pansy at my feet

Doth the same tale repeat: Whither is fled the visionary gleam? Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting: The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star, Hath had elsewhere it's setting.

And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come

From God, who is our home: Heaven lies about us in our infancy! Shades of the prison-house begin to close

Upon the growing Boy, But He beholds the light, and whence it flows, He sees it in his joy;

The Youth, who daily farther from the East Must travel, still is Nature's Priest, And by the vision splendid

Is on his way attended; At length the Man perceives it die away, And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own; Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind, And, even with something of a Mother's mind, And no unworthy aim,

The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses, A four years' Darling of a pigmy size! See, where mid work of his own hand he lies, Fretted by sallies of his Mother's kisses, With light upon him from his Father's eyes! See, at his feet, some little plan or chart, Some fragment from his dream of human life, Shap'd by himself with newly-learned art;

A wedding or a festival, A mourning or a funeral; And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part,

Filling from time to time his humorous stage With all the Persons, down to palsied Age, That Life brings with her in her Equipage;

As if his whole vocation Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie Thy Soul's immensity;

Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind, That, deaf and silent, readst the eternal deep, Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—

Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;

To whom the grave
Is but a lonely bed without the sense or sight
Of day or the warm light.

A place of thought where we in waiting lie; Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might Of heaven-born freedom, on thy Being's height,

Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke

The Years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly
freight,

And custom lie upon thee with a weight, Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

> O joy! that in our embers Is something that doth live, That nature yet remembers What was so fugitive!

The thought of our past years in me doth breed

Perpetual benedictions: not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest;
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his

breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realiz'd,
High instincts, before which our mortal
Nature

Did tremble like a guilty Thing surpriz'd!

But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing;
Uphold us—cherish—, and have power to
make

Our noisy years seem moments in the being Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake, To perish never;

Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeayour,

Nor Man nor Boy, Nor all that is at enmity with joy, Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Can utterly abolish or destroy!

Hence, in a season of calm weather,

Though inland far we be,

Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea Which brought us hither;

Can in a moment travel thither,— And see the Children sport upon the shore, And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous

And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
Ve in thought will join your thron

We in thought will join your throng, Ye that pipe and ye that play, Ye that through your hearts to-day Feel the gladness of the May!

What though the radiance which was once so bright

Be now for ever taken from my sight, Though nothing can bring back the hour Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;

We will grieve not, rather find Strength in what remains behind, In the primal sympathy Which having been must ever be, In the soothing thoughts that spring Out of human suffering,

In the faith that looks through death, In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And oh ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,

Think not of any severing of our loves! Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might; I only have relinquished one delight To live beneath your more habitual sway. I love the Brooks which down their channels

Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;

The innocent brightness of a new-born Day Is lovely yet;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun Do take a sober colouring from an eye That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality; Another race hath been, and other palms are won.

Thanks to the human heart by which we live, Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears, To me the meanest flower that blows can give

Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

#### ODE

THE MORNING OF THE DAY APPOINTED FOR A GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

JANUARY 18, 1816.

HAIL, universal Source of pure delight!
Thou that canst shed the bliss of gratitude
On hearts howe'er insensible or rude,
Whether thy orient visitations smite
The haughty towers where monarchs dwell;
Or thou, impartial Sun, with presence bright
Cheerst the low threshold of the peasant's
cell!

—Not unrejoiced I see thee climb the sky In naked splendour, clear from mist or haze, Or cloud approaching to divert the rays, Which even in deepest winter testify

Thy power and majesty,
Dazzling the vision that presumes to gaze.
Well does thine aspect usher in this Day;
As aptly suits therewith that timid pace,
Framed in subjection to the chains
That bind thee to the path which God ordains

That thou shalt trace,
Till, with the heavens and earth, thou pass
away!

Nor less the stillness of these frosty plains, Their utter stillness,—and the silent grace Of you etherial summits white with snow, Whose tranquil pomp, and spotless purity,

Report of storms gone by
To us who tread below,
Do with the service of this Day accord.
—Divinest object, which the uplifted eye
Of mortal man is suffered to behold;
Thou, who upon you snow-clad heights hast
poured

Meek splendour, nor forgetst the humble vale,

Thou who dost warm Earth's universal mould,—

And for thy bounty wert not unadored By pious men of old;

Once more, heart-cheering Sun, I bid thee

Bright be thy course to-day, let not this promise fail!

'Mid the deep quiet of this morning-hour-All nature seems to hear me while I speak,— By feelings urged, that do not vainly seek Apt language, ready as the tuneful notes That stream in blithe succession from the throats Of birds in leafy bower,

Farbling a farewell to a vernal shower,
here is a radiant but a short-lived flame
hat burns for Poets in the dawning East;—
nd oft my soul hath kindled at the same,
fhen the captivity of sleep had ceased;
ut he who fixed immovably the frame
f the round world, and built, by laws as

A solid refuge for distress,
The towers of righteousness;
e knows that from a holier altar came
he quickening spark of this day's sacrifice;
nows that the source is nobler whence doth

The current of this matin-song; That deeper far it lies han aught dependant on the fickle skies.

ave wenot conquered?—By the vengeful sword? h no, by dint of Magnanimity; hat curbed the baser passions, and left free

loyal band to follow their liege Lord, lear-sighted Honour—and his staid Compeers,

long a track of most unnatural years, execution of heroic deeds; hose memory, spotless as the crystal beads f morning-dew upon the untrodden meads, hall live enrolled above the starry spheres. The to the murmur of an earthly string

Of Britain's acts would sing,
He with enraptured voice will tell
f One whose spirit no reverse could quelt;
f One that 'mid the failing never failed:
'ho paints how Britain struggled and prevailed.

of circumspect humanity;
Shall shew her clothed with strength and skill,

All martial duties to fulfil;
irm as a rock in stationary fight;
motion rapid as the lightning's gleam;
ierce as a flood-gate bursting in the night
o rouse the wicked from their giddy
dream—

oc, woe to all that face her in the field!

And thus is missed the sole true glory
That can belong to human story!
At which they only shall arrive
Who through the abyss of weakness
dive:

he very humblest are too proud of heart:
ad one brief day is rightly set apart
by Him who lifteth up and layeth low;
by that Almighty God to whom we owe,
by not that we have vanquished—but that
we survive.

How dreadful the dominion of the impure! Why should the song be tardy to proclaim That less than power unbounded could not tame

That Soul of Evil - which, from Hell let

loose, Had filled the astonished world with such abuse.

As boundless patience only could endure?

Wide-wasted regions—cities wrapped in

flame—

Who sees and feels, may lift a streaming eye To Heaven,—who never saw may heave a sigh;

But the foundation of our nature shakes, And with an infinite pain the spirit aches, When desolated countries, towns on fire,

Are but the avowed attire Of warfare waged with desperate mind Against the life of virtue in mankind;

Assaulting without ruth
The citadels of truth;
While the old forest of civility
Is doomed to perish, to the last fair tree.

A crouching purpose—a distracted will— Opposed to hopes that battened upon scorn, And to desires whose ever-waxing horn Not all the light of earthly power could fill; Opposed to dark, deep plots of patient skill, And the celerities of lawless force Which, spurning God, had flung away remorse—

What could they gain but shadows of redress?
—So bad proceeded propagating worse;
And discipline was passion's dire excess.
Widens the fatal web—its lines extend,
And deadlier poisons in the chalice blend—
When will your trials teach you to be wise?
—O prostrate Lands, consult your agonies!

No more—the guilt is banished, And with the Guilt the Shame is fled, And with the Guilt and Shame the Woe hath, vanished, Shaking the dust and ashes from her head! —No more, these lingerings of distress Sully the limpid stream of thankfulness.

What robe can gratitude employ
So seemly as the radiant vest of Joy?
What steps so suitable as those that move
In prompt obedience to spontaneous measures
Of glory—and felicity—and love,

Of glory—and felicity—and love, Surrendering the whole heart to sacred pleasures?

Land of our fathers! precious unto me Since the first joys of thinking infancy; When of thy gallant chivalry I read, And hugged the volume on my sleepless bed!

O England !- dearer far than life is dear, If I forget thy prowess, never more Be thy ungrateful son allowed to hear Thy green leaves rustle, or thy torrents roar!

But how can He be faithless to the past, Whose soul, intolerant of base decline, Saw in thy virtue a celestial sign, That bade him hope, and to his hope cleave fast!

The nations strove with puissance; - at length

Wide Europe heaved, impatient to be cast, With all her living strength,

With all her armed powers, Upon the offensive shores. The trumpet blew a universal blast! But thou art foremost in the field ;-there

stand: Receive the triumph destined to thy Hand! All States have glorified themselves ;- their claims

Are weighed by Providence, in balance even ; And now, in preference to the mightiest names.

To Thee the exterminating sword is given. Dread mark of approbation, justly gained! Exalted office, worthily sustained!

> Imagination, ne'er before content, But aye ascending, restless in her pride,

> From all that man's performance could present,

Stoops to that closing deed magnificent,

And with the embrace is satisfied. -Fly ministers of Fame,

Whate'er your means, whatever help ye claim,

Bear through the world these tidings of delight!

Hours, Days and Months, have born them in the sight

Of mortals, travelling faster than the shower, That landward stretches from the sea, The morning's splendors to devour; But this appearance scattered extasy, And heart-sick Europe blessed the healing

> The shock is given - the Adversaries bleed-

Lo. Justice triumphs ! Earth is freed! Such glad assurance suddenly went forth-It pierced the caverns of the sluggish North-

It found no barrier on the ridge Of Andes-frozen gulphs became its bridge-The vast Pacific gladdens with the freight-Upon the Lakes of Asia 'tis bestowed-The Arabian desert shapes a willing road

Across her burning breast. For this refreshing incense from the West! Where snakes and lions breed,

Where towns and cities thick as stars appear,

Wherever fruits are gathered, and where'er The upturned soil receives the hopeful seed-While the Sun rules, and cross the shades of night-

The unwearied arrow hath pursued its flight!

The eyes of good men thankfully give heed, And in its sparkling progress read How virtue triumphs, from her bondage freed!

Tyrants exult to hear of kingdoms won, And slaves are pleased to learn that mighty feats are done;

Even the proud realm, from whose distracted borders

This messenger of good was launched in air, France, conquered France, amid her wild disorders.

Feels, and hereafter shall the truth declare, That she too lacks not reason to rejoice, And utter England's name with sadlyplausive voice.

Preserve, O Lord! within our hearts The memory of thy favour, That else insensibly departs, And loses its sweet savour! Lodge it within us!-As the power of light Lives inexhaustibly in precious gems, Fixed on the front of Eastern diadems So shine our thankfulness for ever bright! What offering, what transcendant monument Shall our sincerity to Thee present? -Not works of hands; but trophies that

may reach, To highest Heaven-the labour of the soul: That builds, as thy unerring precepts teach, Upon the inward victories of each, Her hope of lasting glory for the whole.

-Yet might it well become that City now, Into whose breast the tides of grandeur flow, To whom all persecuted men retreat; If a new temple lifts its votive brow Upon the shore of silver Thames-to greet The peaceful guest advancing from afar? Bright be the distant fabric, as a star Fresh risen-and beautiful within! - there

meet Dependance infinite, proportion just; A pile that grace approves, and time can

But if the valiant of this land In reverential modesty demand, That all observance, due to them, be paid Where their serene progenitors are laid; Kings, warriors, high-souled poets, saint-

like sages. England's illustrious sons of long, long ages; Be it not unordained that solemn rites. Within the circuit of those Gothic walls, Shall be performed at pregnant intervals; Commemoration holy that unites The living generations with the dead;

By the deep soul-moving sense Of religious eloquence,-

By visual pomp, and by the fie Of sweet and threatening harmony; Soft notes, awful as the omen Of destructive tempests coming, And escaping from that sadness Into elevated gladness; While the white-rob'd choir attendant, Under mouldering banners pendant, Provoke all potent symphonies to raise Songs of victory and praise,

or them who bravely stood unhurt—or bled Vith medicable wounds, or found their graves Jpon the battle-field — or under Ocean's waves;

or were conducted home in single state, and long procession—there to lie, Where their sons' sons, and all posterity, Inheard by them, their deeds shall celebrate!

tor will the God of peace and love uch martial service disapprove. It guides the Pestilence—the cloud of locusts travels on his breath; The region that in hope was ploughed lis drought consumes, his mildew taints with death;

te springs the hushed Volcano's mine, fe puts the Earthquake on her still design, barkens the sun, hath bade the forest sink, and, drinking towns and cities, still can drink lities and towns—'tis Thou—the work is Thine!

-The fierce Tornado sleeps within thy courts-

He hears the word—he flies—
And navies perish in their ports;
'or Thou art angry with thine enemies!
For these, and for our errors,
And sins that point their terrors,

And sins that point their terrors, Ve bow our heads before Thee, and we laud

nd magnify Thy name, Almighty God! out thy most dreaded instrument, n working out a pure intent, Man—arrayed for mutual slaughter,—

Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!
'hou cloth'st the wicked in their dazzling

mail,
and by thy just permission they prevail;
hine arm from peril guards the coasts
of them who in thy laws delight:
'hy presence turns the scale of doubtful
fight,
'remendous God of battles, Lord of Hosts!

To THEE—To THEE—
In this appointed Day all thanks ascend,
That thou hast brought our warfare to an
end,

nd that we need no further victory!
[a! what a ghastly sight for man to see;
and to the heavenly saints in peace who
dwell,

For a brief moment, terrible;
But to thy sovereign penetration fair,
Before whom all things are, that were,
All judgments that have been, or e'ershall be,
Links in the chain of thy tranquillity!
Along the bosom of this favoured nation,
Breathe thou, this day, a vital undulation!
Let all who do this land inherit
Be conscious of Thy moving spirit!
Oh, 'tis a goodly Ordinance,—the sight,
Though sprung from bleeding war, is one
of pure delight;

Bless thou the hour, or ere the hour arrive, When a whole people shall kneel down in prayer,

And, at one moment, in one spirit, strive With lip and heart to tell their gratitude

For thy protecting care, Their solemn joy—praising the Eternal Lord For tyranny subdued,

And for the sway of equity renewed, For liberty confirmed, and peace restored!

But hark—the summons!—down the placid Lake

Floats the soft cadence of the Church-towerbells;

Bright shines the Sun, as if his beams might wake

The tender insects sleeping in their cells; Bright shines the Sun — and not a breeze to shake

The drops that point the melting icicles:—
O! enter now his temple-gate!
Inviting words—perchance already flung,
(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring
blast.

And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast Towards the empyreal Heaven,

As if the fretted roof were riven.
Us, humbler ceremonies now await;
But in the bosom, with devout respect,
The banner of our joy we will erect,
And strength of love our souls shall elevate:
For to a few collected in his name
Their heavenly Father will incline his ear,
Hallowing himself the service which they
frame;—

Awake! the majesty of God revere! Go—and with foreheads meekly bowed Present your prayers — go — and rejoice aloud—

The Holy One will hear!

And what 'mid silence deep, with faith sincere,

Ye, in your low and undisturbed estate, Shall simply feel and purely meditate Of warnings—from the unprecedented might, Which, in our time, the impious have dis-

closed;
And of more arduous duties thence imposed
Upon the future advocates of right;

Of mysteries revealed,
And judgments unrepealed,—
Of earthly revolution,
And final retribution,—
To his omniscience will appear
An offering not unworthy to find place,
On this high Day of Thanks, before the
Throne of Grace!

#### LINES

#### WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING.

I HEARD a thousand blended notes, While in a grove I sate reclined, In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link The human soul that through me ran; And much it grieved my heart to think What man has made of man.

Through primrose-tufts, in that sweet bower, The periwinkle trailed its wreaths; And 'tis my faith that every flower Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played: Their thoughts I cannot measure:— But the least motion which they made, It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan, To catch the breezy air; And I must think, do all I can, That there was pleasure there.

If I these thoughts may not prevent, If such be of my creed the plan, Have I not reason to lament What man has made of man?

### COMPOSED

IN RECOLLECTION OF THE EXPEDITION OF THE FRENCH INTO BUSSIA.

Humanity, delighting to behold A fond reflexion of her own decay, Hath painted Winter like a shrunken, old, And close-wrapt Traveller — through the weary day—

Propped on a staff, and limping o'er the plain,

As though his weakness were disturbed by pain; Or, if a juster fancy should allow

Or, if a juster fancy should allow
An undisputed symbol of command,
The chosen sceptre is a withered bough,

Infirmly grasped within a palsicd hand.
These emblems suit the helpless and forlorn;
But mighty Winter the device shall scorn.
For he it was—dread Winter!—who beset
Flinging round van and rear his ghastly net.
That host, — when from the regions of the

They shrunk, insane ambition's barren goal, That host—as huge and strong as e'er defied Their God, and placed their trust in human pride!

As Fathers persecute rebellious sons, He smote the blossoms of their warrior youth; He called on Frost's inexorable tooth Life to consume in manhood's firmest hold; Nor spared the reverend blood that feebly

For why, unless for liberty enrolled And sacred home, ah! why should hoary age be bold?—

Fleet the Tartar's reinless steed,— But fleeter far the pinions of the Wind, Which from Siberian caves the monarch freed.

And sent him forth, with squadrons of his kind,

And bade the Snow their ample backs bestride.

And to the battle ride;—
No pitying voice commands a halt—
No courage can repel the dire assault,—
Distracted, spiritless, benumbed and blind,
Whole legions sink—and, in one instant, find
Burial and death: look for them—and descry,
When morn returns, beneath the clear blue
sky,

A soundless waste, a trackless vacancy.

#### ELEGIAC STANZAS,

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE OF PEELE-CASTLE, IN A STORM, PAINTED BY SIR GEORGE BEAUMONT.

I was thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile! Four summer-weeks I dwelt in sight of thee: I saw thee every day; and all the while. Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air! So like, so very like, was day to day! Whene'er I look'd, thy Image still was there; It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! it seem'd no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:

I could have fancied that the mighty Deep Was even the gentlest of all gentle Things. hand.

To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,

The light that never was, on sea or land, The consecration, and the Poet's dream;

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile! Amid a world how different from this! Beside a sea that could not cease to smile; On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss:

Thou shouldst have seem'd a treasure-house,

Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven: Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine The very sweetest had to thee been given.

A Picture had it been of lasting case, Elysian quiet, without toil or strife; No motion but the moving tide, a breeze, Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart, Such Picture would I at that time have made:

And seen the soul of truth in every part; A faith, a trust, that could not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,-'tis so no more; I have submitted to a new control: A power is gone, which nothing can restore; A deep distress hath humaniz'd my Soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold A smiling sea and be what I have been: The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old; This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend, If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore, This work of thine I blame not, but commend; This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

Oh 'tis a passionate work! - yet wise and well; Well chosen is the spirit that is here; That hulk which labours in the deadly swell, This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime, I love to see the look with which it braves, Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time, The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the Heart that lives alone, Hous'd in a dream, at distance from the Kind! Such happiness, wherever it be known, Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

Ah! THEN, if mine had been the Painter's But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer, And frequent sights of what is to be born! Such sights, or worse, as are before me here .-

Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

#### LINES.

composed at Grasher, during a walk, one even-ing, after a stormy day, the Author having just read in a newspaper that the dissolution of Mr. Fox was hourly expected.

Love is the Vale! the Voice is up With which she speaks when storms are

gone, A mighty Unison of streams! Of all her Voices, One.

Loud is the Vale; - this inland Depth In peace is roaring like the Sea; Yon Star upon the mountain-top Is listening quietly.

Sad was I, ev'n to pain depress'd, Importunate and heavy load! The Comforter hath found me here, Upon this lonely road;

And many thousands now are sad, Wait the fulfilment of their fear ; For He must die who is their Stay, Their Glory disappear.

A Power is passing from the earth To breathless Nature's dark abyss; But when the Mighty pass away What is it more than this:

That Man, who is from God sent forth, Doth yet again to God return ?-Such ebb and flow must ever be, Then wherefore should we mourn?

#### ADDRESSED TO-

ON THE LONGEST DAY.

LET us quit the leafy arbour, And the torrent murmuring by; Sol has dropped into his harbour, Weary of the open sky.

Evening now unbinds the fetters Fashioned by the glowing light; All that breathe are thankful debtors To the harbinger of night.

Yet by some grave thoughts attended Eve renews her calm career; For the day that now is ended, Is the Longest of the Year.

Laura! sport, as now thou sportest, On this platform, light and free, Take thy bliss, while longest, shortest, Are indifferent to thee!

Who would check the happy feeling That inspires the linnet's song? Who would stop the swallow wheeling On her pinions swift and strong?

Yet, at this impressive season, Words, which tenderness can speak From the truths of homely reason, Might exalt the loveliest cheek;

And, while shades to shades succeeding Steal the landscape from the sight, I would urge this moral pleading, Last forcrunner of "Good night!"

SUMMER ebbs;—each day that follows Is a reflux from on high, Tending to the darksome hollows Where the frosts of winter lie.

He who governs the creation, In his providence assigned Such a gradual declination To the life of humankind.

Yet we mark it not;—fruits redden, Fresh flowers blow as flowers have blown, And the heart is loth to deaden Hopes that she so long hath known.

Be thou wiser, youthful Maiden! And, when thy decline shall come, Let not flowers, or boughs fruit-laden, Hide the knowledge of thy doom.

Now, even now, ere wrapped in slumber, Fix thine eyes upon the sea That absorbs time, space, and number, Look towards Eternity!

Follow thou the flowing River On whose breast are thither borne All Deceiv'd, and each Deceiver, Through the gates of night and morn;

Through the years' successive portals; Through the bounds which many a star Marks, not mindless of frail mortals When his light returns from far.

Thus, when Thou with Time hast travell'd Tow'rds the mighty galph of things, And the mazy Stream unravell'd With thy best imaginings; Tkink, if thou on beauty leanest, Think how pitiful that stay, Did not virtue give the meanest Charms superior to decay.

Duty, like a strict preceptor, Sometimes frowns, or seems to frown; Choose her thistle for thy sceptre, While thy brow youth's roses crown.

Grasp it,—if thou shrink and tremble, Fairest Damsel of the green! Thou wilt lack the only symbol That proclaims a genuine Queen;

And ensures those palms of honour Which selected spirits wear, Bending low before the Donor, Lord of Heaven's unchanging Year!

### LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,

ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

SMILE of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From Her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven—alas, I may not trust thy placid cheer! Pondering that Time to-night will pass The threshold of another year; For years to me are sad and dull; My very moments are too full Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproach'd by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

To-night, the church-tower-bells shall ring. Through these wide realms, a festive peal; To the new year a welcoming; A tuncful offering for the weal Of happy millions lulled in sleep; While I am forced to watch and weep, By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised Still higher—to be cast thus low: Would that mine eyes had never gaz'd On aught of more ambitious show Than the sweet flow'rets of the fields!—It is my royal state that yields This bitterness of woe.

Yet how?—for I, if there be truth In the world's voice, was passing fair; And beauty, for confiding youth, Those shocks of passion can prepare That kill the bloom before its time, And blanch, without the Owner's crime, The most resplendent hair.

Unblest distinctions! showered on me To bind a lingering life in chains; All that could quit my grasp, or flee, Is gone;—but not the subtle stains Fixed in the spirit;—for even here Can I be proud that jealous fear Of what I was remains.

A woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me—doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feelst for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
O keep them innocent!

Farewell for ever human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport,
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year, Sounded by the castle-clock!— From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear Stole forth, unsettled by the shock; But oft the woods renewed their green, Ere the tir'd head of Scotland's Queen Repos'd upon the block!

#### SONG FOR THE SPINNING-WHEEL.

FOUNDED UPON A BELIEF PREVALENT AMONG THE PASTORAL VALES OF WESTMORELAND.

Swipply turn the murmuring wheel!
Night has brought the welcome hour,
When the weary fingers feel
Help, as if from fairy-power;
Dewy night o'ershades the ground;
Turn the swift wheel round and round!

Now, beneath the starry sky, Rest the widely-scatter'd sheep;— Ply, the pleasant labour, ply!— For the spindle, while they sleep, With a motion smooth and fine Gathers up a trustier line. Short-liv'd likings may be bred By a glance from fickle eyes; But true love is like the thread Which the kindly wool supplies, When the flocks are all at rest, Sleeping on the mountain's breast.

# SEPTEMBER,

1819.

The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields
Are hung, as if with golden shields,
Bright trophies of the sun!
Like a fair sister of the sky,
Unruffled doth the blue Lake lie,
The Mountains looking on.

And, sooth to say, yon vocal Grove Albeit uninspired by love, By love untaught to ring, May well afford to mortal ear An impulse more profoundly dear Than music of the Spring.

For that from turbulence and heat Proceeds, from some uneasy seat In Nature's struggling frame, Some region of impatient life; And jealonsy, and quivering strife, Therein a portion claim.

This, this is holy;—while I hear These vespers of another year, This hymn of thanks and praise, My spirit seems to mount above The anxieties of human love, And earth's precarious days.

But list'—though winter-sto ms be nigh, Unchecked is that soft harmony: There lives Who can provide For all his creatures; and in Him, Even like the radiant Seraphim, These Choristers confide.

#### UPON THE SAME OCCASION.

DEPARTING Summer hath assumed An aspect tenderly illumed, The gentlest look of Spring: That calls from yonder leafy shade Unfaded, yet prepared to fade, A timely caroling.

No faint and hesitating trill, Such tribute as to Winter chill The lonely red-breast pays! Clear, loud, and lively is the din, From social warblers gathering in Their harvest of sweet lays. Nor doth the example fail to cheer Me conscious that my leaf is sear, And yellow on the bough:— Fall, rosy garlands, from my head! Ye myrtle-wreaths, your fragrance shed Around a younger brow!

Yet will I temperately rejoice; Wide is the range, and free the choice Of undiscordant themes; Which, haply, kindred souls may prize Not less than vernal extacles, And passion's feverish dreams.

For deathless powers to verse belong, And they like Demi-gods are strong On whom the Mases smile; But some their function have disclaimed, Best pleased with what is aptliest framed To enervate and defile.

Not such the initiatory strains Committed to the silent plains In Britain's earliest dawn; Trembled the groves, the stars grew pale, While all-too-daringly the veil Of Nature was withdrawn!

Nor such the spirit-stirring note When the live chords Alexus smote, Inflamed by sense of wrong; Woe! woe to Tyrants! from the lyre Broke threateningly, in sparkles dire Of fierce vindictive song.

And not unhallow'd was the page By winged Love inscrib'd, to assuage The pangs of vain pursuit; Love listening while the Lesbian Maid With passion's finest finger swayed Her own Acolian lute.

O ye who patiently explore The wreck of Herculanean lore, What rapture could ye seize Some Theban fragment, or unroll One precious, tender-hearted scroll Of pure Simonides!

That were, indeed, a genuine birth Of poesy; a bursting forth Of Genius from the dust: What Horace boasted to behold, What Maro loved, shall we enfold? Can haughty Time be just!

### TO MY DAUGHTER.

"A LITTLE onward lend thy guiding hand To these dark steps, a little further on!" —What trick of memory to my voice hath brought, This mournful iteration? For though Time,

The Conqueror, crowns the Conquer'd, on this brow Planting his favourite silver diadem, Nor he, nor minister of his intent To run before him, hath enrolled me yet, Though not unmenaced, among those who

Upon a living staff, with borrowed sight.

O my Antigone, beloved child!

Should that day come—but hark! the birds
salute

The cheerful dawn brightening for me the east;

For me, thy natural Leader, once again Impatient to conduct thee, not as erst A tottering Infant, with compliant stoop From flower to flower supported; but to curb

Thy nymph-like step swift-bounding o'er the lawn,

Along the loose rocks, or the slippery verge Of foaming torrents. — From thy orisons Come forth; and, while the morning-air

Transparent as the soul of innocent youth, Let me, thy happy Guide, now point thy way, And now precede thee, winding to and fro, Till we by perseverance gain the top Of some smooth ridge, whose brink precipitous

Kindles intense desire for powers withheld From this corporeal frame; whereon who stands,

Is seized with strong incitement to push forth His arms, as swimmers use, and plunge dread thought!

For pastime plunge — into the abrupt abyss,

Where Ravens spread their plumy vans, at ease!

And yet more gladly thee would I conduct Through woods and spacious forests,—to behold

There, how the Original of human art, Heaven-prompted Nature, measures and erects

Her temples, fearless for the stately work, Though waves in every breeze its higharched root,

And storms the pillars rock. But we such schools

Of reverential awe will chiefly seek
In the still summer-noon, while beams of
light,

Reposing here, and in the aisles beyond Traceably gliding through the dusk, recall To mind the living presences of nuns; A gentle, pensive, white-robed sisterhood, Whose saintly radiance mitigates the gloom Of those terrestrial fabrics, where they serve, To Christ, the Sun of Rightcousness,

cspoused.

Re-open now thy everlasting gates.

Thou Fane of holy writ! Ye classic Domes.

To these glad orbs from darksome bondage freed.

Unfold again your portals! Passage lies Through you to heights more glorious still, and shades

More awful, where this Darling of my care, Advancing with me hand in hand, may learn Without forsaking a too earnest world, To calm the affections, elevate the soul, And consecrate her life to truth and love.

#### RIVER DUDDON.

#### A SERIES OF XXXIII SONNETS.

The River Duddon rises upon Wrynose Fell, on the confines of Westmoreland, Cumberland, and Laneashire; and, serving as a boundary to the two latter counties, for the space of about twenty-five miles, enters the Irish sea, between the Isle of Walney and the lordship of Millum.

Nor envying shades which haply yet may

A grateful coolness round that rocky spring, Bandusia, once responsive to the string Of the Horatian lyre with babbling flow; Careless of flowers that in perennial blow Round the moist marge of Persian fountains cling;

Heedless of Alpine torrents thundering Through icy portals radiant as heaven's bow; I seek the birth-place of a native Stream .-All hail ye mountains, hail thou morninglight!

Better to breathe upon this acry height Than pass in needless sleep from dream to dream:

Pure flow the verse, pure, vigorous, free, and bright.

For Duddon, long lov'd Duddon, is my theme!

### 11.

Child of the clouds! remote from every taint | Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that Of sordid industry thy lot is cast; Thine are the honors of the lofty waste; Not seldom, when with heat the valleys faint,

Thy hand-maid Frost with spangled tissue quaint

Thy cradle decks ;- to chaunt thy birth, thou hast

No meaner Poet than the whistling Blast, And Desolation is thy Patron-saint! She guards thee, ruthless Power! who

would not spare Those mighty forests, once the bison's screen, Where stalk'd the huge deer to his shaggy

lair Through paths and alleys roofed with sombre green,

Thousands of years before the silent air Was pierced by whizzing shaft of hunter keen! On infant bosoms lonely Nature lies.

#### III.

How shall I paint thee ?- Be this naked stone My seat while I give way to such intent; Pleased could my verse, a speaking monument.

Make to the eyes of men thy features known. But as of all those tripping lambs not one Outruns his fellows, so hath nature lent To thy beginning nought that doth present Peculiar grounds for hope to build upon. To dignify the spot that gives thee birth, No sign of hoar Antiquity's esteem Appears, and none of modern Fortune's care; Yet thou thyself hast round thee shed a gleam

Of brilliant moss, instinct with freshness rare;

Prompt offering to thy Foster-mother, Earth!

TAKE, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take This parting glance, no negligent adieu! A Protean change seems wrought while I

pursue The curves, a loosely-scattered chain doth make;

Or rather thou appearst a glistering snake, Silent, and to the gazer's eye untrue,

Thridding with sinuous lapse the rushes, through

Dwarf willows gliding, and by ferny brake. Starts from a dizzy steep the undaunted Rill Rob'd instantly in garb of snow-white foam; And laughing dares the Adventurer, who hath clomb

So high, a rival purpose to fulfil; Else let the Dastard backward wend, and roam.

Seeking less bold achievement, where he will!

play'd

With thy clear voice, I caught the fitful sound

Wafted o'er sullen moss and craggy mound. Unfruitful solitudes, that seem'd to upbraid The sun in heaven!-but now, to form a shade

For Thee, green alders have together wound Their foliage; ashes flung their arms around; And birch-trees risen in silver colonnade. And thou hast also tempted here to risc. 'Mid sheltering pines, this Cottage rude and

Whose ruddy children, by the mother's eyes Carclessly watch'd, sport through the summer-day,

Thy pleas'd associates :- light as endless May

#### VI.

Ene yet our course was graced with social trees
It lacked not old remains of hawthorn-

bowers,
Where small birds warbled to their para-

And, earlier still, was heard the hum of bees;

I saw them ply their harmless robberies,
And caught the fragrance which the sundry
flowers,

Fed by the stream with soft perpetual showers,

Plenteously yielded to the vagrant breeze. There bloomed the strawberry of the wilderness;

The trembling eye-bright showed her sapphire blue,

The thyme her purple like the blush of even;

And, if the breath of some to no caress Invited, forth they peeped so fair to view, All kinds alike seemed favourites of Heaven.

#### VII.

"CHANGE me, some God, into that breathing rose!"

The love-sick Stripling fancifully sighs,
The envied flower beholding, as it lies
On Laura's breast, in exquisite repose;
Or he would pass into her Bird, that throws
The darts of song from out its wiry cage;
Enraptured,—could he for himself engage
The thousandth part of what the Nymph
bestows.

And what the little careless Innocent Ungraciously receives. Too daring choice! There are whose calmer mind it would content

To be an unculled flow'ret of the glen, Fearless of plough and scythe; or darkling wren.

That tunes on Duddon's banks her slender voice.

#### VIII.

What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled.

First of his tribe, to this dark dell—who first In this pellucid Current slaked his thirst? What hopes came with him? what designs were spread

Along his path? His unprotected bed What dreams encompass'd? Was the Intruder nurs'd

In hideous usages, and rites accurs'd,
That thinned the living and disturbed the
dead?

No voice replies;—the earth, the air is mute; And Thou, blue Streamlet, murmuring yieldst no more

Than a soft record that whatever fruit Of ignorance thou mightst witness heretofore.

Thy function was to heal and to restore, To soothe and cleanse, not madden and pollute!

#### IX

THE struggling Rill insensibly is grown Into a Brook of loud and stately march, Cross'd ever and anon by plank and arch; And, for like use, lo! what might seem a

Chosen for ornament; stone match'd with

In studied symmetry, with interspace For the clear waters to pursue their race Without restraint.—How swiftly have they flown!

Succeeding - still succeeding! Here the

Puts, when the high-swoln Flood runs fierce and wild,

His budding courage to the proof;—and here Declining Manhood learns to note the sly And sure encroachments of infirmity, Thinking how fast time runs, life's end how near!

#### Х.

Nor so that Pair whose youthful spirits

With prompt emotion, urging them to pass; A sweet confusion checks the Shepherd-lass; Blushing she eyes the dizzy flood askance,—To stop ashamed—too timid to advance; She ventures once again—another pause! His outstretch'd hand He tauntingly withdraws—

She sues for help with pitcous utterance!
Chidden she chides again; the thrilling touch
Both feel when he renews the wish'd-for aid:
Ah! if their fluttering hearts should stir too
much.

Should beat too strongly, both may be betrayed.

The frolic Loves who, from you high rock, see

The struggle, clap their wings for victory!

#### XI.

No fiction was it of the antique age: A sky-blue stone, within this sunless cleft, Is of the very foot-marks unbereft Which tiny Elves impress'd; — on that smooth stage

Dancing with all their brilliant equipage In secret revels—haply after theft Of some sweet babe, flower stolen, and coarse weed left.

For the distracted mother to assuage

oh where

Is traceable a vestige of the notes That ruled those dances, wild in character? -Deep underground ?- Or in the upper air, On the shrill wind of midnight? or where floats

O'er twilight-fields the autumnal gossamer?

#### XII.

On, loitering Muse! - The swift Stream chides us-on! Albeit his deep-worn channel doth immure Objects immense, portray'd in miniature, Wild shapes for many a strange comparison! Niagaras, Alpine-passes, and anon Abodes of Naïads, calm abysses pure, Bright liquid mansions, fashion'd to endure When the broad Oak drops, a leafless skeleton, And the solidities of mortal pride, Palace and Tower, are crumbled into dust! The Bard who walks with Duddon for his guide, Shall find such toys of Fancy thickly set:-Turn from the sight, enamour'd Muse-we

must; Leave them-and, if thou canst, without

regret!

#### XIII.

Ham to the fields-with Dwellings sprinkled And one small Hamlet, under a green hill,

Cluster'd with barn and byer, and spouting mill!

A glance suffices, -should we wish for more, Gay June would scorn us ;- but when bleak winds roar

Through the stiff lance-like shoots of pollard ash.

Dread swell of sound! loud as the gusts that lash

The matted forests of Ontario's shore By wasteful steel unsmitten, then would I Turn into port,-and, reckless of the gale, Reckless of angry Duddon sweeping by, While the warm hearth exalts the mantling

Laugh with the generous household heartily, At all the merry pranks of Donnerdale!

## XIV.

O Mountain-Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot Are privileged Inmates of deep solitude; Nor would the nicest Anchorite exclude A field or two of brighter green, or plot Of tillage-ground, that seemeth like a spot Of stationary sunshine:-thou hast view'd These only, Duddon! with their paths renew'd

Her grief with, as she might !- But, where, By fits and starts, yet this contents thee not. Thee hath some awful Spirit impelled to leave,

Utterly to desert, the haunts of men. Though simple thy companions were and few; And through this wilderness a passage cleave Attended but by thy own voice, save when The Clouds and Fowls of the air thy way pursue!

### XV.

FROM this deep chasm-where quivering sun-beams play Upon its loftiest crags-mine eyes behold A gloomy Niche, capacious, blank, and cold; A concave free from shrubs and mosses gray; In semblance fresh, as if, with dire affray, Some Statue, placed amid these regions old For tutelary service, thence had rolled, Startling the flight of timid Yesterday! Was it by mortals sculptur'd-weary slaves Of slow endeavour! or abruptly cast Into rude shape by fire, with roaring blast Tempestuously let loose from central caves? Or fashioned by the turbulence of waves, Then, when o'er highest hills the Deluge past?

### XVI.

Such fruitless questions may not long beguile Or plague the fancy, 'mid the sculptured

Conspicuous yet where Oroonoko flows; There would the Indian answer with a smile Aim'd at the White Man's ignorance, the while

Of the GREAT WATERS telling, how they rose, Covered the plains, and wandering where they chose

Mounted through every intricate defile, Triumphant.-Inundation wide and deep, O'er which his Fathers urged, to ridge and steep

Else unapproachable, their buoyant way; And carved, on mural cliff's undreaded side, Sun, moon, and stars, and beast of chase or

Whate'er they sought, shunn'd, loved, or deified!

#### XVII.

A DARK plume fetch me from you blasted Vew

Perched on whose top the Danish Raven croaks;

Aloft, the imperial Bird of Rome invokes Departed ages, shedding where he flew Loose fragments of wild wailing that bestrew The clouds, and thrill the chambers of the rocks,

And into silence hush the timorous flocks,

That slept so calmly while the nightly dew Moisten'd each fleece, beneath the twinkling stars:

These couch'd 'mid that lone Camp on Hardknot's height,

Whose Guardians bent the knee to Jove and

These near that mystic Round of Druid frame, Tardily sinking by its proper weight Deep into patient Earth, from whose smooth breast it came!

#### XVIII.

SACRED Religion, mother of form and fear, Dread Arbitress of mutable respect, New rites ordaining when the old are wreck'd.

Or cease to please the fickle worshipper; If one strong wish may be embosomed here, Mother of Love! for this deep vale, protect Truth's holy lamp, pure source of bright effect.

Gifted to purge the vapoury atmosphere. That seeks to stifle it;—as in those days. When this low Pile a Gospel-Teacher knew, Whose good works formed an endless retinue: Such Priest as Chaucer sang in fervent lays; Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;

And tender Goldsmith crown'd with deathless praise!

#### XIX.

My frame hath often trembled with delight When hope presented some far-distant good, That seemed from heaven descending, like the flood

Of yon pure waters, from their aery height, Hurrying with lordly Duddon to unite; Who, 'mid a world of images imprest On the calm depth of his transparent breast, Appears to cherish most that Torrent white, The fairest, softest, liveliest of them all! And seldom hath ear listen'd to a tune More lulling than the busy hum of Noon, Swoln by that voice—whose murmur musical Announces to the thirsty fields a hoon Dewy and fresh, till showers again shall fall.

#### XX.

The old inventive Poets, had they seen, Or rather felt, the entrancement that detains Thy waters, Duddon! 'mid these flow'ry plains,

plains,
The still repose, the liquid lapse screne,
Transferr'd to bowers imperishably green,
Had beautified Elysium! But these chains
Will soon be broken;—a rough course
remains.

Bough as the past; where Thou, of placid

Innocuous as a firstling of a flock, And countenanced like a soft cernlean sky, Shalt change thy temper; and, with many a shock

Given and received in mutual jeopardy, Dance like a Bacchanal from rock to rock, Tossing her frantic thyrsus wide and high!

#### XXI.

Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart, That told of days long past when here I

With friends and kindred tenderly beloved; Some who had early mandates to depart. Yet are allowed to steal my path athwart By Duddon's side; once more do we unite, Once more beneath the kind Earth's tranquil

light;
And smother'd joys into new being start.
From her unworthy seat, the cloudy stall
Of Time, breaks forth triumphant Memory;
Her glistening tresses bound, yet light and
free

As golden locks of birch, that rise and fall On gales that breathe too gently to recal Aught of the fading year's inclemency!

#### XXII.

A LOVE-LORN Maid, at some far-distant time, Came to this hidden pool, whose depths surpass

In crystal clearness Dian's looking-glass; And, gazing, saw that rose, which from the prime

Derives its name, reflected as the chime Of echo doth reverberate some sweet sound: The starry treasure from the blue profound She long'd to ravish;—shall she plunge, or climb

The humid precipice, and seize the guest Of April, smiling high in upper air? Desperate alternative! what fiend could dare To prompt the thought?—Upon the steep rock's breast

The lonely Primrose yet renews its bloom, Untouched memento of her hapless doom!

#### XXIII.

San thoughts, avaunt!-the fervour of the year,

Poured on the fleece-encumbered flock, invites

To laving currents, for prelusive rites Duly performed before the Dales-men shear Their panting charge. The distant mountains hear.

Hear and repeat, the turmoil that unites Clamour of boys with innocent despites Of barking dogs, and bleatings from strange fear.

Meanwhile, if Duddon's spotless breast receive Unwelcome mixtures as the uncouth noise Thickens, the pastoral River will forgive Such wrong; nor need we blame the licensed

joys
Though false to Nature's quiet equipoise:
Frank are the sports, the stains are fugitive.

#### XXIV.

Mid-Noon is past;—upon the sultry mead No zephyr breathes, no cloud its shadow throws:

If we advance unstrengthen'd by repose, Farewell the solace of the vagrant reed. This Nook, with woodbine hung and straggling weed,

Tempting recess as ever pilgrim chose,
Half grot, half arbour, proffers to enclose
Body and mind, from molestation freed,
In narrow compass—narrow as itself:
Or if the Fancy, too industrious Elf,
Be loth that we should breathe awhile exempt
From new incitements friendly to our task,
There wants not stealthy prospect, that may
tempt

Loose Idless to forego her wily mask.

#### XXV.

METRINES 'twere no unprecedented feat Should some benignant Minister of air Lift, and encircle with a cloudy chair, The One for whom my heart shall ever beat With tenderest love;—or, if a safer seat Atween his downy wings be furnished, there Would lodge her, and the cherish'd burden bear

O'er hill and valley to this dim retreat! Rough ways my steps have trod; too rough and long

For her companionship; here dwells soft case: With sweets which she partakes not some distaste

Mingles, and lurking consciousness of wrong; Languish the flowers; the waters seem to waste

Their vocal charm; their sparklings cease to please.

#### XXVI.

RETURN, Content! for fondly I pursued, Even when a child, the Streams—unheard, unseen;

Through tangled woods, impending rocks between; Or, free as air, with flying inquest viewed The sullen reservoirs whence their bold

brood.

Pure as the morning, fretful, hoisterous,keen, Green as the salt-sea billows, white and green, Poured down the hills, a choral multitude! Nor have I tracked their course for scanty gains;

They taught me random cares and truant

That shield from mischief and preserve from

Vague minds, while men are growing out of boys;

Maturer Fancy owes to their rough noise Impetuous thoughts that brook not servile reins.

#### XXVII.

I nose while yet the cattle, heat-opprest, Crowded together under rustling trees, Brushed by the current of the water-breeze; And for their sakes, and love of all that rest, On Duddon's margin, in the sheltering nest; For all the startled scaly tribes that slink Into his coverts, and each fearless link Of dancing insects forged upon his breast; For these, and hopes and recollections worn Close to the vital seat of human clay; Glad meetings—tender partings—that upstay The drooping mind of absence, by vows sworn

In his pure presence near the trysting thorn; I thanked the Leader of my onward way.

#### XXVIII.

No record tells of lance opposed to lance, Horse charging horse 'mid these retired domains:

Nor that their turf drank purple from the

Of heroes fall'n, or struggling to advance, Till doubtful combat issued in a trance Of victory, that struck through heart and reins.

Even to the inmost seat of mortal pains, And lightened o'er the pallid countenance. Yet, to the loyal and the brave, who lie In the blank earth, neglected and forlorn, The passing Winds memorial tribute pay; The Torrents chaunt their praise, inspiring scorn

Of power usurp'd,—with proclamation high, And glad acknowledgment of lawful sway.

#### XXIX.

Wno swerves from innocence, who makes

Of that serone companion—a good name, Recovers not his loss; but walks with shame, With doubt, with fear, and haply with

And oft-times he, who, yielding to the force

Of chance-temptation, ere his journey end, | The Wanderer seeks that receptacle vast From chosen comrade turns, or faithful friend.

In vain shall rue the broken intercourse. Not so with such as loosely wear the chain That binds them, pleasant River! to thy side:-Through the rough copse wheel Thou with hasty stride,

I choose to saunter o'er the grassy plain, Sure, when the separation has been tried, That we, who part in love, shall meet again.

#### XXX.

THE KIRK of ULPHA to the Pilgrim's eye Is welcome as a Star, that doth present Its shining forehead through the peaceful rent

Of a black cloud diffused o'er half the sky; Or as a fruitful palm-tree towering high O'er the parched waste beside an Arab's tent; Or the Indian tree whose branches, downward bent.

Take root again, a boundless canopy. How sweet were leisure! could it yield no more

Than 'mid that wave-washed Church-yard to recline,

From pastoral graves extracting thoughts divine;

Or there to pace, and mark the summits hoar Of distant moon-lit mountains faintly shine, Sooth'd by the unseen River's gentle roar.

#### XXXI.

Nor hurled precipitous from steep to steep; Lingering no more 'mid flower-enamelled lands

And blooming thickets; nor by rocky bands Held;-but in radiant progress tow'rd the Deep

Where mightiest rivers into powerless sleep Sink, and forget their nature ;- now expands Majestic Duddon, over smooth flat sands, Gliding in silence with unfettered sweep! Beneath an ampler sky a region wide Is opened round him; -hamlets, towers

and towns. And blue-topp'd hills, behold him from afar; In stately mien to sovereign Thames allied, Spreading his bosom under Kentish downs, With Commerce freighted or triumphant War.

#### XXXII.

Bur here no cannon thunders to the gale; Upon the wave no haughty pendants cast A crimson splendour; lowly is the mast That rises here, and humbly spread the sail; While less disturbed than in the narrow Vale Through which with strange vicissitudes he pass'd,

Where all his unambitious functions fail. And may thy Poet, cloud-born Stream! be free.

The sweets of earth contentedly resigned. And each tumultuous working left behind At seemly distance, to advance like Thee, Prepared, in peace of heart, in calm of mind And soul, to mingle with Eternity!

#### XXXIII.

I THOUGHT of Thee, my partner and my guide, As being past away.—Vain sympathies! For, backward, Duddon! as I cast my eyes, I see what was, and is, and will abide; Still glides the Stream, and shall for ever

glide; The Form remains, the Function never dies; While we, the brave, the mighty, and the wise, We Men, who in our morn of youth defied The elements, must vanish; - be it so! Enough, if something from our hands have

power To live, and act, and serve the future hour; And if, as tow'rd the silent tomb we go, Thro' love, thro' hope, and faith's transcendant dower,

We feel that we are greater than we know.

#### MISCELLANEOUS SONNETS.

#### I.

Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow room; And Hermits are contented with their Cells; And Students with their pensive Citadels: Maids at the Wheel, the Weaver at his Loom, Sit blithe and happy; Bees that soar for bloom,

High as the highest Peak of Furness Fells. Will murmur by the hour in Foxglove-bells: In truth, the prison, unto which we doom Ourselves, no prison is: and hence to me, In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground: Pleas'd if some Souls (for such there needs

must be) Who have felt the weight of too much liberty,

Should find short solace there, as I have found.

#### 11.

O GENTLE Sleep! do they belong to thee, These twinklings of oblivion? Thou dost love To sit in meckness, like the brooding Dove, A Captive never wishing to be free. This tiresome night, O Sleep! thou art to me Now on the water vexed with mockery. I have no pain that calls for patience, no; Hence am I cross and peevish as a child: And pleas'd by fits to have thee for my foe, Yet ever willing to be reconciled: O gentle Creature! do not use me so, But once and deeply let me be beguiled.

#### - 111.

A FLOCK of sheep that leisurely pass by, One after one; the sound of rain, and bees Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas, Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and

pure sky; I've thought of all by turns; and still I lie Sleepless; and soon the small birds' melodies Must hear, first utter'dfrom my orchard-trees; And the first Cuckoo's melancholy cry. Even thus last night, and two nights more,

And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth: So do not let me wear to-night away: Without Thee what is all the morning's

wealth? Come, blessed barrier betwixt day and day, Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

#### 1V.

Forn words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep! And thou hast had thy store of tenderest. names; The very sweetest words that fancy frames When thankfulness of heart is strong and deep! Dear bosom-child we call thee, that dost steep In rich reward all suffering; balm that tames All anguish; saint that evil thoughts and aims Takest away, and into souls dost creep. Like to a breeze from heaven. Shall I alone, I surely not a man ungently made, Call thee worst Tyrant by which Flesh is crost? Perverse, self-will'd to own and to disown,

Mere Slave of them who never for thee pray'd, Still last to come where thou art wanted

most!

#### V.

THE world is too much with us; late and soon, Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers: Little we see in Nature that is ours; We have given our hearts away, a sordid

A Fly, that up and down himself doth shove The Winds that will be howling at all hours Upon a fretful rivulet, now above, And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for every thing, we are out of tune; It moves us not-Great God! I'd rather be A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; So might I, standing on this pleasant lea, Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn:

Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea; Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

#### TO THE MEMORY OF RAISLEY CALVERY.

CALVERY! it must not be unheard by them Who may respect my name that I to thee Ow'd many years of early liberty. This care was thine when sickness did condemn Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and

stem: That I, if frugal and severe, might stray Where'er I liked; and finally array My temples with the Muse's diadem. Hence, if in freedom I have lov'd the truth, If there be aught of pure, or good, or great, In my past verse; or shall be, in the lays Of higher mood, which now I meditate, It gladdens me, oh worthy, short-lived Youth! To think how much of this will be thy praise.

#### VII.

I GRIEV'D for Buonaparte, with a vain And an unthinking grief! for, who aspires To genuine greatness but from just desires And knowledge such as He could never gain? Tis not in battles that from youth we train The Governor who must be wise and good, And temper with the sternness of the brain Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood. Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:

Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk

Of the mind's business: these are the degrees By which true Sway doth mount; this is the stalk

True Power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

#### VIII.

#### TO TOUSSAINT L'OUVERTURE.

Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men! Whether the all-cheering Sun be free to shed His beams around thee, or thou rest thy head Pillowed in some dark dung con's poisome den, This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon; O miserable chieftain! where and when

Wilt thou find patience? Yet die not; do

Wear rather in thy bonds a chearful brow: Though fallen Thyself, never to rise again, Live, and take comfort. Thou hast left behind Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies;

There's not a breathing of the common wind That will forget thee; thou hast great allies; Thy friends are exultations, agonies, And love, and Man's unconquerable mind.

#### IX.

COMPOSED IN THE VALLEY, NEAR DOVER.

On the Day of landing.

DEAR fellow-traveller! here we are once more.

The Cock that crows, the smoke that curls, that sound

Of bells, those Boys that in you meadowground In white-sleev'd shirts are playing, and the

In white-sleev'd shirts are playing, and the

Of the waves breaking on the chalky shore,— All, all are English. Of thave I look'd round With joy in Kent's green vales; but never found

Myself so satisfied in heart before. Europe is yet in bonds; but let that pass, Thought for another moment. Thou art free My Country! and 'tis joy enough and pride For one hour's perfect bliss, to tread the

Of England once again, and hear and see, With such a dear Companion at my side.

#### X.

THOUGHT OF A BRITON ON THE SUBJUGATION OF SWITZERLAND.

Two Voices are there: one is of the Sea, One of the Mountains; each a mighty Voice: In both from age to age Thou didst rejoice, They were thy chosen Music, Liberty! There came a Tyrant, and with holy glee Thou foughtst against Him; but hast vainly

Thou from thy Alpine Holds at length art driven,

Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee. Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft: Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still is left!

For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That mountain-floods should thunder as before,

And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore, And neither awful Voice be heard by thee! Plain living and high thinking are no more:

#### XI.

GREAT Men have been among us; hands that penn'd

And tongues that utter'd wisdom, better none: The later Sydney, Marvel, Harrington, Young Vane, and others who call'd Milton Friend.

These Moralists could not and comprehend: They knew how genuine glory was put on; Taught us how rightfully a nation shone In splendor: what strength was, that would not bend

But in magnanimous meckness. France, 'tis

Hath brought forth no such souls as we had then

Perpetual emptiness! unceasing change! No single Volume paramount, no code, No master-spirit, no determined road; But equally a want of Books and Men!

#### XII.

COMPOSED BY THE SEA-SIDE, NEAR CALAIS.

August, 1802.

FAIR Star of Evening, Splendor of the West, Star of my Country! on the horizon's brink Thou hangest, stooping, as might seem, to sink

On England's bosom; yet well pleas'd to rest, Meanwhile, and be to her a glorious crest Conspicuous to the Nations. Thou, I think, Shouldst be my Country's emblem; and shouldst wink,

Bright Star! with laughter on her banners, drest

In thy fresh beauty. There! that dusky spot Beneath thee, it is England; there it lies. Blessings be on you both! one hope, one lot, One life, one glory! I, with many a fear For my dear Country, many heartfelt sighs, Among Men who do not love her, linger here.

#### XIII.

#### September, 1802.

O FRIEND! I know not which way I must

For comfort, being, as I am, opprest, To think that now our life is only drest For shew; mean handywork of craftsman, cook.

Then cleave, oh cleave to that which still Or groom! We must run glittering like a

In the open sunshine, or we are unblest: The wealthiest man among us is the best: No grandeur now in nature or in book Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expence, This is idolatry; and these we adore: Plain living and high thinking are no more: The homely beauty of the good old cause In thee a bulwark of the cause of men; Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence, And pure religion breathing household-laws.

#### XIV.

#### 1802.

MILTON! thou shouldst be living at this hour: England hath need of thee: she is a fen Of stagnant waters: altar, sword and pen, Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower, Have forfeited their ancient English dower Of inward happiness. We are selfish men; Oh! raise us up, return to us again; And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power. Thy soul was like a Star and dwelt apart: Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:

Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free, So didst thou travel on life's common way, In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart The lowliest duties on itself did lay.

#### XV.

Ir is not to be thought of that the Flood Of British freedom, which to the open Sea Of the world's praise from dark antiquity Hath flowed, with pomp of waters, unwithstood.

Road by which all might come and go that would,

And bear out freights of worth to foreign

lands; That this most famous Stream in Bogs and

Sands Should perish; and to evil and to good Be lost for ever. In our Halls is hung

Armoury of the invincible Knights of old: We must be free or die, who speak the tongue That Shakspeare spake; the faith and morals hold Which Milton held. In every thing we are

sprung Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold.

#### XVI.

WHEN I have borne in memory what has tamed Great Nations, how ennobling thoughts depart When Men change Swords for Ledgers, and desert

The Student's bower for gold, some fears unnamed I had, my Country! am I to be blamed? But, when I think of Thee, and what Thou

art. Verily, in the bottom of my heart, Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed. But dearly must we prize thee; we who find And minds not stinted or untill'd are given,

And I by my affection was beguiled. What wonder, if a Poet, now and then, Among the many movements of his mind, Felt for thee as a Lover or a Child.

#### XVII.

#### October, 1803.

ONE might believe that natural miseries Had blasted France, and made of it a land Unfit for Men; and that in one great Band Her Sons were bursting forth, to dwell at ease.

But 'tis a chosen soil, where sun and breeze Shed gentle favors; rural works are there; And ordinary business without care;

Spot rich in all things that can soothe and please!

How pitcous then that there should be such dearth

Of knowledge; that whole myriads should unite

To work against themselves such fell despite: Should come in phrenzy and in drunken mirth, Impatient to put out the only light Of Liberty that yet remains on Earth!

#### XVIII.

THERE is a bondage which is worse to bear Than his who breathes, by roof, and floor, and wall,

Pent in, a Tyrant's solitary Thrall: 'Tis his who walks about in the open air, One of a Nation who, henceforth, must wear Their fetters in their Souls. For who could be, Who, even the best, in such condition, free From self-reproach, reproach which he must share

With Human Nature? Never be it ours To see the San how brightly it will shine, And know that noble Feelings, manly Powers, Instead of gathering strength must droop and pine,

And Earth with all her pleasant fruits and flowers Fade, and participate in Man's decline.

#### XIX.

#### October, 1803.

THESE times touch money'd Worldlings with dismay : Even rich men, brave by nature, taint the air With words of apprehension and despair: While tens of thousands, thinking on the affray, Men unto whom sufficient for the day

Heaven,
Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.
What do we gather hence but firmer faith
That every gift of noble origin
Is breathed upon by Hope's perpetual breath;
That virtue and the faculties within
Are vital, and that riches are akin
To fear, to change, to cowardice, and death!

#### XX.

ENGLAND! the time is come when thou shouldst wean Thy heart from its emasculating food; The truth should now be better understood; Old things have been unsettled; we have seen Fair seed-time, better harvest might have been But for thy trespasses; and, at this day, If for Greece, Egypt, India, Africa, Aught good were destined, Thou wouldst step between. England! all nations in this charge agree: But worse, more ignorant in love and hate, Far, far more abject is thine Enemy: Therefore the wise pray for thee, though the freight Of thy offences be a heavy weight: Oh grief! that Earth's best hopes rest all with Thee!

#### XXI.

#### November, 1806.

Another mighty Empire overthrown!

And we are left, or shall be left, alone;
The last that dare to struggle with the Foe.
'Tis well! from this day forward we shall know

That in ourselves our safety must be sought;
That by our own right hands it must be wrought,
That we must stand unpropp'd, or be laid low.
O Dastard whom such foretaste doth not cheer!

We shall exult, if They who rule the land Be Men who hold its many blessings dear, Wise, upright, valiant; not a venal Band, Who are to judge of danger which they fear,

And honour which they do not understand.

#### XXII.

#### September, 1815.

Write not a leaf seems faded,—while the fields,
With ripening harvests prodigally fair,

Sound, healthy Children of the God of Heaven,

Heaven,

Are cheerful as the rising Sun in May.

In brightest sunshine bask,—this nipping air,
Sent from some distant clime where Winter wields

His icy scymetar, a foretaste yields Of bitter change—and bids the Flowers beware;

And whispers to the silent Birds, "prepare Against the threatening foe your trustiest shields."

For me, who under kindlier laws belong To Nature's tuneful quire, this rustling dry Through the green leaves, and you crystalline sky,

Announce a season potent to renew,
'Mid frost and snow, the instinctive joys of

And nobler cares than listless summer knew.

#### XXIII.

#### November 1, 1815.

How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright
The effluence from you distant mountain's head,
Which, strewn with snow as smooth as
Heaven can shed,
Shines like another Sun—on mortal sight,
Uprisen, as if to check approaching night,
And all her twinkling stars. Who now would tread,
If so he might, you mountain's glittering head—

Terrestrial—but a surface, by the flight Of sad mortality's earth-sullying wing, Unswept, unstained? Nor shall the aerial Powers Dissolve that beauty—destined to endure White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure,

White, radiant, spotless, exquisitely pure, Through all vicissitudes—till genial spring Have filled the laughing vales with welcome flowers.

#### XXIV.

COMPOSED IN RECOLLECTION OF THE EXPEDITION OF THE FRENCH INTO RUSSIA.

YE storms, resound the praises of your King!
And ye mild seasons—in a sunny clime,
Midway on some high hill, while Father Time
Looks on delighted—meet in festal ring,
And loud and long of Winter's triumph sing!
Sing ye, with blossoms crowned, and fruits,
and flowers,
Of Winter's breath surcharged with sleety
showers,

And the dire flapping of his hoary wing! Knit the blithe dance upon the soft green grass;

With feet, hands, eyes, looks, lips, report your gain;
Whisper it to the billows of the main,

And to the aerial Zephyrs as they pass, That old decrepit Winter-He hath slain That Host, which rendered all your bounties vain!

#### XXV.

SUGGESTED BY WESTALL'S VIEWS OF THE CAVES IN YORKSHIRE.

Pure element of waters! wheresoe'er Thou dost forsake thy subterranean haunts, Green herbs, bright flowers, and berrybearing plants,

Rise into life and in thy train appear: And, through the sunny portion of the year, Swift insects shine, thy hovering pursuivants: And, if thy bounty fail, the forest pants; And hart and hind and hunter with his

Languish and droop together. Nor unfelt In man's perturbed soul thy sway benign; And, haply, far within the marble belt Of central earth, where tortured Spirits pine For grace and goodness lost, thy murmurs melt

Their anguish,-and they blend sweet songs with thine!

#### XXVI.

#### GORDALE.

Ar early dawn, -or rather when the air Glimmers with fading light, and shadowy eve Is busiest to confer and to bereave,-Then, pensive votary, let thy feet repair To Gordale-chasm, terrific as the lair Where the young lions couch ; - for so, by leave

Of the propitious hour, thou mayst perceive The local Deity, with oozy hair And mineral crown, beside his jagged urn Recumbent :- him thou mayst behold, who hides

His lineaments by day, and there presides, Teaching the docile waters how to turn; Or, if need be, impediment to spurn, And force their passage to the salt-sea-tides!

#### XXVII.

AERIAL Rock-whose solitary brow From this low threshold daily meets my sight; TO A SNOW-DROP, APPEARING VERY EARLY IN When I look forth to hail the morning-light, Or quit the stars with lingering farewell-

Shall I discharge to thee a grateful vow?-By planting on thy head (in verse at least, As I have often done in thought) the crest Of an imperial Castle, which the plough Of ruin shall not touch. Innocent scheme! That doth presume no more than to supply A grace the sinuous vale and roaring stream

Want, through neglect of hoar Antiquity. Rise, then, ye votive Towers, and catch a gleam Of golden sun-set-ere it fade and die!

#### XXVIII.

#### THE WILD-DUCK'S NEST.

THE Imperial Consort of the Fairy-King Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell With emerald floor'd, and with purpureal shell

Ceiling'd and roof'd; that is so fair a thing As this low structure-for the tasks of Spring Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;

And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.

Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yewtree-bough, And dimly-gleaming Nest,-a hollow crown Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down, Fine as the Mother's softest plumes allow:

I gaze-and almost wish to lay aside Humanity, weak slave of cumbrous pride!

#### XXIX.

### CAPTIVITY.

As the cold aspect of a sunless way Strikes through the Traveller's frame with deadlier chill,

Oft as appears a grove, or obvious hill, Glistening with unparticipated ray, Or shining slope where he must never stray; So joys, remembered without wish or will Sharpen the keenest edge of present ill,-On the crush'd heart a heavier burthen lay. Just Heaven, contract the compass of my mind

To fit proportion with my altered state! Quench those felicities whose light I find Burning within my bosom all too late!-O be my spirit, like my thraldom, strait; And like mine eyes, that stream with sorrow. blind!

#### XXX.

THE SEASON,

LONE Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they But hardier far, though modestly thou bend Thy front-as if such presence could offend! Who guards thy slender stalk, while, day by day.

Storms, sallying from the mountain-tops, way-lay

The rising sun, and on the plains descend?
Accept the greeting that befits a friend
Whose zeal outruns his promise! Blue-eyed
May

Shall soon behold this border thickly set With bright jonquils, their odours lavishing On the soft west-wind and his frolic peers; Yet will I not thy gentle grace forget Chaste Snow-drop, vent'rous harbinger of Spring,

And pensive monitor of fleeting years!

#### XXXI.

TO THE RIVER DERWENT.

Among the mountains were we nurs'd, lov'd Stream!

Thou, near the eagle's nest—within brief sail, I, of his bold wing floating on the gale, Where thy deep voice could lull me!—Faint the beam

Of human life when first allowed to gleam On mortal notice.—Glory of the Vale, Such thy meek outset, with a crown though frail

Kept in perpetual verdure by the steam Of thy soft breath!—Less vivid wreaths entwined

Nemæan Victor's brow; less bright was worn Meed of some Roman Chief—in triumph borne With captives chain'd, and shedding from his car

The sunset-splendors of a finish'd war Upon the proud enslavers of mankind!

#### XXXII.

GRIEF, thou hast lost an ever ready Friend Now that the cottage-spinning-wheel is mute; And Care—a Comforter that best could suit Her forward mood, and softliest reprehend; And Love—a Charmer's voice, that used to

More efficaciously than aught that flows From harp or lute, kind influence to compose The throbbing pulse,—else troubled without end:

Ev'n Joy could tell, Joy craving truce and rest From her own overflow, what power sedate On those revolving motions did await Assiduously, to sooth her aching breast; And—to a point of just relief—abate The mantling triumphs of a day too blest.

#### INSCRIPTION.

SUPPOSED TO BE FOUND IN A HERMIT'S CELL.

Hores what are they?—Beads of morning Strung on slender blades of grass; Or a spider's web adorning In a strait and treacherous pass. What are fears but voices airy? Whispering harm where harm is not, And deluding the unwary Till the fatal bolt is shot!

What is glory?—in the socket See how dying tapers fare! What is pride?—a whizzing rocket That would emulate a star.

What is friendship?—do not trust her, Nor the yows which she has made; Diamonds dart their brightest lustre From a palsy-shaken head.

What is truth?—a staff rejected; Duty?—an unwelcome clog; Joy?—a dazzling moon reflected In a swamp or watery bog;

Bright, as if through ether steering, To the Traveller's eye it shone: He hath hailed it re-appearing— And as quickly it is gone;

Gone, as if for ever hidden, Or misshapen to the sight; And by sullen weeds forbidden To resume its native light.

What is youth?—a dancing billow, Winds behind, and rocks before! Age?—a drooping, tottering willow On a flat and lazy shore.

What is peace?—when pain is over, And love ceases to rebel, Let the last faint sigh discover That precedes the passing knell!

#### **EPITAPHS**

TRANSLATED FROM CHIABRERA.

1

PERHAPS some needful service of the State Drew Titus from the depth of studious

And doomed him to contend in faithless courts,

Where gold determines between right and wrong.

Yet did at length his loyalty of heart And his pure native genius lead him back To wait upon the bright and gracious Muses Whom he had early loved. And not in vain Such course he held! Bologna's learned schools

Were gladdened by the Sage's voice, and hung strains.

There pleasure crowned his days; and all Of every cloud which in the heavens might his thoughts

A roseate fragrance breathed, -O human life, That never art secure from dolorous change! Behold a high injunction suddenly To Arno's side conducts him, and he charmed A Tuscan audience: but full soon was called To the perpetual silence of the grave. Mourn, Italy, the loss of him who stood A Champion steadfast and invincible, To quell the rage of literary War!

#### II.

O thou who movest onward with a mind Intent upon thy way, pause, though in haste! "Twill be no fruitless moment. I was born Within Savona's walls of gentle blood. On Tiber's banks my youth was dedicate To sacred studies; and the Roman Shepherd Gave to my charge Urbino's numerous Flock. Much did I watch, much laboured, nor had

To escape from many and strange indignities; Was smitten by the great ones of the world But did not fall, for virtue braves all shocks, Upon herself resting immoveably. Me did a kindlier fortune then invite To serve the glorious Henry, King of France, And in his hands I saw a high reward Stretched out for my acceptance-but Death

came.

Now, Reader, learn from this my fatehow false, How treacherous to her promise is the World, And trust in God-to whose eternal doom

#### III.

Must bend the sceptred Potentates of Earth.

There never breathed a man who when his life

Was closing might not of that life relate Toils long and hard .- The Warrior will report

Of wounds, and bright swords flashing in the field.

And blast of trumpets. He who hath been doomed

To bow his forehead in the courts of kings, Will tell of fraud and never-ceasing hate, Envy, and heart-inquietude, derived From intricate cabals of treacherous friends. I, who on ship-board lived from earliest youth.

Could represent the countenance horrible Of the vexed waters, and the indignant rage Of Auster and Bootes. Forty years Over the well-steered Gallies did I rule :-From huge Pelorus to the Atlantic pillars Rises no mountain to mine eyes unknown;

With fondness on those sweet Nestorian And the broad gulfs I traversed oft-and-

stir

I knew the force; and hence the rough sea's

Availed not to my Vessel's overthrow. What noble pomp and frequent have not I On regal decks beheld! yet in the end I learn that one poor moment can suffice To equalize the lofty and the low. We sail the sea of life-a Calm One finds, And One a Tempest-and, the voyage o'er, Death is the quiet haven of us all. If more of my condition you would know. Savona was my birth-place, and I sprang Of noble Parents: sixty years and three Lived I-then yielded to a slow disease.

Destined to war from very infancy Was I, Roberto Dati, and I took In Malta the white symbol of the Cross. Nor in life's vigorous season did I shun Hazard or toil; among the Sands was seen Of Lybia, and not seldom on the Banks Of wide Hungarian Danube 'twas my lot To hear the sanguinary trumpet sounded. So lived I, and repined not at such fate; This only grieves me, for it seems a wrong, That stripped of arms I to my end am brought On the soft down of my paternal home. Yet haply Arno shall be spared all cause To blush for me. Thou, loiter not nor halt In thy appointed way, and bear in mind How fleeting and how frail is human life.

#### ¥.

Pause, courteous Spirit!-Balbi supplicates That Thou, with no reluctant voice, for him Here laid in mortal darkness, wouldst prefer A prayer to the Redeemer of the World. This to the Dead by sacred rights belongs; All else is nothing.—Did occasion suit To tell his worth, the marble of this tomb Would ill suffice, for Plato's love sublime And all the wisdom of the Stagyrite Enriched and beautified this studious mind: With Archimedes also he conversed As with a chosen Friend, nor did he leave Those laureat wreaths ungathered which the Nymphs

Twine on the top of Pindus .- Finally Himself above each lower thought uplifting, His cars he closed to listen to the song Which Sion's Kings did consecrate of old: And fixed his Pindus upon Lebanon A blessed Man! who of protracted days Made not, as thousands do, a vulgar sleep; But truly did He live his life .- Urbino Take pride in him ;- O Passenger farewell!

#### EXTRACTS FROM "THE EXCURSION."

PHILOSOPHY! and thou more vaunted name Religion! with thy statelier retinue, Faith, hope, and charity, from the visible world Choose for your emblems whatsoe'er ye find Of safest guidance and of firmest trust,-The Torch, the Star, the Anchor; nor except The Cross itself, at whose unconscious feet The generations of Mankind have knelt Ruefully seized, and shedding bitter tears, And through that conflict seeking rest-of you, High-titled Powers, am I constrained to ask, Here standing, with the unvoyageable sky In faint reflection of infinitude Stretched overhead, and at my pensive feet A subterraneous magazine of bones In whose dark vaults my own shall soon be laid.

Where are your triumphs? your dominion where?

And in what age admitted and confirmed?
Not for a happy land do I inquire,
Island or Grove, that hides a blessed few
Who, with obedience willing and sincere,
To your serene authorities conform;
But whom, I ask, of individual souls,
Have ye withdrawn from passion's crooked

Inspired, and thoroughly fortified?-If the

Could be inspected to its inmost folds By sight undazzled with the glare of praise, Who shall be named—in the resplendent line Of Sages, Martyrs, Confessors—the Man Whom the best might of Conscience, Truth and Hope,

For one day's little compass, has preserved From painful and discreditable shocks Of contradiction, from some vague desire Culpably cherished, or corrupt relapse To some unsanctioned fear?

——In the life of Man,
If to the poetry of common speech
Faith may be given, we see as in a glass
A true reflection of the circling year,
With all its seasons. Grant that Spring is
there.

In spite of many a rough untoward blast, Hopeful and promising with buds and flowers; Yet where is glowing Summer's long rich day, That ought to follow faithfully expressed? And mellow Autumn, charged with bounteous fruit,

Where is she imaged? in what favoured clime Her lavish pomp and ripe magnificence? Yet while the better part is missed, the worse In Man's autumnal season is set forth With a resemblance not to be denied, And that contents him; bowers that hear no more The voice of gladness, less and less supply Of outward sunshine and internal warmth; And with this change, sharp air and falling leaves.

Foretelling total Winter, blank and cold.

Alas! what differs more than man from man!
And whence that difference? Whence but
from himself?

For see the universal Race endowed With the same upright form!—The Sun is fixed

And the infinite magnificence of heaven Within the reach of every human eye; The sleepless Ocean murmurs for all ears; The vernal field infuses fresh delight Into all hearts. Throughout the world of

Even as an object is sublime or fair,
That object is laid open to the view
Without reserve or veil; and as a power
Is salutary, or an influence sweet,
Are each and all enabled to perceive
That power, that influence, by impartial law.
Gifts nobler are vouchsafed alike to all;
Reason,—and with that reason, smiles and
tears;

Imagination, freedom in the will, Conscience to guide and check; and death to be

Foretasted, immortality presumed. Strange, then, nor less than monstrous might be deemed

The failure, if the Almighty to this point Liberal and undistinguishing, should hide The excellence of moral qualities From common understanding; leaving truth And virtue, difficult, abstruse, and dark; Hard to be won, and only by a few; Strange, should be deal herein with nice

And frustrate all the rest! Believe it not: The primal duties shine aloft—like stars; The charities that sooth, and heal, and bless Are scattered at the feet of Man—like flowers. The generous inclination, the just rule, Kind wishes, and good actions, and pure

No mystery it here, no special boon
For high and not for low, for proudly graced
And not for meek of heart. The smoke
ascends.

To heaven as lightly from the cottage-hearth As from the haughty palace. He, whose soul Ponders this true equality, may walk The fields of earth with gratitude and hope, Yet, in that meditation, will he find Motive to sadder grief, as we have found,—Lamenting ancient virtues overthrown, And for the injustice grieving, that hath made

So wide a difference betwixt Man and Man.

# SAMUEL ROGERS.

# THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

ten climes and mould a future age; as it glowed, with noblest frenzy fraught,

se the treasures of exalted thought; tue wake the pulses of the heart, d the tear of emulation start! uld it still, through each succeeding

e, my manners, and my name endear;hen the poet sleeps in silent dust, old communion with the wise and

just! resource.

through the world it steals its secret course.

but once a generous wish supprest. but a sigh, or charm a care to rest; good deed a fleeting hour employ, h one faded cheek with honest joy; were my lines, though limited their sphere,

them here.

#### PART

enr's soft dews steal o'er the villagegreen,

magic tints to harmonize the scene. is the hum that through the hamlet broke,

round the ruins of their ancient oak asants flocked to hear the minstrel play, ames and carols closed the busy day. heel at rest, the matron thrills no more treasured tales, and legendary lore. l are fled; nor mirth nor music flows ase the dreams of innocent repose. l are fled; yet still I linger here! secret charms this silent spot endear? k you old Mansion, frowning thro' the trees.

hollow turret wooes the whistling breeze.

could my mind, unfolded in my page, | That casement, arched with ivy's brownest

First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.

The mouldering gateway strews the grassgrown court,

Once the calm scene of many a simple sport; When nature pleased, for life itself was new, And the heart promised what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractured pediment revealed, Where moss inlays the rudely-sculptured shield,

The martin's old hereditary nest.

rould this verse, my leasure's best Long may the ruin spare its hallowed guest! As jars the hinge, what sullen echoes call!

Oh haste, unfold the hospitable hall! That hall, where once, in antiquated state, The chair of justice held the grave debate. Now stained with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,

Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung; When round you ample board, in due degree, We sweetened every meal with social glee. h short their date, as his who traced The heart's light laugh pursued the circling jest;

And all was sunshine in each little breast. Twas here we chased the slipper by its sound;

And turned the blindfold hero round and round.

'Twas here, at eve, we formed our fairy-ring; And Fancy fluttered on her wildest wing. Giants and genii chained each wondering ear; And orphan-sorrows drew the ready tear. Oft with the babes we wandered in the wood, Or viewed the forest-feats of Robin Hood: Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour, With startling step we scaled the lonely tower;

O'er infant innocence to hang and weep. Murder'd by ruffian hands, when smiling in its sleep

Ye Household Deities! whose guardian eye Marked each pure thought, ere registered on high;

Still, still ye walk the consecrated ground, And breathe the soul of Inspiration round.

As o'er the dusky furniture I bend, Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend. The storied arras, source of fond delight, With old achievement charms the wildered sight;

And still, with Heraldry's rich hues imprest, On the dim window glows the pictured crest; The screen unfolds its many-coloured chart; The clock still points its moral to the heart; That faithful monitor 'twas heaven to hear, When soft it spoke a promised pleasure

And has its sober hand, its simple chime, Forgot to trace the feathered feet of Time? That massive beam with curious carvings wrought,

Whence the caged linnet soothed my pensive thought;

Those muskets, cased with venerable rust; Those once-loved forms, still breathing thro their dust.

Still, from the frame in mould gigantic cast, Starting to life—all whisper of the past!

As thro' the garden's desert paths I rove, What fond illusions swarm in every grove! How oft, when purple-evening tinged the west.

We watched the emmet to her grainy nest; Welcomed the wild-bee home on weary wing, Laden with sweets, the choicest of the spring! How oft inscribed, with Friendship's votive rhyme,

The bark now silvered by the touch of Time; Soared in the swing, half pleased and half afraid.

Thro' sister-elms that waved their summershade;

Or strewed with crumbs you root-inwoven sent.

To lure the redbreast from his lone retreat! Childhood's lov'd group revisits every

The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green! Indulgent Menory wakes, and lo! they live! Clothed with far softer hues than light can

Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,

To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know; Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm, When nature fades and life forgets to charm; Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong

The sage's precept, and the poet's song. What softened views thy magic glass reveals, When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!

As when in ocean sinks the orb of day, Long on the wave reflected lustres play; Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind. The School's lone porch, with reverend

Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay. Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn, Quickening my truant-feet across the lawn: Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air, When the slow dial gave a pause to care.

Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear, Some little friendship formed and cherished here!

And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems With golden visions, and romantic dreams! Down by you hazel-copse, at evening, blazed

The Gipsy's faggot—there we stood and gazed;

Gazed on her sun-burnt face with silent awe, Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of straw; Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er; The drowsy brood that on her back she bore, Imps, in the barn with mousing owlet bred, From rifled roost at nightly revel fed; Whose dark eyes flashed thro' locks of

blackest shade,

When in the breeze the distant watch-dog bayed:

And heroes fled the Sybil's muttered call, Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard-wall. As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew, And traced the line of life with searching view,

How throbb'd my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears.

To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed

my breast!
This truth once known—To bless is to be blest!

We led the bending beggar on his way,
(Bare were his feet, his tresses silver-gray)
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer: Long may such
goodness live!

'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give. But hark! thro' those old firs, with sullen swell,

The church-clock strikes! ye tender scenes, farewell!

It calls me hence, beneath their shade, to

The few fond lines that Time may soon efface.

On you gray stone, that fronts the chanceldoor,

Worn smooth by busy feet now seen no more.

Each eve we shot the marble thro' the ring, When the heart danced, and life was in its spring:

Alas! unconscious of the kindred earth, That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth. The glow-worm loves her emerald light

Where now the sexton rests his hoary head. Oft, as he turned the greensward with his

He lectured every youth that round him played;

And calmly pointing where his fathers lay, Roused him to rival each, the hero of his day.

here alone I search the records of each mouldering

stone.

Guides of my life! Instructors of my youth! Who first unveiled the hallowed form of Truth;

Whose every word enlightened and endeared; In age beloved, in poverty revered; In Friendship's silent register ye live, Nor ask the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the sons of peace and pleasure sleep,

When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep,

What spells entrance my visionary mind With sighs so sweet, with transports so refined?

Ethereal Power! whose smile, at noon of night,

Recalls the far-fled spirit of delight; Instils that musing, melancholy mood, Which charms the wise, and elevates the good; Blest MEMORY, hail! Oh grant the grateful Muse,

Her pencil dipt in Nature's living hues, To pass the clouds that round thy empire roll, And trace its airy precincts in the soul.

Lulled in the countless chambers of the brain,

Our thoughts are linked by many a hidden chain.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise! Each stamps its image as the other flies! Each, as the various avenues of sense Delight or sorrow to the soul dispense, Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art, Controul the latent fibres of the heart. As studious Prospero's mysterious spell Convened the subject-spirits to his cell: Each, at thy call, advances or retires, As judgment dictates, or the scene inspires. Each thrills the seat of sense, that sacred source

Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy course.

And thro' the frame invisibly convey The subtle, quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore; From Reason's faintest ray to Newton soar. What different spheres to human bliss assigned!

What slow gradations in the scale of mind! Yet mark in each these mystic wonders wrought;

Oh mark the sleepless energies of thought! The adventurous boy, that asks his little share,

And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer.

Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to see

The dear abode of peace and privacy; And as he turns, the thatch among the trees The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,

Hush, ye fond flutterings, hush! while The village-common spotted white with sheep,

The church-yard-yews round which his fathers sleep;

All rouse Reflection's sadly-pleasing train, And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again. So, when the mild Turis dared explore Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown

before, And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale

That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail;

So, when he breathed his firm yet fond adien,

Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe, And all his soul best loved-such tears he shed.

While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled: Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast, Long watched the streaming signal from the mast:

Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye, And fairy-forests fringed the evening-sky. So Scotia's Queen, as slowly dawned the

day. Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away. Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmer-

ing height, That faintly tipt the feathery surge with

light; But now the morn with orient hues portrayed

Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade: All touched the talisman's resistless spring, And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,

As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire. And hence this spot gives back the joys of Warm as the life, and with the mirror's

truth.

Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;

This makes him wish to live, and dare to die. For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate, When exile wore his blooming years away, To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey, When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause,

For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws; Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more, And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.

And hence the charm historic scenes impart:

Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart. Aerial forms, in Tempe's classic vale, Glance thro' the gloom, and whisper in the gale;

In wild Vaucluse with love and LAURA dwell, And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell. Twas ever thus. As now at Vingil's tomb,

We bless the shade and bid the verdure bloom:

So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time, On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime; When at his feet, in honoured dust disclosed, The immortal Sage of Syracuse reposed. And as his youth in sweet delusion hung, Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR sung; Who now but meets him musing, when he

His ruin'd Tusculan's romantic groves? In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll His moral thunders o'er the subject soul? And hence that calm delight the portrait

We gaze on every feature till it lives! Still the fond lover sees the absent maid; And the lost friend still lingers in his shade! Say why the pensive widow loves to weep, When on her knee she rocks her babe to

sleep? Tremblingly still, she lifts his veil to trace The father's features in his infant face, The hoary grandsire smiles the hour away. Won by the raptures of a game at play; He bends to meet each artless burst of joy, Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron school of War erase Each milder virtue, and each softer grace; What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arrest Each gentler, finer impulse of the breast; Still shall this active principle preside, And wake the tear to Pity's self denied.

The intrepid Swiss, who guards a foreign shore,

Condemned to climb his mountain-cliffs no more.

If chance he hears the song so sweetly wild Which on those cliffs his infant hours beguil'd,

Melts at the long-lost scenes that round him rise.

And sinks a martyr to repentant sighs. Ask not if courts or camps dissolve the charm:

Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm; Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled.

Sought the lone limits of a forest-shed? When DIOCLETIAN'S self-corrected mind The imperial fasces of a world resigned, Say why we trace the labours of his spade In calm Salona's philosophic shade? Say, when contentious CHARLES renounced a

throne. To muse with monks unlettered and unknown, What from his soul the parting tribute drew?

What claimed the sorrows of a last adjeu? The still retreats that soothed his tranquil breast.

Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppressed. Undamped by time, the generous Instinct glows

Far as Angola's sands, as Zembla's snows; Glows in the tiger's den, the serpent's nest, On every form of varied life imprest. The social tribes its choicest influence hail: -And, when the drum beats briskly in the gale, To wring the slow surrender from his tongue,

The war-worn courser charges at the sound, And with young vigour wheels the pasture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale Leaned on his staff to lengthen out the tale; Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breathed. From sire to son with pious zeal bequeathed. When o'er the blasted heath the day declined, And on the scathed oak warred the winterwind:

When not a distant taper's twinkling ray Gleamed o'er the furze to light him on his

When not a sheep-bell soothed his listening

And the big rain-drops told the tempest near; Then did his horse the homeward track descry

The track that shunned his sad inquiring eye; And win each wavering purpose to relent, With warmth so mild, so gently violent, That his charmed hand the careless rein resigned,

And doubts and terrors vanished from his mind.

Recall the traveller, whose altered form Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm: And who will first his fond impatience meet? His faithful dog's already at his feet! Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from the door.

Tho' all that knew him know his face no more, His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each. With that mute eloquence which passes speech.

And see, the master but returns to die! Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly? The blasts of heaven, the drenching dews of earth.

The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth, These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred

Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led by what chart, transports the timid dove

The wreaths of conquest, or the vows of love ?

Say, thro' the clouds what compass points her flight?

Monarchs have gazed, and nations blessed the sight.

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains rise,

Eclipse her native shades, her native skies;-'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathless wilds she

And lights at last where all her cares repose. Sweet bird ! thy truth shall Harlem's walls attest.

And unborn ages consecrate thy nest. When with the silent energy of grief, With looks that asked, yet dared not hope relief.

Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,

'Twas thine to animate her closing eye; Alas! 'twas thine perchance the first to die, Crushed by her meagre hand, when welcomed from the sky.

Hark! the bee winds her small but mellow

Blithe to salute the sunny smile of morn.
O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely

Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,

Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind; Its orb so full, its vision so confined!

Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph
swell?

With conscious truth retrace the mazy clue Of varied scents, that charmed her as she flew?

Hail, Memory, hail! thy universal reign Guards the least link of being's glorious chain.

# PART II.

Sweet Memony, wafted by thy gentle gale, Oft up the stream of Time I turn my sail, To view the fairy-haunts of long-lost hours, Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart What charms in Genius, and refines in Art; Thee, in whose hand the keys of Science dwell,

The pensive portress of her holy cell; Whose constant vigils chase the chilling damp Oblivion steals upon her vestal-lamp.

The friends of Reason, and the guides of Youth.

Whose language breathed the eloquence of Truth;

Whose life, beyond preceptive wisdom, taught

The great in conduct and the pure in thought; These still exist, by Thee to Fame consigned, Still speak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee sweet Hope her airy colouring

And Fancy's flights are subject to thy laws.

From Thee that bosom-spring of rapture flows.

Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows. When Joy's bright sun has shed his evening-

And Hope's delusive meteors cease to play; When clouds on clouds the smiling prospect close,

Still thro' the gloom thy star serencly glows: Like you fair orb, she gilds the brow of night

With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteons maid, who bids the world

Oft of that world will snatch a fond review; Oft at the shrine neglect her beads, to trace Some social scene, some dear, familiar face: And ere, with iron tongue, the vesper-bell Bursts thro' the cypress-walk, the conventcell.

Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive, To love and joy still tremblingly alive; The whisper'd vow, the chaste caress prolong, Weave the light dance, and swell the choral song;

With rapt car drink the enchanting serenade, And, as it melts along the moonlight-glade, To each soft note return as soft a sigh, And bless the youth that bids her slumbers fly.

But not till Time has calmed the ruffled

Are these fond dreams of happiness confest. Not till the rushing winds forget to rave, Is heaven's sweet smile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coast pursue the lessening sail,

And catch the sounds that sadden every gale.
Tell, if thou canst, the sum of sorrows there;
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied
glare.

The racks of thought and freezings of despair!
But pause not then—beyond the western
wave.

Go, view the captive bartered as a slave! Crush'd till his high, heroic spirit bleeds, And from his nerveless frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, even here, with pleasures long resigned,

Lo! Memony bursts the twilight of the mind: Her dear delusions soothe his sinking soul, When the rude scourge assumes its base control;

And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuse The full reflection of her vivid hues.

'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more, Then will he wake on Congo's distant shore; Beneath his plantain's ancient shade, renew The simple transports that with freedom flew; Catch the cool breeze that musky evening

And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows; The oral tale of elder time rehearse,

And chant the rude, traditionary verse; With those, the loved companions of his youth, When life was luxury, and friendship truth. Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns

Ah! why should Virtue fear the frowns of Fate?

Hers what no wealth can buy, no power create!

A little world of clear and cloudless day, Nor wrecked by storms, nor mouldered by

A world, with Memony's ceaseless sunshine

The home of Happiness, an honest breast. But most we mark the wonders of her reign, When Sleep has locked the seases in her chain, When sober Judgment has his throne resigned, She smiles away the chaos of the mind; And, as warm Funcy's bright Elysium glows, From Her each image springs, each colour flows.

She is the sacred guest! the immortal friend!
Oft seen o'er sleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence given,
Whispering scraphic visions of her heaven.
When the blithe son of Savoy, journeying
round

With humble wares and pipe of merry sound,

From his green vale and sheltered cabin hies, And scales the Alps to visit foreign skies: Tho' far below the forked lightnings play, And at his feet the thunder dies away, Oft, in the saddle rudely rocked to sleep, While his mule browses on the dizzy steep, With Memory's aid, he sits at home, and sees

His children sport beneath their native trees, And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call, O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her smile with gloomy Madness dwell?

Say, can she chase the horrors of his cell? Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing restrain, And mould the coinage of the fevered brain? Pass but that grate, which scarce a gleam

supplies,
There in the dust the wreck of Genius lies!
He, whose arresting hand sublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the sphere of thought;
And round, in colours of the rainbow, threw
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!

But, as he fondly snatched the wreath of Fame,

The spectre Poverty unnerved his frame. Cold was her grasp, a withering scowl she wore;

And Hope's soft energies were felt no more. Yet still how sweet the soothings of his art! From the rude wall what bright ideas start! Even now he claims the amaranthine wreath, With scenes that glow, with images that breathe!

And whence these scenes, these images, declare:

Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er despair?

Awake, arise! with grateful fervor fraught, Go, spring the mine of elevating thought. He, who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys The good and fair her faultless line portrays; Whose mind, profaned by no unhallowed

Guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden
clime,

Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime, Or wake the Spirit of departed Time. Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral Muse, A blooming Eden in his life reviews! So rich the culture, tho' so small the space, Its scanty limits he forgets to truce:

When soberJudgment has his throne resigned, But the fond fool, when evening shades the She smiles away the chaos of the mind;

Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!
The weary waste, that lengthened as he ran.
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a span!
Ah! who can tell the triumphs of the

mind,

By truth illumined, and by taste refined? When Age has quenched the eye and closed the ear,

Still nerved for action in her native sphere, Oft will she rise—with searching glance pursue

Some long-loved image vanished from her

Dart thro' the deep recesses of the past.
O'er dusky forms in chains of slumber cast;
With giant grasp fling back the folds of night,
And snatch the faithless fugitive to light.
So thro' the grove the impatient mother

flies,
Each sunless glade, each secret pathway tries;
Till the thin leaves the truant boy disclose,
Long on the wood-moss stretched in sweet

Nor yet to pleasing objects are confined. The silent feasts of the reflecting mind. Danger and death a dread delight inspire; And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire, When, richly bronzed by many a summer-sun,

He counts his scars, and tells what deeds were done. Go, with old Thames, view Chelsca's glorious pile;

And ask the shatter'd hero, whence his smile? Go, view the splendid domes of Greenwich.go. And own what raptures from reflection flow.

Hail, noblest structures imaged in the wave! A nation's grateful tribute to the brave. Hail! blest retreats from war and shipwreck, hail!

That oft arrest the wondering stranger's sail. Long have ye heard the narratives of age. The battle's havoc, and the tempest's rage; Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray Gild the calm close of Valour's various day.

Time's sombrous touches soon correct the

piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each discord cease;
A softer tone of light pervades the whole,
And steals a pensive languor o'er the soul.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood-vules pursued

Each mountain-scene, majestically rude;
To note the sweet simplicity of life.
Far from the din of Folly's idle strife:
Nor, there awhile, with lifted eye, revered
That modest stone which pious Ремилоки
reared:

Which still records, beyond the pencil's power,

The silent sorrows of a parting-hour; Still to the musing pilgrim points the place, Her sainted spirit most delights to trace?

Thus with the manly glow of honest pride, O'er his dead son the gallant Ornono sighed. Thus, through the gloom of Shenstone's fairy-grove,

Maria's urn still breathes the voice of love.

As the stern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes us less deeply in its morning-hour,
Than when the shades of Time screnely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year a melancholy grace!
And as the sparks of social love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land,
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's
smile.

The stranger greets each native of his isle: So scenes of life, when present and confest, Stamp but their bolder features on the breast; Yet not an image, when remotely viewed, However trivial, and however rude, But wins the heart, and wakes the social

With every claim of close affinity!

But these pure joys the world can never know;

In gentler climes their silver currents flow.

Oft at the silent, shadowy close of day,

When the hushed grove has sung its parting
lay;

When pensive Twilight, in her dusky car, Comes slowly on to meet the evening-star; Above, below, aerial murmurs swell, From hanging wood, brown heath, and bushy dell!

A thousand nameless rills, that shun the light, Stealing soft music on the ear of night. So oft the finer movements of the soul, That shun the sphere of Pleasure's gay

control,
In the still shades of calm Seclusion rise,
And breathe their sweet, scraphic harmonics.

Once, and domestic annals tell the time, (Preserved inCumbria's rude, romantic clime) When Nature smiled, and o'er the landscape threw

Her richest fragrance and her brightest hue, A blithe and blooming Forester explored Those loftier scenes Salvaton's soul adored; The rocky pass half hung with shaggy wood, And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood; Nor shunned the track, unknown to human tread.

That downward to the night of caverns led Some ancient cataract's descried bed.

High on exulting wing the beath-cock rose, And blew his shrill blast o'er perennial snows; Ere the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar, Gazed on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar; And through the rifted cliffs, that scaled she sky,

Derwent's clear mirror charmed his dazzled

Each osier-isle, inverted on the wave, Thro' morn's gray mist its melting colours gave;

And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove

Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove-

Light as the breeze that brushed the orient dew,

From rock, to rock the young Adventurer flew;

And day's last sunshine slept along the shore, When, lo! a path the smile of welcome wore. Imbowering shrubs with verdure veiled the sky.

And on the musk-rose shed a deeper dye; Save when a bright and momentary gleam Glanced from the white foam of some sheltered stream.

O'er the still lake the bell of evening tolled, And on the moor the shepherd penned his fold; And on the green hill's side the meteor played; When, hark! a voice sung sweetly thro' the shade.

It ceas'd—yet still in Florio's fancy sung, Still on each note his captive spirit hung; Till o'er the mead a cool sequestered grot From its rich roof a sparry lustre shot. A crystal water crossed the pebbled floor, And on the front these simple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude!
In this secret, shadowy cell
Musing Memory loves to dwell,
With her sister Solitude.
Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranced she sits from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky seat, When lo, the Genius of this still retreat! Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace The pensive softness of her angel-face? Can Virgin's verse, can Raphiel's touch impart

Those finer features of the feeling heart, Those tenderer tints that shun the carcless

And in the world's contagious climate die?

She left the cave, nor marked the stranger
there:

Her pastoral beauty, and her artless air, Had breathed a soft enchantment o'er his soul; In every nerve he felt her blest control! What pure and white-wing'd agents of the sky,

Who rule the springs of sacred sympathy, Inform congenial spirits when they meet? Sweet is their office, as their nature sweet?

Florio, with fearful joy, pursued the maid, Till through a vista's moonlight-chequered shade,

Where the bat circled, and the rooks reposed, (Their wars suspended and their councils closed)

An antique mension burst in awful state,
A rich vine clustering round the Gothic gate.
Nor paused he there. The master of the scene
Saw his light step imprint the dewy green;
And, slow advancing, hailed him as his guest,
Won by the hunest warmth his looks expressed.

He wore the rustic manners of a Squire; Age had not quenched one spark of manly fire; But giant Gout had bound him in her chain, And his heart panted for the chase in vain. Yet here Remembrance, sweetly-soothing

power!

Winged with delight Confinement's lingering hour.

The fox's brush still emulous to wear, He scoured the county in his elbow-chair; And, with view-halloo, roused the dreaming hound.

That rung, by starts, his deep-toned music round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd, His aged hunters coursed the viewless wind : And each, with glowing energy portrayed, The far-fam'd triumphs of the field displayed; Usurped the canvas of the crowded hall, And chased a line of heroes from the wall. There slept the horn each jocund echo knew, And many a smile and many a story drew! High o'er the hearth his forest-trophies hung, And their fantastic branches wildly flung. How would be dwell on the vast antlers there! These dashed the wave, those fanned the mountain-air.

All, as they frowned, unwritten records bore Of gallant feats and festivals of yore.

But why the tale prolong ?- His only child, His darling Julia on the stranger smiled. Her little arts a fretful sire to please, Her gentle gaiety, and native ease, Had won his soul: and rapturous Fancy shed Her golden lights and tints of rosy red; But, ah! few days had passed ere the bright vision fled!

blue.

And her deep shades irregularly threw; Their shifting sail dropt gently from the cove, Down by St. Herbert's consecrated grove; Whence erst the chanted hymn, the tapered

Amused the fisher's solitary night; And still the mitred window, richly wreathed, A sacred calm thro' the brown foliage breathed.

The wild deer, starting thro'the silent glade, With fearful gaze their various course surveyed.

High hung in air the hoary goat reclined, His streaming beard the sport of every wind; And, while the coot her jet-wing loved to lave, Rocked on the bosom of the sleepless wave; The engle rushed from Skiddaw's purple crest,

A cloud still brooding o'er her giant-nest.

And now the moon had dimmed, with dewy

The few, fine flushes of departing day; O'er the wide water's deep serene she hung, And her broad lights on every mountain flung; When, lo! a sudden blast the vessel blew, And to the surge consigned its little crew. All, all escaped-but ere the lover bore His faint and faded Julia to the shore.

Her sense had fled !- Exhausted by the storm, A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form; Her closing eye a trembling lustre fired; 'Twas life's last spark-it fluttered and ex-

pired! The father strewed his white hairs in the wind,

Called on his child-nor lingered long behind: And FLORIO lived to see the willow wave, With many an evening-whisper, o'er their grave.

Yes, FLORIO lived-and, still of each possess'd, The father cherished, and the maid caressed!

For ever would the fond enthusiast rove, With Julia's spirit thro' the shadowy grove; Gaze with delight on every scene she planned. Kiss every flowret planted by her hand.

Ah! still he traced her steps along the glade, When hazy hues and glimmering lights betrayed

Half-viewless forms; still listened as the breeze

Heaved its deep sobs among the aged trees; And at each pause her melting accents caught, In sweet delirium of romantic thought! Dear was the grot that shunned the blaze of day;

She gave its spars to shoot a trembling ray. The spring, that bubbled from its inmost cell, Murmured of Julia's virtues as it fell : And o'er the dripping moss, the fretted stone, InFLORIO's ear breathed language not its own. Her charm around the enchantress MEMORY

threw. A charm that soothes the mind and sweetens

But is Her magic only felt below? When Evening tinged the lake's ethereal Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere, She yields delight but faintly imaged here: All that till now their rapt researches knew, Not called in slow succession to review: But, as a landscape meets the eye of day, At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss revealed, since chaos fled.

And dawning light its dazzling glories spread; Each chain of wonders that sublimely glowed, Since first Creation's choral anthem flowed; Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine, To distant worlds that undiscovered shine; Full on her tablet flings its living rays, And all, combined, with blest effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendship, sour;

No more to part, to mingle tears no more! And, as the softening hand of time endears The joys and sorrows of our infant years, So there the soul, released from human strife, Smiles at the little cares and ills of life; Its lights and shades, its sunshine and its showers;

As at a dream that charmed her vacant hours! Oft may the spirits of the dead descend, To watch the silent slumbers of a friend;

To hover round his evening-walk unseen, And hold sweet converse on the dusky green; To hail the spot where first their friend-

ship grew, And heaven and nature opened to their view! Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and sees A smiling circle emulous to please; There may these gentle guests delight to dwell.

And bless the scene they loved in life so well! Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share.

From Reason's dawn, each pleasure and each care;

With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know The humble walks of happiness below; If thy blest nature now unites above An angel's pity with a brother's love, Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control, Correct my views, and elevate my soul; Grant me thy peace and purity of mind, Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned; Grant me, like thee, whose heart knew no disguise,

Whose blameless wishes never aimed to rise, To meet the changes Time and Chance present With modest dignity and calm content. When thy last breath, ere Nature sunk to rest, Thy meek submission to thy God expressed; When thy last look, ere thought and feeling fled.

A mingled gleam of hope and triumph shed; What to thy soul its glad assurance gave, Its hope in death, its triumph over the grave? The sweet remembrance of unblemished youth,

The inspiring voice of Innocence and Truth! Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhaustless mine From age to age unnumber'd treasures shine! Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey, And Place and Time are subject to thy sway! Thy pleasures most we feel, when most alone; The only pleasures we can call our own. Lighter than air, Hope's summer-visions die, If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky; If but a beam of sober Reason play, Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away! But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power, Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour? These, when the trembling spirit wings her

flight. Pour round her path a stream of living light; And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest, Where Virtue triumphs and her sons are blest.

The following stanzas are said to have been written on a blank leaf of this Poem. They present an affecting reverse of the picture.

Pleasures of Memory!-oh supremely blest, And justly proud beyond a Poet's praise; If the pure confines of thy tranquil breast Contain, indeed, the subject of thy lays! By me how envied!-for to me The herald still of misery.

Memory makes her influence known By sighs, and tears, and grief alone: I greet her as the fiend, to whom belong The vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

She tells of time mispent, of comfort lost, Of fair occasions gone for ever by; Of hopes too fondly nursed, too rudely crossed, Of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die; For what, except th' instinctive fear Lest she survive, detains me here, When all the life of life is fled ?-What, but the deep inherent dread, Lest she beyond the grave resume her reign, And realize the hell that priests and beldams feign ?

#### NOTES.

Awake but one, and lo, what myriads rise! [p.391. When a traveller, who was surveying the ruins of Rome, expressed a desire to possess some relic of its ancient grandour. Poussin, who attended him, stooped down, and, gathering up a handful of earth shining with small grains of porphyry, "Take this home," said he, "for your cabinet; and say boldly, Questa e Roma Antica."

Sweet bird! thy truth shall Harlen's walls attest [p. 392. During the siege of Harlem, when that city was reduced to the last extremity, and on the point of opening its gates to a base and barbarous enemy, a design was formed to relieve it; and the intelligence was conveyed to the citzens by a letter which was tied under the wing of a pigeon. The same messenger was employed at the siege of Mutina, as we are informed by the elder Pliny.

There still exist, &c. [p. 393. There is a future Existence even in this world, an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who an Existence in the hearts and minds of those who shall live after us. It is in reserve for every man, however obscure; and his portion, if he be diligent, must be equal to his desires. For in whose remembrance can we wish to hold a place, but such as know, and are known by us y These are within the sphere of our influence, and among these and their descendants we may live evermore.

Hast thou thro' Eden's wild-wood-vales pursued

Hast thou three Eden's wild-wood-vales pursued [p. 394.

On the road-side between Penrith and Appleby there stands a small pillar with this inscription: "This pillar was erected in the year 1858, by Ann Counters Dowager of Pembroke, for a memorial of her last parting, in this place, with her good and pions mother, Margaret, Counters Dowager of Cumberland, on the 2d of April, 1618; in memory whereof she hath left an annuity of 4l. to be distributed to the poor of the parish of Brougham, every 2d day of April for ever, upon the stonetable placed hard by. Laus Deo!"

The Eden is the principal river of Cumberland, and rises in the wildest part of Westmoreland.

O'er his dead son the gallant Oanoxo sighed.

Ormond bore the loss with patience and dignity: though he ever retained a pleasing, however melancholy, sense of the signal merit of Ossory. I would not exchange my dead son, said he, for any living son in Christendom. Hume, VI. 340.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

#### AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND.

Villula, . . . . . . . . et pauper agelle, Me tibi, et hos una mecum, et quos semper amavi Commendo.

WHEN, with a REAUMUR'S skill, thy curious mind

Has classed the insect-tribes of human-kind, Each with its busy hum, or gilded wing, Its subtle web-work, or its venomed sting; Let me, to claim a few unvalued hours, Point out the green lane rough with fern and flowers;

The sheltered gate that opens to my field, And the white front thro' mingling clms revealed.

In vain, alas! a village-friend invites
To simple comforts, and domestic rites,
When the gay months of Carnival resume
Their annual round of glitter and perfume;
When London hails thee to its splendid mart,
Its hives of sweets, and cabinets of art;
And, lo, majestic, as thy manly song,
Flows the full tide of human life along.

Still must my partial pencil love to dwell On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell; The mossy pales that skirt the orchard-

Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen:

And the brown path-way, that, with careless flow,

Sinks, and is lost among the trees below.
Still must it trace (the flattering tints forgive)
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape
live:

Oft o'er the mead, at pleasing distance, pass Browsing the hedge by fits the panniered ass; The idling shepherd-boy, with rude delight, Whistling his dog to mark the pebble's flight;

And in her kerchief blue the cottage-maid, With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.

Far to the south a mountain-vale retires, Rich in its groves, and glens, and villagespires;

Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung. Its wizard-stream, nor nameless nor unsung: And thro' the various year, the various day. What scenes of glory burst, and melt away!

When April-verdure springs in Grosvenorsquare,

And the furred Beauty comes to winter there, She bids old Nature mar the plan no more; Yet still the seasons circle as before. Ah, still as soon the young Aurora plays, Though moons and flambeaux trail their broadest blaze;

As soon the sky-lark pours his matin-song, Though evening lingers at the mask so long.

There let her strike with momentary ray, As tapers shine their little lives away; There let her practise from herself to steal, And look the happiness she does not feel; The ready smile and bidden blush employ At Faro-routs that dazzle to destroy; Fan with affected ease the essenced air, And lisp of fashions with unmeaning stare. Be thine to meditate an humbler flight, When morning fills the fields with rosy light; Be thine to blend, nor thine a vulgar aim, Repose with dignity, with quiet fame.

Here no state-chambers in long line unfold.

Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;

Yet modest ornament, with use combined, Attracts the eye to exercise the mind. Small change of scene, small space his home requires.

Who leads a life of satisfied desires.

What the no marble breathes, no canvas glows,

From every point a ray of genius flows!
Be mine to bless the more mechanic skill,
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;
And cheaply circulates, thro' distant climes,
The fairest relies of the purest times.
Here from the mould to conscious being start
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;
Here chosen gems, imprest on sulphur, shine,
That slept for ages in a second mine;
And here the faithful graver dares to trace
A Michael's grandeur, and a Raphael's

grace!
Thy gallery, Florence, gilds my humble walls,
And my low roof the Vatican recalls!

Soon as the morning-dream my pillow

To waking sense what brighter visions rise!
O mark! again the coursers of the Sun,
At Guno's call, their round of glory run!
Again the rosy Hours resume their flight.
Obscured and lost in floods of golden light!

But could thine erring friend so long forget (Sweet source of pensive joy and fond regret). That here its warmest hues the pencil flings. Lo! here the lost restores, the absent brings: And still the Few best loved and most revered Rise round the board their social smile

endeared?

Selected shelves shall claim thy studious hours;

There shall thy ranging mind be fed on flowers!

There, while the shaded lamp's mild lustre streams,

Read ancient books, or dream inspiring dreams;

And, when a sage's bust arrests thee there, Pause, and his features with his thoughts compare.

Ah, most that Art my grateful rapture calls, Which breathes a soul into the silent walls; Which gathers round the Wise of every tongue,

All on whose words departed nations hung; Still prompt to charm with many a converse sweet;

Guides in the world, companions in retreat! Tho' my thatched bath no rich Mosaic

knows,
A limpid spring with unfelt current flows;
Emblem of Life! which, still as we survey,
Seems motionless, yet ever glids away!
The shadows walls record with Attioner

The shadowy walls record, with Attic art, The strength and beauty that its waves impart.

Here Theris, bending with a mother's fears Dips her dear boy, whose pride restrains his tears.

There, VENUS, rising, shrinks with sweet surprise,

As her fair self reflected seems to rise!

Far from the joyless glare, the maddening strife.

And all the dull impertinence of life,
These cyclids open to the rising ray,
And close, when Nature bids, at close of day.
Here, at the dawn, the kindling landscape
glows;

There noon-day levees call from faint repose. Here the flushed wave flings back the parting light:

There glimmering lamps anticipate the night. When from his classic dreams the student steals.

Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels, To muse unnoticed—while around him press The meteor-forms of equipage and dress; Alone, in wonder lost, he seems to stand A very stranger in his native land!

And (the perchance of current coin possest And modern phrase by living lips exprest) Like those blest Youths, forgive the fabling page,

Whose blameless lives deceived a twilight-

Spent in sweet slumbers; till the miner's

Unclosed the cavern, and the morning played.

Ab, what their strange surprise, their wild delight!

New arts of life, new manners meet their sight!

In a new world they wake, as from the dead; Yet doubt the trance dissolved, the vision fled! O come, and, rich in intellectual wealth, Blend thought with exercise, with knowledge health!

Long, in this sheltered scene of lettered talk, With sober step repeat the pensive walk; Norscorn, when graver triflings fail to please, The cheap amusements of a mind at ease; Here every care in sweet oblivion cast, And many an idle hour—not idly passed.

Not tuneful echoes, ambushed at my gate, Catch the blest accents of the wise and great.

Vain of its various page, no Album breathes The sigh that Friendship or the Muse bequeaths.

Yet some good Genii o'er my hearth preside, Oft the far friend, with secret spell, to guide; And there I trace, when the gray evening lours.

A silent chronicle of happier hours!

When Christmas revels in a world of snow, And bids her berries blush, her carols flow; His spangling shower when Frost the wizard flings;

Or, borne in ether blue, on viewless wings, O'er the white pane his silvery foliage weaves, And gems with icicles the sheltering caves; —Thy muffled friend his nectarine - wall pursues.

What time the sun the yellow crocus woocs, Screened from the arrowy North; and duly

To meet the morning-rumour as it flies; To range the murmuring market-place, and view

The motley groups that faithful Textens drew.

When Spring bursts forth in blossoms thro'

And her wild music triumphs on the gale, Oft with my book I muse from stile to stile; Oft in my porch the listless noon beguile, Framing loose numbers, till declining day Thro' the green trellis shoots a crimson ray; Till the West-wind leads on the twilighthours.

And shakes the fragrant bells of closing flowers.

Nor boast, O Choisy! seat of soft delight, The secret charm of thy voluptuous night. Vain is the blaze of wealth, the pomp of power!

Lo, here, attendant on the shadowy hour, Thy closet-supper, served by hands unseen, Sheds, like an evening-star, its ray serene, To hail our coming. Not a step profane Dares, with rude sound, the cheerful rite

restrain;
And, while the frugal banquet glows revealed,
Pure and unbought,—the natives of my field;
While blushing fruits thro's cattered leaves
invite.

Still clad in bloom, and veiled in azure light! With wine, as rich in years as Honson sings,

With water, clear as his own fountain flings,

The shifting side-board plays its shumbler To drop all metaphor, that little bell Called back reality, and broke the sp

Beyond the triumphs of a Loriot's art.

Thus, in this calm recess, so richly fraught With mental light, and luxury of thought, My life steals on; (O could it blend with thine!)

Careless my course, yet not without design. So thro' the vales of Loire the bee-hives glide, The light raft dropping with the silent tide; So, till the laughing scenes are lost in night, The busy people wing their various flight, Culling unnumbered sweets from nameless flowers.

That scent the vineyard in its purple hours.
Rise, ere the watch-relieving clarions play,
Caught thro' St. James's groves at blush

of day;
Ere its full voice the choral anthem flings
Thro' trophied tombs of heroes and of kings.
Haste to the tranquil shade of learned ease,
Tho' skilled alike to dazzle and to please;
Tho' each gay scene be searched with anxious

Nor thy shut door be passed without a sigh. If, when this roof shall know thy friend

Some, formed like thee, should once, like thee, explore;

Invoke the Lares of his loved retreat, And his lone walks imprint with pilgrim-feet; Then be it said, (as, vain of better days, Some gray domestic prompts the partial

"Unknown he lived, unenvied, not unblest; Reason his guide, and Happiness his guest. In the clear mirror of his moral page,

We trace the manners of a purer age. His soul, with thirst of genuine glory fraught, Scorned the false lustre of licentious thought.

One fair asylum from the world he knew, One chosen seat, that charms with various

Who boasts of more (believe the serious strain)

Sighs for a home, and sighs, alas! in vain. Thro' each he roves, the tenant of a day, And, with the swallow, wings the year away!"

#### VERSES

WRITTEN TO BE SPOREN BY MRS. SIDDONS.

YES, 'tis the pulse of life! my fears were vain;

I wake, I breathe, and am myself again.
Still in this nether world; no scraph yet!
Nor walks my spirit, when the sun is set,
With troubled step to haunt the fatal hoard,
Where I died last—by poison or the sword;
Blanching each honest cheek with deeds of
night.

Done here so oft by dim and doubtful light.

To drop all metaphor, that little bell Called back reality, and broke the spell. No heroine claims your tears with tragic tone; A very woman—scarce restrains her own! Can she, with fiction, charm the cheated mind, When to be grateful is the part assigned? Ah, no! she scorns the trappings of her Art; No theme but truth, no prompter but the heart!

But, Ladies, say, must I alone unmask? Is here no other actress? let me ask. Believe me, those, who best the heart dissect. Know every Woman studies stage-effect. She moulds her manners to the part she fills. As Instinct teaches, or as Humour wills; And, as the grave or gay her talent calls, Acts in the drama, till the curtain falls.

First, how her little breast with triumph swells,

When the red coral rings its golden bells! To play in pantomime is then the rage, Along the carpet's many-coloured stage; Or lisp her merry thoughts with lond endeavour.

Now here, now there—in noise and mischief ever!

A school-girl next, she curls her hair in papers,

And mimics father's gout, and mother's vapours;

Discards her doll, bribes Betty for romances; Playful at church, and serious when she dances;

Tramples alike on customs and on toes,
And whispers all she hears to all she knows;
Terror of caps, and wigs, and sober notions!
A romp! that longest of perpetual motions!
—Till tamed and tortured into foreign graces;
She sports her lovely face at public places;
And with blue, laughing eyes, behind her fan,
First acts her part with that great actor, MAN.

Too soon a flirt, approach her and she flies! Frowns when pursued, and, when entreated, sighs!

Plays with unhappy men as cats with mice; Till fading beauty hints the late advice. Her prudence dictates what her pride dis-

And now she sues to slaves herself had chained!

Then comes that good old character, a

With all the dear, distracting cares of life; A thousand cards a day at doors to leave, And, in return, a thousand cards receive; Rouge high, play deep, to lead the ton aspire. With nightly blaze set PORTLAND-PLACE on fire;

Snatch half a glimpse at Concert, Opera, Ball,

A Meteor, traced by none, the seen by all; And, when her shattered nerves forbid to roam.

In very spleen—rehearse the girls at home. Last the gray Downger, in ancient flounces, With snuff and spectacles the age denounces;

Boasts how the Sires of this degenerate Isle | Wont in the night of woods to dwell, Knelt for a look, and duelled for a smile. The scourge and ridicule of Goth and Vandal, Her tea she sweetens, as she sips, with scandal;

With modern Belles eternal warfare wages, Like her own birds that clamour from their cages;

And shuffles round to bear her tale to all, Like some old Ruin, nodding to its fall! Thus Woman makes her entrance and her

exit:

Not least an actress, when she least suspects it. Yet Nature oft peeps out and mars the plot, Each lesson lost, each poor pretence forgot; Full oft, with energy that scorns controll, At once lights up the features of the soul; Unlocks each thought chained down by coward Art,

And to full day the latent passions start! -And she, whose first, best wish is your applause,

Herself exemplifies the truth she draws. Born on the stage-thro' every shifting scene, Obscure or bright, tempestuous or serene, Still has your smile her trembling spirit fired! And can she act, with thoughts like these inspired?

Thus from her mind all artifice she flings. All skill, all practice, now unmeaning things! To you, unchecked, each genuine feeling

For all that life endears-to you she owes.

#### TO AN OLD OAK.

Immota manet; multosque nepotes, Multa virum volvens durando sacula, vincit.

ROUND thee, alas, no shadows move! From thee no sacred murmurs breathe! Yet within thee, thyself a grove, Once did the cagle scream above, And the wolf howl beneath.

There once the steel-clad knight reclined, His sable plumage tempest-tossed; And, as the death-bell smote the wind, From towers long fled by humankind, His brow the hero crossed !

Then Culture came, and days serene; And village-sports, and garlands gay. Full many a pathway crossed the green; And maids and shepherd-youths were seen To celebrate the May.

Father of many a forest deep, Whence many a navy thunder-fraught! Erst in thy acorn-cells asleep, Soon destined o'er the world to sweep, Opening new spheres of thought!

The holy Druid saw thee rise; And, planting there the guardian-spell, Sung forth, the dreadful pomp to swell Of human sacrifice!

Thy singed top and branches bare Now straggle in the evening-sky; And the wan moon wheels round to glare On the long corse that shivers there Of him who came to die!

#### ON A TEAR.

Ou! that the Chemist's magic art Could crystallize this sacred treasure! Long should it glitter near my heart, A secret source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant, ere it fell, Its lustre caught from CHLOE's eye; Then, trembling, left its coral cell-The spring of Sensibility!

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light! In thee the rays of Virtue shine; More calmly clear, more mildly bright, Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul! Who ever fliest to bring relief, When first we feel the rude controul Of Love or Pity, Joy or Grief.

The sage's and the poet's theme. In every clime, in every age; Thou charmst in Fancy's idle dream, In Reason's philosophic page.

That very law which moulds a tear, And bids it trickle from its source, That law preserves the earth a sphere, And guides the planets in their course.

#### TO THE GNAT.

WHEN by the green-wood-side, at summereve. Poetic visions charm my closing eye,

And fairy-scenes, that Fancy loves to weave, Shift to wild notes of sweetest minstrelsy; 'Tis thine to range in busy quest of prey, Thy feathery antlers quivering with delight, Brush from my lids the bues of beavenaway, And all is Solitude, and all is Night!

—Ah now thy barbed shaft, relentless fly, Unsheaths its terrors in the sultry air! No guardian sylph, in golden panoply, Lifts the broad shield, and points the glit tering anear.

Now near and nearer rush thy whirring The moving pomp along the shadowy isle, wings, That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile;

Thy dragon-scales still wet with human gore. Hark, thy shrill horn its fearful larum flings! —I wake in horror, and dare sleep no more!

#### A WISH.

MINE be a cot beside the hill, A bee-hive's hum shall sooth my ear; A willowy brook, that turns a mill, With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch, Shall twitter from her clay-built nest; Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch, And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew; And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church, among the trees, Where first our marriage-vows were given, With merry peals shall swell the breeze, And point with taper spire to heaven.

#### WRITTEN IN WESTMINSTER-ABBEY.

остовен 10, 1806.

After the Funeral of the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES Fox.

WROE'ER thou art, approach, and, with a sigh,

Mark where the small remains of greatness lie.

There sleeps the dust of him for ever gone; How near the scene where late his glory shone!

And, tho' no more ascends the voice of prayer, Tho' the last footsteps cease to linger there, Still, like an awful dream that comes again, Alas! at best, as transient and as vain, Still do I see (while thro' the vaults of night The funeral-song once more proclaims the

rite)

The moving pomp along the shadowy isle, That, like a darkness, filled the solemn pile; The illustrious line, that in long order led, Of those, that loved him living, mourned him dead;

Of those, the few, that for their country

Round him who dared be singularly good; All, of all ranks, that claimed him for their own;

And nothing wanting—but himself alone!
Oh say, of him now rests there but a name;
Wont, as he was, to breathe ethereal flame?
Friend of the absent, guardian of the dead!
Who but would here their sacred sorrows
shed?

(Such as he shed on Nelson's closing grave; How soon to claim the sympathy he gave!) In him, resentful of another's wrong, The dumb were cloquent, the feeble strong. Truth from his lips a charm celestial drew,— Ah, who so mighty and so gentle too?

What tho' with war the madding nations

Peace, when he spoke, was ever on his tongue!

Amidst the frowns of power, the tricks of state,

Fearless, resolved, and negligently great!
In vain malignant vapours gathered round;
He walked, erect, on consecrated ground.
The clouds, that rise to quench the orb of
day,

Reflect its splendour, and dissolve away!
When in retreat he laid his thunder by,
For lettered ease and calm philosophy,
Blest were his hours within the silent grove,
Where still his godlike spirit deigns to rove;
Blest by the orphan's smile, the widow's

prayer,
For many a deed, long done in secret there.
There shone his lamp on Homer's hallowed

There, listening, sate the hero and the sage; And they, by virtue and by blood allied. Whom most he loved, and in whose arms he died.

Friend of all humankind! not here alone (The voice, that speaks, was not to thee unknown)

Wilt thou be missed.—O'er every land and

Long, long shall England be revered in thee! And, when the storm is hushed—in distant years—

Focs on thy grave shall meet, and mingle

# THOMAS CAMPBELL.

# PLEASURES OF HOPE.

#### PART I.

AT summer-eve, when Heaven's aerial bow Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,

Why to you mountain turns the musing eye, Whose sunbright summit mingles with the sky?

Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—

Tis distance lends enchantment to the view, And robes the mountain in its azure hue. Thus, with delight we linger to survey The promised joys of life's unmeasured way; Thus, from afar, each dim-discovered scene More pleasing seems than all the past hath been;

And every form, that Fancy can repair From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

What potent spirit guides the raptured eye To pierce the shades of dim futurity? Can Wisdom lend, with all her heavenly

The pledge of Joy's anticipated hour?
Ah, no! she darkly sees the fate of man—
Her dim horizon bounded to a span;
Or, if she hold an image to the view,
"Tis Nature pictured too severely true.
With thee, sweet Hors! resides the heavenly light,

That pours remotest rapture on the sight: Thine is the charm of life's bewildered way,

That calls each slumbering passion into play. Waked by thy touch, I see the sister band, On tiptoe watching, start at thy command, And fly where'er thy mandate bids them steer.

To Pleasure's path, or Glory's bright career.
Primeval Hope, the Aönian Muses say,
When Man and Nature mourned their first
decay,

When every form of death, and every woe, Shot from malignant stars to earth below, When Murder bared her arm, and rampant War

Yoked the red dragons of her iron car.

When Peace and Mercy, banished from the plain,

Sprung on the viewless winds to Heaven again;

All, all forsook the friendless guilty mind, But Hore, the charmer, lingered still behind. Thus, while Elijah's burning wheels

From Carmel's heights to sweep the fields of air,

The prophet's mantle, ere his flight began, Dropt on the world—a sacred gift to man. Auspicious Hope! in thy sweet garden

Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every wee;

Won by their sweets, in Nature's languid

The way-worn pilgrim seeks thy summerbower;

There, as the wild bee murmurs on the wing, What peaceful dreams thy handmaid-spirits bring!

What viewless forms th' Aeolian organ play, And sweep the furrowed lines of anxious thought away!

Angel of life! thy glittering wings explore Earth's loneliest bounds, and Ocean's wildest shore.

Lo! to the wintry winds the pilot yields
His bark careering o'er unfathomed fields;
Now on Atlantic waves he rides afar,
Where Andes, giant of the western star,
With meteor-standard to the winds unfurled,
Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half
the world!

Now far he sweeps, where scarce a summer smiles.

On Behring's rocks, or Greenland's naked isles: Cold on his midnight-watch the breezes blow, From wastes that slumber in eternal snow: And waft, across the wave's tumultuous roar, The wolf's long how! from Onalaska's shore.

Poor child of danger, nursling of the storm, Sad are the woes that wreck thy manly form! Rocks, waves, and winds, the shattered bark delay;

Thy heart is sad, thy home is far away.

But Hore can here her moonlight-vigils Till, led by thee o'er many a cliff sublime,

And sing to charm the spirit of the deep: Swift as you streamer lights the starry pole, Her visions warm the watchman's pensive soul.

His native hills that rise in happier climes, The grot that heard his song of other times, His cottage-home, his bark of slender sail, His glassy lake, and broomwood-blossomed vale,

Rush on his thought; he sweeps before the wind.

Treads the loved shore he sighed to leave behind;

Meets at each step a friend's familiar face, And flies at last to Helen's long embrace; Wipes from her cheek the rapture-speaking tear,

And clasps, with many a sigh, his children dear !

While, long neglected, but at length caressed, His faithful dog salutes the smiling guest, Points to the master's eyes (where'er they roam)

His wistful face, and whines a welcome home.

Friend of the brave! in peril's darkest hour,

Intrepid Virtue looks to thee for power; To thee the heart its trembling homage yields,

On stormy floods, and carnage-covered fields, When front to front the bannered hosts combine.

Halt ere they close, and form the dreadful line.

When all is still on Death's devoted soil, The march-worn soldier mingles for the toil: As rings his glittering tube, he lifts on high The dauntless brow, and spirit-speaking eye, Hails in his heart the triumph yet to come, And hears thy stormy music in the drum!

And such thy strength-inspiring aid that bore

The hardy Byron to his native shore-In horrid climes, where Chiloe's tempests sweep

Tumultuous murmurs o'er the troubled deep, 'Twas his to mourn misfortune's rudest shock.

Scourged by the winds, and cradled on the rock.

To wake each joyless morn, and search again The famished haunts of solitary men;

Whose race, unyielding as their native storm.

Know not a trace of Nature but the form; Yet, at thy call, the hardy tar pursued, Pale, but intrepid, sad, but unsubdued, Pierced the deep woods, and hailing from afar, The moon's pale planet, and the northern star;

Paused at each dreary cry, unheard before, shore;

He found a warmer world, a milder clime, A home to rest, a shelter to defend, Peace and repose, a Briton and a friend! Congenial Hore! thy passion-kindling power, How bright, how strong, in youth's untroubled hour!

On you proud height, with Genius hand in hand.

I see thee light, and wave thy golden wand. "Go, child of Heaven! (thy winged words

'Tis thine to search the boundless fields of fame!

Lo! Newton, priest of nature, shines afar, Scans the wide world and numbers ev'ry star! Wilt thou, with him, mysterious rites apply, And watch the shrine with wonder-beaming eye?

Yes, thou shalt mark, with magic art profound,

The speed of light, the circling march of sound ;

With Franklin grasp the lightning's flery wing,

Or yield the lyre of Heaven another string. "The Swedish sage admires, in yonder bowers.

His winged insects, and his rosy flowers; Calls from their woodland-haunts the savage train

With sounding horn, and counts them on the plain-

So once, at Heaven's command, the wanderers came

To Eden's shade, and heard their various name.

"Far from the world, in you sequestered clime.

Slow pass the sons of Wisdom, more sublime; Calm as the fields of Heaven, his sapient eye The loved Athenian lifts to realms on high. Admiring Plato, on his spotless page

Stamps the bright dictates of the Father

Shall Nature bound to Earth's diurnal span The fire of God, th' immortal soul of man? "Turn, child of Heaven, thy rapture-lighten'd eye

To Wisdom's walks, the sacred Nine are nigh:

Hark! from bright spires that gild the Delphian height.

From streams that wander in eternal light, Ranged on their hill, Harmonia's daughters swell

The mingling tones of horn, and harp, and shell;

Deep from his vaults, the Loxian murmure flow.

And Pythia's awful organ peals below. "Beloved of Heaven! the smiling Muse shall shed

Her moonlight-halo on thy beauteous head; Hyanas in the wild, and mermaids on the Shall swell thy heart to rapture unconfined. And breathe a holy madness o'er thy mind.

I see thee roam her guardian power beneath, | There, as the parent deals his scanty store And talk with spirits on the midnight heath; Enquire of guilty wanderers whence they came.

And ask each blood-stained form his earthly name;

Then weave in rapid verse the deeds they tell, And read the trembling world the tales of hell

"When Venus, throned in clouds of rosy bue, Flings from her golden urn the vesper-dew, And bids fond man her glimmering noon employ,

Sacred to love, and walks of tender joy; A milder mood the goddess shall recall, And soft as dew thy tones of music fall; While beauty's deeply-pictured smiles im-

part A pang more dear than pleasure to the heart-Warm as thy sighs shall flow the Lesbian strain.

And plead in beauty's ear, nor plead in vain. "Or wilt thou Orphean hymns more sacred deem.

And steep thy song in Mercy's mellow stream; To pensive drops the radiant eye beguile-For beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile :

On Nature's throbbing anguish pour relief. And teach impassioned souls the joy of grief? "Yes; to thy tongue shall scraph-words

be given. And power on earth to plead the cause of Heaven;

The proud, the cold untroubled heart of stone.

That never mused on sorrow but its own, Unlocks a generous store at thy command, Like Horeb's rocks beneath the prophet's hand.

The living lumber of his kindred earth, Charmed into soul, receives a second birth; Feels thy dread power another heart afford, Whose passion-touch'd harmonious strings accord

True as the circling spheres to Nature's plan; And man, the brother, lives the friend of man. "Bright as the pillar rose at Heaven's

command, When Israel marched along the desart land, Blazed through the night on lonely wilds afar,

And told the path-a never-setting star: So, heavenly Genius, in thy course divine, HOPE is thy star, her light is ever thine.' Propitious Power! when rankling cares

annov

The sacred home of hymenean joy; When doomed to Poverty's sequestered dell, The wedded pair of love and virtue dwell, Unpitied by the world, unknown to fame, Their woes, their wishes, and their hearts

the same-Oh there, prophetic Horn! thy smile bestow, And chase the pangs that worth should never

To friendless babes, and weeps to give no more

Tell, that his manly race shall yet assuage Their father's wrongs, and shield his latter

What though for him no Hybla-sweets distil, Nor bloomy vines wave purple on the hill; Tell, that when silent years have passed away.

That when his eye grows dim, his tresses gray.

These busy hands a lovelier cot shall build, And deck with fairer flowers his little field, And call from Heaven propitious dews to breathe

Arcadian beauty on the barren heath; Tell, that while Love's spontaneous smile endears

The days of peace, the sabbath of his years, Health shall prolong to many a festive hour The social pleasures of his humble bower. Lo! at the couch where infant beauty

siceps.

Her silent watch the mournful mother keeps; She, while the lovely babe unconscious lies, Smiles on her slumbering child with pensive

And weaves a song of melancholy joy-"Sleep, image of thy father, sleep, my boy: No lingering hour of sorrow shall be thine; No sigh that rends thy father's heart and mine;

Bright as his manly sire the son shall be In form and soul; but, ah! more blest than he! Thy fame, thy worth, thy filial love, at last, Shall soothe his aching heart for all the past-With many a smile my solitude repay, And chase the world's ungenerous scorn away. And say, when summoned from the world and thee,

I lay my head beneath the willow-tree, Wilt thou, sweet mourner! at my stone appear,

And soothe my parted spirit lingering near? Oh, wilt thou come, at evening-hour to shed The tears of Memory o'er my sarrow bed; With aching temples on thy hand reclined, Muse on the last farewell I leave behind, Breathe a deep sigh to winds that murmur low.

And think on all my love, and all my woe?" So speaks affection, ere the infant eye Can look regard, or brighten in reply; But when the cherub-lip hath learnt to claim A mother's ear by that endearing name; Soon as the playful innocent can prove A tear of pity, or a smile of love, Or cons his murmuring task beneath her care, Or lisps with holy look his evening-prayer, Or gazing, mutely pensive, sits to hear The mournful ballad warbled in his ear; How fondly looks admiring Hore the while, At every artiess tear, and every smile! How glows the joyous parent to descry A guileless bosom, true to sympathy !

share

Tumultuous toils, or solitary care,

Unblest by visionary thoughts that stray To count the joys of Fortune's better day! Lo, nature, life, and liberty relume

The dim-eyed tenant of the dungeon-gloom, A long-lost friend, or hapless child restored, Smiles at his blazing hearth and social board; Warm from his heart the tears of rapture flow,

And virtue triumphs o'er remembered woe. Chide not his peace, proud Reason! nor destroy

The shadowy forms of uncreated joy, That urge the lingering tide of life, and pour Spontaneous slumber on his midnight-hour. Hark! the wild maniac sings, to chide the gale

That wafts so slow her lover's distant sail; She, sad spectatress, on the wintry shore Watched the rude surge his shroudless corse that bore.

Knew the pale form, and, shricking in amaze, Clasped her cold hands, and fixed her maddening gaze:

Poor widowed wretch! 'twas there she wept in vain,

Till memory fled her agonizing brain;-But Mercy gave, to charm the sense of woe, Ideal peace, that truth could ne'er bestow; Warm on her heart the joys of Fancy beam, And aimless Hope delights her darkest dream.

Oft when you moon has climbed the midnight-sky,

And the lone sea-bird wakes its wildest cry, Piled on the steep, her blazing faggots burn To bail the bark that never can return; And still she waits, but scarce forbears to

weep That constant love can linger on the deep. And, mark the wretch, whose wanderings

never knew The world's regard, that soothes, though

half untrue. Whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore, But found not pity when it erred no more. Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye Th' unfeeling proud one looks-and passes by;

Condemned on Penury's barren path to roam, Scorned by the world, and left without a home\_

Even he, at evening, should he chance to strav

Down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way, Where, round the cot's romantic glade, are

The blossomed bean-field, and the sloping green,

Leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while-

Oh! that for me some home like this would smile,

Some hamlet shade, to yield my sickly form Health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm!

Where is the troubled heart, consigned to There should my hand no stinted boon assign To wretched hearts with sorrow such as mine!-

> That generous wish can soothe unpitied care, And Hore half mingles with the poor man's

Hope! when I mourn; with sympathizing mind,

The wrongs of fate, the woes of human kind, Thy blissful omens bid my spirit see The boundless fields of rapture yet to be; I watch the wheels of Nature's mazy plan, And learn the future by the past of man.

Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,

And rule the spacious world from clime to clime;

Thy handmaid-arts shall every wild explore, Trace every wave, and culture every shore. On Erie's banks, where tigers steal along, And the dread Indian chaunts a dismal song, Where human fiends on midnight-errands walk.

And bathe in brains the murderous tomahawk; There shall the flocks on thymy pasture stray. And shepherds dance at Summer's opening day:

Each wandering Genius of the lonely glen Shall start to view the glittering haunts of men.

And Silence watch, on woodland-heights around.

The village-curfew as it tolls profound. In Lybian groves, where damned rites are done.

That bathe the rocks in blood, and veil the

Truth shall arrest the murderous armprofanc. Wild Obi flies-the veil is rent in twain. Where barbarous hordes on Scythian mountains roam

Truth, Mercy, Freedom, yet shall find a home;

Where'er degraded Nature bleeds and pines, From Guinea's coast to Sibir's dreary mines. Truth shall pervade th' unfathomed darkness there.

And light the dreadful features of despair .-Hark! the stern captive spurns his heavy load, And asks the image back that Heaven bestowed!

Fierce in his eye the fire of valour burns, And, as the slave departs, the man returns. Oh! sacred Truth! thy triumph ceased a

while, And Hope, thy sister, ceased with thee to smile;

When leagued Oppression poured to northern wars

Her whiskered pandoors and her fiercehussars. Waved her dread standard to the breeze of mora.

Pealed her loud drum, and twanged her trum-

pet-horn; Tumultuous horror brooded o'er her van, Presaging wrath to Poland-and to man! surveyed,

Wide o'er the fields, a waste of ruin laid,-Oh! Heaven! he cried, my bleeding country save!\_

Is there no hand on high to shield the brave? Yet, though destruction sweep these lovely plains,

Rise, fellow-men! our country yet remains! By that dread name, we wave the sword on high!

And swear for her to live!-with her to die! He said, and on the rampart-heights arrayed His trusty warriors, few, but undismayed; Firm-paced and slow, a horrid front they form,

Still as the breeze, but dreadful as the storm; Low murmuring sounds along their banners fly,

Revenge, or death,-the watch-word and reply;

Then pealed the notes, omnipotent to charm, And the loud tocsin tolled their last alarm !-In vain, alas! in vain, ye gallant few!

From rank to rank your volleyed thunder flew :-

Oh, bloodiest picture in the book of Time, Sarmatia fell, unwept, without a crime; Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe, Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe! Dropped from her nerveless grasp the shattered spear,

Closed her bright eye, and curbed her high career:-

Hope, for a season, bade the world farewell, And Freedom shrick'd-as Kosciusko fell! The sun went down, nor ceased the car-

nage there, Tumultuous murder shook the midnight-

air-On Prague's proud arch the fires of ruin

glow, His blood-dyed waters murmuring far below; The storm prevails, the rampart yields a

way. Bursts the wide cry of horror and dismay! Hark! as the smouldering piles with thunder fall.

A thousand shricks for hopeless mercy call! Earth shook-red meteors flashed along the sky.

And conscious Nature shuddered at the cry Oh! righteous Heaven! ere Freedom found

a grave. Why slept the sword, omnipotent to save? Where was thine arm, oh Vengeance! where thy rod,

That smote the foes of Zion and of God; That crushed proud Ammon, when his iron

Was yoked in wrath, and thundered from afar?

Where was the storm that slumbered till the host

Of blood-stain'd Pharaoh left their trembling coast:

Warsaw's last champion from her height | Then bade the deep in wild commotion flow, And heaved an ocean on their march below?

Departed spirits of the mighty dead! Ye that at Marathon and Leuetra bled! Friends of the world! restore your swords to man,

Fight in his sacred cause and lead the van! Yet for Sarmatia's tears of blood atone, And make her arm paissant as your own! Oh! once again to freedom's cause return The patriot TELL-the BRUCE OF BANNOCK-BURN!

Yes! thy proud lords, unpitied land! shall Ree

That man bath yet a soul-and dare be free! A little while, along thy saddening plains, The starless night of desolation reigns; Truth shall restore the light by Nature given. And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!

Prone to the dust Oppression shall be hurled, Her name, her nature, withered from the world!

Ye that the rising morn invidious mark, And hate the light-because your deeds are dark;

Ye that expanding truth invidious view, And think, or wish, the song of Hope untrue; Perhaps your little hands presume to span The march of Genius, and the powers of man; Perhaps ye watch, at Pride's unhallow'd shrine.

Her victims, newly slain, and thus divine:-"Here shall thy triumph, Genius, cease, and here

Truth, Science, Virtue, close your short career."

Tyrants! in vain ye trace the wizard-ring; In vain ye limit Mind's unwearied spring: What! can ye full the winged winds asleep, Arrest the rolling world, or chain the deep? No:-the wild wave contemns your sceptred hand :-

It rolled not back when Canute gave command!

Man! can thy doom no brighter soul allow? Still must thou live a blot on Nature's brow? Shall War's polluted banner ne'er be furled? Shall crimes and tyrants cease but with the world?

What! are thy triumphs, sacred Truth, belied?

Why then hath Plato lived-or Sidney died?-Ye fond adorers of departed fame, Who warm at Scipio's worth, or Tully's name!

Ye that, in fancied vision, can admire The sword of Brutus, and the Theban lyre! Wrapt in historic ardour, who adore Each classic baunt, and well-remembered shore,

Where Valour tuned, amid her chosen throng, The Thracian trumpet and the Spartan song; Or, wandering thence, behold the later charms

Of England's glory, and Helvetia's arms!

See Roman fire in Hampden's bosom swell, And fate and freedom in the shaft of Tell! Say, ye fond zealots to the worth of yore, Hath Valour left the world—to live no more? No more shall Brutus bid a tyrant die, And sternly smile with vengeance in his eye? Hampden no more, when suffering Freedom calls.

Encounter fate, and triumph as he falls? Nor Tell disclose, through peril and alarm, The might that slumbers in a peasant's arm? Yes! in that generous cause, for ever

strong, The patriot's virtue and the poet's song, Still, as the tide of ages rolls away Shall charm the world, unconscious of decay!

Yes! there are hearts, prophetic Hope may trust,

That slumber yet in uncreated dust, Ordained to fire th'adoring sons of earth With every charm of wisdom and of worth; Ordained to light, with intellectual day, The mazy wheels of Nature as they play, Or, warm with Fancy's energy, to glow, And rival all but Shakspeare's name below

And say, supernal Powers! who deeply scan Heaven's dark decrees, unfathomed yet by man.

When shall the world call down, to cleanse her shame,

That embryo-spirit, yet without a name,-That friend of Nature, whose avenging handa

Shall burst the Lybian's adamantine bands ? Who, sternly marking on his native soil The blood, the tears, the anguish, and the toil,

Shall bid each rightcons heart exult, to see Peace to the slave, and vengeance on the free!

Yet, yet, degraded men! th' expected day That breaks your bitter cup, is far away; Trade, wealth, and fashion, ask you still to bleed.

And holy men give scripture for the deed; Scourged, and debased, no Briton stoops to RAVC

A wretch, a coward; yes, because a slave! Eternal Nature! when thy giant hand Had heaved the floods, and fixed the trembling land,

When life sprung startling at thy plastic call, Endless her forms, and man the lord of all! Say, was that lordly form inspired by thee, To wear eternal chains and bow the knee? Was man ordained the slave of man to toil, Yoked with the brutes, and fettered to the soil:

Weighed in a tyrant's balance with his gold? No!-Nature stamped us in a heavenly mould!

She bade no wretch his thankless labour urge, Nor, trembling, take the pittance and the scourge!

No homeless Libvan, on the stormy deep. To call upon his country's name, and weep! And braved the stormy spirit of the Cape;

Io! once in triumph, on his boundless plain,

The quivered chief of Congo loved to reign; With fires proportioned to his native sky, Strength in his arm, and lightning in his eye; Scoured with wild feet his sun-illumined zone.

The spear, the lion, and the woods, his own; Or led the combat, bold without a plan, An artless savage, but a fearless man!

The plunderer came '-alas! no glory smiles

For Congo's chief on yonder Indian isles; For ever fallen! no son of Nature now, With freedom chartered on his manly brow! Faint, bleeding, bound, he weeps the night awav.

And when the sea-wind wafts the dewless day, Starts, with a bursting heart, for ever more To curse the sun that lights their guilty shore!

The shrill horn blew; at that alarum-kaell His guardian angel took a last farewell! That funeral dirge to darkness bath resigned The fiery grandeur of a generous mind! Poor fettered man! I hear thee whispering low

Unhallowed vows to Guilt, the child of Woe! Friendless thy heart; and canst thou harbour there

A wish but death—a passion but despair? The widowed Indian, when her lord expired. Mounts the dread pile and braves the funeral fires!

So falls the heart at Thraidom's bitter sigh! So Virtue dies, the spouse of Liberty?

But not to Libva's barren climes alone. To Chili, or the wild Siberian zone, Belong the wretched heart and haggard eye. Degraded worth, and poor misfortunc's sigh!

Ye Orient realms, where Ganges' waters run! Prolific fields! dominions of the sun! How long your tribes have trembled and obeyed!

How long was Timour's iron sceptre swayed! Whose marshalled hosts, the lions of the plain,

From Scythia's northern mountains to the main,

Raged o'er your plundered shrines and altars barc.

With blazing torch and gory scymitar,-Stunn'd with the cries of death each gentle gaic,

And bathed in blood the verdure of the vale! Yet could no pangs the immortal spirit tame, When Brama's children perished for his name; The martyr smiled beneath avenging power. And braved the tyrant in his torturing hour!

When Europe sought your subject realms to gain,

And stretched her giant sceptre o'er the main. Taught her proud barks the winding way to shape

Children of Brama! then was Mercy nigh To wash the stain of blood's eternal dye? Did Peace descend, to triumph and to save, When freeborn Britons crossed the Indian wave?

Ah, no!-to more than Rome's ambition true,

The Nurse of Freedom gave it not to you! She the bold route of Europe's guilt began, And, in the march of nations, led the van!

Rich in the gems of India's gaudy zone, And plunder piled from kingdoms not their own,

Degenerate trade! thy minions could despise The heart-born anguish of a thousand cries; Could lock, with impious hands, their teeming store.

While famished nations died along the shore; Could mock the groans of fellow-men, and

The curse of kingdoms peopled with despair!
Could stamp disgrace on man's polluted name,
And barter, with their gold, eternal shame!
But hark! as howed to earth the Remain

But hark! as bowed to earth the Bramin kneels,

From heavenly climes propitious thunder peals!

Of India's fate her guardian-spirits tell, Prophetic murmurs breathing on the shell, And solemn sounds that awe the listening mind.

Roll on the azure paths of every wind.
"Focs of mankind! (her guardian-spirits

Revolving ages bring the bitter day, When Heaven's unerring arm shall fall on

And blood for blood these Indian plains

Nine times have Brama's wheels of lightning hurled

His awful presence o'er the alarmed world; Nine times bath Guilt, through all his giant frame,

Convulsive trembled, as the Mighty came; Nine times hath suffering Mercy spared in vain—

But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again!

He comes! dread Brama shakes the sunless

With murmuring wrath, and thunders from on high;

Heaven's fiery horse, beneath his warrior form,

Paws the light clouds, and gallops on the storm!

Wide waves his flickering sword; his bright

Like summer-suns, and light the world below; Earth, and her trembling isles in Ocean's bed Are shook; and Nature rocks beneath his tread!

"To pour redress on India's injured realm, The oppressor to dethrone, the proud to whelm;

To chase destruction from her plundered shore

With arts and arms that triumphed once before.

The tenth Avatar comes! at Heaven's com-

Shall Seriswattee wave her hallowed wand! And Camdeo bright, and Ganesa sublime, Shall bless with joy their own propitious clime!—

Come, heavenly Powers! primeval peace restore!

Love!-Mercy!-Wisdom!-rule for evermore!"

## PART II.

In joyous youth, what soul hath never known Thought, feeling, taste, harmonious to its

Who hath not pansed while Beauty's pen-

Asked from his heart the homage of a sigh? Who hath not owned, with rapture-smitten

The power of grace, the magic of a name?
There be, perhaps, who barren hearts avow,

Cold as the rocks on Torneo's hoary brow; There be, whose loveless wisdom never failed.

In self-adoring pride securely mailed:— But, triumph not, ye peace-enamoured few! Fire, Nature, Genius, never dwelt with you! For you no Fancy consecrates the scene Where rapture uttered vows, and wept between;

'Tis yours, unmoved, to sever and to meet; No pledge is sacred, and no home is sweet!

Who that would ask a heart to dulness wed, The waveless calm, the slumber of the dead? No; the wild bliss of Nature needs alloy, And fear and sorrow fan the fire of joy! And say, without our hopes, without our

fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

Till Hymen brought his love-delighted hour,

There dwelt no joy in Eden's rosy bower! In vain the viewless scraph lingering there At starry midnight charmed the silent air; In vain the wild-bird carolled on the steep, To hail the sun, slow wheeling from the deep;

In vain, to soothe the solitary shade, Acrial notes in mingling measure played; The summer-wind that shook the spangled tree,

The whispering wave, the murmur of the bee;-

Still slowly passed the melancholy day,
And still the stranger wist not where to
stray.

The world was sad!—the garden was a wild! And man, the hermit, sighed—till woman smiled!

True, the sad power to generous hearts may bring

Delirious anguish on his fiery wing;
Barred from delight by Fate's untimely hand,
By wealthless lot, or pitiless command;
Or doomed to gaze on beauties that adorn
The smile of triumph or the frown of scorn;
While Memory watches o'er the sad review,
Of joys that faded like the morning-dew;
Peace may depart—and life and nature seem
A barren path, a wildness, and a dream!

But can the noble mind for ever brood,
The willing victim of a weary mood,
On heartless cares that squander life away,
And cloud young Genius brightening into
day?—

Shame to the coward thought that e'er betrayed

The noon of manhood to a myrtle-shade!—
If Hore's creative spirit cannot raise
One trophy sacred to thy future days,
Scorn the dull crowd that haunt the gloomy
shrine,

Of hopeless love to murmur and repine! But, should a sigh of milder mood express Thy heart-warm wishes, true to happiness, Should Heaven's fair harbinger delight to pour

Her blissful visions on thy pensive hour, No tear to blot thy memory's pictured page, No fears but such as fancy can assuage; Though thy wild heart some hapless hour

may miss.

The peaceful tenor of unvaried bliss,
(For love pursues an ever-devious race,
True to the winding lineaments of grace;)
Yet still may Hore her talisman employ
To snatch from Heaven anticipated joy,
And all her kindred energies impart
That burn the brightest in the purest heart.

When first the Rhodian's mimic art array'd The queen of beauty in her Cyprian shade, The happy master mingled on his piece Each look that charmed him in the fair of

To faultless nature true, he stole a grace From every finer form and sweeter face; And as he sojourned on the Aegean isles, Wooed all their love, and treasured all their smiles;

Then glowed the tints, pure, precious, and refined,

And mortal charms seemed heavenly when

And mortal charms seemed heavenly when combined!

Love on the picture smiled! Expression poured

Her mingling spirit there — and Greece adored!

So thy fair hand, enamoured Fancy, gleans And let the half-uncurtained window half The treasured pictures of a thousand scenes; Some way-worn man benighted in the vale!

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought Some cottage-home, from towns and toil

Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,

With Peace embosomed in Idalian bowers! Remote from busy Life's bewildered way, O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!

Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore, With hermit steps to wander and adore! There shall he love, when genial morn

appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!—
And when the sun's last splendour lights
the deep,

The woods, and waves, and murmuring winds asleep;

When fairy-harps th' Hesperian planet hail, And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale, His path shall be where streamy mountains swell

Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell,

Where mouldering piles and forests intervene, Mingling with darker tints the living green; No circling hills his ravished eye to bound, Heaven, Earth, and Ocean, blazing all around.

The moon is up—the watch-tower dimly burns—

And down the vale his sober step returns; But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey The still sweet fall of music far away; And oft he lingers from his home a while To watch the dying notes!—and start, and smile!

Let Winter come! let polar spirits sweep The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!

Though boundless snows the withered heath deform.

And the dim Sun scarce wanders through the storm,

Yet shall the smile of social love repay With mental light the melancholy day! And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er, The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,

How bright the faggots in his little hall Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!

How blest he names, in Love's familiar tone,

The kind fair friend, by nature marked his

And in the waveless mirror of his mind, Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind, Since Anna's empire o'er his heart began! Since he first called her his before the holy

Trim the gay taper in his rustic dome, And light the wintry paradise of home; And let the half-uncurtained window hail Some way-worn man benighted in the vale! high,

As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled nky,

While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,

And bathe in lurid light the milky-way. Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,

Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn

hour-With pathos shall command, with wit

beguile, A generous tear of anguish, or a smile-Thy woes, Arion! and thy simple tale, O'er all the heart shall triumph and prevail! Charmed as they read the verse too sadly true,

How gallant Albert, and his weary crew. Heaved all their guns, their foundering bark to save,

And toiled-and shricked-and perished on the wave!

Yes, at the dead of night, by Lonna's steep, The seaman's cry was heard along the deep; There on his funeral waters, dark and wild, The dying father blest his darling child! Oh, Mercy shield her innocence! he cried, Spent on the prayer his bursting heart, and died!

Or they will learn how generous worth sublimes

The robber Moor, and pleads for all his crimes;

How poor Amelia kissed, with many a tear, His hand blood-stained, but ever, ever dear ! Hung on the tortured bosom of her lord, And wept and prayed perdition from his sword.

Nor sought in vain! at that heart-piercing

The strings of Nature cracked with agony! He, with delirious laugh, the dagger hurled, And burst the ties that bound him to the world!

Turn from his dying words, that smite with steel

The shuddering thoughts, or wind them on the wheel-

Turn to the gentler melodies that suit Thalia's harp, or Pan's Arcadian lute; Or down the stream of Truth's historic

page, From clime to clime descend, from age to nge!

Yet there, perhaps, may darker scenes obtrude

Than Fancy fashions in her wildest mood; There shall be pause, with horrent brow, to rate

What millions died-that Casar might be reat!

Or learn the fate that bleeding thousands bore,

Marched by their Charles to Dneiper's swampy shore;

Now, while the moaning night-wind rages | Faint in his wounds, and shivering in the blast.

> The Swedish soldier sunk-and groaned his last!

> File after file the stormy showers benumb, Freeze every standard-sheet, and hush the drum!

> Horseman and horse confessed the bitter pang, And arms and warriors fell with hollow clang!

> Yet, ere he sunk in Nature's last repose, Ere life's warm torrent to the fountain froze, The dying man to Sweden turned his eye, Thought of his home, and closed it with a sigh!

> Imperial Pride looked sullen on his plight, And Charles beheld-nor shuddered at the sight!

> Above, below, in Ocean, Earth, and Sky, Thy fairy-worlds, Imagination, lie, And Hope attends, companion of the way, Thy dream by night, thy visions of the day! In yonder pensile orb, and every sphere That gems the starry girdle of the year; In those unmeasured worlds, she bids thee

> tell, Pure from their God, created millions dwell, Whose names and natures, unrevealed below, We yet shall learn, and wonder as we know; For, as Iona's saint, a giant form,

> Throned on her towers, conversing with the storm

> (When o'er each Runic altar, weed-entwined, The vesper-clock tolls mournful to the wind), Counts every wave-worn isle, and mountain hoar,

> From Kilda to the green lerne's shore; So, when thy pure and renovated mind This perishable dust hath left behind, Thy scraph-eye shall count the starry train, Like distant isles embosomed in the main; Rapt to the shrine where motion first began, And light and life in mingling torrent ran; From whence each bright rotundity was hurled.

The throne of God,-the centre of the world! Oh! vainly wise, the moral Muse hath sung

That sussive Hope hath but a Syren-tongue! True, she may sport with life's untutored day

Nor heed the solace of its last decay, The guileless heart her happy mansion spurn, And part, like Ajut-never to return!

But yet, methinks, when Wisdom shall nesuage

The grief and passions of our greener age, Though dull the close of life, and far away Each flower that hailed the dawning of the day ;

Yet o'er her lovely hopes, that once were dear,

The time-taught spirit, pensive, not severe, With milder griefs her aged eye shall fill, And weep their falsehood, though she love them still.

The king of Judah mourned his rebel child; Musing on days, when yet the guiltless boy Smiled on his sire, and filled his heart with

My Absalom! the voice of Nature cried; Oh! that for thee thy father could have died! For bloody was the deed, and rashly done, That slew my Absalom!—my son!—my son! Unfading Hope! when life's last embers

burn. When soul to soul, and dust to dust return, Heaven to thy charge resigns the awful hour! Oh! then, thy kingdom comes! Immortal Power!

What though each spark of earth-born rapture fly

The quivering lip, pale cheek, and closing eye!

Bright to the soul thy scraph-hands convey The morning-dream of life's eternal day-Then, then, the triumph and the trance begin,

And all the phonix spirit burns within! Oh! deep-enchanting prelude to repose, The dawn of bliss, the twilight of our woes! Yet half I hear the panting spirit sigh, It is a dread and awful thing to die! Mysterious worlds, untravelled by the sun! Where Time's far-wandering tide has never

run. From your unfathomed shades, and viewless spheres,

A warning comes, unheard by other ears. 'Tis Heaven's commanding trumpet, long and loud,

Like Sinai's thunder, pealing from the cloud! While Nature hears, with terror-mingled trust.

The shock that hurls her fabric to the dust; And, like the trembling Hebrew, when he trod

The roaring waves, and called upon his God, With mortal terrors clouds immortal bliss, And shricks, and hovers o'er the dark abyss!

Daughter of Faith, awake, arise, illume The dread unknown, the chaos of the tomb; Melt, and dispel, ye spectre-doubts, that roll Cimmerian darkness on the parting soul! Fly, like the moon-eyed herald of dismay, Chased on his night-steed by the star of day! The strife is o'er-the pangs of nature close, And life's last rapture triumphs o'er her WORK

Hark! as the spirit eyes, with eagle-gaze, The noon of Heaven undazzled by the blaze, On heavenly winds, that waft her to the sky, Float the sweet tones of star-born melody: Wild as that hallowed anthem sent to hail Bethlehem's shepherds in the lonely vale, When Jordan hushed his waves and midnight

Watched on the holy tow'rs of Zion-hill! Soul of the just! companion of the dead! Where is thy home, and whither art thou fled?

Thus, with forgiving tears, and reconciled, | Back to its heavenly source thy being goes, Swift as the comet wheels to whence he

> Doomed on his airy path a while to hurn, And doom'd, like thee, to travel, and return.— Hark! from the world's exploding centre driven.

With sounds that shook the firmament of heaven,

Careers the fiery giant, fast and far, On bickering wheels, and adamantine car; From planet whirled to planet more remote, He visits realms beyond the reach of thought; But wheeling homeward, when his course is run,

Curbs the red yoke, and mingles with the sun! So hath the traveller of earth unfurled Her trembling wings, emerging from the world:

And o'er the path by mortal never trod, Sprung to her source, the bosom of her God! Oh! lives there, Heaven! beneath thy

dread expanse, One hopeless, dark idolater of chance. Content to feed, with pleasures unrefined, The lukewarm passions of a lowly mind; Who, mouldering earthward, 'reft of every trust.

In joyless union wedded to the dust, Could all his parting energy dismiss. And call this barren world sufficient blisn?-There live alas! of heaven-directed mien, Of cultured soul, and sapient eye serene, Who hail thee, man! the pilgrim of a day, Spouse of the worm, and brother of the clay,

Frail as the leaf in Autumn's yellow bower, Dust in the wind, or dew upon the flower; A friendless slave, a child without a sire, Whose mortal life, and momentary fire, Lights to the grave his chance-created form.

As ocean-wrecks illuminate the storm; And, when the gun's tremendous flash is o'er. To night and silence sink for evermore !-

Are these the pompous tidings ye proclaim, Lights of the world, and demi-gods of Fame? Is this your triumph-this your proud applause.

Children of Truth, and champions of her cause ?

For this hath Science searched, on weary wing, By shore and sea - each mute and living thing!

Launched with Iberia's pilot from the steep, To worlds unknown, and isles beyond the deep?

Or round the cope her living chariot driven, And wheeled in triumph through the signs of Heaven?

Oh! star-eyed Science, hast thon wandered there,

To waft us home the message of despair? Then bind the palm, thy sage's brow to snit.

Of blasted leaf, and death-distilling fruit!

still

Ah me! the laurelled wreath that Murder | Her musing mood shall every pang appease,

Blood-nursed, and watered by the widow's tears,

Seems not so foul, so tainted, and so dread, As waves the night-shade round the sceptic head.

What is the bigot's torch, the tyrant's chain? I smile on death, if heavenward Hope remain!

But, if the warring winds of Nature's strife Be all the faithless charter of my life, If Chance awaked, inexorable power, This frail and feverish being of an hour; Doomed, o'er the world's precarious scene

to sweep, Swift as the tempest travels on the deep, To know Delight but by her parting smile, And toil, and wish, and weep, a little while; Then melt, ye elements, that formed in vain This troubled pulse, and visionary brain! Fade, ye wild flowers, memorials of my doom, And sink, ye stars, that light me to the tomb ! Truth, ever lovely-since the world began, The foe of tyrants, and the friend of man,-How can thy words from balmy slumber start

Reposing Virtue, pillowed on the heart! Yet, if thy voice the note of thunder rolled, And that were true which Nature never told.

Let Wisdom smile not on her conquered field ; No rapture dawns, no treasure is revealed! Oh! let her read, nor loudly, nor elate, The doom that bars us from a better fate; But, sad as angels for the good man's sin, Weep to record, and blush to give it in!

And well may Doubt, the mother of Dismay,

Pause at her martyr's tomb, and read the lay. Down by the wilds of you deserted vale, It darkly hints a melancholy tale! There, as the homeless madman sits alone, In hollow winds he hears a spirit moan! And there, they say, a wizard-orgie crowds, When the Moon lights her watch-tower in

Poor lost Alonzo! Fate's neglected child! Mild be the doom of Heaven-as thou wert mild!

the clouds.

For oh! thy heart in holy mould was cast, And all thy deeds were blameless, but the last.

Poor lost Alonzo! still I seem to hear The elod that struck thy hollow-sounding

bier! When Friendship paid, in speechless sorrow

drowned. Thy midnight rites, but not on hallowed

ground? Cease, every joy, to glimmer on my mind,

But leave - oh! leave the light of Horn behind! What though my winged hours of bliss have

been. Like angel-visits, few and far between, And charm-when pleasures lose the power

to please! Yes! let each rapture, dear to Nature, flee; Close not the light of Fortune's stormy sca-Mirth, music, friendship, Love's propitious smile.

Chase every care, and charm a little while, Ecstatic throbs the fluttering heart employ, And all her strings are harmonized to joy !-But why so short is Love's delighted hour? Why fades the dew on Beauty's sweetest flower ?

Why can no hymned charm of music heal The sleepless woes impassioned spirits feel? Can Fancy's fairy-hand no veil create, To hide the sad realities of fate?-

No! not the quaint remark, the sapient rule,

Nor all the pride of Wisdom's wordy school, Have power to soothe, unaided and alone, The heart that vibrates to a feeling tone. When stepdame Nature every bliss recalls, Fleet as the meteor o'er the desert falls; When, 'reft of all, you widowed sire appears A lonely hermit in the vale of years;

Say, can the world one joyous thought bestow To Friendship, weeping at the couch of Woe! No! but a brighter soothes the last adieu,-Souls of impassion'd mould, she speaks to you! Weep not, she says, at Nature's transient pain,

Congenial spirits part to meet again!

What plaintive sobs thy filial spirit drew, What sorrow choked thy long and last adieu! Daughter of Conrad! when he heard his knell, And bade his country, and his child farewell! Doomed the long isles of Sydney-cove to see, The martyr of his crimes, but true to thee? Thrice the sad father tore thee from his heart,

And thrice returned to bless thee, and to part;

Thrice from his trembling lips he murmured low

The plaint that owned unutterable woe; Till Faith, prevailing o'er his sullen doom, As bursts the morn on night's unfathomed gloom.

Lured his dim eye to deathless hopes sublime, Beyond the realms of Nature and of Time! "And weep not thus," he cried, "young Ellenore,

My bosom bleeds, but soon shall bleed no more!

Short shall this half-extinguished spirit burn, And soon these limbs to kindred dust return! But not, my child, with life's precarious fire, The immortal ties of nature shall expire; These shall resist the triumph of decay,

When time is o'er, and worlds have passed away

Cold in the dust this perished heart may lie, But that which warmed it once shall never die! That spark unburied in its mortal frame, With living light, eternal, and the same,

Shall beam on Joy's interminable years, Unveiled by darkness—unassuaged by tears.

"Yet, on the barren shore and stormy deep, One tedious watch is Conrad doomed to weep; But when I gain the home without a friend, And press the uneasy couch where none attend,

This last embrace, still cherished in my heart, Shall calm the struggling spirit ere it part! Thy darling form shall seem to hover nigh, And hush the groan of life's last agony !

"Farewell! when strangers lift thy father's. bier,

And place my nameless stone without a tear; When each returning pledge hath told my child

That Conrad's tomb is on the desert piled; And when the dream of troubled fancy sees Its lonely rank grass waving in the breeze; Who then will soothe thy grief, when mine is o'er?

Who will protect thee, helpless Ellenore? Shall secret scenes thy filial sorrows hide, allied?

Ah! no; methinks the generous and the good Will woo thee from the shades of solitude! O'er friendless grief compassion shall awake,

And smile on innocence, for Mercy's sake! Inspiring thought of rapture yet to be, The tears of love were hopeless, but for thee! If in that frame no deathless spirit dwell, If that faint murmur be the last farewell, If Fate unite the faithful but to part, Why is their memory sacred to the heart? Why does the brother of my childhood seem Restored a while in every pleasing dream " Why do I joy the lonely spot to view, By artless friendship blessed when life was

Eternal Hope! when yonder spheres sublime Pealed their first notes to sound the march of Time,

Thy joyous youth began-but not to fade .-When all the sister-planets have decayed; When rapt in fire the realms of ether glaw, And Heaven's last thunder shakes the world below:

Scorned by the world, to factious guilt Thou, undismayed, shalt o'er the ruins smile, And light thy torch at Nature's funeral pile!

## GERTRUDE OF WYOMING.

Most of the popular histories of England, as well as of the American war, give an authentic account of the desolation of Wyoming, in Pennsylvania, which took place in 1778, by an incursion of the Indians. The Scenery and Incidents of the following Poem are connected with that event. The testimonies of historians and travellers concur in describing the infant colony as one of the happiest spots of human existence, for the hospitable and innocent manners of the inhabitants, the beauty of the country, and the luxariant fertility of the soil and climate. In an evil hour, the junction of European with Indian arms converted this terrestrial paradise into a frightful waste. Mr. Isaac Welld informs us, that the ruins of many of the villages, perforated with balls, and bearing marks of conflagration, were still preserved by the recent inhabitants, when he travelled through America in 1796.

## PART I.

On Susquehana's side, fair Wyoming! Although the wild-flower on thy ruined wall And roofless homes a sad remembrance bring Of what thy gentle people did befall; Yet thou wert once the loveliest land of all That see the Atlantic wave their morn re-

store. Sweet land! may I thy lost delights recall, And paint thy Gertrude in her bowers of yore, Whose beauty was the love of Pennsylvania's shore!

Delightful Wyoming! beneath thy skies, The happy shepherd-swains had nought to do But feed their flocks on green declivities, Or skim perchance thy lake with light canoe, From morn till evening's sweeter pastime

With timbrel, when beneath the forests brown,

Thy lovely maidens would the dance renew; And aye those sunny mountains half-way down

Would echo flagelet from some romantic town.

Then, where of Indian hills the daylight takes

His leave, how might you the flamingo see Disporting like a meteor on the lakes, And playful squirrel on his nut-grown tree: And every sound of life was full of glee, From merry mock-bird's song, or hum of men;

While hearkening, fearing nought their revelry

The wild deer arched his neck from glades, and then. .

Unhunted, sought his woods and wilderness again.

And scarce had Wyoming of war or crime | Familiar in thy bosom-scenes of life? Heard but in transatlantic story rung, For here the exile met from every clime, And spoke in friendship every distant tongue: Men from the blood of warring Europe sprung,

Were but divided by the running brook; And happy where no Rhenish trumpet sung, On plains no sieging mine's volcano shook, The blue-eyed German changed his sword to pruning-hook.

Nor far some Andalusian saraband Would sound to many a native roundelay-But who is he that yet a dearer land Remembers, over hills and far away? GreenAlbin! what though he no more survey Thy ships at anchor on the quiet shore, Thy pellochs rolling from the mountain-bay, Thy lone sepulchral cairn upon the moor, And distant isles that hear the loud Corbrechtan roar!

Alas! poor Caledonia's mountaineer, That want's stern edict e'er, and feudal grief, Had forced him from a home he loved so dear! Yet found he here a home, and glad relief, And plied the beverage from his own fair sheaf.

That fired his Highland blood with mickle glee:

And England sent her men, of men the chief, Who taught those sires of Empire yet to be, To plant the tree of life,-to plant fair freedom's tree!

Here was not mingled in the city's pomp Of life's extremes the grandeur and the gloom; Judgment awoke not here her dismal trump, Nor scaled in blood a fellow-creature's doom, Nor mourned the captive in a living tomb. One venerable man, beloved of all, Sufficed, where innocence was yet in bloom, To sway the strife, that seldom might befall: And Albert was their judge in patriarchal hall.

How reverend was the look, serenely aged, He bore, this gentle Pennsylvanian sire, Where all but kindly fervors were assuaged, Undimmed by weakness' shade, or turbid ire! And though, amidst the calm of thought entire,

Some high and haughty features might betray A soul impetuous once, 'twas earthly fire That fled composure's intellectual ray, As Ætna's fires grow dim before the rising

I boast no song in magic wonders rife, But yet, oh, Nature! is there nought to prize, And dwells in day-light-truth's salubrious skies

No form with which the soul may sympathise ?

Young, innocent, on whose sweet forehend mild

The parted ringlet shone in simplest guise, An inmate in the home of Albert smiled, Or blest his noonday walk-she was his only child.

The rose of England bloomed on Gertrude's cheek

What though these shades had seen her birth, her sire

A Briton's independence taught to seek Far western worlds; and there his householdfire

The light of social love did long inspire, And many a halcyon day he lived to see Unbroken but by one misfortune dire, When fate had reft his mutual heart-but

Was gone-and Gertrude climbed a widowed father's knee.

A loved bequest,-and I may half impart, To them that feel the strong paternal tie, How like a new existence to his heart That living flower uprose beneath his eye, Dear as she was from cherub infancy, From hours when she would round his garden

play. To time when as the ripening years went by, Her lovely mind could culture well repay, And more engaging grew, from pleasing day to day.

I may not paint those thousand infant charms; (Unconscious fascination, undesigned!) The orison repeated in his arms, For God to bless her sire and all mankind; The book, the bosom on his knee reclined, Or how sweet fairy-lore he heard her con, (The playmate ere the teacher of her mind): All uncompanioned else her years had gone Till now in Gertrude's eyes their ninth blue summer shone.

And summer was the tide, and sweet the hour, When sire and daughter saw, with fleet descent,

An Indian from his bark approach their bower, Of buskined limb, and swarthy lineament; The red wild feathers on his brow were blent, And bracelets bound the arm that helped to 'light

A boy, who seemed, as he beside him went, Of Christian vesture, and complexion bright, Led by his dusky guide, like morning brought by night.

The dimple from his polished cheek had fled; When, leaning on his forest-how unstrung, Th' Oneyda warrior to the planter said, And laid his hand upon the stripling's head: Peace be to thee! my words this beltapprove; The paths of peace my steps have hither led: This little nursling, take him to thy love, And shield the bird unfledged, since gone the parent dove.

Christian! I am the foeman of thy foe; Our wampum-league thy brethren did embrace:

Upon the Michagan, three moons ago, We launched our pirogues for the bisonchace,

And with the Hurons planted for a space, With true and faithful hands, the olive-stalk; But snakes are in the bosoms of their race, And though they held with us a friendly talk. The hollow peace-tree fell beneath their tomahawk!

It was encamping on the lake's far port, A cry of Areouski broke our sleep, Where stormed an ambushed foe thy nation's fort.

And rapid, rapid whoops came o'er the deep; But long thy country's war-sign on the steep Appeared through ghastly intervals of light; And deathfully their thunders seemed to sweep

Till utter darkness swallowed up the sight, As if a shower of blood had quenched the fiery fight!

It slept-it rose again-on high their tower Sprung upwards like a torch to light the

Then down again it rained an ember-shower, And louder lamentations heard we rise: As when the evil Manitou that dries Th' Ohio woods consumes them in his ire, In vain the desolated panther flies, And howls, amidst his wilderness of fire: Alas! too late we reached and smote those Hurons dire!

But as the fox beneath the nobler hound, So died their warriors by our battle-brand; And from the tree we, with her child, unbound

A lonely mother of the christian land: Her lord-the captain of the British band-Amidst the slaughter of his soldiers lay. Scarce knew the widow our delivering hand; Upon her child she sobbed, and swooned away,

Or shricked unto the God tol whom the Christians pray.

Yet pensive seemed the boy for one so Our virgins fed her with their kindly bowls Of fever-balm and sweet sagamité: But she was journeying to the land of souls, And lifted up her dying head to pray That we should bid an ancient friend convey Her orphan to his home of England's shore; And take, she said, this token far away To one that will remember us of yore, When he beholds the ring that Waldegrave's Julia wore.

> And I, the eagle of my tribe, have rush'd With this lorn dove .- A sage's self-command Had quelled the tears from Albert's heart that gushed;

> But yet his cheek-his agitated hand. That showered upon the stranger of the land No common boon, in grief but ill beguiled A soul that was not wont to be unmanned; And stay, he cried, dear pilgrim of the wild! Preserver of my old, my boon companion's child !-

Child of a race whose name my bosom warms.

On carth's remotest bounds how welcome here!

Whose mother oft, a child, has filled these arms.

Young as thyself, and innocently dear, Whose grandsire was my early life's compeer. Ah happiest home of England's happy clime! How beautiful ev'n now thy scenes appear, As in the noon and sanshine of my prine! How gone like yesterday these thrice ten vears of time!

And, Julia! when thou wert like Gertrude

Can I forget thee, favourite child of yore? Or thought I, in thy father's house, when thou

Wert lightest hearted on his festive floor, And first of all his hospitable door To meet and kiss me at my journey's end?

But where was I when Waldegrave was no more?

And thou didst pale thy gentle head extend, In woes, that even the tribe of desarts was thy friend!

He said-and strained unto his heart the boy: Far differently, the mute Oneyda took His calumet of peace, and cup of joy; As monumental bronze unchanged his look: A soul that pity touched, but never shook; Trained, from his tree-rocked cradle to his bier,

The fierce extremes of good and ill to brook Impassive-fearing but the shame of fear-A stoic of the woods - a man without a

tear.

Yet deem not goodness on the savage stock Of Outalissi's heart disdained to grow; As lives the oak unwithered on the rock By storms above, and barrenness below, He scorned his own who felt another's woe; And ere the wolf-skin on his back he flung, Or laced his mocasins, in act to go, A song of parting to the boy he sung, Who slept on Albert's couch, nor heard his friendly tongue.

Sleep, wearied one! and in the dreaming land Shouldst thou to-morrow with thy mother meet.

Oh! tell her spirit'that the white man's hand Hath plucked the thorns of sorrow from thy feet;

While I in lonely wilderness shall greet Thy little foot-prints-or by traces know The fountain, where at noon I thought it sweet

To feed thee with the quarry of my bow, And poured the lotus-horn, or slew the mountain-roe.

Adien! sweet scion of the rising sun! But should affliction's storms thy blossom

Then come again-my own adopted one! And I will graft thee on a noble stock: The crocodile, the condor of the rock, Shall be the pastime of thy sylvan wars; And I will teach thee, in the battle's shock, To pay with Huron blood thy father's scars, And gratulate his soul rejoicing in the stars !

So finished he the rhyme (howe'er uncouth) That true to nature's fervid feelings ran; (And song is but the eloquence of truth) Then forth uprose that lone way-faring man; But dauntless he, nor chart, nor journey's plan In woods required, whose trained eye was keen As eagle of the wilderness, to scan His path, by mountain, swamp, or deep ravine.

Or ken far friendly buts on good savannas green.

Old Albert saw him from the valley's side-His pirogue launched - his pilgrimage begun-

Far, like the red-bird's wing he seemed to glide;

Then dived and vanished in the woodlands dun. Oft, to that spot by tender memory won, Would Albert climb the promontory's height. If but a dim sail glimmered in the sun; But never more, to bless his longing sight, Was Outalissi bailed, with bark and plumage bright.

## PART II.

A VALLEY from the river-shore withdrawn Was Albert's home, two quiet woods between, Whose lofty verdure overlooked his lawn; And waters to their resting-place serene Came fresh'ning, and reflecting all the scene : (A mirror in the depth of flowery shelves!) So sweet a spot of earth, you might, I ween, Have guessed some congregation of the elves, To sport by summer-moons, had shaped it for themselves.

Yet wanted not the eye far scope to muse, Nor vistas opened by the wand'ring stream; Both where at evening Allegany views, Through ridges burning in her western beam, Lake after lake interminably gleam: And past those settlers' haunts the eye might

roam Where earth's unliving silence all would seem; Save where on rocks the beaver built his dome.

Or buffalo remote lowed far from human

But silent not that adverse eastern path, Which saw Aurora's hills th' horizon crown: There was the river heard in bed of wrath. (A precipice of foam from mountains brown) Like tumults heard from some far distant town;

But soft'ning in approach he left his gloom, And murmured pleasantly, and laid him down To kiss those easy curving banks of bloom, That lent the windward air an exquisite perfume.

It seem'd as if those scenes sweet influence had On Gertrude's soul, and kindness like their own Inspired those eyes affectionate and glad. That seemed to love whate'er they looked

Whether with Hebe's mirth her features shone.

Or if a shade more pleasing them o'ercast, (As if for heavenly musing meant alone) Yet so becomingly the expression past, That each succeeding look was lovelier than the last.

Nor, guess I, was that Pennsylvanian home. With all its picturesque and balmy grace, And fields that were a luxury to roam, Lost on the soul that looked from such a face ! Enthusiast of the woods! when years apace Had bound thy lovely waist with woman's zone,

The sunrise path at morn I see thee trace, To hills with high magnolia overgrown, And joy to breathe the groves, romantic and alone.

forth.

That thus apostrophized its viewless scene: "Land of my father's love, my mother's birth! The home of kindred I have never seen! We know not other-oceans are between: Yet say, far friendly hearts! from whence we came.

Of us does oft remembrance intervene? My mother sure-my sire a thought may claim:

But Gertrude is to you an unregarded name,

And yet, loved England! when thy name I trace

In many a pilgrim's tale and poet's song, How can I choose but wish for one embrace Of them, the dear unknown, to whom belong My mother's looks, - perhaps her likeness strong ?

Oh, parent! with what reverential awe, From features of thine own related throng, An image of thy face my soul could draw! And see thee once again whom I too shortly saw!"\_\_

Yet deem not Gertrude sighed for foreign joy; To soothe a father's couch her only care, And keep his reverend head from all annoy: For this, methinks, her homeward steps repair,

Soon as the morning-wreath had bound her hair,

While yet the wild deer trod in spangling dew, While boatmen carolled to the fresh-blown air, And woods a horizontal shadow threw, And early fox appeared in momentary view.

Apart there was a deep untrodden grot, Where oft the reading hours sweet Gertrude wore;

Tradition had not named its lonely spot; But here, methinks, might India's sons explore Their futhers' dust, or lift, perchance of yore, Their voice to the great spirit:-rocks sublime

To human art a sportive semblance bore, And yellow lichens coloured all the clime, Like moonlight battlements and towers decayed by time.

But high in amphitheatre above, His arms the everlasting aloes threw: Breathed but an air of heaven, and all the

grove, As if with instinct, living spirit grew, Rolling its verdant gulphs of every hue: And now suspended was the pleasing din; Now from a murmur faint it swelled anew. Like the first note of organ heard within Cathedral aisles, ere yet its symphony begin. Gay lilied fields of France,-or, more refined.

The sunrise drew her thoughts to Europe It was in this lone valley she would charm The lingering noon, where flowers a couch had strewn;

Her cheek reclining and her snowy arm On hillock by the palm-tree half o'ergrown: And aye that volume on her lap is thrown, Which every heart of human mould endears; With Shakspeare's self she speaks and smiles alone.

And no intruding visitation fears,

To shame the unconscious laugh, or stop her sweetest tears.

And nought within the grove was heard or

But stock-doves plaining through its gloom

profound, Or winglet of the fairy humming bird, Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round; When, lo! there entered to its inmost ground A youth, the stranger of a distant land; He was, to weet, for eastern mountains bound;

But late th' equator-suns his cheek had tanned,

And California's gales his roving bosom fanned.

A steed, whose rein hung loosely o'er his arm, He led dismounted; ere his leisure pace Amid the brown leaves could her ear alarm, Close he had come, and worshipped for a

space Those downcast features:-she her lovely face

Uplift on one, whose lineaments and frame Were youth and manhood's intermingled grace:

Iberian seemed his boot-his robe the same, And well the Spanish plame his lofty looks became.

For Albert's home he sought-her finger fair Has pointed where the father's mansion stood.

Returning from the copse he soon was there; And soon has Gertrude hied from dark green wood;

Nor joyless, by the converse, understood Between the man of age and pilgrim young, That gay congeniality of mood,

And early liking from acquaintance sprung; Full fluently conversed their guest in England's tongue.

And well could be his pilgrimage of taste Unfold, and much they loved his fervid strain. While he each fair variety retraced Of climes and manners o'er the eastern main. Now happy Switzer's hills, - romantic Spain,-

The soft Ausonia's monumental reign:
Nor less each rural image he designed
Than all the city's pomp and home of human
kind.

Anon some wilder portraiture he draws;
Of Nature's savage glory he would speak,—
The loneliness of earth that overawes,—
Where, resting by some tomb of old cacique,
The lama-driver on Peruvia's peak,
Nor living voice nor motion marks around,
But storks that to the boundless forest shrick,
Or wild-cane-arch high flung o'er gulph
profound.

That fluctuates when the storms of El Dorado sound.

Pleased with his guest, the good man still would ply

Each carnest question, and his converse court; But Gertrude, as she eyed him, knew not why A strange and troubling wonder stopt her short.

In England thou hast been,—and, by report, An orphan's name (quoth Albert) mayst have known,

Sad tale!—when latest fell our frontier fort, One innocent—one soldier's child—alone Was spared and brought to me, who loved him as my own.

Young Henry Waldegrave! three delightful

These very walls his infant sports did see; But most I loved him when his parting tears Alternately bedewed my child and me: His sorest parting, Gertrude, was from thee; Nor half its grief his little heart could hold: By kindred he was sent for o'er the sea; They tore him from us when but twelve

And scarcely for his loss have I been yet consoled.

His face the wanderer hid, but could not hide A tear, a smile, upon his cheek that dwell;— And speak, mysterious stranger! Gertrude cried;

It is!—it is!—I knew—I knew him well!
Tis Waldegrave's self, of Waldegrave come
to tell!—

A burst of joy the father's lips declare; But Gertrude speechless on his bosom fell: At once his open arms embraced the pair. Was never group more blest, in this wide world of care.

And will ye pardon then (replied the youth) Your Waldegrave's feigned name, and fulse attire?

I durst not in the neighbourhood, in truth,

The very fortunes of your house enquire; Lest one that knew me might some tidings dire

Impart, and I my weakness all betray; For had I lost my Gertrude and my sire, I meant but o'er your tombs to weep a day, Unknown I meant to weep, unknown to pass away.

But here ye live,-ye bloom,-in each dear face,

The changing hand of time I may not blame; For there, it hath but shed more reverend

And here, of beauty perfected the frame: And well I know your hearts are still the same—

They could not change-ye look the very way,

As when an orphan first to you I came. And have ye heard of my poor guide, I pray? Nay, wherefore weep ye, friends, on such a joyous day?—

And art thou here? or is it but a dream?

And wilt thou, Waldegrave, wilt thou leave
us more?

No, never! thou that yet dost lovelier seem Than aught on earth—than e'en thyself of yore—

I will not part thee from thy father's shore; But we shall cherish him with mutual arms, And hand in hand again the path explore, Which every ray of young remembrance

While thou shalt be my own, with all thy truth and charms.

At morn, as if beneath a galaxy
Of over-arching groves in blossoms white,
Where all was odorous scent and harmony,
And gladness to the heart, nerve, ear, and sight.
There if, oh gentle love! I read aright,
The utterance that sealed thy sacred bond,
'Twas listening to these accents of delight,
She hid upon his breast those eyes, beyond
Expression's power to paint, all languishingly

Flow'r of my life, so lovely, and so lone! Whom I would rather in this desert meet, Scorning and scorned by fortune's power, than own

Her pomp and splendours lavished at my feet!
Turn not from me thy breath, more exquisite
Than odours cast on heaven's own shrine,
to please;

Give me thy love, than luxury more sweet, And more than all the wealth that loads the breeze,

When Coromandel's ships return from Indian seas.

far

Than grandeur's most magnificent saloon, While, here and there, a solitary star Flushed in the dark'ning firmament of June; And silence brought the soul-felt hour full soon.

Ineffable, which I may not portray; For never did the hymenean moon A paradise of hearts more sacred sway, In all that slept beneath her soft voluptuous ray.

#### PART III.

O LOVE! in such a wilderness as this, Where transport and security entwine, Here is the empire of thy perfect bliss, And here thou art a god indeed divine. Here shall no forms abridge, no hours confine The views, the walks, that boundless joy inspire!

Roll on, ye days of raptured influence, shine ! Nor, blind with cestasy's celestial fire, Shall love behold the spark of earth-born time expire.

Three little moons, how short! amidst the grove

And pastoral savannas they consume; While she, beside her buskined youth to rove, Delights, in fancifully wild costume, Her lovely brow to shade with Indian plume; And forth in hunter-seeming vest they fare; But not to chase the deer in forest-gloom; 'Tis but the breath of heaven-the blessed air-

And interchange of hearts, unknown, unseen to share.

What though the sportive dog oft round That fills pale Gertrude's thoughts and them note

Or fawn or wild bird bursting on the wing; Yet who, in love's own presence, would devote

To death those gentle throats that wake the spring,

Or writhing from the brook its victim bring? No!-nor let fear one little warbler rouse; But, fed by Gertrude's hand, still let them

Acquaintance of her path, amidst the boughs, That shade e'en now her love, and witnessed first her vows.

Now labyrinths, which but themselves can pierce, Methinks, conduct them to some pleasant ground,

Then would that home admit them-happier | Where welcome hills shut out the universe, And pines their lawny walk encompass round; There, if a pause delicious converse found, 'Twas but when o'er each heart the idea stole.

(Perchance a while in joy's oblivion drowned) That come what may, while life's glad pulses roll.

Indissolubly thus should soul be knit to soul.

And in the visions of romantic youth, What years of endless bliss are yet to flow! But, mortal pleasure, what art thou in truth? The torrent's smoothness, ere it dash below! And must I change my song? and must I shew.

Sweet Wyoming! the day when thou wert doomed.

Guiltless, to mourn thy loveliest bowers laid low!

When, where of yesterday a garden bloomed, Death overspread his pall, and blackening ashes gloomed.

Sad was the year, by proud oppression driven, When transatlantic Liberty arose, Not in the sunshine and the smile of heaves, But wrapt in whirlwinds and begirt with

Amidst the strife of fratricidal foes Her birth-star was the light of burning plains;

Her baptism is the weight of blood that flows

From kindred hearts-the blood of British veins:

And famine tracks her steps, and pestilential pains.

Yet, ere the storm of death had raged remote, Or siege unseen in heaven reflects its beams, Who now each dreadful circumstance shall note,

nightly dreams? Dismal to her the forge of battle gleams Portentous light! and music's voice is dumb; Save where the fife its shrill reveille screams, Or midnight streets re-echo to the drum.

That speaks of mad'ning strife and bloodstained fields to come.

It was in truth a momentary pang; Yet how comprising myriad shapes of wae! First when in Gertrude's ear the summons

A husband to the battle doomed to go! Nay meet not thou (she cries) thy kindred foe !

But peaceful let us seek fair England's strand!

Ah, Gertrude! thy beloved heart, I know,

Could I forsake the cause of Freedom's holy band!

But shame-but flight-a recreant's name to prove,

To hide in exile ignominious fears; Say, e'en if this I brooked, the public love Thy father's bosom to his home endears: And how could I his few remaining years, My Gertrude, sever from so dear a child? So, day by day, her boding heart he cheers; At last that heart to hope is half beguiled, And pale through tears suppressed the mournful beauty smiled.

Night came,-and in their lighted bower, full late,

The joy of converse had endured-when, hark!

Abrupt and loud a summons shook their gate: And heedless of the dog's obstrep'rous bark, A form has rush'd amidst them from the dark, And spread his arms, -and fell upon the floor: Of aged strength his limbs retain'd the mark; But desolate he looked, and famished poor, As ever shipwrecked wretch long left on desert shore.

Upris'n each wond'ring brow is knit and arched:

A spirit from the dead they deem him first: To speak he tries; but quiv'ring, pale, and

parched, From lips, as by some powerless dream accursed,

Emotions unintelligible burst; And long his filmed eye is red and dim; At length the pity-proffered cup his thirst Had half assuag'd, and nerved his shuddering

When Albert's hand he grasped; but Albert knew not him.

And hast thou then forgot, (he cried forlorn, And eyed the group with half indignant air,) Oh! hast thou, Christian chief, forgot the morn

When I with thee the cup of peace did share? Then stately was this head, and dark this hair,

That now is white as Appalachia's snow; But, if the weight of fifteen years' despair And age hath bowed me, and the torturing foc. Bring me my boy-and he will his deliverer know!

It was not long, with eyes and heart of flame, Ere Henry to his loved Oneyda flew: Bless thee, my guide!-but, backward, as he came.

Would feel like mine the stigmatizing brand, | The chief his old bewilder'd head withdrew, And grasped his arm, and looked and looked him through.

'Twas strange-nor could the group a smile controul-

The long, the doubtful scrutiny to view: At last delight o'er all his features stole, It is-my own! he cried, and grasped him to his soul.

Yes! thou recallst my pride of years, for then The bowstring of my spirit was not slack, When, spite of woods, and floods, and ambushed men,

I bore thee like the quiver on my back, Fleet as the whirlwind hurries on the rack; Nor foeman then, nor cougar's crouch I feared,

For I was strong as mountain-cataract: And dost thou not remember how we cheered, Upon the last hill-top, when white men's huts appeared?

Then welcome be my death-song and my death!

Since I have seen thee, and again embraced. And longer had be spent his toil-worn breath; But with affectionate and eager haste Was every arm outstretched around their

To welcome and to bless his aged head. Soon was the hospitable banquet placed; And Gertrude's lovely hands a balsam shed On wounds with fevered joy that more profusely bled.

But this is not a time, -he started up, And smote his breast with woe-denouncing hand-

This is no time to fill the joyous cup; The Mammoth comes,-the foc,-the monster Brandt.

With all his howling desolating band: These eyes have seen their blade, and burning pine

Awake at once, and silence half your land. Red is the cup they drink; but not with wine: Awake, and watch to-night, or see no morning shine!

Scorning to wield the hatchet for his bribe, Gainst Brandt himself I went to battle forth:

Accursed Brandt! he left of all my tribe Nor man, nor child, nor thing of living birth, No! not the dog that watched my householdhearth

Escaped that night of blood upon our plains! All perished !- I alone am left on earth! To whom nor relative nor blood remains, No!-not a kindred drop that runs in human veins!

right

These old bewildered eyes could guess, by signs

Of striped and starred banners, on you height Of eastern cedars, o'er the creek of pines, Some fort embattled by your country shines: Deep roars th' innavigable gulph below Its squared rock and palisaded lines. Go! seek the light its warlike beacons shew; Whilst I in ambush wait for vengeance and the foe!

Scarce had he uttered-when heaven's verge

Reverberates the bomb's descending star .-And sounds that mingled laugh,-and shout, -and scream,

To freeze the blood, in one discordant jar, Rung to the pealing thunderbolts of war. Whoop after whoop with rack the ear assailed! As if uncarthly fiends had burst their bar; While rapidly the marksman's shot prevailed: And aye, as if for death, some lonely trumpet

Then looked they to the hills, where fire

The bandit-groups, in one Vesuvian glare; Or swept, far seen, the tower whose clock unrung

Told legible that midnight of despair. She faints, she falters not, th' heroic fair, As he the sword and plume in haste array'd. One short embrace-he clasp'd his dearest care-

But hark! what nearer war-drum shakes the glade?

Joy, joy! Columbia's friends are trampling through the shade.

Then came of every race the mingled swarm; Far rung the groves and gleam'd the midnight grass

With flambeau, javelin, and naked arm; As warriors wheeled their culverins of brass, Sprung from the woods, a bold athletic mass, Whom virtue fires, and liberty combines: And first the wild Moravian ynegers pass; His plumed host the dark Iberian joins; And Scotia's sword beneath the Highlandthistle shines.

And in the buskined hunters of the deer To Albert's home with shout and cymbal throng:

Roused by their warlike pomp, and mirth, and cheer.

Old Outalissi woke his battle-song, And, beating with his war-club cadence

Tells how his steep-stung indignation smarts Beneath the very shadow of the fort.

But go !- and rouse your warriors ;- for, if | Of them that wrapt his house in flames, ere

To whet a dagger on their stony hearts, And smile avenged ere yet his eagle-spirit parts.

Calm, opposite the Christian father rose; Pale on his venerable brow its rays Of martyr-light the conflagration throws; One hand upon his lovely child he lays, And one th' uncover'd crowd to silence sways: While, though the battle-flash is faster driven,

Unawed, with eye unstartled by the blaze, He for his bleeding country prays to Heaven, Prays that the men of blood themselves may be forgiven.

Short time is now for gratulating speech: And yet, beloved Gertrude, ere began Thy country's flight, you distant towers to reach.

Looked not on thee the rudest partizan With brow relax'd to love! And murmurs ran, As round and round their willing ranks they drew.

From beauty's sight to shield the hostile van. Grateful, on them a placid look she threw, Nor wept, but as she bade her mother's grave adieu!

Past was the flight, and welcome seemed the tower,

That, like a giant standard-bearer, frowned Defiance on the roving Indian power. Beneath, each bold and promontory mound With embrasure embossed, and armour crowned.

And arrowy frize, and wedged ravelin, Wove like a diadem its tracery round The lofty summit of that mountain green; Here stood secure the group, and eyed a distant scene.

A scene of death! where fires beneath the sun. And blended arms, and white pavilions glow; And for the business of destruction done Its requiem the war-horn seem'd to blow: There, sad spectatress of her country's woe! The lovely Gertrude, safe from present harm, Had laid her cheek, and clasp'd her hands of snow

On Waldegrave's shoulder, half within his

Enclosed, that felt her heart, and hushed its wild alarm!

But short that contemplation-sad and short The pause to bid each much-loved scene

Where friendly swords were drawn and ban- To clasp thy neck, and look resembling me?

Net seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run.

Ah! who could deem that foot of Indian crew Was near?—yet there, with lust of murd'rous deeds.

Gleam'd like a basilisk, from woods in view, The ambush'd foeman's eye — his volley speeds,

And Albert-Albert-falls! the dear old father bleeds!

And trane'd in giddy horror Gertrude swoon'd; Yet, while she clasps him lifeless to her zone, Say, burst they, borrow'd from her father's wound,

These drops?-Oh, God! the life-blood is

And welt'ring, on her Waldegrave's bosom thrown—

Weep not, oh love!-she cries, to see me bleed;

Thee, Gertrude's sad survivor, thee alone Heaven's peace commiserate; for scarce I heed

These wounds ;-yet thee to leave is death, is death indeed.

Clasp me a little longer, on the brink
Of fate! while I can feel thy dear caress;
And when this heart hath ceased to beat—
oh! think,

And let it mitigate thy woe's excess, That thou hast been to me all tenderness, And friend to more than human friendship

Oh! by that retrospect of happiness, And by the hopes of an immortal trust, God shall assnage thy pangs—when I am laid in dust!

Go, Henry, go not back, when I depart. The scene thy bursting tears too deep will move,

Where my dear father took thee to his heart, And Gertrude thought it cestasy to rove With thee, as with an angel, through the

Of peace, imagining her lot was cast In heaven; for ours was not like earthly love.

And must this parting be our very last?
No! I shall love thee still, when death itself
is past.

Half could I bear, methinks, to leave this earth,

And thee, more loved than aught beneath the sun,

If I had lived to smile but on the birth Of one dear pledge;—but shall there then be none,

In future times-no gentle little one,

To clasp thy neck, and look resembling me? Yet seems it, e'en while life's last pulses run, A sweetness in the cup of death to be, Lord of my bosom's love! to die beholding thee!—

Hushed were his Gertrude's lips! but still their bland

And beautiful expression seemed to melt With love that could not die! and still his hand

She presses to the heart no more that felt; A heart where once each fond affection dwelt,

And features yet that spoke a soul more fair.

Mute, gazing, agonizing as he knelt,— Of them that stood encircling his despair He heard some friendly words;—but knew not what they were.

For now, to mourn their judge and child, arrives

A faithful band. With solemn rites between, Twas sung, how they were lovely in their lives.

And in their deaths had not divided been. Touch'd by the music and the melting scene, Was scarce one tearless eye amidst the crowd: Stern warriors, resting on their swords, were seen

To veil their eyes, as passed each muchloved shroud;

While woman's softer soul in woe dissolved aloud.

Then mournfully the parting-bugle bid Its farewell o'er the grave of worth and truth;

Prone to the dust, afflicted Waldegrave hid His face on earth;—him watched in gloomy ruth,

His woodland guide; but words had none to soothe

The grief that knew not consolation's name: Casting his Indian mantle o'er the youth, He watched, beneath its folds, cach burst that came

Convulsive, ague-like, across his shuddering frame!

And I could weep;—th' Oneyda chief
His descant wildly thus began;
But that I may not stain with grief
The death-song of my father's son,
Or bow this head in woe;
For by my wrongs, and by my wrath!
To-morrow Arcouski's breath
(That fires yon heaven with storms of death)
Shall light us to the foe:
And we shall share, my Christian boy,
The foeman's blood, the avenger's joy!

But thee, my flower, whose breath was given | Or shall we cross you mountains blue, By milder genii o'er the deep, The spirits of the white man's heaven Forbid not thee to weep: Nor will the Christian host, Nor will thy father's spirit grieve, To see thee, on the battle's eve, Lamenting, take a mournful leave Of her who loved thee most: She was the rain-bow to thy sight! Thy sun-thy heaven-of lost delight!

To-morrow let us do or die! But when the bolt of death is hurled, Ah! whither then with thee to fly, Shall Outalissi roam the world? Seek we thy once-loved home? The hand is gone that cropt its flowers; Unheard their clock repeats its hours! Cold is the hearth within their bowers! And should we thither roam, Its echoes and its empty tread Would sound like voices from the dead!

Whose streams my kindred nations quaffed, And by my side, in battle true, A thousand warriors drew the shaft? Ah! there, in desolation cold, The desart-serpent dwells alone, Where grass o'ergrows each mouldering bone, And stones themselves, to ruin grown, Like me, are death-like old. Then seek we not their camp,-for there The silence dwells of my despair!

But hark, the trump!-to-morrow thou In glory's fires shalt dry thy tears: E'en from the land of shadows now My father's awful ghost appears, Amidst the clouds that round us roll; He bids my soul for battle thirst; He bids me dry the last-the first-The only tears that ever burst From Outalissi's soul; Because I may not stain with grief The death-song of an Indian chief.

# THEODRIC:

## DOMESTIC TALE.

'Twas sunset, and the Ranz des Vaches was | That felt Heaven's ardent breath, and smiles And lights were o'er th' Helvetian moun-

tains flung, That gave the glacier-tops their richest

glow, And tinged the lakes like molten gold below.

Warmth flush'd the wonted regions of the storm,

Where, Phoenix-like, you saw the eagle's form.

That high in Heaven's vermilion wheel'd and soar'd. Woods nearer frown'd, and cataracts dash'd

and roar'd, From heights brouzed by the bounding bouquetin;

Herds tinkling roam'd the long-drawn vales between,

And hamlets glitter'd white, and gardens flourish'd green.

Twas transport to inhale the bright sweet air! The mountain-bee was revelling in its glare, And roving with his minstrelsy acros

The scented wild weeds, and enamell'd moss. Earth's features so harmoniously were link'd, She seem'd one great glad form, with life instinct,

below

Its flush of love, with consentaneous glow. A Gothic church was near; the spot around

Was beautiful, even though sepulchrat ground;

For there nor yew nor cypress spread their gloom,

But roses blossomed by each rustic tomb. Amidst them one of spotless marble shone-A maiden's grave - and 'twas inscribed thereon.

That young and loved she died whose dust was there:

Yes, said my comrade, young she died, and fair!

Grace formed her, and the soul of gladness played

Once in the blue eyes of that mountain-maid: Her fingers witch'd the chords they pass'd along.

And her lips seem'd to kiss the soul in song: Yet wooed, and worship'd as she was, till few Aspired to hope, 'twas sadly, strangely true, That heart, the martyr of its fondness, burned

And died of love that could not be returned

shines

O'er clustering trees and terrace-mantling In scenes where war-train'd men were stunn'd vines.

As gay as ever the laburnum's pride Waves o'er each walk where she was wont to glide,-

And still the garden whence she graced her brow,

As lovely blooms, though trode by strangers now.

How oft from yonder window o'er the lake, Her song of wild Helvetian swell and shake, Has made the rudest fisher bend his ear, And rest enchanted on his oar to hear! Thus bright, accomplished, spirited, and bland.

Well-born, and wealthy for that simple land, Why had no gallant native youth the art To win so warm-so exquisite a heart? She, midst these rocks inspired with feelings

strong By mountain-freedom-music-fancy-song, Herself descended from the brave in arms, And conscious of romance-inspiring charms, Dreamt of heroic beings; hoped to find Some extant spirit of chivalric kind;

And scorning wealth, looked cold even on the claim

Of manly worth, that lacked the wreath of fame.

Her younger brother, sixteen summers old. And much her likeness both in mind and mould.

Had gone, poor boy! in soldiership to shine, And bore an Austrian banner on the Rhine. Twas when, alas! our Empire's evil star Shed all the plagues, without the pride, of war; When patriots bled, and bitterer anguish crossed

Our brave, to die in battles foully lost. The youth wrote home the rout of many a day;

Yet still he said, and still with truth could say, One corps had ever made a valiant stand,-The corps in which he served,-Theodric's band.

His fame, forgotten chief, is now gone by, Eclipsed by brighter orbs in glory's sky; Yet once it shone, and veterans, when they

Our fields of battle twenty years ago, Will tell you feats his small brigade performed.

In charges nobly faced and trenches stormed. Time was, when songs were chanted to his fame

And soldiers loved the march that bore his name:

The zeal of martial hearts was at his call, And that Helvetian, Uponen's, most of all. Twas touching, when the storm of war blew wild,

To see a blooming boy,-almost a child .-Spur fearless at his leader's words and signs. Brave death in reconnoitring hostile lines,

Her father dwelt where yonder Castle And speed each task, and tell each message

with fear.

THEODRIC praised him, and they wept for

In yonder house, - when letters from the boy Thanked Heaven for life, and more, to use his phrase,

Than twenty lives-his own Commander's praise.

Then follow'd glowing pages, blazoning forth The fancied image of his Leader's worth, With such hyperboles of youthful style As made his parents dry their tears and smile: But differently far his words impressed A wond'ring sister's well-believing breast;-She caught th' illusion, blest Theophic's name,

And wildly magnified his worth and fame; Rejoicing life's reality contained One, heretofore, her fancy had but feigned,

Whose love could make her proud; and time and chance

To passion raised that day-dream of romance. Once, when with hasty charge of horse and man

Our arriere-guard had checked the Gallic van.

THEODRIC, visiting the outposts, found His UDOLPH wounded, weltering on the ground :

Sore crushed,-half-swooning, half-upraised, he lay,

And bent his brow, fair boy! and grasped the clay.

His fate moved even the common soldier's ruth-

THEODRIC succour'd him; nor left the youth To vulgar hands, but brought him to his tent

And lent what aid a brother would have lent. Meanwhile, to save his kindred half the

The war-gazette's dread blood-roll might impart,

He wrote th' event to them; and soon could tell

Of pains assuaged and symptoms auguring well:

And last of all, prognosticating cure, Enclosed the leach's vouching signature.

Their answers, on whose pages you might note

That tears had fallen, whilst trembling fingers wrote,

Gave boundless thanks for benefits conferr'd, Of which the boy, in secret, sent them word, Whose memory Time, they said, would never blot;

But which the giver had himself forgot. In time, the stripling, vigorous and healed, Resumed his barb and banner in the field. And bore himself right soldier-like, till now The third campaign had manlier bronzed

his brow ;

breath,

A curtain-drop between the acts of death,-A check in frantic war's unfinished game, Yet dearly bought, and direly welcome, came. The camp broke up, and UDOLPH left his chief As with a son's or younger brother's grief: But journeying home, how rapt his spirits rose!

How light his footsteps crush'd St. Gothard's

snows! How dear seemed even the waste and wild Shreckhorn,

Though wrapt in clouds, and frowning as in scorn

Upon a downward world of pastoral charms; Where, by the very smell of dairy-farms, And fragrance from the mountain-herbage blown,

Blindfold his native hills he could have known!

His coming down you lake,-his boat in view Of windows where love's fluttering kerchief

flew The arms spread out for him-the tears

that burst,-('Twas Julia's, 'twas his sister's met him

first) Their pride to see war's medal at his breast,

And all their rapture's greeting, may be guess'd.

Ere long, his bosom triumph'd to unfold A gift he meant their gayest room to hold,-The picture of a friend in warlike dress; And who it was he first bade Julia guess. Yes, she replied, 'twas he methought in sleep, When you were wounded, told me not to weep. The painting long in that sweet mansion drew

Regards its living semblance little knew.

Meanwhile Theodric, who had years before Learnt England's tongue, and loved her classic lore.

A glad enthusiast now explored the land, Where Nature, Freedom, Art, smile hand in hand:

Her women fair; her men robust for toil; Her vigorous souls, high-cultured as her soil; Her towns, where civic independence flings The gauntlet down to senates, courts, and kings;

Her works of art, resembling magic's powers; Her mighty fleets, and learning's beauteous bowers,

These he had visited, with wonder's smile, And scarce endur'd to quit so fair an isle. But how our fates from unmomentous things May rise, like rivers out of little springs! A trivial chance postponed his parting day, And public tidings caused, in that delay, An English jubilee. Twas a glorious sight; At eve stupendous London, clad in light, Poured out triumphant multitudes to gaze; Youth, age, wealth, penury, smiling in the blaze;

When peace, though but a scanty pause for Th' illumined atmosphere was warm and bland,

And Beauty's groups, the fairest of the land, Conspicuous, as in some wide festive room, In open chariots passed with pearl and plume. Amidst them he remarked a lovelier mien Than e'er his thoughts had shaped, or eyes had seen:

The throng detained her till he reined his steed.

And, ere the beauty passed, had time to read The motto and the arms her carriage hore. Led by that clue, he left not England's shore

Till he had known her: and to know her well Prolonged, exalted, bound, enchantment's spell;

For with affections warm, intense, refined, She mixed such calm and holy strength of mind,

That, like heaven's image in the smiling brook,

Celestial peace was pictured in her look. Hers was the brow, in trials unperplexed. That cheered the sad and tranquillized the vexed:

She studied not the meanest to eclipse, And yet the wisest listened to her lips; She sang not, knew not Music's magic skill, But yet her voice had tones that swayed the will.

He sought-he won her-and resolved to make

His future home in England for her sake. Yet, ere they wedded, matters of concern To Casan's Court commanded his return, A season's space, - and on his Alpine way He reach'd those bowers, that rang with joy that day:

The boy was half beside himself,-the sire, All frankness, honour, and Helvetian fire. Of speedy parting would not hear him speak; And tears bedewed and brightened Julia's cheek.

Thus, loth to wound their hospitable pride. A month he promised with them to abide: As blithe he trode the mountain-sward as they,

And felt his joy make even the young more

How jocund was their breakfast-parlour fanned

By you blue water's breath,-their walks how bland!

Fair Julia seemed her brother's softened sprite-

A gem reflecting Nature's purest light,-And with her graceful wit there was inwrought

A wildly sweet unworldliness of thought. That almost child-like to his kindness drew, And twin with Uporen in his friendship grew. But did his thoughts to love one moment range?\_

No! he who had loved Constance could not change!

Besides, till grief betrayed her undesigned, But no, she cried, unsay not what you 've Th' unlikely thought could scarcely reach his mind.

That eyes so young on years like his should beam

Unwooed devotion back for pure esteem. True she sang to his very soul, and brought

Those trains before bim of luxuriant thought, Which only Music's heaven-born art can bring.

To sweep across the mind with angel-wing. Once, as he smiled amidst that waking trance, She paused o'ercome: he thought it might be chance.

And, when his first suspicions dimly stole, Rebuked them back like phantoms from his soul.

But when he saw his caution gave her pain, And kindness brought suspense's rack again, Faith, honour, friendship bound him to unmask

Truths which her timid fondness feared to ask. And yet with gracefully ingenuous power Her spirit met th' explanatory hour; Even conscious beauty brightened in her

That told she knew their love no vulgar prize;

And pride, like that of one more womangrown,

Enlarged her mien, enrich'd her voice's tone. Twas then she struck the keys, and music made

That mocked all skill her hand had e'er displayed:

Inspired and warbling, rapt from things around.

She looked the very Muse of magic sound, Painting in sound the forms of joy and woe. Until the mind's eye saw them melt and glow. Her closing strain composed and calm she played,

And sang no words to give its pathos aid; But grief seemed lingering in its lengthened swell.

And like so many tears the trickling touches fell.

Of Constance then she heard Theodric speak, And steadfast smoothness still possessed her cheek;

But when he told her how he oft had planned Of old a journey to their mountain-land, That might have brought him hither years

before, Ah! then, she cried, you knew not England's

shore; And, had you come-And wherefore did vou not?

Yes, he replied, it would have changed our lot!

Then burst her tears through pride's restraining bands And with her handkerchief and both her

hands, She hid her face and wept .- Contrition stung

Nor grudge one prop on which my pride is stayed;

To think I could have merited your faith, Shall be my solace even unto death .-JULIA, THEODRIC said, -with purposed look Of firmness—my reply deserved rebuke; But by your pure and sacred peace of mind, And by the dignity of womankind,

Swear that when I am gone you'll do your best

To chase this dream of fondness from your breast.

The abrupt appeal electrified her thought; She looked to Heaven, as if its aid she sought.

Dried hastily the tear-drops from her cheek, And signified the vow she could not speak.

Ere long he communed with her mother mild:

Alas! she said, I warned-conjured my child, And grieved for this affection from the first, But like fatality it has been nursed; For when her fill'd eyes on your picture

fixed, And when your name in all she spoke was mixed,

'Twas hard to chide an over-grateful mind! Then each attempt a likelier choice to find Made only fresh-rejected suitors grieve,

And Unourn's pride-perhaps her ownbelieve

That could she meet, she might enchant even you.

You came .- I augured the event, 'tis true, But how was Upolph's mother to exclude The guest that claimed our boundless gratitude?

And that unconscious you had cast a spell On JULIA's peace, my pride refused to tell; Yet in my child's illusion I have seen, Believe me well, how blameless you have been:

Nor can it cancel, howsoe'er it end, Our debt of friendship to our boy's best friend .-

At night he parted with the aged pair; At early morn rose Julia to prepare The last repast her hands for him should make:

And Upozen to convoy him o'er the lake. The parting was to her such bitter grief, That of her own accord she made it brief; But, lingering at her window, long surveyed His boat's last glimpses melting into shade.

THEODRIC sped to Austria, and achieved His journey's object. Much was he relieved When Upoten's letters told that Julia's mind Had borne his loss firm, tranquil, and resigned.

He took the Rhenish route to England, high Elate with hopes, -fulfilled their ecstasy, And interchanged with Constance's own breath

Theoretic for the tears his words had wrung. The sweet eternal vows that bound their faith.

To paint that being to a grovelling mind | He knew it not preparing to embark, Were like portraying pictures to the blind. Twas needful even infectiously to feel Her temper's fond and firm and gladsome zeal, To share existence with her, and to gain Sparks from her love's electrifying chain, Of that pure pride, which less'ning to her breast

Life's ills, gave all its joys a treble zest, Before the mind completely understood That mighty truth-how happy are the good!

Even when her light forsook him it bequeathed

Ennobling sorrow; and her memory breathed A sweetness that survived her living days As odorous scents outlast the censer's blaze. Or if a trouble dimmed their golden joy, 'Twas outward dross, and not infused alloy: Their home knew but affection's looks and speech-

A little Heaven, above dissension's reach. But 'midst her kindred there was strife and gall;

Save one congenial sister, they were all Such foils to her bright intellect and grace, As if she had engrossed the virtue of her race.

Her nature strove the unnatural feuds to heal.

Her wisdom made the weak to her appeal; And though the wounds she cured were soon unclosed.

Unwearied still her kindness interposed. Oft on those errands though she went, in vain.

And home, a blank without her, gave him

He bore her absence for its pious end .-But public grief his spirit came to bend; For war laid waste his native land once more,

And German honour bled at ev'ry pore. Oh! were he there, he thought, to rally

One broken band, or perish in the wrack! Nor think that Constance sought to move

or melt His purpose: like herself she spoke and

felt:-Your fame is mine, and I will bear all woe Except its loss!-but with you let me go To arm you for, to embrace you from the

fight; Harm will not reach me - hazards will delight !-

He knew those hazards better; one campaign In England he conjured her to remain, And she expressed assent, although her heart In secret had resolved they should not part.

How oft the wisest on misfortune's shelves Are wrecked by errors most unlike themselves!

That little fault, that fraud of love's romance, That plan's concealment, wrought their whole mischance.

But felt extinct his comfort's latest spark, When, 'midst those numbered days she made repair

Again to kindred worthless of her care; 'Tis true she said the tidings she should write

Would make her absence on his heart sit light;

But, haplessly, revealed not yet her plan, And left him in his home a lonely man. Thus damped in thoughts, he mused upon

the past: Twas long since he had heard from Upolen last.

And deep misgivings on his spirit fell, That all with Upolen's household was not well.

'Twas that too true prophetic mood of fear That augurs griefs inevitably near, Yet makes them not less startling to the mind, When come. Least looked-for then of human

His Unonen ('twas, he thought at first, his sprite)

With mournful joy that morn surprised his sight.

How changed was UDOLPH! Scarce THEODRIC durst

Inquire his tidings,-he revealed the worst. At first, he said, as JULIA bade me tell, She bore her fate high-mindedly and well, Resolved from common eyes her grief to hide, And from the world's compassion saved our pride;

But still her health gave way to secret woe, And long she pined-for broken hearts die

Her reason went, but came returning, like The warning of her death-hour-soon to strike;

And all for which she now, poor sufferer! sighs,

Is once to see THEODRIC ere she dies. Why should I come to tell you this caprice? Forgive me! for my mind has lost its peace. I blame myself, and ne'er shall cease to

That my insane ambition for the name Of brother to Tueopric founded all Those high-built hopes that crush'd her by their fall.

I made her slight a mother's counsel sage, But now my parents droop with grief and age; And though my sister's eyes mean no rebuke, They overwhelm me with their dying look. The journey's long, but you are full of ruth; And she who shares your heart, and knows

its truth, Has faith in your affection, far above The fear of a poor dying object's love .-She has, my UDOLPH, he replied, 'tis true; And oft we talk of Julia-oft of you. Their converse came abruptly to a close; For scarce could each his troubled looks

compose,

When visitants, to Constance near akin, (In all but traits of soul) were ushered in. They brought not her, nor midst their kindred band

The sister who alone, like her, was bland; But said—and smiled to see it gave him pain—

That Constance would a fortnight yet

Vexed by their tidings, and the haughty view They cast on Upolin as the youth withdrew, Theodric blamed his Constance's intent.—
The demons went, and left him as they went, To read, when they were gone beyond recall. A note from her loved hand, explaining all. She said, that with their house she only staid That parting peace might with them all be made;

But prayed for love to share his foreign life, And shun all future chance of kindred strife. He wrote with speed, his soul's consent to say: The letter miss'd her on her homeward way. In six hours Constance was within his arms: Moved, flushed, unlike her wonted calm of charms,

And breathless—with uplifted hand outspread—

Burst into tears upon his neck, and said,— I knew that those who brought your message laughed,

With poison of their own to point the shaft; And this my one kind sister thought, yet

Confessed she feared 'twas true you had been wroth.

But here you are, and smile on me: my pain Is gone, and Constance is herself again. His cestacy, it may be guessed, was much, Yet pain's extreme and pleasure's seemed to touch.

What pride! embracing beauty's perfect mould;

What terror! lest his few rash words, mistold.

Had agonized her pulse to fever's heat: But calmed again so soon it healthful beat, And such sweet tones were in her voice's sound.

Composed herself, she breathed composure round.

Fair being! with what sympathetic grace She heard, bewailed and pleaded Julia's case; Implored he would her dying wish attend, And go, she said, to-morrow with your friend;

I 'll wait for your return on England's shore, And then we 'll cross the deep and part no more.

To-morrow both his soul's compassion drew

To Julia's call, and Constance urged anew That not to heed her now would be to bind A load of pain for life upon his mind. He went with Upders—from his Constance

Stifling, alas! a dark presentiment.

Some ailment lurked, even whilst she smiled, to mock

His fears of harm from yester-morning's shock.

Meanwhile a faithful page he singled out, To watch at home, and follow straight his route.

If aught of threatened change her health should show:

-With Underst then he reached the house of woe.

That winter's eve how darkly Nature's brow

Scowled on the scenes it lights so lovely now!

The tempest, raging o'er the realms of ice, Shook fragments from the rifted precipice; And whilst their falling echoed to the wind, The wolf's long howl in dismal discord joined, While white you water's foam was raised in clouds

That whirled like spirits wailing in their shrouds:

Without was Nature's elemental din— And beauty died, and friendship wept, within! Sweet Julia, though her fate was finished half,

Still knew him-smiled on him with feeble laugh-

And blest him, till she drew her latest sigh! But lo! while UDDLPH's bursts of agony, And age's tremulous wailings, round him rose, What accents pierced him deeper yet than those!

'Twas tidings—by his English messenger Of Constance—brief and terrible they were. She still was living when the page set out From home, but whether now, was left in doubt.

Poor JULIA! saw he then thy death's relief— Stunned into stupor more than wrung with grief?

It was not strange; for in the human breast Two master-passions cannot co-exist, And that alarm which now usurped his brain Shut out not only peace, but other pain. Twas fancying Constance underneath the

shroud
That covered Julia made him first weep loud,
And tear himself away from them that wept.
Fast hurrying homeward, night nor day he
slept,

Till, launched at sea, he dreamt that his soul's saint

Clung to him on a bridge of ice, pale, faint, O'er cataracts of blood. Awake, he bless'd The shore; nor hope left utterly his breast, Till reaching home, terrific omen! there The straw-laid street preluded his despair—The servant's look—the table that revealed His letter sent to Constance last, still scaled, Though speech and hearing left him, told too clear

That he had now to suffer—not to fear. He felt as if he ne'er should cease to feel— A wretch live-broken on misfortune's wheel: Her death's cause—he might make his peace | And when your grief's first transports shall with Heaven.

Absolved from guilt, but never self-forgiven. The ocean has its ebbings-so has grief. 'Twas vent to anguish, if 'twas not relief, To lay his brow even on her death-cold cheek. Then first he heard her one kind sister speak: She bade him, in the name of Heaven, forbear With self-reproach to deepen his despair: 'Twas blame, she said, I shudder to relate, But none of yours, that caused our darling's fate;

Her mother (must I call her such?) foresaw, Should Constance leave the land, she would withdraw

Our House's charm against the world's neglect-

The only gem that drew it some respect. Hence, when you went, she came and vainly spoke

To change her purpose grew incensed, and broke

With execrations from her kneeling child. Start not! your angel from her knee rose mild.

Feared that she should not long the scene outlive.

Yet bade even you the unnatural one forgive. Till then her ailment had been slight, or none; But fast she dropped, and fatal pains came on: Foreseeing their event, she dictated And signed these words for you. The letter

"THEODRIC, this is destiny above Our power to baffle; bear it then, my love! Rave not to learn the usage I have borne, For one true sister left me not forlorn; And though you're absent in another land, Sent from me by my own well-meant command,

Your soul, I know, as firm is knit to mine As these clasped hands in blessing you now join:

Shape not imagined horrors in my fate-Even now my sufferings are not very great; As if her spirit watched him still below.

I call upon your strength of soul and pride To pay my memory, if 'tis worth the debt, Love's glorying tribute-not forlorn regret: I charge my name with power to conjure up Reflection's balmy, not its bitter cup

My pard'ning angel, at the gates of Heaven, Shall look not more regard than you have given

To me; and our life's union has been clad In smiles of bliss as sweet as life e'er had. Shall gloom be from such bright remembrance cast?

Shall bitterness outflow from sweetness past? No! imaged in the sanctuary of your breast. There let me smile, amidst high thoughts at rest;

And let contentment on your spirit shine, As if its peace were still a part of mine: For if you war not proudly with your pain, For you I shall have worse than lived in vain. But I conjure your manliness to bear My loss with noble spirit-not despair: I ask you by our love to promise this, And kiss these words, where I have left a kiss. The latest from my living lips for yours."

Words that will solace him while life endures:

For though his spirit from affliction's surge Could ne'er to life, as life had been, emerge, Yet still that mind whose harmony rlate Rang sweetness, even beneath the crush of fate.

That mind in whose regard all things were placed

In views that softened them, or lights that graced,-

That soul's example could not but dispense A portion of its own blessed influence; Invoking him to peace, and that self-sway Which Fortune cannot give, nor take away: And though he mourned her long, 'twas with such woe

#### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

#### LOCHIEL'S WARNING.

WIZARD.-LOCHIEL.

WIZARD.

LOCHIEL! LOCHIEL, beware of the day When the Lowlands shall meet thee in battle-

For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight, And the clans of Culloden are scattered in fight.

They rally, they bleed, for their kingdom and crown ;

Woe, wee to the riders that trample them down!

Proud Cumberland prances, insulting the slain,

And their hoof-beaten bosoms are tred to the plain.

But hark! through the fast-flashing lightning of war,

What steed to the desart flies frantic and far?

'Tis thine, oh Glenullin! whose bride shall | They are true to the last of their blood and

the gate.

A steed comes at morning : no rider is there; But its bridle is red with the sign of despair. Weep Albin! to death and captivity led! Oh weep! but thy tears cannot number the dead:

For a merciless sword on Culloden shall

wave. Calloden! that reeks with the blood of the brave.

#### LOCHIEL.

Go, preach to the coward, thou death-telling seer! Or, if gory Culloden so dreadful appear, Draw, dotard, around thy old wavering

sight This mantle, to cover the phantoms of fright.

#### WIZARD.

Ha! laughst thou, Lochiel, my vision to

Proud bird of the mountain, thy plume shall be torn?

Say, rushed the bold eagle exultingly forth, From his home, in the dark-rolling clouds of the north?

Lo! the death-shot of foemen outspeeding, he rode

Companionless, bearing destruction abroad; But down let him stoop from his havoc on high!

Ah! home let him speed-for the spoiler is nigh.

Why flames the far summit? Why shoot to the blast

Those embers, like stars from the firmament cast?

'Tis the fire-shower of ruin, all dreadfully driven

From his cyric, that beacons the darkness of heaven.

Oh, crested Lochiel! the peerless in might. Whose banners arise on the battlements' height.

Heaven's fire is around thee, to blast and to burn;

Return to thy dwelling! all lonely return! For the blackness of ashes shall mark where it stood.

And a wild mother scream o'er her famishing brood.

#### LOCHIEL.

my clan; Their swords are a thousand, their bosoms For never shall Albin a destiny meet, are one!

their breath.

Like a love-lighted watch-fire, all night at | And like reapers descend to the harvest of death.

Then welcome be Cumberland's steed to the shock!

Let him dash his proud foam, like a wave on the rock!

But woe to his kindred, and woe to his cause. When Albin her claymore indignantly draws; When her bonneted chieftains to victory crowd-

Clamanald the dauntless, and Moray the proud,

All plaided and plumed in their tartan-array-

#### WIZARD.

Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day! For dark and despairing, my sight I may seal, But man cannot cover what God would reveal: Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before. I tell thee, Culloden's dread echoes shall ring With the blood-hounds that bark for thy fugitive king.

Lo! anointed by Heaven with the vials of wrath,

Behold where he flies on his desolate path! Now in darkness and billows he sweeps from my sight:

Rise! rise! ye wild tempests, and cover his flight!

'Tis finished. Their thunders are hushed on the moors:

Culloden is lost, and my country deplores. But where is the iron-bound prisoner? Where?

For the red eye of battle is shut in despair. Say, mounts he the ocean-wave, banished, forlorn,

Like a limb from his country cast bleeding and torn!

Ah no! for a darker departure is near: The war-drum is muffled, and black is the bier;

His death-bell is tolling: oh! mercy, dispel You sight, that it freezes my spirit to tell! Life flutters convulsed in his quivering limbs, And his blood-streaming nostril in agony swims.

Accursed be the faggots that blaze at his feet.

Where his heart shall be thrown, ere it ceases to beat,

With the smoke of its ashes to poison the gale-

#### LOCKIEL.

False Wizard, avaunt! I have marshalled - Down, soothless insulter! I trust not So black with dishonour, so foul with retreat.

Though my perishing ranks should be strewed in their gore, Like ocean-weeds heaped on the surf-beaten

shore,

Lochiel, untainted by flight or by chains, While the kindling of life in his bosom remains,

Shall victor exult, or in death be laid low, With his back to the field, and his feet to the foe!

And leaving in battle no blot on his name, Look proudly to heaven from the death-bed of fame.

#### YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

A NAVAL ODE.

YE Mariners of England!
That guard our native seas;
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years.
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave;
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the flood below;
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy tempests blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

#### HOHENLINDEN.

On Linden, when the sun was low, All bloodless kay the untrodden snow. And dark as winter was the flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight, When the drum beat, at dead of night, Commanding fires of death to light The darkness of the scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed. Each horseman drew his battle-blade, And furious every charger neighed, To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills, with thunder riven, Then rushed the steed, to battle driven, And louder than the bolts of heaven, Far flashed the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow On Linden's hills of stained snow, And bloodier yet the torrent flow Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn, but scarce yon level sun Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun, Where furious Frank and fiery Hun Shout in their sulph'rous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave, Who rush to glory or the grave! Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave! And charge with all thy chivalry!

Few, few, shall part where many meet! The snow shall be their winding-sheet, And every turf beneath their feet Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

#### LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER.

A CRIEFTAIN, to the Highlands bound, Cries, Boatman, do not tarry; And I'll give thee a silver pound To row us o'er the ferry.

Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle, This dark and stormy water? O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle, And this Lord Ullin's daughter.

And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together;
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

His horsemen hard behind us ride;
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride,
When they have slain her lover?

Outspoke the hardy Highland-wight:
I'll go, my chief—I'm ready:
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady:

And, by my word! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry;
So, though the waves are araging white,
I'll row you o'er the ferry.

By this the storm grew loud apace; The water-wraith was shricking; And in the scowl of heaven each face Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still, as wilder blew the wind, And as the night grew drearer, Adown the glen rode armed men; Their trampling sounded nearer.

O haste thee, haste! the lady cries, Though tempests round us gather; I'll meet the raging of the skies, But not an angry father.

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand,
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they rowed amidst the roar Of waters fast prevailing: Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore: His wrath was changed to wailing.

For sore dismayed, through storm and shade, His child he did discover: One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover.

Come back! come back! he cried in grief, Across this stormy water; And I'll forgive your Highland-chief. My daughter!—oh my daughter!

Twas vain: the loud waves lashed the shore, Return or aid preventing: The waters wild went o'er his child, And he was left lamenting.

## ODE TO WINTER.

1800.

When first the fiery-mantled Sun His heavenly race began to run, Round the earth and ocean blue His children four the Seasons flew. First, in green apparel dancing, The young Spring smiled with angel-grace; Rosy Summer next advancing, Rushed into her sire's embrace; (Her bright-haired sire, who bade her keep For ever nearest to his smiles, On Calpe's olive-shaded steep, On India's citron-covered isles) More remote and buxom-brown, The Queen of Vintage bowed before his throne;

A rich pomegranate gemmed her crown, A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar-star;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride,
With barren darkness by his side;
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale;
Round the hall where runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale;
Save when adown the ravag'd globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe,
And trampling on her faded form:
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar-field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-covered shield.

O Sire of Storms! whose savage car
The Lapland-drum delights to hear.
When Frenzy with her blood-shot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity:
Archange!! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter, hear my prayer,
And gently rule the ruined year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear;
To shuddering want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend;
And gently on the orphan-head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, oh King of Clouds!
The sailer on his airy shrouds;
When wrecks and bencons strew the steep,
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube rours.
Oh winds of winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan;
Or start ye, demons of the midnight-air.
At shricks and thunders louder than your
own?

Alas! e'en your unhallowed breath May spare the victim, fallen low; But man will ask no truce to death, No bounds to human woe.

By strangers left upon a lonely shore, Unknown, unhonoured, was the friendless dead;

For child to weep, or widow to deplore, There never came to his unburied head-All from his dreary habitation fled. Nor will the lantern'd fisherman at eve Launch on that water by the witches' tower, Where hellebore and hemlock seem to weave Round its dark vaults a melancholy bower, For spirits of the dead at night's enchanted hour.

They dread to meet thee, poor unfortunate! Whose crime it was, on life's unfinished road, To feel the stepdame-buffetings of fate, And render back thy being's heavy load. Ah! once, perhaps, the social passions glowed In thy devoted bosom-and the hand That smote its kindred heart might yet be

To deeds of mercy. Who may understand Thy many woes, poor suicide, unknown? He who thy being gave shall judge of thee alone.

#### LINES

WRITTEN ON VISITING A SCENE IN ARGYLESHIRE.

AT the silence of twilight's contemplative hour.

I have mus'd in a sorrowful mood On the wind-shaken weeds that embosom the bower

Where the home of my forefathers stood. All ruin'd and wild is their roofless abode, And lonely the dark raven's sheltering tree; And travell'd by few is the grass-cover'd road, Where the hunter of deer and the warrior

trode

To his hills that encircle the sea.

Yet wandering I found on my ruinous walk, By the dial-stone aged and green, One rose of the wilderness left on its stalk,

To mark where a garden had been. Like a brotherless hermit, the last of its race, All wild in the silence of nature, it drew From each wandering sun-beam a lonely embrace;

For the night-weed and thorn overshadow'd the place Where the flower of my forefathers grew.

Sweet bud of the wilderness! emblem of all That remains in this desolate heart! The fabric of bliss to its centre may fall,

But patience shall never depart!

LINES ON THE GRAVE OF A SUICIDE. | Though the wilds of enchantment, all vernal and bright,

In the days of delusion by fancy combin'd With the vanishing phantoms of love and delight,

Abandon my soul, like a dream of the night, And leave but a desert behind.

Be hush'd, my dark spirit! for wisdom condemns

When the faint and the feeble deplore; Be strong as the rock of the ocean that stems A thousand wild waves on the shore! Through the perils of chance and the scowl of disdain,

May thy front be unalter'd, thy courage elate!

Yea! even the name I have worshipp'd in vain

Shall awake not the sigh of remembrance again :-

To bear is to conquer our fate.

#### O'CONNOR'S CHILD.

OR THE FLOWER OF LOVE LIES BLEEDING.

On! once the harp of Innisfail Was strung full high to notes of gladness; But yet it often told a tale

Of more prevailing sadness. Sad was the note, and wild its fall, As winds that moan at night forlors

Along the isles of Fion-Gall,

When, for O'Connor's child to mourn, The harper told, how lone, how far From any mansion's twinkling star, From any path of social men, Or voice, but from the fox's den. The lady in the desert dwelt; And yet no wrongs, no fear she felt; Say, why should dwell in place so wild O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

Sweet lady! she no more inspires Green Erin's hearts with beauty's power, As, in the palace of her sires,

She bloomed a peerless flower. Gone from her hand and bosom, gone, The royal broche, the jewelled ring, That o'er her dazzling whiteness shone,

Like dews on lilies of the spring. Yet why, though fall'n her brother's kerne Beneath De Bourgo's battle stern, While yet in Leinster unexplored Her friends survive the English sword; Why lingers she from Erin's host So far on Galway's shipwrecked coast? Why wanders she a huntress wild, O'Connor's pale and lovely child?

on empty space, why burn
s with momentary wildness;
efore do they then return
e than woman's mildness?
d are her raven-locks;
nocht Moran's name she calls;
midst the lonely rocks
gs sweet madrigals.
the foxglove and the moss,
parted warrior's cross!
the spot where, evermore,
at her shieling door,
at, in communion sweet,
g and the dead can meet:
o love-lorn fantasy,
of her heart is nigh.

the bow that spans the storm, 's yellow vesture clad, light—a lovely form, es and makes her glad: he grass-green turf he sits, sel'd horn beside him laid; the hills in chase he flits, nter and the deer a shade! urner! those are shadows vain s the twilight of her brain; cill tell you she is blest, the Moran's tomb possessed, ly than in Aghrim's bower, is high praised her beauty's power, ing pages offer'd up t in a golden cup.

bride! this desert bower, fits thy gentle breeding : efore dost thou love this flower -My love lies bleeding? de flower my tears have nursed; blood supplied its bloom: for it was the first rew on Connocht Moran's tomb. ken, stranger, to my voice! rt mansion is my choice! though fatal, be the star me to its wilds afar: these pathless mountains free ter to my love and me; rock and every stone ess that he was my own.

s child, I was the bud
's royal tree of glory;
to them that wrapt in blood
suc of my story!
clasp my burning brain,
-scene rushes on my sight;
'er and o'er again,
oody feud—the fatal night,
afing Connocht Moran's scorn,
'd my hero basely born,
him choose a meaner bride
n O'Connor's house of pride.

Their tribe, they said, their high degree, Was sung in Tara's psaltery;
Witness their Eath's victorious brand,
And Cathal of the bloody hand:
Glory (they said) and power and honour
Were in the mansion of O'Connor;
But he, my loved one, bore in field
A meaner crest upon his shield.

Ah, brothers! what did it avail
That fiercely and triumphantly
Ye fought the English of the pale,
And stemmed De Bourgo's chivalry?
And what was it to love and me
That barons by your standard rode,
Or beal-fires for your jubilee
Upon an hundred mountains glowed?
What though the lords of tower and dome,
From Shannon to the North-sea-foam,—
Thought ye your iron hands of pride
Could break the knot that love had tied?
No:—let the eagle change his plume,
The leaf its huc, the flower its bloom;
But ties around this heart were spun

That could not, would not, be undone!

At bleating of the wild watch-fold
Thus sang my love—"Oh, come with me:
Our bark is on the lake, behold
Our steeds are fasten'd to the tree.
Come far from Castle-Connor's clans—
Come with thy belted forestere,
And I, beside the lake of swans,
Shall hunt for thee the fallow-deer;
And build thy hut, and bring thee home
The wild-fowl and the honey-comb;
And berries from the wood provide,
And play my clarshech by thy side.
Then come, my love!"—How could I stay?
Our nimble stag-hounds tracked the way,
And I pursued, by moonless skies,
The light of Connocht Moran's cyes.

And fast and far, before the star
Of day-spring rushed we through the glade,
And saw at dawn the lofty bawn
Of Castle-Connor fade!
Sweet was to us the hermitage
Of this unplough'd, untrodden shore;

Like birds all joyous from the cage,
For man's neglect we loved it more.
And well he knew, my huntsman dear,
To search the game with hawk and spear;
While I, his evening-food to dress,
Would sing to him in happiness.
But, oh, that midnight of despair!
When I was doom'd to rend my hair:
The night, to me, of shricking sorrow!
The night, to him, that had no morrow!

When all was hushed, at even-tide, I heard the baying of their beagle: Be hushed! my Connocht Moran cried,
"Tis but the screaming of the eagle.
Alas! 'twas not the cyric's sound;

Their bloody bands had track'd us out;
Up listening starts our couchant hound—
And, hark! again, that nearer shout
Brings faster on the murderers.
Spare, spare him—Brazi!—Desmond fierce!
In vain—no voice the adder charms;
Their weapons crossed my sheltering arms:
Another's aword has laid him low—
Another's and another's;
And every hand that dealt the blow—
Ah me! it was a brother's!

Ah me! it was a brother's!
Yes, when his moanings died away,
Their iron hands had dug the clay,
And o'er his burial-turf they trod,
And I beheld—oh God! oh God!
His life-blood oozing from the sod!

Warm in his death-wounds sepulchred, Alas! my warrior's spirit brave,
Nor mass nor ulla-lulla heard
Lamenting soothe his grave.
Dragged to their hated mansion back,
How long in thraldom's grasp I lay
I knew not, for my soul was black,
And knew no change of night or day.
One night of horror round me grow;
Or if I saw, or felt, or knew,
'Twas but when those grim visages,
The angry brothers of my race,
Glared on each eye-ball's aching throb,
And check'd my bosom's power to sob;
Or when my heart with pulses drear
Beat like a death-watch to my ear.

But Heaven, at last, my soul's eclipse
Did with a vision bright inspire:
I woke, and felt upon my lips
A prophetess's fire.
Thrice in the east a war-drum heat,

I heard the Saxon's trumpet sound, And ranged, as to the judgment-seat,

My guilty, trembling brothers round. Clad in the helm and shield they came; For now De Bourgo's sword and flame Had ravaged Ulster's boundaries, And lighted up the midnight-skies. That standard of O'Connor's sway Was in the turret where I lay; That standard, with so dire a look, As ghastly shone the moon and pale, I gave, that every bosom shook Beneath its iron mail.

And go! (I cried) the combat seek,
Ye hearts that unappalled bore
The anguish of a sister's shrick;
Go!—and return no more!
For sooner guilt the ordeal-brand
Shall grasp unhurt, than ye shall hold
The banner with victorious hand,
Beneath a sister's curse unroll'd.

O stranger! by my country's loss!
And by my love! and by the cross!
I swear I never could have spoke
The curse that severed nature's yeke,
But that a spirit o'er me stood,
And fired me with the wrathful moed;
And frenzy to my heart was given,
To speak the malison of heaven.

They would have cross'd themselves, all mute;

They would have pray'd to burst the spell;
But, at the stamping of my foot,
Each hand down pow'rless fell?
And go to Athunree! (I cried)
High lift the banner of your pride!
But know that where its sheet unrells
The weight of blood is on your souls!
Go where the havec of your kerne
Shall float as high as mountain-fern!
Men shall no more your mansion know;
The nettles on your hearth shall grow!
Dead, as the green oblivious flood

That mantles by your walls, shall be
The glory of O'Connor's blood!
Away! away to Athunree!
Where, downward when the sun shall fall,
The raven's wing shall be your pall!
And not a vassal shall unlace
The vizor from your dying face!

A bolt that overhung our dome,
Suspended till my curse was given,
Soon as it pass'd these lips of foam,
Pealed in the blood-red heaven.
Dire was the look that o'er their backs
The angry parting brothers threw:
But now, behold! like cataracts,
Come down the hills in view
O'Connor's plumed partizans;
Thrice ten Kilnagorvian clans
Were marching to their doom:
A sudden storm their plumage tossed.
A flash of lightning o'er them crossed,
And all again was gloom!

Stranger! I fied the home of grief,
At Connocht Moran's tomb to fall;
I found the helmet of my chief,
His bow still hanging on our wall,
And took it down, and vowed to rove
This desert place a huntress bold;
Nor would I change my buried love
For any heart of living mould.
No! for I am a hero's child,
I'll hunt my quarry in the wild;
And still my home this mansion make,
Of all unheeded and unheeding,
And cherish, for my warrior's sake.
The flower of love lies bleeding.

#### ODE

TO THE MEMORY OF BURNS.

Sour of the Poet! wheresoe'er, Reclaim'd from earth, thy genius plume Her wings of immortality; Suspend thy harp in happier sphere, And with thine influence illume The gladness of our jubilee.

And fly, like fiends from secret spell, Discord and strife at Bunns's name, Exorcis'd by his memory; For he was chief of bards that swell The heart with songs of social flame And high delicious revelry.

And love's own strain to him was given, To warble all its eestasies With Pythian words unsought, unwill'd,— Love, the surviving gift of Heaven, The choicest sweet of Paradise, In life's else bitter cup distill'd.

Who that has melted o'er his lay To Mary's soul in Heaven above, But pictured sees, in fancy strong, The landscape and the livelong day That smiled upon their mutual love— Who that has felt forgets the song?

Nor skill'd one flame alone to fan: His country's high-soul'd peasantry What patriot-pride he taught!—how much To weigh the inborn worth of man! And rustic life and poverty Grow beautiful beneath his touch.

Him, in his clay-built cot, the muse Entranced, and showed him all the forms Of fairy-light and wizard-gloom, (That only gifted poet views) The genii of the floods and storms, And martial shade from glory's tomb.

On Bannock-field what thoughts arouse The swain whom Burns's song inspires? Beat not his Caledonian veins, As o'er the heroic turf he ploughs, With all the spirit of his sires, And all their scorn of death and chains?

And see the Scottish exile, tann'd By many a far and foreign clime, Bend o'er his home-born verse, and weep In memory of his native land, With love that scorns the lapse of time, And ties that stretch beyond the deep.

Encamped by Indian rivers wild, The soldier, resting on his arms, In Brans's carol sweet recals The scenes that blest him when a child, And glows and gladdens at the charms Of Scotia's woods and waterfalls. O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife, An idle art the Poet brings; Let high Philosophy control, And sages calm, the stream of life; 'Tis he refines its fountain-springs, The nobler passions of the soul.

It is the muse that consecrates
The native banner of the brave,
Unfurling at the trumpet's breath
Rose, thistle, harp; 'tis she elates
To sweep the field or ride the wave,
A sunburst in the storm of death.

And thou, young hero, when thy pall Is cross'd with mournful sword and plume; When public grief begins to fade, And only tears of kindred fall; Who but the bard shall dress thy tomb, And greet with fame thy gallant shade?

Such was the soldier—Burns, forgive
That sorrows of mine own intrude
In strains to thy great memory due.
In verse like thine, oh! could he live,
The friend I mourned—the brave, the good—
Edward that died at Waterloo!

Farewell, high chief of Scottish song! That couldst alternately impart Wisdom and rapture in thy page, And brand each vice with satire strong; Whose lines are mottoes of the heart, Whose truths electrify the sage.

Farewell! and ne'er may Envy dare
To wring one baleful poison'd drop
From the crush'd laurels of thy bust;
But while the lark sings sweet in air,
Still may the grateful pilgrim stop,
To bless the spot that holds thy dust.

## TO THE RAINBOW.

TRIUMPHAL arch, that fillst the sky
When storms prepare to part,
I ask not proud philosophy
To teach me what thou art.

Still seem as to my childhood's sight,
A midway-station given
For happy spirits to alight
Betwixt the earth and heaven.

Can all that optics teach, unfold
Thy form to please me so,
As when I dreamt of gems and gold
Hid in thy radiant bow?

When Science from Creation's face Enchantment's veil withdraws, What lovely visions yield their place To cold material laws! And yet, fair bow, no fabling dreams, But words of the Most High, Have told why first thy robe of beams Was woven in the sky.

When o'er the green undeluged earth Heaven's covenant thou didst shine, How came the world's gray fathers forth To watch thy sacred sign!

And when its yellow lustre smiled O'er mountains yet untrod, Each mother held aloft her child To bless the bow of God.

Methinks, thy jubilee to keep,
The first-made anthem rang
On earth delivered from the deep,
And the first poet sang.

Nor ever shall the Muse's eye Unraptured greet thy beam: Theme of primeval prophecy, Be still the poet's theme!

The earth to thee her incense yields, The lark thy welcome sings, When glittering in the freshen'd fields The snowy mushroom springs.

How glorious is thy girdle cast
O'er mountain, tower, and town,
Or mirror'd in the ocean vast,
A thousand fathoms down!

As fresh in yon horizon dark,
As young thy beauties seem,
As when the eagle from the ark
First sported in thy beam.

For, faithful to its sacred page, Heaven still rebuilds thy span, Nor lets the type grow pale with age That first spoke peace to man.

### THE LAST MAN.

ALL worldly shapes shall melt in gloom,
'The Sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of Time!
I saw the last of human mould,
That shall Creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The Sun's eye had a sickly glare, The Earth with age was wan, The skeletons of nations were Around that lonely man! Some had expired in fight,—the brands Still rusted in their bony hands; In plague and famine some! Earth's cities had no sound nor tread; And ships were drifting with the dead To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood,
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood
As if a storm pass'd by,
Saying: We are twins in death, proud Sun,
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis Mercy bids thee go.
For thou ten thousand thousand years
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow.

What though beneath thee man put forth
His pomp, his pride, his skill;
And arts that made fire, flood, and carth,
The vassals of his will;—
Yet mourn I not thy parted sway,
Thou dim discrowned king of day:
For all those trophied arts
And triumphs that beneath thee sprang,
Healed not a passion or a pang
Entailed on human hearts.

Go, let oblivion's curtain fall
Upon the stage of men,
Nor with thy rising beams recall
Life's tragedy again.
Its piteous pageants bring not back,
Nor waken flesh, upon the rack
Of pain anew to writhe;
Stretch'd in disease's shapes abhorr'd,
Or mown in battle by the sword,
Like grass beneath the scythe.

Even I am weary in yon skies
To watch thy fading fire;
Test of all sumless agonies,
Behold not me expire.
My lips that speak thy dirge of death—
Their rounded gasp and girgling breath
To see thou shalt not boast.
The eclipse of Nature spreads my pall,—
The majesty of Darkness shall
Receive my parting ghost!

This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, Sun, it shall be dim
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine.
By Him recall'd to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robb'd the grave of Victory,
And took the sting from Death!

Go, Sun, while Mercy holds me up
On Nature's awful waste
To drink this last and bitter cup
Of grief that man shall taste—
Go, tell the Night that hides thy face,
Thou sawst the last of Adam's race,
On Earth's sepulchral clod,
The darkening Universe defy
To quench his Immortality,
Or shake his trust in God!

#### TO THE EVENING-STAR.

STAR that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That sendst it from above,
Appearing when heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs, when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews, Parted lovers on thee muse; Their remembrancer in heaven Of thrilling vows thou art, Too delicious to be riven By absence from the heart.

#### S O N G.

Mss of England! who inherit
Rights that cost your sires their blood!
Men whose undegenerate spirit
Has been proved on land and flood:—

By the foes ye 've fought uncounted, By the glorious deeds ye 've done, Trophies captured—breaches mounted, Navies conquered—kingdoms won!

Yet, remember England gathers
Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,
If the patriotism of your fathers
Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery, Where no public virtues bloom? What avail in lands of slavery, Trophied temples, arch and tomb?

Pageants!—Let the world revere us For our people's rights and laws, And the breasts of civic heroes Bared in Freedom's holy cause. Yours are Hampden's, Russel's glory, Sydney's matchless shade is yours,— Martyrs in heroic story, Worth a hundred Agincourts!

We're the sons of sires that baffled Crown'd and mitred tyranny:— They defied the field and scaffold For their birthrights—so will we!

## ABSENCE.

'Tis not the loss of love's assurance, It is not doubting what thou art, But 'tis the too, too long endurance Of absence, that afflicts my heart.

The fondest thoughts two hearts can cherish, When each is lonely doomed to weep, Are fruits on desert isles that perish, Or riches buried in the deep.

What though, untouch'd by jealous madness, Our bosom's peace may fall to wreck; Th' undoubting heart; that breaks with sadness,

Is but more slowly doomed to break.

Absence! is not the soul torn by it
From more than light, or life, or breath?
'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,—
The pain without the peace of death!

## NOTES.

To whom nor relative nor blood remains, No! not a kindred drop that runs in human veins.

In the spring of 1774, a robbery and murder were committed on an inhabitant of the frontiers of Virginia, by two Indians of the Shawanee tribe. The neighbouring whites, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary manner. Colonel Cresap, a man infamous for the many murders he had committed on those much injured people, collected a party, and proceeded down the Kanaway in quest of vengeance; unfortunately, a canoe with women and children, with one man only, was seen coming from the opposite shore, unarmed and unsuspecting an attack from the whites. Cresap and his party concealed themselves on the bank of the river, and the moment the canoe reached the shore, singled out their objects, and at one fire killed every person in it. This happened to be the family of Logan, who had long been distinguished as a friend to the whites. This unworthy return provoked his vengeance; he accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the automn of the same year a decisive hattle was fought at the mouth of the Shawances, Mingoes, and Delawares, were defeated by a detachment of the Virginian millita. The Indians sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants; but lest the sincerity of a treaty should be disturbed from which so distinguished a chief abstracted

Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not to cat; if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, Logan is the friend of white men. I have even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap the last spring, in cold blood, murdered all the relations of Logan, even my women and children.

"There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature.—This called on me for revenge.—I have fought for it.—I have killed many. I have fully glutted my vengeance. — For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace—but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. -Logan never felt fear.-He will not turn on his beel to save his life.-Who is there to mourn for Logan ? not one !"-JEFFERSON'S Notes on Virginia.

Oh! once the harp of Inninfail Innisfail, the ancient name of Ireland.

Yet why, though fallen her brother's kerne [p. 434. Kerne, Irish foot soldiers. In this sense the word is used by Shakespeare. Gainsford, in his Glery's of England, says: "They (the Irish) are desperate in revenge, and their kerne think no man dead until his head be off."

The lady, at her shieling door [p. 435. Shieling, a rude cabin or hut.

Morat, a drink made of the juice of mulberry mixed with honey.

To speak the malison of heaven. [p. 436. If the wrath which I have ascribed to the heroine of this little piece should seem to exhibit her chatracter as too unnaturally stript of patriotic and domestic affections, I must beg leave to plead the authority of Corneille in the representation of a similar passion. I allude to the denunciation of Camilla, in the tragedy of Horace. When Horace, accompanied by a soldier, bearing the three swords of the Curiatii, meets his sister, and invites her to congratulate him on his victory, she expresses only her grief, which he attributes at first only to her feelings for the loss of her two brothers; but when she bursts forth into reproaches against him as the murderer of her lover, the last of the Curiatii, be exclaims:

O Ciel! qui vit jamais une pareille rage? Crois-tu donc que je sois insensible à l'outrage, Que je souffre en mon sang ce mortel deshonneur? Aime, aime cette mort qui fait notre bonheur, Et préfère du moins au sonveuir d'un homme Ce que doit ta naissance aux intérêts de Rome.

At the mention of Rome, Camille breaks out into this apostrophe :

himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following Rome, l'unique objet de mon ressentiment, speech to be delivered to Lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man, if ever he entered Rome, qui t'a vu naitre et que ton coeur adore, l'and a vu nai Rome, entin, que je hais, parce qu'elle t'honore! Puissent tous ses voisins, ensemble conjurés, Et, si ce n'est assez de toute l'Italie, Que l'Orient, contre elle, à l'Occident s'allie; Que cent peuples unis, des bouts de l'univers Passent, pour la détruire, et les monts et les mers;

Qu'elle-même sur soi renverse ses murailles Et de ses propres mains déchire ses entrailles; Que le courroux du Ciel, allumé par mes veeux, Fasse pleuvoir sur elle un déluge de feux! Puisse-je de mes yeux y voir tomber ce foudre, Voir ses maisons en cendre, et tes lauriers en poudre;

Voir le dernier Romain à son dernier soupir Moi seule en être cause, et mourir de plaisir!

And go to Athunree, I criedAthunree, the battle fought in 1315, which decided the fate of Ireland. In the reign of Edward the Second, the Irish presented to Pope John the Twenty-accord a memorial of their sufferings under the English, of a memorial of their sumerings under the English, as which the language exhibits all the strength of despair.—"Ever since the English (say they) first appeared upon our coasts, they entered our territories under a certain specious pretence of charity, and external hypocritical show of religion, endered vouring at the same time, by every artifice maliee could suggest, to extirpate us root and branch, and without any other right than that of the strongest: they have so far succeeded by base fraudulesce and cunning, that they have forced us to quit ear fair and ample habitations and inheritances, and to take refuge like wild beasts in the mountains, the woods, and the morasses of the country. Nor even can the caverns and dens protect us against their insatiable avarice. They pursue us even into these frightful abodes; endeavouring to dispossess us of the wild uncultivated rocks, and arrogate to themselves the PROPERTY OF EVERY PLACE on which we can stamp the figure of our feet."

on which we can stamp the lighter of our feet. The greatest effort ever made by the anciest Irish to regain their native independence, was made at the time when they called over the brother of Robert Bruce from Scotland. William de Bourgo, brother to the Earl of Uster, and Richard de Bermingham, were sent against the main-body of the native insurgents, who were headed, rather than commanded, by Felim O'Connor-The impor tant battle, which decided the subjection of Ireland, took place on the 10th of August, 1315. It was the bloodiest that ever was fought between the two nations, and continued throughout the whole day, from the rising to the setting sun. The Irish fought with inferior discipline, but with great enthusiasm. They lost ten thousand men, among whom were twenty-nine chiefs of Connaught. Tradition states that after this terrible day, the O'Connor family, like the Fabian, were so nearly exterminated, that throughout all Connaught not one of the name remained, except Felim's brother, who was capable of bearing arms.

# MISS L. E. LANDON.

# THE IMPROVISATRICE

Poetray needs no Preface: if it do not speak for itself, no comment can render it explicit, I have only, therefore, to state that The Improvisatrice is an attempt to illustrate that species of inspiration common in Italy, where the mind is warmed from earliest childhood by all that is beautiful in Nature and glorious in Art. The character depicted is entirely Italian,—a young female with all the loveliness, vivid feeling, and genius of her own impassioned land. She is supposed to relate her own history: with which are intermixed the tales and episodes which various circumstances call forth.

Which Genius gives, I had my part: I poured my full and burning heart In song, and on the canvass made My dreams of beauty visible; I knew not which I loved the most—Pencil or lute,—both loved so well.

Oh, yet my pulse throbs to recall, When first upon the gallery's wall

L. E. L.

It lies not in our power to love or hate, For will in us is overruled by Fate. Marlowe.

I am a daughter of that land, Where the poet's lip and the painter's hand Are most divine,—where the earth and sky Are picture both and poetry-I am of Florence. 'Mid the chill Of hope and feeling, oh! I still Am proud to think to where I owe My birth, though but the dawn of woe!

My childhood passed 'mid radiant things, Glorious as Hope's imaginings; Statues but known from shapes of the earth, By being too lovely for mortal birth; Paintings whose colours of life were caught From the fairy tints in the rainbow wrought; Music whose sighs had a spell like those That float on the sea at the evening's close; Language so silvery, that every word Was like the lute's awakening chord; Skies half sunshine, and half starlight; Flowers whose lives were a breath of delight; Leaves whose green pomp knew no withering ; Fountains bright as the skies of our spring; And songs whose wild and passionate line Suited a soul of romance like mine.

My power was but a woman's power; Yet, in that great and glorious dower

When first upon the gallery's wall Picture of mine was placed, to share Wonder and praise from each one there! Sad were my shades; methinks they had Almost a tone of prophecy-I ever had, from earliest youth, A feeling what my fate would be.

My first was of a gorgeous hall, Lighted up for festival; Braided tresses, and cheeks of bloom, Diamond-agraff, and foam-white plume; Censers of roses, vases of light, Like what the moon sheds on a summer-night. Youths and maidens with linked hands, Joined in the graceful sarabands, Smiled on the canvass; but apart Was one who leant in silent mood, As revelry to his sick heart Were worse than veriest solitude. Pale, dark-eyed, beautiful, and young, Such as he had shone o'er my slumbers, When I had only slept to dream Over again his magic numbers.

Divinest Petrarch! he whose lyre, Like morning-light, half dew, half fire, To Laura and to love was vowed-He looked on one, who with the crowd Mingled, but mixed not; on whose cheek There was a blush, as if she knew Whose look was fixed on hers. Her eye, Of a spring-sky's delicious blue, Had not the language of that bloom, But mingling tears, and light, and gloom, Was raised abstractedly to Heaven :-No sign was to her lover given.

I painted her with golden tresses,
Such as float on the wind's caresses
When the laburnams wildly fling
Their sunny blossoms to the spring;
A check which had the crimson hue
Upon the sun-touched nectarine;
A lip of perfame and of dew;
A brow like twilight's darkened line.
I strove to catch each charm that long
Has lived,—thanks to her lover's song!
Each grace he numbered one by one,
That shone in her of Avignon.

I ever thought that poet's fate
Utterly lone and desolate.
It is the spirit's bitterest pain
To love, to be beloved again;
And yet between a gulf which ever
The hearts that burn to meet must sever.
And he was vowed to one sweet star,
Bright yet to him, but bright afar.

O'er some Love's shadow may but pass As passes the breath-stain o'er glass; And pleasures, cares and pride combined, Fill up the blank Love leaves behind. But there are some whose love is high, Entire, and sole idolatry; Who, turning from a heartless world, Ask some dear thing, which may renew Affection's severed links, and be As true as they themselves are true. But Love's bright fount is never pure; And all his pilgrims must endure All passion's mighty suffering Ere they may reach the blessed spring. And some who waste their lives to find A prize which they may never win: Like those who search for Irem's groves, Which found, they may not enter in. Where is the sorrow but appears In Love's long catalogue of tears? And some there are who leave the path In agony and fierce disdain; But bear upon each cankered breast The scar that never heals again.

My next was of a minstrel too, Who proved what woman's hand might do, When, true to the heart-pulse, it woke The harp. Her head was bending down, As if in weariness, and near, But unworn, was a laurel-crown. She was not beautiful, if bloom And smiles form beauty; for, like death, Her brow was ghastly; and her lip Was parched, as fever were its breath. There was a shade upon her dark, Large, floating eyes, as if each spark Of minstrel-eestasy was fled, Yet leaving them no tears to shed; Fixed in their hopelessness of care, And reckless in their great despair.

She sat beneath a cypress-tree,
A little fountain ran beside,
And, in the distance, one dark rock
Threw its long shadow o'er the tide;
And to the west, where the nightfal
Was darkening day's gemmed coronal,
Its white shafts crimsoning in the sky,
Arose the Sun-god's sanctuary.
I deemed, that of lyre, life, and love
She was a long, last farewell taking;
That, from her pale and parched lips,
Her latest, wildest song was breaking.

SAPPHO'S SONG.

Farewell, my lute!—and would that I
Had never waked thy burning chords!
Poison has been upon thy sigh,
And fever has breathed in thy words.

Yet wherefore, wherefore should I blame
Thy power, thy spell, my gentlest lute?
I should have been the wretch I am,
Had every chord of thine been mute.

It was my evil star above,

Not my sweet lute, that wrought me wrong;
It was not song that taught me love,
But it was love that taught me song.

If song be past, and hope undone,
And pulse, and head, and heart, are flame;
It is thy work, thou faithless one!
But, no!—I will not name thy name!

Sun-god! lute, wreath are vowed to thee!

Long be their light upon my grave—
My glorious grave—you deep blue sea:
I shall sleep calm beneath its wave!

Florence! with what idolatry
I've lingered in thy radiant halls,
Worshipping, till my dizzy eye
Grew dim with gazing on those walls,
Where Time had spared each glorious gift
By Genius unto Memory left!
And when seen by the pale moonlight,
More pure, more perfect, though less bright,
What dreams of song flashed on my brain,
Till each shade seemed to live again;
And then the beautiful, the grand,
The glorious of my native land,
In every flower that threw its veil
Aside, when wooed by the spring-gale;
In every vineyard, where the sun,
His task of summer-ripening done,
Shone on their clusters, and a song
Came lightly from the peasant-throng;
In the dim loveliness of night,
In fountains with their diamond-light,

In aged temple, ruined shrine, And its green wreath of ivy-twine;— In every change of earth and sky, Breathed the deep soul of poesy.

As yet I loved not;—but each wild, High thought I nourished raised a pyre For love to light; and lighted once By love, it would be like the fire The burning lava-floods that dwell In Etna's cave unquenchable.

One evening in the lovely June,
Over the Arno's waters gliding,
I had been watching the fair moon
Amid her court of white clouds riding:
I had been listening to the gale,
Which wafted music from around,
(For scarce a lover, at that hour,
But waked his mandolin's light sound)
And odour was upon the breeze,
Sweet thefts from rose and lemon trees.

They stole me from my lulling dream, And said they knew that such an hour Had ever influence on my soul, And raised my sweetest minstrel-power. I took my lute,-my eye had been Wandering round the lovely scene, Filled with those melancholy tears, Which come when all most bright appears, And hold their strange and secret power, Even on pleasure's golden hour. I had been looking on the river. Half-marvelling to think that ever Wind, wave, or sky, could darken where All seemed so gentle and so fair: And mingled with these thoughts there came A tale, just one that Memory keeps-Forgotten music, till some chance Vibrate the chord whereon it sleeps!

### A MOORISH ROMANCE.

Softly through the pomegranate-groves Came the gentle song of the doves; Shone the fruit in the evening-light, Like Indian rubies, blood-red and bright; Shook the date-trees each tufted head, As the passing wind their green nuts shed; And, like dark columns, amid the sky The giant palms ascended on high: And the mosque's gilded minarct Glistened and glanced as the daylight set. Over the town a crimson haze Gathered and hung of the evening's rays: And far beyond, like molten gold, The burning sands of the desert rolled. Far to the left, the sky and sea Mingled their gray immensity; And with flapping sail and idle prow The vessels threw their shades below

Far down the beach, where a cypress-grove Casts its shade round a little cove, Darkling and green, with just a space For the stars to shine on the water's face, A small bark lay, waiting for night And its breeze to waft and hide its flight. Sweet is the burthen, and lovely the freight. For which those furled-up sails await, To a garden, fair as those Where the glory of the rose Blushes, charmed from the decay That wastes other blooms away: Gardens of the fairy-tale Told, till the wood-fire grows pale, By the Arab tribes, when night, With its dim and lovely light, And its silence, suiteth well With the magic tales they tell. Through that cypress-avenue, Such a garden meets the view, Filled with flowers-flowers that seem Lighted up by the sunbeam; Fruits of gold and gems, and leaves Green as hope before it grieves O'er the false and broken-hearted, All with which its youth has parted, Never to return again, Save in memories of pain!

There is a white rose in you bower, But holds it a yet fairer flower: And music from that cage is breathing, Round which a jasmine-braid is wreathing, A low song from a lonely dove, A song such exiles sing and love, Breathing of fresh fields, summer-skies,-Not to be breathed of but in sighs! But fairer smile and sweeter sigh Are near when LELLA's step is nigh! With eyes dark as the midnight-time, Yet lighted like a summer-clime With sun-rays from within; yet now Lingers a cloud upon that brow,-Though never levelier brow was given To Houri of an Eastern heaven! Her eye is dwelling on that bower, As every leaf and every flower Were being numbered in her heart ;-There are no looks like those which dwell On long-remembered things, which soon Must take our first and last farewell!

Day fades apace: another day,
That maiden will be far away,
A wanderer o'er the dark-blue sea,
And bound for lovely Italy,
Her mother's land! Hence, on her breast
The cross beneath a Moorish vest;
And hence those sweetest sounds, that seem
Like music murmuring in a dream,
When in our sleeping ear is ringing
The song the nightingale is singing;
When by that white and foueral stone,
Half-hidden by the cypress-gloom,

The hymn the mother taught her child Is sung each evening at her tomb. But quick the twilight-time has past, Like one of those sweet calms that last A moment and no more, to cheer The turmoil of our pathway here. The bark is waiting in the bay, Night darkens round:—Leila, away! Far, ere to-morrow, o'er the tide, Or wait and be—Addallah's bride?

She touched her lute-never again Her ear will listen to its strain! She took her cage, first kissed the breast-Then freed the white dove prisoned there: It paused one moment on her hand, Then spread its glad wings to the air. She drank the breath, as it were health, That sighed from every scented blossom; And taking from each one a leaf, Hid them, like spells, upon her bosom. Then sought the sacred path again She once before had traced, when lay A Christian in her father's chain; And gave him gold, and taught the way To fly. She thought upon the night, When, like an angel of the light, She stood before the prisoner's sight, And led him to the cypress-grove, And showed the bark and hidden cove; And bade the wandering captive flee, In words he knew from infancy! And then she thought how for her love He had braved slavery and death, That he might only breathe the air Made sweet and sacred by her breath. She reached the grove of cypresses-Another step is by her side: Another moment, and the bark Bears the fair Moor across the tide!

'Twas beautiful, by the pale moonlight, To mark her eyes,—now dark, now bright, As now they met, now shrank away, From the gaze that watched and worshipped

their day.
They stood on the deck, and the midnight-gale
Just waved the maiden's silver voil—
Just lifted a curl, as if to show
The cheek of rose that was burning below:
And never spread a sky of blue
More clear for the stars to wander through!
And never could their mirror be
A calmer or a lovelier sea!
For every wave was a diamond-gleam:—
And that light vessel well may seem
A fairy-ship, and that graceful pair
Young Genii, whose home was of light and air!

Another evening came, but dark: The storm-clouds hovered round the bark Of misery:—they just could see The distant shore of Italy, As the dim moon through vapours shone-A few short rays, her light was gone. O'er head a sullen scream was heard, As sought the land the white sea-bird. Her pale wings like a meteor streaming, Upon the waves a light is gleaming-Ill-omened brightness, sent by Death To light the night-black depths beneath. The vessel rolled amid the surge; The winds howled round it, like a dirge Sung by some savage race. Then came The rush of thunder and of flame: It showed two forms upon the deck,-One clasped around the other's neck, As there she could not dream of fear-In her lover's arms could danger be near? He stood and watched her with the eye Of fixed and silent agony. The waves swept on: he felt her heart Beat closer and closer yet to his! They burst upon the ship!—the sea Has closed upon their dream of bliss!

Surely theirs is pleasant sleep Beneath that ancient cedar-tree, Whose solitary stem has stood For years alone beside the sea! The last of a most noble race, That once had there their dwelling-place, Long past away! Beneath its shade, A soft green couch the turf had made:-And glad the morning-sun is shining On those beneath the boughs reclining. Nearer the fisher drew. He saw The dark hair of the Moorish maid. Like a veil, floating o'er the breast Where tenderly her head was laid ;-And yet her Jover's arm was placed Clasping around the graceful waist; But then he marked the youth's black curls Were dripping wet with foam and blood; And that the maiden's tresses dark Were heavy with the briny flood! Woe for the wind!-woe for the wave! They sleep the slumber of the grave! They buried them beneath that tree; It long had been a sacred spot. Soon it was planted round with flowers By many who had not forgot; Or yet lived in those dreams of truth The Eden birds of early youth, That make the loveliness of love: And called the place "THE MATDER'S COVE" That she who perished in she sea Might thus be kept in memory.

From many a lip came sounds of praise, Like music from sweet voices ringing; For many a boat had gathered round, To list the song I had been singing. There are some moments in our fate That stamp the colour of our days; As, till then, life had not been felt,-And mine was sealed in the slight gaze Which fixed my eye, and fired my brain, And bowed my heart beneath the chain. Twas a dark and flashing eye, Shadows, too, that tenderly, With almost female softness, came O'er its mingled gloom and flame. His cheek was pale; or toil, or care, Or midnight-study, had been there, Making its young colours dull, Yet leaving it most beautiful; Raven-curls their shadow threw, Like the twilight's darkening hue, O'er the pure and mountain snow Of his high and haughty brow: Lighted by a smile, whose spell Words are powerless to tell. Such a lip!—oh, poured from thence Lava-floods of eloquence Would come with fiery energy. Like those words that cannot die. Words the Grecian warrior spoke When the Persian's chain he broke; Or that low and honey tone, Making woman's heart his own; Such as should be heard at night, In the dim and sweet starlight; Sounds that haunt a beauty's sleep, Treasures for her heart to keep. Like the pine of summer tall; Apollo, on his pedestal In our own gallery, never bent More graceful, more magnificent; Ne'er look'd the hero, or the king, More nobly than the youth who now, As if soul-centred in my song, Was leaning on a galley's prow. He spoke not when the others spoke, His heart was all too full for praise; But his dark eyes kept fixed on mine, Which sank beneath their burning gaze. Mine sank-but yet I felt the thrill Of that look burning on me still. I heard no word that others said-Heard nothing, save one low-breathed sigh. My hand kept wandering on my lute, In music, but unconsciously My pulses throbbed, my heart beat high, A flush of dizzy ecstasy Crimsoned my cheek; I felt warm tears Dimming my sight, yet was it sweet, My wild heart's most bewildering beat, Consciousness, without hopes or fears, Of a new power within me waking, Like light before the morn's full breaking. I left the boat-the crowd: my mood Made my soul pant for solitude.

Amid my palace-halls was one, The most peculiarly my own: The roof was blue and fretted gold, The floor was of the Parian stone, Shining like snow, as only meet For the light tread of fairy-feet: And in the midst, beneath a shade Of clustered rose, a fountain played, Sprinkling its scented waters round, With a sweet and lulling sound,-O'er oranges, like Eastern gold, Half hidden by the dark green fold Of their large leaves ;- o'er hyacinth-bells, Where every summer-odour dwells, And, nestled in the midst, a pair Of white wood-doves, whose home was there: And like an echo to their song At times a murmur past along; A dying tone, a plaining fall, So sad, so wild, so musical-As the wind swept across the wire, And waked my lone Acolian lyre, Which lay upon the casement, where The lattice wooed the cold night-air, Half hidden by a bridal twine Of jasmine with the emerald vine. And ever as the curtains made A varying light, a changeful shade, As the breeze waved them to and fro, Came on the eye the glorious show Of pictured walls where landscape wild Of wood, and stream, or mountain piled, Or sunny vale, or twilight grove, Or shapes whose every look was love; Saints, whose diviner glance seemed caught From Heaven, — some whose carthlier

thought Was yet more levely,-shone like gleams Of Beauty's spirit seen in dreams. I threw me on a couch to rest, Loosely I flung my long black hair; It seemed to soothe my troubled breast To drink the quiet evening-air. I looked upon the deep-blue sky, And it was all hope and harmony, Afar I could see the Arno's stream Glorying in the clear moonbeam; And the shadowy city met my gaze, Like the dim memory of other days; And the distant wood's black coronal Was like oblivion, that covereth all. I know not why my soul felt sad; I touched my lute,-it would not waken, Save to old songs of sorrowing-Of hope betrayed-of hearts forsaken-Each lay of lighter feeling slept, I sang, but, as I sang, I wept.

### THE CHARMED CUP.

And fondly round his neck she clung;
Her long black tresses round him flung,—
Love-chains, which would not let him part;
And he could feel her beating heart,
The pulses of her small white hand,
The tears she could no more command,
The lip which trembled, though near his;
The sigh that mingled with her kiss;—
Yet parted he from that embrace.
He cast one glance upon her face;
His very soul felt sick to see
Its look of utter misery;

Yet turned he not; one moment's grief, One pang, like lightning, fierce and brief, One thought, half pity, half remorse, Passed o'er him. On he urged his horse; Hill, ford, and valley spurred he by, And when his castle-gate was nigh, White foam was on his 'broider'd rein, And each spur had a blood-red stain. But soon he entered that fair hall: His laugh was loudest there of all; And the cup that wont one name to bless, Was drained for its forgetfulness. The ring, once next his heart, was broken; The gold chain kept another token. Where is the curl he used to wear-The raven tress of silken hair? The winds have scattered it. A braid Of the first spring-day's golden shade, Waves with the dark plumes on his crest. Fresh colours are upon his breast: The slight blue scarf, of simplest fold, Is changed for one of woven gold. And he is by a maiden's side, Whose gems of price, and robes of pride Would suit the daughter of a king; And diamonds are glistening Upon her arm. There's not one curl Unfastened by a loop of pearl. And he is whispering in her ear Soft words that ladies love to hear.

Alas!—the tale is quickly told—
His love hath felt the curse of gold!
And he is bartering his heart
For that in which it hath no part.
There's many an ill that clings to love;
But this is one all else above;—
For love to bow before the name
Of this world's treasure: shame! oh, shame!
Love, be thy wings as light as those
That waft the zephyr from the rose,—
This may be pardoned—something rare
In loveliness has been thy snare!
But how, fair Love, canst thou become
A thing of mines—a sordid gnome?

And she whom JULIAN left—she stood
A cold white statue; as the blood
Had, when in vain her last wild prayer,
Flown to her heart, and frozen there.
Upon her temple, each dark vein
Swelled in its agony of pain.
Chill, heavy damps were on her brow;
Her arms were stretched at length, though
now

Their clasp was on the empty air:
A funeral pall—her long black hair
Fell over her; herself the tomb
Of her own youth, and breath, and bloom.

Alas! that man should ever win So sweet a shrine to shame and sin As woman's heart!—and deeper woo For her fond weakness, not to know That yielding all but breaks the chain That never reunites again!

It was a dark and tempest night— No pleasant moon, no blest starlight; But meteors glancing o'er the way, Only to dazzle and betray. And who is she that, 'mid the storm. Wraps her slight mantle round her form? Her hair is wet with rain and sleet, And blood is on her small snow-feet. She has been forced a way to make Through prickly weed and thorned brake, Up rousing from its coil the snake; And stirring from their damp abode The slimy worm and loathsome toad: And shuddered as she heard the gale Shriek like an evil spirit's wail; When followed, like a curse, the crash Of the pines in the lightning flash :-A place of evil and of fear-Oh! what can Julian's love do here?

On, on the pale girl went. At last
The gloomy forest-depths are past,
And she has reached the wizard's den,
Accursed by God and shunned by men.
And never had a ban been laid
Upon a more unwholesome shade.
There grew dank elders, and the yew
Its thick sepulchral shadow threw;
And brooded there each bird most foul,
The gloomy bat and sullen owl.

But Ins entered in the cell, Where dwelt the wizard of the dell. Her heart lay dead, her life-blood froze To look upon the shape which rose To bar her entrance. On that face Was scarcely left a single trace Of human likeness: the parched skin Showed each discoloured bone within; And, but for the most evil stare Of the wild eyes' unearthly glare, It was a corpse, you would have said. From which life's freshness long had fled Yet Ina knelt her down and prayed To that dark sorcerer for his aid. He heard her prayer with withering look; Then from unholy herbs he took A drug, and said it would recover The lost heart of her faithless lover, She trembled as she turned to see His demon-sneer's malignity; And every step was winged with dread. To hear the curse howled as she fled.

It is the purple twilight-hour, And JULIAN is in IDA's bower. He has brought gold, as gold could bless
His work of utter desolateness!
He has brought gems, as if Despair
Had any pride in being fair!
But IDA only wept, and wreathed
Her white arms round his neck; then
breathed

Those passionate complaints that wring A woman's heart, yet never bring Redress. She called upon each tree To witness her lone constancy! She called upon the silent boughs, The temple of her Julian's vows Of happiness too dearly bought! Then wept again. At length she thought Upon the forest-sorcerer's gift-The last, lone hope that love had left! She took the cup, and kissed the brim, Mixed the dark spell, and gave it him To pledge his once dear Ina's name! He drank it. Instantly the flame Ran through his veins: one fiery throb Of bitter pain—one gasping sob Of agony—the cold death-sweat Is on his face-his teeth are set-His bursting eyes are glazed and still: The drug has done its work of ill. Alas! for her who watched each breath, The cup her love had mixed bore-death.

Lorenzo!-when next morning came For the first time I heard thy name! Lorenzo!-how each ear-pulse drank The more than music of that tone! Lorenzo !- how I sighed that name, As breathing it made it mine own! I sought the gallery: I was wont To pass the noontide there, and trace Some statue's shape of loveliness-Some saint, some nymph, or muse's face. There, in my rapture, I could throw My pencil and its hues aside, And, as the vision past me, pour My song of passion, joy, and pride. And he was there,—Lorenzo there! How soon the morning past away, With finding beauties in each thing Neither had seen before that day! Spirit of Love! soon thy rose-plumes wear The weight and the sully of canker and care: Falsehood is round thee; Hope leads thee on, Till every bue from thy pinion is gone. But one bright moment is all thine own, The one ere thy visible presence is known; When, like the wind of the south, thy power, Sunning the heavens, sweetening the flower, Is felt but not seen. Thou art sweet and calm As the sleep of a child, as the dew-fall of balm. Fear has not darkened thee; Hope has not made

The blossoms expand, it but opens to fade. Nothing is known of those wearing fears Which will shadow the light of thy afteryears.

Then art thou bliss:—but once throw by The veil which shrouds thy divinity; Stand confessed,—and thy quiet is fled! Wild flashes of rapture may come instead, But pain will be with them. What may

restore The gentle happiness known before? I owned not to myself I loved,-No word of love Lorenzo breathed; But I lived in a magic ring, Of every pleasant flower wreathed. A brighter blue was on the sky, A sweeter breath in music's sigh; The orange-shrubs all seemed to bear Fruit more rich, and buds more fair. There was a glory on the noon, A beauty in the crescent moon, A lulling stillness in the night, A feeling in the pale starlight. There was a charmed note on the wind. A spell in Poetry's deep store-Heart-uttered words, passionate thoughts, Which I had never marked before. 'Twas as my heart's full happiness Poured over all its own excess.

One night there was a gorgeous feast For maskers in Count LEON's hall; And all of gallant, fair, and young, Were bidden to the festival. I went, garbed as a Hindoo-girl; Upon each arm an amulet, And by my side a little lute Of sandal-wood with gold beset. And shall I own that I was proud To hear, amid the gazing crowd, A murmur of delight, when first My mask and veil I threw aside? For well my conscious cheek betrayed Whose eye was gazing on me too! And never yet had praise been dear, As on that evening, to mine ear, Lorenzo! I was proud to be Worshipped and flattered but for thee!

#### THE HINDOO-GIRL'S SONG.

Playful and wild as the fire-flies' light,
This moment hidden, the next moment bright,
Like the foam on the dark-green sea,
Is the spell that is laid on my lover by me.
Were your sigh as sweet as the sumbal's sigh,
When the wind of the evening is nigh;
Were your smile like that glorious light,
Seen when the stars gem the deep midnight;
Were that sigh and that smile for ever the

They were shadows, not fuel, to love's dulled flame.

Love once formed an amulet, With pearls, and a rainbow, and rose-leaves set. The pearls were pure as pearls could be,
And white as maiden-purity;
The rose had the beauty and breath of soul,
And the rainbow-changes crowned the whole.
Frown on your lover one little while,
Dearer will be the light of your smile;
Let your blush, laugh, and sigh ever mingle
together.

Like the bloom, sun, and clouds of the sweet spring-weather.

Love never must sleep in security, Or most calm and cold will his waking be.

And as that light strain died away, Again I swept the breathing strings: But now the notes I waked were sad As those the pining wood-dove sings.

#### THE INDIAN BRIDE.

She has lighted her lamp, and crowned it with flowers,
The sweetest that breathed of the summer-hours;
Red and white roses linked in a band,

Red and white roses linked in a band, Like a maiden's blush, or a maiden's hand; Jasmines,—some like silver spray, Some like gold in the morning-ray; Fragrant stars,—and favourites they. When Indian girls, on a festival-day, Braid their dark tresses: and over all weaves The rosy-bower of lotus-leaves—Canopy suiting the lamp-lighted bark, Love's own flowers, and Love's own ark.

She watched the sky, the sunset grew dim; She raised to Cambro her evening-hymn. The scent of the night-flowers came on the

And then, like a bird escaped from the snare, She flew to the river—(no moon was bright, But the stars and the fire-flies gave her their light;)

She stood beneath the mangoes' shade, Half delighted and half afraid; She trimmed the lamp, and breathed on each

Oh, that breath was sweeter than all their perfume!)

Threw spices and oil on the spire of flame, Called thrice on her absent lover's name; And every pulse throbbed as she gave Her little boat to the Ganges' wave.

There are a thousand fanciful things Linked round the young heart's imaginings. In its first love-dream a leaf or a flower Is gifted then with a spell and a power: A shade is an omen, a dream is a sign, From which the maiden can well divine Passion's whole history. Those only can tell Who have loved as young hearts can love so well,

How the pulses will beat, and the cheek will be dyed,

When they have some love-augury tried. Oh, it is not for those whose feelings are cold. Withered by care, or blunted by gold; Whose brows have darkened with many

years,
To feel again youth's hopes and fears—
What they now might blush to confess,
Yet what made their spring-day's happiness!

Zaide watched her flower-built vessel glide, Mirrored beneath on the deep-blue tide; Lovely and lonely, scented and bright, Like Hope's own bark, all bloom and light. There's not one breath of wind on the air, The heavens are cloudless, the waters are fair.

No dew is falling: yet woe to that shade! The maiden is weeping, her lamp has decayed.

Hark to the ring of the cymetar!
It tells that the soldier returns from afar.
Down from the mountains the warriors come:
Hark to the thunder-roll of the drum!—
To the startling voice of the trumpet's call!—
To the cymbal's clash!—to the atabal!
The banners of crimson float in the sun,
The warfare is ended, the battle is won.
The mother hath taken the child from her
hreast,

And raised it to look on its father's crest. The pathway is lined, as the bands pass along,

With maidens, who meet them with flowers and song.

And Zame hath forgotten in Azim's arms All her so false lamp's falser alarms.

This looks not a bridal,—the singers are mute.

Still is the mandore, and breathless the lute; Yet there the bride sits. Her dark hair is bound,

And the robe of her marriage floats white on the ground.

Oh! where is the lover, the bridegroom !-

Look under you black pall-the bridegroom is there!

Yet the guests are all bidden, the feast is the same,

And the bride plights her troth amid smoke and 'mid flame!

They have raised the death-pyre of sweetscented wood,

And sprinkled it o'er with the sacred flood Of the Ganges. The priests are assembled: their song

Sinks deep on the ear as they bear her along.

That bride of the dead. Ay, is not this love ?- | The laugh as glad, the step as light, That one pure, wild feeling all others above: Vowed to the living, and kept to the tomb !-The same in its blight as it was in its bloom. With no tear in her eye, and no change in her smile

Young Zame had come nigh to the funeral pile.

The bells of the dancing-girls ceased from their sound,

Silent they stood by that holiest mound; From a crowd like the sea-waves there came not a breath.

When the maiden stood by the place of death One moment was given-the last she might spare!

To the mother, who stood in her weeping there.

She took the jewels that shone on her hand, She took from her dark hair its flowery band, And scattered them round. At once they raise The hymn of rejoicing and love in her praise. A prayer is muttered, a blessing said,-Her torch is raised !- she is by the dead. She has fired the pile! At once there came A mingled rush of smoke and of flame: The wind swept it off. They saw the bride,-Laid by her Azın, side by side. The breeze had spread the long curls of her hair:

Like a banner of fire they played on the air. The smoke and the flame gathered round as before,

Then cleared; -but the bride was seen no more.

I heard the words of praise, but not The one voice that I paused to hear; And other sounds to me were like A tale poured in a sleeper's car. Where was LORENZO?-He had stood Spell-bound; but when I closed the lay, As if the charm ceased with the song, He darted hurriedly away. I masqued again, and wandered on Through many a gay and gorgeous room; What with sweet waters, sweeter flowers, The air was heavy with perfume, The harp was echoing the lute, Soft voices answered to the flute, And, like rills in the noontide clear, Beneath the flame-hung gondolier, Shone mirrors peopled with the shades Of stately youths and radiant maids; And on the ear in whispers came Those winged words of soul and flame, Breathed in the dark-eyed beauty's car By some young love-touched cavalier; Or mixed at times some sound more gay, Of dance, or laugh, or roundelay. Oh, it is sickness at the heart To bear in revelry its part, And yet feel bursting :- not one thing Which has part in its suffering,-

The song as sweet, the glance as bright; As the laugh, step, and glance, and song, Did to young happiness belong.

I turned me from the crowd, and reached A spot which seemed unsought by all-An alcove filled with shrubs and flowers, But lighted by the distant hall, With one or two fair statues placed, Like deities of the sweet shrine. That human art should ever frame Such shapes so utterly divine! A deep sigh breathed,-I knew the tone; My cheek blushed warm, my heart beat high; One moment more I too was known, I shrank before Lorenzo's eye. He leant beside a pedestal: The glorious brow, of Parian stone, Of the Antinous, by his side, Was not more noble than his own! They were alike: he had the same Thick-clustering curls the Roman wore-The fixed and melancholy eye-The smile which passed like lightning o'er The curved lip. We did not speak, But the heart breathed upon each cheek We looked round with those wandering looks, Which seek some object for their gaze, As if each other's glance was like The too much light of morning's rays. I saw a youth beside me kneel; I heard my name in music steal; I felt my hand trembling in his ;-Another moment, and his kiss Had burnt upon it; when, like thought, So swift it past, my hand was thrown Away, as if in sudden pain. Lorenzo like a dream had flown! We did not meet again:-he seemed To shun each spot where I might be: And, it was said, another claimed The heart-more than the world to me!

I loved him as young Genius loves, When its own wild and radiant heaven Of starry thought burns with the light. The love, the life, by passion given. I loved him, too, as woman loves-Reckless of sorrow, sin, or scorn: Life had no evil destiny That, with him, I could not have borne! I had been nurst in palaces; Yet earth had not a spot so drear. That I should not have thought a home, In Paradise, had he been near! How sweet it would have been to dwell. Apart from all, in some green dell Of sunny beauty, leaves and flowers; And nestling birds to sing the hours! Our home, beneath some chesnut's shade, But of the woven branches made: Our vesper-bymn, the low, lone wail The rose hears from the nightingale;

Alas! alas! Hope's fair deceit! He spurred o'er land, has cut the wave, To look but on Cymppe's grave.

It has blossomed in beauty, that lone tree, LEADES' kiss restored its bloom; For wild he kissed the withered stem-It grew upon Cyprere's tomb! And there he dwelt. The hottest ray, Still dew upon the branches lay Like constant tears. The winter came; But still the green tree stood the same. And it was said, at evening's close, A sound of whispered music rose; That 'twas the trace of viewless feet Made the flowers more than flowers sweet. At length LEADES died. That day, Bark and green foliage past away From the lone tree,-again a thing Of wonder and of perishing!

One evening I had roumed beside The winding of the Arno's tide; The sky was flooded with moonlight: Below were waters azure bright, Palazzos with their marble-halls, Green gardens, silver waterfalls, And orange-groves and citron-shades, And cavaliers and dark-eyed maids; Sweet voices singing, echoes sent From many a rich-toned instrument. I could not bear this loveliness! It was on such a night as this That love had lighted up my dream Of long despair and short-lived bliss. I sought the city; wandering on, Unconscious where my steps might be: My heart was deep in other thoughts; All places were alike to me:-At length I stopped beneath the walls Of San Mark's old cathedral halls. I entered :- and, beneath the roof, Ten thousand wax-lights burnt on high; And incense on the censers fumed As for some great solemnity. The white-robed choristers were singing; Their cheerful peal the bells were ringing: Then deep-voiced music floated round, As the far arches sent forth sound-The stately organ:-and fair bands Of young girls strewed, with lavish hands, Violets o'er the mosaic floor; And sang while scattering the sweet store.

I turned me to a distant aisle
Where but a feeble glimmering came
(Itself in darkness) of the smile
Sent from the tapers' perfumed flame;
And coloured as each pictured pane
Shed o'er the blaze its crimson stain:—

While, from the window o'er my head,
A dim and sickly gleam was shed
From the young moon,—enough to show
That tomb and tablet lay below.
I leant upon one monument,—
'Twas sacred to unhappy love:
On it were carved a blighted pine—
A broken ring—a wounded dove.
And two or three brief words told all
Her history who lay beneath t—
The flowers—at morn her bridal flowers,—
Formed, ere the eve, her funeral wreath.

I could but envy her. I thought,
How sweet it must be thus to die!
Your last looks watched, — your last sigh
caught,
As life or heaven were in that sigh!
Passing in loveliness and light;
Your heart as pure, — your cheek as bright
As the spring-rose, whose petals shut
By sun unscorched, by shower unwet;
Leaving behind a memory
Shrined in love's fond eternity.

But I was wakened from this dream By a burst of light-a gush of song-A welcome, as the stately doors Poured in a gay and gorgeous throng. I could see all from where I stood. And first I looked upon the bride; She was a pale and lovely girl ;-But, oh God! who was by her side?-Lorenzo!-No, I did not speak; My heart beat high, but could not break. I shricked not, wept not: but stood there Motionless in my still despair; As I were forced by some strange thrall, To bear with and to look on all, I heard the hymn, I heard the vow; (Mine ear throbs with them even now!) I saw the young bride's timid cheek Blushing beneath her silver veil. I saw Lorenzo kneel! Methought ('Twas but a thought!) he too was pale. But when it ended, and his lip Was prest to hers-I saw no more! My heart grew cold, - my brain swam round,-

I sank upon the cloister-floor!
I lived,—if that may be called life,
From which each charm of life has fled—
Happiness gone, with hope and love,—
In all but breath already dead.

Rust gathered on the silent chords
Of my neglected lyre,—the breeze
Was now its mistress: music brought
For me too bitter memories!
The ivy darkened o'er my bower;
Around, the weeds choked every flower.
I pleased me in this desolateness,
As each thing bore my fate's impress.

At length I made myself a task-To paint that Cretan maiden's fate, Whom Love taught such deep happiness, And whom Love left so desolate. I drew her on a rocky shore:-Her black hair loose, and sprinkled o'er With white sea-foam; -her arms were bare, Flung upwards in their last despair. Her naked feet the pebbles prest; The tempest-wind sang in her vest; A wild stare in her glassy eyes; White lips, as parched by their hot sighs; And cheek more pallid than the spray, Which, cold and colourless, on it lay:-Just such a statue as should be Placed ever, Love! beside thy shrine; Warning thy victims of what ills-What burning tears, false God! are thine. Before her was the darkling sea: Behind the barren mountains rose-A fit home for the broken heart To weep away life, wrongs, and woes!

I had now but one hope:—that when The hand that traced these tints was cold— Its pulse but in their passion seen— Lonexzo might these tints behold, And find my grief;—think—see—feel all I felt, in this memorial!

It was one evening,-the rose-light Was o'er each green Veranda shining; Spring was just breaking, and white buds Were 'mid the darker ivy twining. My hall was filled with the perfume Sent from the early orange-bloom: The fountain, in the midst, was fraught With rich hues from the sunset caught; And the first song came from the dove, Nestling in the shrub-alcove. But why pause on my happiness ?-Another step was with mine there Another sigh than mine made sweet With its dear breath the scented air! Lorenzo! could it be my hand That now was trembling in thine own? Loneszo! could it be mine ear That drank the music of thy tone?

We sat us by a lattice, where Came in the soothing evening-breeze, Rich with the gifts of early flowers, And the soft wind-lute's symphonics. And in the twilight's vesper-hour, Beneath the hanging jasmine-shower, I heard a tale,—as fond, as dear As e'er was poured in woman's ear!

### LORENZO'S RISTORY.

I was betrothed from earliest youth To a fair orphan, who was left Beneath my father's roof and care,—
Of every other friend bereft:
An heiress, with her fertile vales,
Caskets of Indian gold and pearl;
Yet meek as poverty itself,
And timid as a peasant-girl:
A delicate, frail thing,—but made
For spring-sunshine, or summer-shade;—
A slender flower, unmeet to bear
One April-shower,—so slight, so fair.

I loved her as a brother loves His favourite sister :- and when war First called me from our long-shared home To bear my father's sword afar, I parted from her,-not as one Whose life and soul are wrung by parting: With death-cold brow and throbbing pulse, And burning tears like life-blood starting. Lost in war-dreams, I scarcely heard The prayer that bore my name above: The Farewell! that kissed off her tears, Had more of pity than of love! I thought of her not with that deep, Intensest memory love will keep More tenderly than life. To me She was but as a dream of home, One of those calm and pleasant thoughts That o'er the soldier's spirit come; Remembering him, when battle low'rs, Of twilight-walks and fireside-hours.

I came to thy bright FLORENCE when The task of blood was done: I saw thee! Had I lived before? Oh, no! my life but then begun. Ay, by that blush! the summer-rose Has not more luxury of light! Ay, by those eyes! whose language is Like what the clear stars speak at night, Thy first look was a fever-spell!-Thy first word was an oracle Which scaled my fate! I worshipped thee, My beautiful, bright deity! Worshipped thee as a sacred thing Of Genius' high imagining ;-But loved thee for thy sweet revealing Of woman's own most gentle feeling. I might have broken from the chain Thy power, thy glory round me flung ! But never might forget thy blush— The smile which on thy sweet lips hung!
I lived but in thy sight! One night
From thy hair fell a myrtle-blossom; It was a relic that breathed of thee: Look! it has withered in my bosom! Yet I was wretched, though I dwelt In the sweet sight of Paradise: A curse lay on me. But not now, Thus smiled upon by those dear eyes, Will I think over thoughts of pain. I'll only tell thee that the line That ever told Love's misery, Ne'er told of misery like mine!

I wedded .- I could not have borne To see the young IANTHE blighted By that worst blight the spring can know-Trusting affection ill requited! Oh, was it that she was too fair, Too innocent for this damp earth; And that her native star above Reclaimed again its gentle birth? She faded. Oh, my peerless queen, I need not pray thee pardon me For owning that my heart then felt For any other than for thee! I bore her to those azure isles Where Health dwells by the side of Spring ; And deemed their green and sunny vales, And calm and fragrant airs, might bring Warmth to the cheek, light to the eye, Of her who was too young to die. It was in vain!-and, day by day, The gentle creature died away. As parts the odour from the rose-As fades the sky at twilight's close-She past so tender and so fair; So patient, though she knew each breath Might be her last; her own mild smile Parted her placid lips in death. Her grave is under southern skies; Green turf and flowers o'er it rise. Oh! nothing but a pale spring-wreath Would fade o'er her who lies beneath! I gave her prayers—I gave her tears— I staid awhile beside her grave; Then led by Hope, and led by Love, Again I cut the azure wave. What have I more to say, my life! But just to pray one smile of thine, Telling I have not loved in vain-That thou dost join these hopes of mine? Yes, smile, sweet love! our life will be As radiant as a fairy-tale! Glad as the sky-lark's earliest song— Sweet as the sigh of the spring-gale! All, all that life will ever be, Shone o'er, divinest love! by thee.

Oh, mockery of happiness! Love now was all too late to save, False Love! oh what had you to do With one you had led to the grave? A little time I had been glad To mark the paleness on my cheek; To feel how, day by day, my step Grew fainter, and my hand more weak; To know the fever of my soul Was also preying on my frame: But now I would have given worlds To change the crimson heetic's flame For the pure rose of health; to live For the dear life that Love could give. -Oh, youth may sicken at its bloom, And wealth and fame pray for the tomb ;-But can love bear from love to part, And not cling to that one dear heart?

I shrank away from death,-my tears Had been unwept in other years:-But thus, in love's first ecstasy, Was it not worse than death to die? LORENZO! I would live for thee! But thou wilt have to weep for me! That sun has kissed the morning-dews,-I shall not see its twilight close! That rose is fading in the noon, And I shall not outlive that rose! Come, let me lean upon thy breast, My last, best place of happiest rest! Once more let me breathe thy sighs-Look once more in those watching eyes! Oh! but for thee, and grief of thine, And parting, I should not repine! It is deep happiness to die, Yet live in Love's dear memory. Thou wilt remember me,-my name Is linked with beauty and with fame. The summer-airs, the summer-sky, The soothing spell of Music's sigh,-Stars in their poetry of night, The silver silence of moonlight, The dim blush of the twilight-hours, The fragrance of the bee-kissed flowers;-But, more than all, sweet songs will be Thrice sacred unto Love and me. Lorenzo! be this kiss a spell! My first!-my last! FAREWELL!-FAREWELL!

There is a lone and stately hall, Its master dwells apart from all. A wanderer through Italia's land, One night a refuge there I found. The lightning-flash rolled o'er the sky, The torrent-rain was sweeping round: These won me entrance. He was young, The castle's lord, but pale like age; His brow, as sculpture beautiful, Was wan as Grief's corroded page, He had no words, he had no smiles. No hopes:-his sole employ to brood Silently over his sick heart In sorrow and in solitude. I saw the hall where, day by day, He mused his weary life away; It scarcely seemed a place for woe, But rather like a Genie's home. Around were graceful statues ranged, And pictures shone around the dome. But there was one-a loveliest one!-One picture brightest of all there!-Oh! never did the painter's dream Shape thing so gloriously fair! It was a face!—the summer-day Is not more radiant in its light! Dark flashing eyes, like the deep stars Lightning the azure brow of night; A blush like sunrise o'er the rose A cloud of raven-hair, whose shade Was sweet as evening's, and whose curls Clustered beneath a laurel-braid.

She leant upon a harp:—one hand Wandered, like snow, amid the chords; The lips were opening with such life, You almost heard the silvery words. She looked a form of light and life;—All soul, all passion, and all fire; A priestess of Apollo's, when The morning-beams fall on her lyre;

A Sappho, or ere love had turned. The heart to stone where once it burned. But by the picture's side was placed A funeral urn, on which was traced. The heart's recorded wretchedness; And on a tablet, hung above, Was 'graved one tribute of sad words—Lorenzo' to his Minstreel-Love.

# THE TROUBADOUR.

# CANTO L

Call to mind your leveliest dream,— When your sleep is full'd by a mountainstream.

When your pillow is made of the violet, And over your head the branches are met Of a lime-tree cover'd with bloom and bees, When the roses' breath is on the breeze, When odours and light on your eyelids press With summer's delicious idleness; And upon you some shadowy likeness may

Of the faery-banks of the bright Durance; Just where at first its current flows 'Mid willows and its own white rose,— Its clear and early tide, or ere A shade, save trees, its waters bear.

The sun, like an Indian King, has left
To that fair river a royal gift
Of gold and purple; no longer shines
His broad red disk o'er that forest of pines
Sweeping beneath the burning sky
Like a death-black ocean, whose billows lie
Dreaming dark dreams of storm in their sleep
When the wings of the tempest shall over
them sweep.

—And with its towers cleaving the red
Of the sunset-clouds, and its shadow spread
Like a cloak before it, darkening the ranks
Of the light young trees on the river's banks,
And ending there, as the waters shone
Too bright for shadows to rest upon,
A castle stands; whose windows gleam
Like the golden flash of a noon-lit stream
Seen through the lily and water-flags' screen:
Just so shine those panes through the ivy

A curtain to shut out sun and air,
Which the work of years has woven there.

But not in the lighted pomp of the west
Looks the evening its loveliest;
Enter you turret, and round you gaze
On what the twilight-east displays:

One star, pure, clear, as if it shed The dew on each young flower's head; And, like a beauty of southern clime, Her veil thrown back for the first time. Pale, timid, as she feared to own Her claim upon the midnight-throne, Shows the fair moon her crescent sign. Beneath, in many a serpentine, The river wanders; chesnut-trees Spread their old boughs o'er cottages Where the low roofs and porticoes Are cover'd with the Provence-rose. And there are vineyards: none might view The fruit o'er which the foliage weaves; And olive-groves, pale as the dew Crusted its silver o'er the leaves. And there the castle-garden lay With tints in beautiful array: Its dark green walks, its fountains falling, Its tame birds to each other calling; The peacock with its orient rings. The silver pheasant's gleaming wings; And on the breeze rich odours sent Sweet messages, as if they meant To rouse each sleeping sense to all The loveliness of evening's fall .-That lonely turret, is it not A minstrel's own peculiar spot? Thus with the light of shadowy gray To dream the pleasant hours away.

Slight columns were around the hall With wreathed and fluted pedestal Of green Italian marble made, In likeness of the palm-trees' shade; And o'er the ceiling starry showers Mingled with many-colour'd flowers, With crimson roses o'er her weeping. There lay that royal maiden sleeping—Danze, she whom gold could move—How could it move her heart to love? Between the pillars the rich fold Of tapestry fell, inwrought with gold, And many-colour'd silks which gave, Strange legends of the fair and brave.

And there the terrace covered o'er With summer's fair and scented store; As grateful for the gentle care That had such pride to keep it fair.

And, gazing, as if heart and eye Were mingled with that lovely sky, There stood a youth, slight as not yet With manhood's strength and firmness set; But on his cold, pale cheek were caught The traces of some deeper thought, A something seen of pride and gloom, Not like youth's hour of light and bloom: A brow of pride, a lip of scorn,-Yet beautiful in scorn and pride-A conscious pride, as if he own'd Gems hidden from the world beside; And scorn, as he cared not to learn Should others prize those gems or spurn. He was the last of a proud race Who left him but his sword and name, And boyhood past in restless dreams Of future deeds and future fame. But there were other dearer dreams Than the light'ning-flash of these war-gleams That fill'd the depths of RAYMOND's heart; For his was now the loveliest part Of the young poet's life, when first, In solitude and silence nurst, His genius rises like a spring Unnoticed in its wandering; Ere winter-cloud or summer-ray Have chill'd, or wasted it away, When thoughts with their own beauty fill'd Shed their own richness over all, As waters from sweet woods distill'd Breathe perfume out where'er they fall. I know not whether Love can fling A deeper witchery from his wing Than falls sweet Power of Song from thine; Yet, ah! the wreath that binds thy shrine, Though seemingly all bloom and light, Hides thorn and canker, worm and blight. Planet of wayward destinies Thy victims are thy votaries! Alas! for him whose youthful fire Is vowed and wasted on the lyre,-Alas! for him who shall essay, The laurel's long and dreary way! Mocking will greet, neglect will chill His spirit's gush, his bosom's thrill; And, worst of all, that heartless praise Echoed from what another says He dreams a dream of life and light, And grasps the rainbow that appears Afar all beautiful and bright, And finds it only formed of tears. Ay, let him reach the goal, let fame Pour glory's sunlight on his name, Let his songs be on every tongue, And wealth and honours round him flung: Then let him show his secret thought, Will it not own them dearly bought? See him in weariness fling down The golden harp, the violet-crown;

And sigh for all the toil, the care, The wrong that he has had to bear; Then wish the treasures of his lute Had been, like his own feelings, mute, And curse the hour when that he gave To sight that wealth, his lord and slave.

But RAYMOND was in the first stage Of life's enchanted pilgrimage: 'Tis not for Spring to think on all The sear and waste of Autumn's fall:-Enough for him to watch beside The bursting of the mountain-tide, To wander through the twilight-shade By the dark, arching pine-boughs made, And at the evening's starlit hour To seek for some less shadowy bower, Where dewy leaf, and flower pale, Made the home of the nightingale. Or he would seek the turret-hall, And there, unheard, unseen of all, When even the night-winds were mute, His rich tones answer'd to the lute; And in his pleasant solitude He would forget his wayward mood, And pour his spirit forth when none Broke on his solitude, save one.

There is a light step passing by Like the distant sound of music's sigh; It is that fair and gentle child, Whose sweetness has so oft beguiled, Like sunlight on a stormy day, His almost sullenness away.

They said she was not of mortal birth,
And her face was fairer than face of earth:
What is the thing to liken it to?
A lily just dipp'd in the summer-dew—
Parian marble—snow's first fall?—
Her brow was fairer than each and all.
And so delicate was each vein's soft blue,
'Twas not like blood that wander'd through.
Rarely upon that cheek was shed,
By health or by youth, one tinge of red;
And never closest look could descry,
In shine, or in shade, the hue of her eye:
But as it were made of light, it changed,
With every sunbeam that over it ranged;
And that eye could look through the long
dark lash.

With the moon's dewy smile, or the lightning's flash.

Her silken tresses, so bright and so fair. Stream'd like a banner of light on the air, And seldom its sunny wealth around Was chaplet of flowers or ribbon bound; But amid the gold of its thousand curls Was twisted a braid of snow-white pearls,—They said 'twas a charmed spell; that before This braid her nameless mother wore; And many were the stories wild Whisper'd of the neglected child.

Lord Animald, (thus the tale was told)
The former lord of the castle-hold,—
Lord Animald had followed the chase
Till he was first and last in the race;
The blood-dyed sweat hung on his steed,
Each breath was a gasp, yet he stay'd not
his speed.

Twice the dust and foam had been wash'd By the mountain-torrent that over them dash'd;

But still the stag held on his way,
Till a forest of pine-trees before them lay,
And bounding and crashing boughs declare
The stag and the hunter have enter'd there.
On, on they went, till a greenwood-screen
Lay Ambalo and his prey between:
He has heard the creature sink on the
ground,

And the branches give way at his courser's bound.

The spent stag on the grass is laid;
But over him is leant a maid,
Her arms and fair hair glistening
With the bright waters of the spring;
And Ammalo paused, and gazed, as seeing
Were grown the sole sense of his being.

At first she heard him not, but bent
Upon her pitying task intent;
The summer-clouds of hair that hung
Over her brow were backwards flung;
She saw him! Her first words were prayer
Her gasping favourite's life to spare:
But her next tones were soft and low,
And on her cheek a mantling glow
Play'd like a rainbow; and the eye
That, raised in pleading energy,
Shed, starlike, its deep beauty round,
Seem'd now as if to earth spell-bound.
They parted: but each one that night
Thought on the meeting at twilight.

It matters not, how, day by day,
Love made his sure but secret way.
Oh, where is there the heart but knows
Love's first steps are upon the rose!
And here were all which still should be
Nurses to Love's sweet infancy.—
Hope, mystery, absence:—then each thought
A something holy with it brought.
Their sighs were breathed, their vows were

given
Before the face of the high Heaven,
Link'd not with courtly vanities,
But birds and blossoms, leaves and trees:—
Love was not made for palace-pride,
For halls and domes—they met beside
A marble-fountain, overgrown
With moss, that made it nature's own,
Though through the green shone veins of

Like the small Fairy's paved ways,

As if a relic left to show The luxury of departed days, And show its nothingness. The wave That princely brows was wont to lave Was left now for the wild bird's bill, And the red deer to drink their fill. Yet still it was as fair a spot As in its once more splendid lot: Around, the dark sweep of the pine Guarded it like a wood-nymph's shrine, And the gold-spotted moss was set With crowds of the white violet. One only oak grew by the spring, The forest's patriarch and king ; A nightingale had built her nest In the green shadow of its rest; And in its hollow trunk the bees Dwelt in their honey-palaces; And underneath its shelter stood, Leant like a beauty o'er the flood Watching each tender bud unclose, A beautiful white Provence-rose; Yet wan and pale as that it knew What changing skies and sun could do; As that it knew, and, knowing, sigh'd, The vanity of summer-pride; As watching could put off the hour When falls the leaf and fades the flower. Alas! that every lovely thing Lives only but for withering,-That spring-rainbows and summer-shine End but in autumn's pale decline.

And here the lovers met, what hour The bee departed from the flower, And droop'd the bud at being left, Or as ashamed of each sweet theft, What hour the soft wind bore along The nightingale's moonlighted song.

And AMERALD heard her father's name, He whose it was, was link'd with fame: Though driven from his heritage, A hunted exile in his age, For that he would not bend the knee, And draw the sword at Rome's decree.

She led him to the lonely cot And almost AMERALD wish'd his lot Had been cast in that humbler life, Over whose peace the hour of strife Passes but like the storm at sea That wakes not earth's tranquillity.

In secret were they wed, not then
Had Amirald power to fling again
The banner of defiance wide
To priestly pomp and priestly pride;
But day by day more strong his hand,
And more his friends, and soon the brand
That in its wrongs and silence slept
Had from its blood-stain'd scabbard leapt.

There pass'd a step along the hall, And Eva started as if all Her treasures, secret until now, Burnt in the blush upon her brow. There was a something in their meeting, A conscious trembling in her greeting, As coldness from his eye might hide The struggle of her love and pride; Then fears of all too much revealing Vanish'd with a reproachful feeling.

What, coldness! when another day And RAYMOND would be far away, When that to-morrow's rising sun Might be the last he look'd upon!

"Come, Eva, dear! by the moonlight
We 'll visit all our haunts to-night.
I could not lay me down to rest,
For, like the feathers in my crest,
My thoughts are waving to and fro.
Come, Eva, dear! I could not go
Without a pilgrimage to all
Of garden, nook, and waterfall,—
Where, amid birds, and leaves, and flowers,
And gales that cool'd the sunny hours,
With legend old, and plaining song,
We found not summer's day too long."

Through many a shadowy spot they past, Looking its loveliest and its last, Until they paused beneath the shade Of cypress and of roses made,-The one so sad, the one so fair, Just blent as love and sorrow are. And RAYMOND pray'd the maiden gather, And twine in a red wreath together The roses. No, she sigh'd, not these Sweet children of the sun and breeze, Born for the beauty of a day, Dying as all fair things decay When loveliest,-these may not be, RAYMOND, my parting gift to thee. From next her heart, where it had lain, She took an amber-scented chain, To which a cross of gold was hung, And round the warrior's neck she flung The relique, while he kiss'd away The warm tears that upon it lay And mark'd they not the pale, dim sky Had lost its moonlit brilliancy. When suddenly a bugle rang,-Forth at its summons RAYMOND sprang, But turn'd again to say farewell To her whose gushing teardrops fell Like summer-rain, -but he is gone! And Eva weeps, and weeps alone.

Dark was the shade of that old tower In the gray light of morning's hour; And cold and pale the maiden leant Over the heavy battlement, And look'd upon the armed show That hurrying throng'd the court below: With her white robe and long bright hair, A golden veil flung on the air, Like Peace prepared from earth to fly, Yet pausing, ere she wing'd on high, In pity for the rage and crime That forced her to some fairer clime. When suddenly her pale check burn'd, For RAYMOND's eye to hers was turn'd; But like a meteor past its flame-She was too sad for maiden shame. She heard the heavy drawbridge fall, And RAYMOND rode the first of all; But when he came to the green height Which hid the castle from his sight, With useless spur and slacken'd rein, He was the laggard of the train. They paused upon the steep ascent.

And spear, and shield, and breast-plate aem A light, as if the rising day Upon a mirror flash'd its ray. They pass on, Eva only sees
A chance-plume waving in the breeze, And then can see no more-but borne Upon the echo, came the horn; At last nor sight nor sound declare Aught of what pass'd that morning there. Sweet sang the birds, light swept the breeze. And play'd the sunlight o'er the trees, And roll'd the river's depths of blue Quiet as they were wont to do. And Eva felt as if of all Her heart were sole memorial.

# CANTO IL

The first, the very first; oh! none Can feel again as they have done; In love, in war, in pride, in all The planets of life's coronal, However beautiful or bright,— What can be like their first sweet light?

When will the youth feel as he felt, When first at beauty's feet he knelt? As if her least smile could confer A kingdom on its worshipper; Or ever care, or ever fear Had cross'd love's morning-hemisphere. And the young bard, the first time praise Sheds its spring-sunlight o'er his lays, Though loftier laurel, higher name, May crown the minstrel's noontide-fame, They will not bring the deep content Of his late's first encouragement. And where the glory that will yield The flush and glow of his first field To the young chief? Will Raymonn ever Feel as he now is feeling?—Never.

The sun went down or ere they gain'd The glen where the chief band remain'd. It was a lone and secret shade, As nature form'd an ambuscade For the bird's nest and the deer's lair, Though now less quiet guests were there. On one side like a fortress stood A mingled pine and chesnut wood; Autumn was falling, but the pine Seem'd as it mock'd all change; no sign Of season on its leaf was seen, The same dark gloom of changeless green. But like the gorgeous Persian bands 'Mid the stern race of northern lands, The chesnut-boughs were bright with all That gilds and mocks the autumn's fall.

Like stragglers from an army's rear Gradual they grew, near and less near, Till ample space was left to raise, Amid the trees, the watch-fire's blaze; And there, wrapt in their cloaks around, The soldiers scatter'd o'er the ground.

One was more crowded than the rest, And to that one was Raymond prest;—
There sat the chief: kind greetings came At the first sound of Raymond's name.
"Am I not proud that this should be, Thy first field to be fought with me: Years since thy father's sword and mine Together dimm'd their maiden shine. We were sworn brothers; when he fell 'Twas mine to hear his last farewell: And how revenged I need not say, Though few were left to tell that day.—Thy brow is his, and thou wilt wield A sword like his in battle-field. Let the day break, and thou shalt ride Another Raymond by my side; And thou shalt win and I confer, To-morrow, knightly brand and spur."

With thoughts of pride, and thoughts of grief,
Sat Raymond by that stranger chief,
So proud to hear his father's fame,
So sad to hear that father's name,
And then to think that he had known
That father by his name alone;
And aye his heart within him burn'd
When his eye to De Valence turn'd,
Mark'd his high step, his warlike mien,—
And such my father would have been!

A few words of years past away,
A few words of the coming day,
They parted, not that night for sleep;
RAYMOND had thoughts that well might keep
Rest from his pillow,—memory, hope,
In youth's horizon had full scope

To blend and part each varied line Of cloud and clear, of shade and shine.

He rose and wander'd round, the light Of the full moon fell o'er each height; Leaving the wood behind in shade, O'er rock, and glen, and rill it play'd. He follow'd a small stream whose tide Was bank'd by lifies on each side, And there, as if secure of rest, A swan had built her lonely nest; And spread out was each lifted wing, Like snow or silver glittering. Wild flowers grew around the dale, Sweet children of the sun and gale; From every crag the wild vine fell, To all else inaccessible; And where a dark rock rose behind, Their shelter from the northern wind, Grew myrtles with their fragrant leaves, Veil'd with the web the gossamer weaves, So pearly fair, so light, so frail, Like beauty's self more than her veil .-And first to gaze upon the scene, Quiet as there had never been Heavier step than village-maid With flowers for her nuptial braid, Or louder sound than hermit's prayer, To crush its grass or load its air. Then to look on the armed train, The watch-fire on the wooded plain, And think how with the morrow's dawn, Would banner wave, and blade be drawn; How clash of steel, and trumpet's swell, Would wake the echoes of each dell. -And thus it ever is with life, Peace sleeps upon the breast of Strife, But to be waken'd from its rest, Till comes that sleep the last and best.

And RAYMOND paused at last, and laid Himself beneath a chesnut's shade, A little way apart from all, That he might catch the waterfall, Whose current swept like music round,-When suddenly another sound Came on the ear; it was a tone, Rather a murmur than a song, As he who breathed deem'd all unknown The words, thoughts, echo bore along. Parting the boughs which hung between, Close, thick, as if a tapestried screen, RAYMOND caught sight of a white plume Waving o'er brow and cheek of bloom; And yet the song was sad and low, As if the chords it waked were woe.

#### SONG OF THE YOUNG KNIGHT.

Your scarf is bound upon my breast, Your colours dance upon my crest,— They have been soil'd by dust and rain, And they must wear a darker stain. I mark'd thy tears as fast they fell, I saw but heard not thy farewell, I gave my steed the spur and rein,— I dared not look on thee again.

My check is pale, but not with fears, And I have dash'd aside my tears; This woman's softness of my breast Will vanish when my spear's in rest.

I know that farewell was our last, That life and love from me are past; For I have heard the fated sign That speaks the downfall of our line.

I slept the soldier's tired sleep; But yet I heard the music sweep, Dim, faint, as when I stood beside The bed whercon my father died.

Farewell, sweet love! never again Will thine car listen to the strain With which so oft at midnight's hour I've waked the silence of thy bower.

Farewell! I would not tears should stain Thy fair check with their burning rain: Tears, sweet! would an ill offering be To one whose death was worthy thee.

RAYMOND thought on that song next day When bleeding that young warrior lay, While his hand, in its death-pang, prest A bright curl to his wounded breast.

And waning stars, and brightening sky,
And on the clouds a crimson dye,
And fresher breeze, and opening flowers,
Tell the approach of morning-hours.
Oh, how can breath, and light, and bloom,
Herald a day of death and doom!
With knightly pennons, which were spread
Like mirrors for the morning's red,
Gather the ranks, while shout and horn
Are o'er the distant mountains borne.

Twas a fair sight, that arm'd array Winding through the deep vale their way, Helmet and breast-plate gleaming in gold, Banners waving their crimson fold, Like clouds of the day-break: hark to the peal of the war-cry, answer'd by clanging steel! The young chief strokes his courser's neck, The ire himself had provoked to check, Impatient for that battle-plain He may reach but never leave again; And with flashing eye and sudden start, He hears the trumpet's stately tone, Like the echo of his beating heart, And meant to rouse his car alone.

And by his side the warrior gray, With hair as white as the plumes that play Over his head, yet spurs he as proud, As keen as the youngest knight of the crowd: And glad and glorious on they ride In strength and beauty, power and pride. And such the morning; -but let day Close on that gallant fair array, The moon will see another sight Than that which met the dawning light .-Look on that field, -'tis the battle-field! Look on what harvest victory will yield! There the steed and his rider o'erthrown Crouch together, their warfare is done: The bolt is undrawn, the bow is unbent, And the archer lies like his arrow spent. Deep is the banner of crimson dyed, But not with the red of its morning-pride; Torn and trampled with soil and stain, When will it float on the breeze again?-And over the ghastly plain are spread, Pillow'd together, the dying and dead.

There lay one with an unclosed eye
Set in bright, cold vacancy,
While on its fix'd gaze the moonbeam shone,
Light mocking the eye whose light was gone;
And by his side another lay,
The life-blood ebbing fast away,
But calm his cheek and calm his eye,
As if leant on his mother's bosom to die.
Too weak to move, he feebly eyed
A wolf and a vulture close to his side,
Watching and waiting, himself the prey,
While each one kept the other away.

Little of this the young warrior deems When, with heart and head all hopes and dreams,

He hastes for the battle:-The trumpet's call

Waken'd RAYMOND the first of all; His the first step that to stirrup sprung, His the first banner upwards flung; And brow and cheek with his spirit glow'd, When first at De Valence's side he rode.

The quiet glen is left behind,
The dark wood lost in the blue aky;
When other sounds come on the wind,
And other pennons float on high.
With snow-white plumes and glancing crest,
And standard raised, and spear in rest,
On a small river's farther banks
Wait their approach Sir Hennum's ranks.—
One silent gaze, as if each band
Could slaughter both with eye and hand.
Then peals the war-cry! then the dash
Amid the waters! and the crash
Of spears,—the falchion's iron ring,—
The arrow hissing from the string,
Tell they have met. Thus from the height
The torrent rushes in its might.

With the lightning's speed, the thunder's peal, Flashes the lance, and strikes the steel. Many a steed to the earth is borne, Many a banner trampled and torn; Or ere its brand could strike a blow. Many a gallant arm lies low;-Many a scarf, many a crest, Float with the leaves on the river's breast; And strange it is to see how around Buds and flowers strew the ground, For the banks were cover'd with wild rosetrees. Oh! what should they do amid scenes like

In the blue stream, as it hover'd o'er, A bawk was mirror'd, and before Its wings could reach you pine, which stands A bow-shot off from the struggling bands, The stain of death was on the flood, And the red waters roll'd dark with blood. RAYMOND's spear was the first that flew, He the first who dash'd the deep river through; His step the first on the hostile strand, And the first that fell was borne down by his hand.

The fight is ended :- the same sun Has seen the battle lost and won; The field is cover'd with dying and dead, With the valiant who stood, and the coward who fled.

And a gallant salute the trumpets sound, As the warriors gather from victory around.

On a hill that skirted the purple flood, With his peers around, DE VALENCE stood, And with bended knee, and forehead bare, Save its cloud of raven-hair, And beautiful as some wild star Come in its glory and light from afar, With his dark eyes flashing stern and bright, And his cheek o'erflooded with crimson light, And the foeman's banner over his head, His first field's trophy proudly spread, Knelt Raymond down his boon to name, The knightly spurs he so well might claim: And a softness stole to DE VALENCE's eyes, As he bade the new-made knight arise. From his own belt he took the brand, And gave it into RAYMOND's hand, And said it might a memory yield Of his father's friend, and his own first field.

Pleasant through the darkening night Shines from Clarin's towers the light. Home from the battle the warriors ride, In the soldiers' triumph, and soldiers' pride: The drawbridge is lower'd, and in they pour, Like the sudden rush of a summer-shower, While the red terch-light bursts through the gloom,

Sudden a flood of lustre play'd Over a lofty balustrade, Music and perfume swept the air, Messengers sweet for the spring to prepare: And like a sunny vision sent For worship and astonishment, Aside a radiant ladye flung The veil that o'er her beauty hung. With stately grace to those below, She bent her gem-encircled brow, And bade them welcome in the name Of her they saved, the castle's dame, Who had not let another pay Thanks, greeting to their brave array,— But she had vow'd the battle-night To fasting, prayer, and holy rite.

On the air the last tones of the music die, The odour passes away like a sigh, The torches flash a parting gleam, And she vanishes as she came, like a dream. But many an eye dwelt on the shade, Till fancy again her form display'd, And still again seem'd many an ear The softness of her voice to hear; And many a heart had a vision that night. Which future years never banish'd quite.

And sign and sound of festival Are ringing through that castle-hall; Tapers, whose flame sends a perfumed cloud. Flash their light o'er a gorgeous crowd; With a thousand colours the tapestry falls Over the carved and gilded walls, And, between, the polish'd oak-pannels bear, Like dark mirrors, the image of each one there.

At one end the piled up hearth is spread With sparkling embers of glowing red: Above the branching antlers have place, Sign of many a bard won chase; And beneath, in many a polish'd line, The arms of the hunter and warrior shine; And around the fire, like a laurell'd arch, Raised for some victor's triumphal march, The wood is fretted with tracery fair, And green boughs and flowers are waving there.

Lamps, like facry-planets shine, O'er massive cups of the genial wine, And shed a ray more soft and fair Than the broad red gleam of the torch's glare;

And flitting like a rainbow plays In beautiful and changing rays, When from the pictured windows fall The colour'd shadows o'er the hall; As every pane some bright hue lent To vary the lighted element.

The ladye of the festive board Over banner and breast-plate, helm and plume. Was ward to the castle's absent lord: The Ladye ADELINE,—the same
Bright vision that with their greeting came.
Maidens four stood behind her chair,
Each one was young, and each one fair;
Yet they were but as the stars at night
When the moon shines forth in her fulness
of light;

On the knot of her wreathed hair was set A blood-red ruby-coronet; But among the midnight-cloud of curls That hung o'er her brow were eastern pearls, As if to tell their wealth of snow, How white her forchead could look below. Around her floated a veil of white, Like the silvery rack round the star of twilight;

And down to the ground her mantle's fold Spread its length of purple and gold; And sparkling gems were around her arm, That shone like marble, only warm, With the blue veins' wandering tide, And the hand with its crimson blush inside. A zone of precious stones embraced The graceful circle of her waist, Sparkling as if they were proud Of the clasp to them allow'd. But yet there was, 'mid this excess Of soft and dazzling loveliness, A something in the eye, and hand, And forehead, speaking of command: An eye whose dark flash seem'd allied To even more than beauty's pride,-A hand as only used to wave Its sign to worshipper and slave,-A forehead, but that was too fair To read of aught but beauty there!

And RAYMOND had the place of pride, The place so envied by her side,-The victor's seat,-and overhead The banner he had won was spread. His health was pledged !- he only heard The murmur of one silver word; The pageant seem'd to fade away, Vanish'd the board and glad array The gorgeous hall around grew dim, There shone one only light for him, That radiant form, whose brightness fell In power upon him like a spell, Laid in its strength by Love to reign Despotic over heart and brain. Silent he stood amid the mirth, Oh, love is timid in its birth! Watching her lightest look or stir, As he but look'd and breathed with her. Gay words were passing, but he leant In silence; yet, one quick glance sent,— His secret is no more his own, When has woman her power not known?

The feast broke up:—that midnight-shade Heard many a gentle serenade Beneath the ladye's lattice. One Breathed after all the rest were gone. SERENADE.

Sleep, ladye! for the moonlit-hour, Like peace, is shining on thy bower; It is so late, the nightingale Has ended even his love-tale.

Sleep, ladye! 'neath thy turret grows, Cover'd with flowers, one pale white rose; I envy its sweet sighs, they steep The perfumed airs that lull thy sleep.

Perchance, around thy chamber floats The music of my lone lute-notes,— Oh, may they on thine eyelids fall, And make thy slumbers musical!

Sleep, ladye! to thy rest be given The gleamings of thy native heaven, And thoughts of early paradise, The treasures of thy sleeping eyes.

I need not say whose was the song The sighing night-winds bore along. RAYMOND had left the maiden's side As one too dizzy with the tide To breast the stream, or strive, or shrink: Enough for him to feel, not think; Enough for him the dim sweet fear, The twilight of the heart, or ere Awakening hope has named the name Of love, or blown its spark to flame. Restlessness, but as the winds range From leaf to leaf, from flower to flower: Changefulness, but as rainbows change, From colour'd sky to sunlit-hour. y, well indeed may minstrel sing,-What have the heart and year like spring?

Her vow was done: the castle-dume Next day to join the revellers came; And never had a dame more gay O'er hall or festival held sway. And youthful knight, and ladye fair, And juggler quaint, and minstrel rare, And mirth, and crowds, and music, all Of pleasure gather'd at her call.

And Raymond moved as in a dream
Of song and odour, bloom and beam,
As he dwelt in a magic bower,
Charm'd from all by fairy-power.
—And Adeline rode out that morn,
With hunting-train, and hawk, and horn;
And broider'd rein, and curb of gold,
And housings with their purple-fold
Decked the white steed o'er which she leant
Graceful as a young cypress, bent
By the first summer-wind: she wore
A cap the heron-plume waved o'er,
And round her wrist a golden band,
Which held the falcon on her hand.

The bird's full eye, so clear, so bright, Match'd not her own's dark flashing light. And RAYMOND, as he watch'd the dyes Of her cheek rich with exercise, Could almost deem her beauty's power Was now in its most potent hour; But when at night he saw her glance The gayest of the meteor-dance, The jewels in her braided hair, Her neck, her arms of ivory bare, The silver veil, the broider'd vest,-Look'd she not then her loveliest? Ah, every change of beauty's face And beauty's shape has its own grace! That night his heart throbb'd when her hand Met his touch in the saraband: That night her smile first bade love live On the sweet life that hope can give .-Beautiful, but thrice wayward, wild, Capricious as a petted child, She was all chance, all change: but now A smile is on her radiant brow, A moment and that smile is fled, Coldness and scorn are there instead.

Ended the dance, and ADELINE
Flung herself, like an eastern queen,
Upon the cushions which were laid
Amid a niche of that gay hall,
Hid from the lamps; around it play'd
The softness of the moonlight-fall.
And there the gorgeous shapes past by
But like a distant pageantry,
In which you have yourself no share,
For all its pride, and pomp, and care.

She pass'd her hand across the chords
Of a lute near, and with soft words
Answer'd; then said: no, thou shalt sing
Some legend of the fair and brave.
To Raymono's hand the lute she gave,
Whose very soul within him burn'd
When her dark eye on his was turn'd:
One moment's pause, it slept not long,—
His spirit pour'd itself in song.

#### ELENORE.

The lady sits in her lone bower,
With check wan as the white rose-flower
That blooms beside, 'tis pale and wet
As that rose with its dew-pearls set.
Her check burns with a redder dye,
Flashes light from her tearful eye;
She has heard pinions beat the air,
She sees her white dove floating there;
And well she knows its faithful wing
The treasure of her heart will bring;
And takes the gentle bird its stand
Accustom'd on the maiden's hand,
With glaneing eye and throbbing breast,
As if rejoicing in its rest.

She read the scroll,—dear love, to-night By the lake, all is there for flight What time the moon is down;—oh, then My own life shall we meet again! One upward look of thankfulness, One pause of joy, one fond caress Of her soft lips, as to reward The messenger of Eginhand.

That night in her proud father's hall She shone the fairest one of all; For like the cloud of evening came Over her cheek the sudden flame, And varying as each moment brought Some hasty change of secret thought; As if its colour would confess The conscious heart's inmost recess. And the clear depths of her dark eye Were bright with troubled brilliancy, Yet the lids droop'd as with the tear Which might oppress but not appear. And flatteries, and smile and sigh Loaded the air as she past by. It sparkled, but her jewell'd vest Was crost above a troubled breast: Her curls, with all their sunny glow, Were braided o'er an aching brow: But well she knew how many sought To gaze upon her secret thought;-And Love is proud, -she might not brook That others on her heart should look. But there she sate, cold, pale, and high, Beneath her purple canopy; And there was many a mutter'd word, And one low whisper'd name was heard,-The name of EGINHARD,-that name Like some forbidden secret came.

The theme went, that he dared to love One like a star his state above; Here to the princess turn'd each eye,—And it was said, he did not sigh With love that pales the pining check, And leaves the slighted heart to break. And then a varying tale was told, How a page had betray'd for gold; But all was rumour light and vain, That all might hear, but none explain.

Like one that seeks a festival,
Early the princess left the hall;
Yet said she, sleep dwelt on her eyes,
That she was worn with revelries.
And hastily her maidens' care
Unbinds the jewels from her hair.
Odours are round her chamber strown,
And Elekore is left alone.

With throbbing heart, whose pulses beat Londer than fall her ivory feet, She rises from her couch of down; And, hurriedly, a robe is thrown Around her form, and her own hand Lets down her tresses' golden band. Another moment she has shred Those graceful tresses from her head. There stands a plate of polish'd steel, She folds her cloak as to conceal Her strange attire, for she is drest As a young page in dark green vest. Softly she steps the balustrade, Where myrtle, rose, and hyacinth made A passage to the garden-shade.

It was a lovely summer-night,
The air was incense-fill'd, the light
Was dim and tremulous, a gleam,
When a star, mirror'd on the stream,
Sent a ray round just to reveal
How gales from flower to flower steal.
"It was on such a night as this,
When even a single breath is bliss,
Such a soft air, such a mild heaven,
My vows to Eginhard were given."
Sigh'd Elenore: "Oh, might it be
A hope, a happy augury!"

She reach'd the lake,—a blush, a smile, Contended on her face the while; And safely in a little cove, Shelter'd by willow-trees above, An ambuscade from all secured, Her lover's little boat lay moor'd.— One greeting word, with muffled oar, And silent lip, they left that shore.

It was most like a phantom-dream To see that boat flit o'er the stream, So still, that but yet less and less It grew, it had seem'd motionless. And then the silent lake, the trees Visible only when the breeze Aside the shadowy branches threw, And let one single star shine through,—While the faint glimmer scarcely gave To view the wanderers of the wave.

The breeze has borne the clouds away That veil'd the blushes of young day: The lark has sung his morning-song;—Surely the princess slumbers long.

And now it is the accustom'd hour Her royal father seeks her bower, When her soft voice and gentle lute, The snowfall of her fairy-foot, The flowers she has cull'd, with dew Yet moist upon each rainbow-hue, The fruits with bloom upon their cheek, Fresh as the morning's first sun-streak; Each, all conspired to while away The weariness of royal sway.

But she is gone: there hangs her lute, And there it may hang lone and mute: The flowers may fude, for who is there To triumph now if they are fair? There are her gems,—oh, let them twine An offering round some sainted shrine! For she who wore them may not wear Again those jewels in her hair.

At first the monarch's rage was wild;
But soon the image of his child
In tenderness rose on his heart,
How could he bear from it to part?
And anger turn'd to grief: in vain
Ambition had destroy'd the chain
With which love had bound happiness.
In vain remorse, in vain redress.—
Fruitless all search. And years past s'cr,
No tidings came of Elenore,
Although the king would have laid down
His golden sceptre, purple crown,
His pomp, his power, but to have prest
His child one moment to his breast.

And where was ELENORE? her home Was now beneath the forest-dome;-A hundred knights had watch'd her hall, Her guards were now the pine-trees tall: For harps waked with the minstrel-tale, Sang to her sleep the nightingale: For silver vases, where were blent Rich perfumes from Arabia sent, Were odours when the wild thyme-flower Wafted its sweets on gale and shower: For carpets of the purple loom The violets spread their cloud of bloom. Starr'd with primroses; and around Boughs like green tapestry swept the ground. And there they dwelt apart from all That gilds and mocks ambition's thrall; Apart from cities, crowds, and care, Hopes that deceive, and toils that wear; For they had made themselves a world Like that ere ever man was hurl'd From his sweet Eden, to begin His bitter course of grief and sin .-And they were happy; EGINHARD Had won the prize for which he dared Dungeon and death; but what is there That the young lover will not dare? And she, though nurtured as a flower, The favourite bud of a spring-bower. Daughter of palaces, yet made Her dwelling place in the green shade; Happy, as she remember'd not Her royal in her peasant lot,-With gentle cares, and smiling eyes As love could feel no sacrifice. Happy her ivory brow to lave Without a mirror but the wave, As one whose sweetness could dispense With all save its own excellence;-A fair but gentle creature, meant For heart, and hearth, and home content.

It was at night the chase was over, And ELENORE sat by her lover,- Her lover still, though years had fled Since their first word of love was said,-When one sought, at that darksome hour, The refuge of their lonely bower, A hunter, who, amid the shade, Had from his own companions stray'd. And ELENORE gazed on his face, And knew her father! In the chase Often the royal mourner sought A refuge from his one sad thought. He knew her not,-the lowly mien, The simple garb of forest-green, The darken'd brow, which told the spoil The sun stole from her daily toil, The cheek where woodland health had shed The freshness of its morning-red,-All was so changed. She spread the board, Her hand the sparkling wine-cup pour'd; And then around the hearth they drew, And cheerfully the woodfire threw Its light around .- Bent o'er her wheel Scarcely dared ELENORE to steal A look, half tenderness, half fear, Yet seem'd he as he loved to hear Her voice, as if it had a tone Breathing of days and feelings gone.

Ah! surely, thought she, Heaven has sent
My father here, as that it meant
Our years of absence ended now!
She gazed upon his soften'd brow;
And the next moment, all revealing,
ELENORE at his feet is kneeling!—
Need I relate that, reconciled,
The father bless'd his truant child.

Where is the heart that has not bow'd A slave; eternal Love, to thee:
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud, And is there one among them free?
The cold, the proud,—oh! Love has turn'd The marble till with fire it burn'd;
The gay, the young,—alas that they Should ever bend beneath thy sway!
Look on the cheek the rose might own, The smile around like sunshine thrown;
The rose, the smile, alike are thine,
To fade and darken at thy shrine.
And what must love be in a heart
All passion's fiery depths concealing,
Which has in its minutest part
More than another's whole of feeling?

And Raymond's heart—love's morning-sun
On fitter altar never shone;
Loving with all the snow-white truth,
That is found but in early youth;
Freshness of feeling as of flower,
That lives not more than spring's first hour;
And loving with that wild devotion,
That deep and passionate emotion,

With which the minstrel-soul is thrown On all that it would make its own.

And RAYMOND loved; the veriest slave That e'er his life to passion gave: Upon his car no murmur came That seem'd not echoing her name; The lightest colour on her cheek Was lovelier than the morning-break. He gazed upon her as he took His sense of being from her look :-Sometimes it was idolatry, Like homage to some lovely star, Whose beauty, though for hope too high, He vet might worship from afar. At other times his heart would swell With tenderness unutterable: He would have borne her to an isle Where May and June had left their smile; And there, heard but by the lone gale, He would have whisper'd his love-tale; And without change, or cloud, or care, Have kept his bosom's treasure there. And then, with all a lover's pride, He thought it shame such gem to hide: And imaged he a courtly scene Of which she was the jewell'd queen,-The one on whom each glance was bent, The beauty of the tournament, The magnet of the festival, The grace, the joy, the life of all .-But she, alas for her false smile! ADELINE loved bim not the while.

And is it thus that woman's heart Can trifle with its dearest part, Its own pure sympathies?—can fling The poison'd arrow from the string In utter heartlessness around, And mock, or think not of the wound? And thus can woman barter all That makes and gilds her gentle thrall,-The blush which should be like the one White violets hide from the sun, The soft, low sighs, like those which breathe In secret from a twilight-wreath,-The smile like a bright lamp, whose shine Is vow'd but only to one shrine; All these sweet spells,-and can they be Weapons of reckless vanity? And woman, in whose gentle heart From all save its sweet self apart, Love should dwell with that purity Which but in woman's love can be: A sacred fire, whose flame was given To shed on earth the light of heaven,-That she can fling her wealth aside In carelessness, or sport, or pride!

It was not form'd for length of bliss, A dream so fond, so false as this; Enough for ADELINE to win The heart she had no pleasure in,— Enough that bright eyes turn'd in vain On him who bow'd beneath her chain :-Then came the careless word and look, All the fond soul so ill can brook, The jealous doubt, the burning pain, That rack the lover's heart and brain; The fear that will not own it fear, The hope that cannot disappear; Faith clinging to its visions past, And trust confiding to the last. And thus it is: ay, let Love throw Aside his arrows and his bow; But let him not with one spell part, The veil that binds his eyes and heart. Woe for Love when his eyes shall be Open'd upon reality!

One day a neighbouring baron gave A revel to the fair and brave,-And knights upon their gallant steeds, And ladies on their palfreys gray, All shining in their gayest weeds, Held for the festival their way. A wanderer on far distant shores, That baron had brought richest stores To his own hall, and much of rare And foreign luxury was there: Pages, with colour'd feathers, fann'd The odours of Arabia's land; The carpets strewn around each room Were all of Persia's purple loom; And dark slaves waited on his guests, Each habited in Moorish vests, With turban'd brows, and bands of gold Around their arms and ancles roll'd. And gazed the guests o'er many a hoard, Like Sinbad's, from his travel stored. They look'd upon the net-work dome, Where found the stranger birds a home, With rainbow-wings and gleaming eyes, Seen only beneath Indian skies. At length they stood around the ring, Where stalk'd, unchain'd, the forest-king, With eyes of fire and mane erect, As if by human power uncheck'd.

Full ill had RAYMOND's spirit borne The wayward mood, the careless scorn, With which his mistress had that day Trifled his happiness away His very soul within him burn'd, When, as in chance, her dark eye turn'd On him, she spoke in reckless glee:-Is there a knight who, for love of me, Into the court below will spring, And bear from the lion the glove I fling?

A shriek !- a pause,-then loud acclaim Rose to the skies with Raymonp's name. Oh, worthy of a lady's love! RAYMOND has borne away the glove. He laid the prize at the maiden's feet, Then turn'd from the smile he dared not meet : Close over all our world of bloom :

A moment more he is on the steed, The spur has urged to its utmost speed, As that he could fly from himself, and all The misery of spirit's thrall.

The horse sank down, and RAYMOND then Started to see the foaming rein, The drops that hung on the courser's hide. And the rowel's red trace on its panting side; And deep shame mingled with remorse As he brought the cool stream to his faller horse.

The spot where he paused was a little nook. Like a secret page in nature's book ;-Around were steeps where the wild vine Hung, wreathed in many a serpentine, Wearing each the colour'd sign Of the autumn's pale decline. Like a lake in the midst was spread A grassy sweep of softest green, Smooth, flower-dropt, as no human tread Upon its growth had ever been. Limes rose around, but lost each leaf, Like hopes luxuriant but brief; And by their side the sycamore Grew prouder of its scarlet store: The air was of that cold clear light That heralds in an autumn-night,-The amber west had just a surge Of crimson on its utmost verge; And on the east were piled up banks Where darkness gather'd with her ranks Of clouds, and in the midst a zone Of white with transient brightness shone From the young moon, who scarcely yet Had donn'd her lighted coronet.

With look turn'd to the closing day, As he watch'd every hue decay, Sat RAYMOND; and a passer by Had envied him his reverie; But nearer look had scann'd his brow, And started at its fiery glow, As if the temples' burning swell Had made their pulses visible. Too glazed, too fix'd, his large eyes shone To see aught that they gazed upon. Not his the paleness that may streak The lover's or the minstrel's cheek, As it had its wan colour caught From moods of melancholy thought; Twas that cold, dark, unearthly shade, But for a corpse's death-look made; Speaking that desperateness of pain, As one more pang, and the rack'd brain Would turn to madness; one more grief, And the swoln heart breaks for relief.

Oh, misery ! to see the tomb

To look our last in the dear eyes Which made our light of paradise; To know that silent is the tone Whose tenderness was all our own; To kiss the cheek which once had burn'd At the least glance, and find it turn'd To marble; and then think of all Of hope, that memory can recall. Yes, misery! but even here There is a somewhat left to cheer, A gentle treasuring of sweet things Remembrance gathers from the past, The pride of faithfulness, which clings To love kept sacred to the last. And even if another's love Has touch'd the heart to us above The treasures of the east, yet still There is a solace for the ill. Those who have known love's utmost spell Can feel for those who love as well; Can half forget their own distress, To share the loved one's happiness. Oh, but to know our heart has been, Like the toy of an Indian queen, Torn, trampled, without thought or care,-Where is despair like this despair!-

All night beneath an oak he lay,
Till nature blush'd bright into day;
When, at a trumpet's sudden sound,
Started his courser from the ground:
And his loud neigh waked Raymond's dream,
And, gazing round, he saw the gleam
Of arms upon a neighbouring height,
Where helm and cuirass stream'd in light.
As Raymond rose from his unrest
He knew De Valence's falcon-crest;
And the red cross that shone like a glory
afar.

Told the warrior was vow'd to the holy war.

Ay, this, thought RAYMOND, is the strife To make my sacrifice of life; What is it now to me that fame Shall brighten over RAYMOND's name; There is no gentle heart to bound, No check to mantle at the sound: Lady's favour no more I wear,—My heart, my helm—oh! what are there? A blighted hope, a wither'd rose. Surely this warfare is for those Who only of the victory crave A holy but a nameless grave.

Short greeting past; Ds Valence read All that the pale lip left unsaid; On the wan brow, in the dimm'd eye, The whole of youth's despondency, Which at the first shock it has known Deems its whole world of hope o'erthrown. And it was fix'd, that at Marseilles, Where the fleet waited favouring gales,

RAYMOND should join the warrior-train, Leagued 'gainst the infidels of Spain.

They parted:—Over Raymonn's thought Came sadness mingled too with shame; When suddenly his memory brought The long forgotten Eva's name.
Oh! Love is like the mountain-tide, Sweeping away all things beside, Till not another trace appears But its own joys, and griefs, and fears. He took her cross, he took her chain From the heart where they still had lain; And that heart felt as if its fate Had sudden grown less desolate, In thus remembering love that still Would share and sooth in good and ill.

He spurr'd his steed; but the night-fall Had darken'd ere he reach'd the hall; And gladly chief- and vassal-train Welcomed the youthful knight again. And many praised his stately tread, His face with darker manhood spread; But of those crowding round him now, Who mark'd the paleness of his brow, But one, who paused till they were past, Who look'd the first but spoke the last: Her welcome in its timid fear Fell almost cold on RAYMOND's ear; A single look,-he felt he gazed Upon a gentle child no more, The blush that like the lightning blazed, The cheek then paler than before, A something of staid maiden grace, A cloud of thought upon her face; She who had been, in RAYMOND's sight, A plaything, fancy, and delight,— Was changed: the depth of her blue eye Spoke to him now of sympathy, And seem'd her melancholy tone A very echo of his own; And that pale forehead, surely care Has graved an early lesson there.

They roved through many a garden-scene, Where other, happier days had been; And soon had Raymond told his all Of hopes, like stars but bright to fall; Of feelings blighted, changed, and driven Like exiles from their native heaven; And of an aimless sword, a lute Whose chords were now uncharm'd and mute. But Eva's tender blandishing Was as the April-rays, that fling A rainbow till the thickest rain Melts into blue and light again.

There is a feeling in the heart Of woman which can have no part In man; a self devotedness, As victims round their idols press, And asking nothing, but to show
How far their zeal and faith can go.
Pure as the snow the summer-sun
Never at noon hath look'd upon,—
Deep as is the diamond-wave,
Hidden in the desart-cave,—
Changeless as the greenest leaves
Of the wreath the cypress weaves,—
Hopeless often when most fond,
Without hope or fear beyond
Its own pale fidelity,—
And this woman's love can be!

And Raymond although not again Dreaming of passion's burning chain, Yet felt that life had still dear things To which the lingering spirit clings. More dear, more lovely Eva shone In thinking of that faithless one; And read he not upon the cheek All that the lip might never speak, All the heart cherish'd yet conceal'd, Scarce even to itself reveal'd? And Raymond, though with heart so torn By anger, agony, and scorn, Might ill bear even with love's name, Yet felt the maiden's hidden flame Come like the day-star in the east, When every other light has ceased; Sent from the bosom of the night To harbinger the morning-light.

Again they parted: she to brood
O'er dreaming hopes in solitude,
And every pitying Saint to pray
For Raymond on the battle-day.
And he no longer deem'd the field
But death to all his hopes could yield.
To other, softer dreams allied,
He thought upon the warrior's pride.
But as he pass'd the castle-gate
He left so wholly desolate,
His throbbing pulse, his burning brain,
The sudden grasp upon the rein,
The breast and lip that gasp'd for air,
Told Love's shaft was still rankling there.

That night, borne o'er the bounding seas, The vessel swept before the breeze, Loaded the air, the war-cry's swell, Woe to the Moorish infidel; And raising their rich hymn, a band Of priests were kneeling on the strand, To bless the parting ship, and song Came from the maidens ranged along The sea-wall, and who incense gave, And flowers, like offerings to the wave That bore the holy and the brave.

And RAYMOND felt his spirit rise, And burn'd his cheek, and flash'd his eyes With something of their ancient light, While plume and pennon met his sight; While o'er the deep swept the war-cry, And peal'd the trumpet's voice on high, While the ship rode the waves as she Were mistress of their destiny. And muster'd on the deck the band, Till died the last shout from the strand; But when the martial pomp was o'er, And, like the future, dim the shore On the horizon hung, again Closed Raymon's memory, like a chain The spirit struggles with in vain.

The sky with its delicious blue, The stars like visions wandering through: Surely, if Fate had treasured there Her rolls of life, they must be fair; The mysteries their glories hide Must be but of life's brightest side; It cannot be that Fate would write Her dark decrees in lines of light. And RAYMOND mused upon the hour When, comrade of the star and flower, He watch'd beside his lady's bower; He number'd every hope and dream, Like blooms that threw upon life's stream Colours of beauty, and then thought On knowledge, all too dearly bought; Feelings lit up in waste to burn, Hopes that seem but shadows fair, All that the heart so soon must learn, All that it finds so hard to bear.

The young moon's vestal lamp that hour Seem'd pale as that it pined for love; No marvel such a night had power, So calm below, so fair above, To wake the spirit's finest chords Till minstrel-thoughts found minstrel-words.

THE LAST SONG.

It is the latest song of mine
That ever breathes thy name,
False idol of a dream-raised shrine,
Thy very thought is shame,
Shame that I could my sprit bow
To one so very false as thou.

I had past years where the green wood Makes twilight of the noon, And I had watch'd the silver flood Kiss'd by the rising moon; And gazed upon the clear midnight In all its luxury of light.

And, thrown where the blue violets dwell,
I would pass hours away,
Musing o'er some old chronicle
Fill'd with a wild love-lay;
Till beauty seem'd to me a thing
Made for all nature's worshipping.

I saw thee, and the air grew bright
In thy clear eyes' sunshine;
I oft had dream'd of shapes of light,
But not of shape like thine.
My heart bow'd down,—I worshipp'd thee,
A woman and a deity.

I may not say how thy first look
Turn'd my whole soul to flame,
I read it as a glorious book
Fill'd with high deeds of fame;
I felt a here's spirit rise,
Unknown till lighted at thine eyes.

False look, false hope, and falsest love!
All meteors sent to me
To show how they the heart could move,
And how deceiving be:
They left me, darken'd, crush'd, alone,
My bosom's household-gods o'erthrown.

The world itself was changed, and all
That I had loved before
Seem'd as if gone beyond recall,
And I could hope no more;
The scar of fire, the dint of steel,
Are easier than Love's wounds to heal.

But this is past, and I can cope
With what I'd fain forget;
I have a sweet, a gentle hope
That lingers with me yet,—
A hope too fair, too pure to be
Named in the words that speak of thee.

Henceforth within the last recess
Of my heart shall remain
Thy name in all its bitterness,
But never named again;
The only memory of that heart
Will be to think how false thou art.

And yet I fain would name thy name,
My heart's now gentle queen,
E'en as they burn the perfumed flame
Where the plague-spot has been;
Methinks that it will cleanse away
The ills that on my spirit prey.

Sweet Eva! the last time I gazed
Upon thy deep blue eyes,
The cheek whereon my look had raised
A blush's crimson dyes,
I marvell'd, love, this heart of mine
Had worshipp'd at another shrine.

I will think of thee when the star,
That lit our own fair river,
Shines in the blue sky from afar,
As beautiful as ever;
That twilight-star, sweet love, shall be
A sign and scal with thee and me!

# CANTO III.

LAND of the olive and the vine,
The saint and soldier, sword and shrine!
How glorious to young RAYMOND'S eye
Swell'd thy bold heights, spread thy clear sky,
When first he paused upon the height
Where, gather'd, lay the Christian might.
Amid a chesnut-wood were raised
Their white tents, and the red cross blazed
Meteor-like, with its crimson shine,
O'er many a standard's scutcheon'd line.

On the hill opposite there stood
The warriors of the Moorish blood,—
With their silver crescents gleaming.
And their horse-tail-pennons streaming;
With cymbals and the clauging gong,
The muezzin's unchanging song,
The turbans that like rainbows shone,
The coursers' gay caparison,
As if another world had been
Where that small rivulet ran between.

And there was desperate strife next day:
The little vale below that lay
Was like a slaughter-pit, of green
Could not one single trace be seen;
The Moslem warrior stretch'd beside
The Christian chief by whom he died;
And by the broken falchion-blade
The crooked seymetar was laid.

And gallantly had Raymond borne
The red cross through the field that morn,
When suddenly he saw a knight
Oppress'd by numbers in the fight:
Instant his ready spear was flung,
Instant amid the band he sprung;
They fight, fly, fall,—and from the fray
He leads the wounded knight away!
Gently he gain'd his tent, and there
He left him to the leech's care;
Then sought the field of death anew,—
Little was there for knight to do.

That field was strewn with dead and dying;
And mark'd he there De Valence lying
Upon the turban'd heap, which told
How dearly had his life heen sold.
And yet on his curl'd lip was worn
The impress of a soldier's scorn;
And yet his dark and glazed eye
Glared its defiance stern and high:
His head was on his shield, his hand
Held to the last his own red brand.
Felt Raymond all too proud for grief
In gazing on the gallant chief:
So, thought he, should a warrior fall,
A victor dying last of all.
But sadness moved him when he gave
De Valence to his lowly grave,—

The grave where the wild flowers were sleeping,
And one pale olive-tree was weeping,—
And placed the rude stone-cross to show
A Christian hero lay below.

I flung me on my fleetest steed,
I urged it to its utmost speed,—
On I went, like the hurrying w
Hill, dale, and plain were left b
And yet I thought my courser

With the next morning's dawning light Was RAYMOND by the wounded knight. He heard strange tales.—none knew his name, And none might say from whence he came; He wore no cognizance, his steed Was raven black, and black his weed. All owned his fame, but yet they deem'd More desperate than brave he seem'd; Or as he only dared the field For the swift death that it might yield.

Leaning beside the curtain, where Came o'er his brow the morning-air, He found the stranger chief; his tone, Surely 'twas one Raymond had known! He knew him not, what chord could be Thus waken'd on his memory?

At first the knight was cold and stern, As that his spirit shunn'd to learn Aught of affection; as it brought To him some shaft of venom'd thought: When one eve Raymond chanced to name Durance's castle, whence he came; And speak of Eva, and her fate, So young and yet so desolate, So beautiful! Then heard he all Her father's wrongs, her mother's fall: For Amrald was the knight whose life Raymond had saved amid the strife; And now he seem'd to find relief In pouring forth his hidden grief, Which had for years been as the stream Cave-lock'd from either air or beam.

## LORD AMIRALD'S HISTORY.

I loved her! ay, I would have given A death-bed certainty of heaven If I had thought it could confer The least of happiness on her! How proudly did I wait the hour When, hid no more in lowly bower, She should shine, loveliest of all, The lady of my heart and hall;—And soon I deem'd the time would be, For many a chief stood leagued with me.

It was one evening we had sate
In my tower's secret council late,
Our bands were number'd, and we said
That the pale moon's declining head
Should shed her next full light o'er bands
With banners raised, and sheathless brands.
We parted; I to seek the shade
Where my heart's choicest gem was laid;

I flung me on my fleetest steed,
I urged it to its utmost speed,—
On I went, like the hurrying wind,
Hill, dale, and plain were left behind,
And yet I thought my courser slow—
Even when the forest lay below.
As my wont, in a secret nook
I left my horse,—I may not tell
With what delight my way I took
Till I had reach'd the oak-hid dell.
The trees which hitherto had made
A more than night, with lighten'd shade
Now let the stars and sky shine through,
Rejoicing, calm, and bright, and blue.

There did not move a leaf that night
That I cannot remember now,
Nor yet a single star whose light
Was on the royal midnight's brow:
Wander'd no cloud, sigh'd not a flower,
That is not present at this hour.
No marvel memory thus should press
Round its last light of happiness!
I paused one moment where I stood
In all a very miser's mood,
As if that thinking of its store
Could make my bosom's treasure more.
I saw the guiding lamp which shone
From the wreath'd lattice, pale and lone;
Another moment I was there,
To pause, and look—upon despair.

I saw her!-on the ground she lay, The life-blood ebbing fast away; But almost as she could not die Without my hand to close her eye! When to my bosom press'd, she raised Her heavy lids, and feebly gazed, And her lip moved: I caught its breath, Its last, it was the gasp of death! I leant her head upon my breast, As I but soothed her into rest;-I do not know what time might be Past in this stony misery, When I was waken'd from my dream By my forgotten infant's scream. Then first I thought upon my child: I took it from its bed, it smiled, And its red cheek was flush'd with sleep: Why had it not the sense to weep? I laid its mother on the bed, O'er her pale brow a mantle spread, And left the wood. Calm, stern, and cold. The tale of blood and death I told; Gave my child to my brother's care As his, not mine were this despair. I flung me on my steed again, I urged him with the spur and rein,— I left him at the usual tree, But left him there at liberty.

With madd'ning step I sought the place. I raised the mantle from her face,

And knelt me down beside, to gaze
On all the mockery death displays,
Until it seem'd but sleep to me.
Death,—oh, no! death it could not be.

The cold gray light the dawn had shed, Changed gradual into melting red; I watch'd the morning-colour-streak With crimson dye her marble cheek; The freshness of the stirring air Lifted her curls of raven-hair; Her head lay pillow'd on her arm, Sweetly, as if with life yet warm;— I kiss'd her lips: oh, God, the chill! My heart is frozen with it still :-It was as suddenly on me Open'd my depths of misery. I flung me on the ground, and raved, And of the wind that past me craved One breath of poison, till my blood From lip and brow gush'd in one flood. I watch'd the warm stream of my veins Mix with the death-wounds clotted stains; Oh! how I pray'd that I might pour My heart's tide, and her life restore!

And night came on:—with what dim fear I mark'd the darkling hours appear,— I could not gaze on the dear brow, And seeing was all left me now. I grasp'd the cold hand in mine own, Till both alike seem'd turn'd to stone. Night, morn, and noontide pass'd away, Then came the tokens of decay.

'Twas the third night that I had kept My watch, and, like a child, had wept Sorrow to sleep, and in my dream I saw her as she once could seem, Fair as an angel: there she bent As if sprung from the element, The bright clear fountain, whose pure wave Her soft and shadowy image gave. Methought that conscious beauty threw Upon her cheek its own sweet hue, Its loveliness of morning-red; I woke, and gazed upon the dead. I mark'd the fearful stains which now Were dark'ning o'er the once white brow, The livid colours that declare The soul no longer dwelleth there. The gaze of even my fond eye, Seem'd almost like impiety, As it were sin for looks to be On what the earth alone should see. I thought upon the loathsome doons Of the grave's cold, corrupted gloom ;-Oh, never shall the vile worm rest A lover on thy lip and breast! Oh, never shall a careless tread Soil with its step thy sacred bed! Never shall leaf or blossom bloom With vainest mockery o'er thy tomb!

And forth I went, and raised a shrine Of the dried branches of the pine,-I laid her there, and o'er her flung The wild flowers that around her sprung; I tore them up, and root and all, I bade them wait her funeral, With a strange joy that each fair thing Should, like herself, be withering. I lit the pyre,-the evening-skies Rain'd tears upon the sacrifice; How did its wild and awful light Struggle with the fierce winds of night: Red was the battle, but in vain Hiss'd the hot embers with the rain. It wasted to a simple spark; That faded, and all round was dark: Then, like a madman who has burst The chain which made him doubly curst, I fled away. I may not tell The agony that on me fell:-I fled away, for fiends were near. My brain was fire, my heart was fear!

I was borne on an eagle's wing,
Till with the noon-sun perishing;
Then I stood in a world alone,
From which all other life was gone,
Whence warmth, and breath, and light were
fled.

A world o'er which a curse was said: The trees stood leafless all, and bare, The sky spread, but no sun was there: Night came, no stars were on her way, Morn came without a look of day, As night and day shared one pale shroud, Without a colour or a cloud. And there were rivers, but they stood Without a murmur on the flood, Waveless and dark, their task was o'er-The sea lay silent on the shore. Without a sign upon its breast Save of interminable rest: And there were palaces and halls, But silence reign'd amid their walls, Though crowds yet fill'd them; for no sound Rose from the thousands gather'd round; All wore the same white, bloodless hue, All the same eyes of glassy blue, Meaningless, cold, corpse-like as those No gentle hand was near to close. And all seem'd, as they look'd on me, In wonder that I yet could be A moving shape of warmth and breath Alone amid a world of death.

'Tis strange bow much I still retain Of these wild tortures of my brain, Though now they but to memory seem A curse, a madness, and a dream; But well I can recall the hour When first the fever lost its power; As one whom heavy opiates steep, Rather in feverish trance than sleep,

I waken'd scarce to consciousness,—
Memory had fainted with excess:
I only saw that I was laid
Beneath an olive-tree's green shade;
I knew I was where flowers grew fair,
I felt their balm upon the air,
I drank it as it had been wine;
I saw a gift of red sunshine
Glittering upon a fountain's brim;
I heard the small birds' vesper-hymn,
As they a vigil o'er me kept,—
I heard their music, and I wept.
I felt a friendly arm upraise
My head, a kind look on me gaze!

RAYMOND, it has been mine to see The godlike heads which Italy Has given to prophet and to saint, All of least earthly art could paint! But never saw I such a brow As that which gazed upon me now;-It was an aged man, his bair Was white with time, perhaps with care; For over his pale face were wrought The characters of painful thought; But on that lip and in that eye Were patience, peace, and piety, The hope which was not of this earth, The peace which has in pangs its birth, As if in its last stage the mind, Like silver seven times refined In life's red furnace, all its clay, All its dross purified away, Pansed yet a little while below, Its beauty and its power to show. As if the tumult of this life, Its sorrow, vanity, and strife, Had been but as the lightning's shock Shedding rich ore upon the rock, Though in the trial scorch'd and riven, The gold it wins is gold from heaven. He watch'd, he soothed me day to day, How kindly words may never say: All angel ministering could be That old man's succour was to me; I dwelt with him; for all in vain He urged me to return again And mix with life:-and months past on Without a trace to mark them gone; I had one only wish, to be Left to my grief's monotony. There is a calm which is not peace, Like that when ocean's tempests cease, When worn out with the storm, the sea Sleeps in her dark tranquillity. As dreading that the lightest stir Would bring again the winds on her. I felt as if I could not brook A sound, a breath, a voice, a look, As I fear'd they would bring again Madness upon my heart and brain. It was a haunting curse to me, The simoon of insanity. The links of life's enchanted chain. Its hope, its pleasure, fear or pain,

Connected but with what had been, Clung not to any future scene. There is an indolence in grief Which will not even seek relief: I sat me down, like one who knows The poison-tree above him grows, Yet moves not; my life-task was done With that hour which left me alone.

It was one glad and glorious noon, Fill'd with the golden airs of June, When leaf and flower look to the sun As if his light and life were one,-A day of those diviner days When breath seems only given for praise, Beneath a stately tree which shed A cool green shadow over-head I listen'd to that old man's words Till my heart's pulses were as chords Of a lute waked at the command Of some thrice powerful master's hand. He paused: I saw his face was bright With even more than morning's light, As his cheek felt the spirit's glow; A glory sate upon his brow, His eye flash'd as to it were given A vision of his coming heaven. I turn'd away in awe and fear, My spirit was not of his sphere; Ill might an earthly care intrude Upon such high and holy mood: I felt the same as I had done Had angel-face upon me shone, When sudden, as sent from on high, Music came slowly sweeping by. It was not harp, it was not song Nor aught that might to earth belong! The birds sang not, the leaves were still, Silence was sleeping on the rill; But with a deep and solemn sound The viewless music swept around. Oh never yet was such a tone To hand or lip of mortal known! It was as if a hymn were sent From heaven's starry instrument, In joy, such joy as scraphs feel For some pure soul's immortal weal, When that its human task is done, Earth's trials past, and heaven won. I felt, before I fear'd, my dread, I turn'd and saw the old man dead! Without a struggle or a sigh, And is it thus the righteous die? There he lay in the sun, calm, pale, As if life had been like a tale Which, whatsoe'er its sorrows past, Breaks off in hope and peace at last.

I stretch'd him by the olive-tree, Where his death, there his grave should be; The place was a thrice hallowed spot, There had he drawn his golden lot Of immortality; 'twas blest, A green and holy place of rest. But ill my burthen'd heart could bear Its after-loneliness of care; The calmness round seem'd but to be A mockery of grief and me,—
The azure flowers, the sunlit sky,
The rill, with its still melody,
The leaves, the birds,—with my despair,
The light and freshness had no share:
The one unbidden of them all
To join in summer's festival.

I wander'd first to many a shrine By zeal or ages made divine; And then I visited each place Where valour's deeds had left a trace; Or sought the spots renown'd no less For nature's lasting loveliness. In vain that all things changed around, No change in my own heart was found. In sad or gay, in dark or fair, My spirit found a likeness there.

At last my bosom yearn'd to see
My Eva's blooming infaney;
I saw, myself unseen the while,
Oh, God! it was her mother's smile!
Wherefore, oh, wherefore had they flung
The veil just as her mother's hung!—
Another look I dared not take,
Another look my heart would break!
I rush'd away to the lime-grove
Where first I told my tale of love;
And leaves and flowers breathed of spring
As in our first sweet wandering.
I look'd towards the clear blue sky,
I saw the gem-like stream run by;
How did I wish that, like these, fate
Had made the heart inanimate.
Oh! why should spring for others be,
When there can come no spring to thee.

Again, again, I rush'd away;
Madness was on an instant's stay!
And since that moment, near and far,
In rest, in toil, in peace, in war,
I've wander'd on without an aim,
In all, save lapse of years the same.
Where was the star to rise and shine
Upon a night so dark as mine?—
My life was as a frozen stream,
Which shares but feels not the sun-beam,
All careless where its course may tend,
So that it leads but to an end.
I fear my fate too much to crave
More than it must bestow—the grave.

And AMERALD from that hour sought A refuge from each mournful thought In RAYMOND's sail but soothing smile; And listening what might well beguile The spirit from its last recess
Of dark and silent wretchedness.
He spoke of Eva, and he tried
To rouse her father into pride
Of her fair beauty; rather strove
To waken hope yet more than love.

He saw how deeply Ambald fear'd
To touch a wound not heal'd but sear'd:
His gentle care was not in vain,
And Ambald learn'd to think again
Of hope, if not of happiness;
And soon his bosom pined to press
The child whom he so long had left
An orphan doubly thus bereft.
He mark'd with what enamour'd tongue
Raymond on Eva's mention hung,—
The softened tone, the downward gaze,
All that so well the heart betrays;
And a reviving future stole
Like dew and sunlight on his soul.

Soon the Crusaders would be met Where winter's rest from war was set; And then farewell to arms and Spain;— Then for their own fair France again.

One morn there swell'd the trumpet's blast, Calling to battle, but the last;
And Ambald watch'd the youthful knight
Spur his proud courser to the fight:
Tall as the young pine yet unbent
By strife with its mountain-element,—
His vizor was up, and his full dark eye
Flash'd as its flashing were victory;
And hope and pride sate on his brow
As his earlier war-dreams were on him now.
Well might he be proud, for where was
there one

Who had won the honour that he had won? And first of the line it was his to lead His band to many a daring deed.

But rose on the breath of the evening-gale, Not the trumpet's salute, but a mournful tale Of treachery, that had betray'd the flower Of the Christian force to the Infidel's power. One came who told he saw Raymons fall, Left in the battle the last of all; His helm was gone, and his wearied hand Held a red but a broken brand.—What could a warrior do alone? And Ammand felt all hope was gone. Alas for the young! alas for the brave! For the morning's hope, and the evening's grave!

And gush'd for him hot briny tears,
Such as Amagan had not shed for years;
With heavy step and alter'd heart,
Again he turn'd him to depart.
He sought his child, but half her bloom
Was withering in Raymono's tomb.

Albeit not with those who fled,
Yet was not Raymond with the dead.
There is a lofty castle stands
On the verge of Grenada's lands;
It has a dungeon, and a chain,
And there the young knight must remain.
Day after day,—or rather night,—
Can morning come without its light?
Pass'd on without a sound or sight.
The only thing that he could feel,
Was the same weight of fettering steel,—
The only sound that he could hear
Was when his own voice mock'd his ear,—
His only sight was the drear lamp
That faintly show'd the dungeon's damp,
When by his side the jailor stood,
And brought his loathed and scanty food.

What is the toil, or care, or pain, The human heart cannot sustain? Enough if struggling can create A change of colour in our fate; But where 's the spirit that can cope With listless suffering, when hope, The last of misery's allies, Sickens of its sweet self, and dies.

He thought on Eva:—tell not me
Of happiness in memory!
Oh what is memory but a gift
Within a ruin'd temple left,
Recalling what its beauties were,
And then presenting what they are.
And many hours pass'd by,—each one
Sad counterpart of others gone;
Till even to his dreams was brought
The sameness of his waking thought;
And in his sleep he felt again
The dungeon, darkness, damp, and chain.

One weary time, when he had thrown Himself on his cold bed of stone, Sudden he heard a stranger hand Undo the grating's iron band: He knew 'twas stranger, for no jar Came from the hastily drawn bar. Too faintly gleam'd the lamp to show The face of either friend or foe; But there was softness in the tread, And RAYMOND raised his weary head, And saw a muffled figure kneel, And loose the heavy links of steel. He heard a whisper, to which heaven Had surely all its music given:-"Vow to thy saints for liberty, Sir knight, and softly follow me!" He heard her light step on the stair, And felt 'twas woman led him there. And dim and dark the way they past Till on the dazed sight flash'd at last A burst of light, and Raymond stood Where censers burn'd with sandal-wood, And silver lamps like moonshine fell O'er mirrors and the tapestried swell Of gold and purple: on they went Through rooms each more magnificent.

And RAYMOND look'd upon the brow Of the fair guide who led him now: It was a pale but lovely face, Yet in its first fresh spring of grace, That spring before or leaf or flower Has known a single withering hour: With lips red as the earliest rose That opens for the bee's repose. But it was not on lip, or cheek Too marble-fair, too soft, too meek, That aught was traced that might express More than unconscious loveliness; But her dark eyes! as the wild light Streams from the stars at deep midnight, Speaks of the future, -so those eyes Seem'd with their fate to sympathise, As mocking with their conscious shade The smile that on the red lip play'd, As that they knew their destiny Was love, and that such love would be The uttermost of misery.

There came a new burst of perfume, But different, from one stately room, Not of sweet woods, waters distill'd, But with fresh flowers' breathings fill'd; And there the maiden paused, as thought Some painful memory to her brought. Around all spoke of woman's hand: There a guitar lay on a stand Of polish'd ebony, and raised In rainbow ranks the hyacinth blazed Like banner'd lancers of the spring, Save that they were too languishing. And gush'd the tears from her dark eyes, And swell'd her lip and breast with sighs; But Raymonn spoke, and at the sound The maiden's eye glanced hurried round.

Motioning with her hand she led, With watching gaze and noiseless tread, Along a flower-fill'd terrace, where Flow'd the first tide of open air. They reach'd the garden; there was all That gold could win, or luxury call From northern or from southern skies To make an earthly paradise. Their path was through a little grove, Where cypress-branches met above, Green, shadowy, as Nature meant To make the rose a summer-tent, In fear and care, lest the hot noon Should kiss her fragrant brow too soon. Oh! passion's history, ever thus Love's light and breath were perilous! On the one side a fountain play'd As if it were a Fairy's shade. Who shower'd diamonds to streak The red pomegranate's ruby cheek.

The grove led to a lake, one side
Sweet scented shrubs and willows hide:
There winds a path, the clear moonshine
Pierces not its dim serpentine.
The garden lay behind in light,
With flower and with fountain bright;
The lake like sheeted silver gave
The stars a mirror in each wave;
And distant far the torchlight fell,
Where paced the walls the centinel:
And as each scene met Raymono's view,
He deem'd the tales of magic true,—
With such a path, and such a night,
And such a guide, and such a flight.

The way led to a grotto's shade,
Just for a noon in summer made;
For scarcely might its arch be seen
Through the thick ivy's curtain green,
And not a sunbeam might intrude
Upon its twilight-solitude.
It was the very place to strew
The latest violets that grew
Upon the feathery moss, then dream,—
Lull'd by the music of the stream,—
Fann'd by those scented gales which bring
The garden's wealth upon their wing,
Till languid with its own delight,
Sleep steals like love upon the sight,
Bearing those visionings of bliss
That only visit sleep like this.

And paused the maid,—the moonlight shed Its light where leaves and flowers were spread, As there she had their sweetness borne, A pillow for a summer-morn; But when those leaves and flowers were raised, A lamp beneath their covering blazed. She led through a small path whose birth Seem'd in the hidden depths of earth,-'Twas dark and damp, and on the ear There came a rush of waters near. At length the drear path finds an end,-Beneath a dark low arch they bend; Safe, safe! the maiden cried, and prest The red cross to her panting breast! Yes, we are safe!—on, stranger, on, The worst is past, and freedom won! Somewhat of peril yet remains, But peril not from Moorish chains; With hope and heaven be our lot! She spoke, but RAYMOND answer'd not: It was as he at once had come Into some star's eternal home,-He look'd upon a spacious cave, Rich with the gifts wherewith the wave Had heap'd the temple of that source Which gave it to its daylight course. Here pillars crowded round the hall, Each with a glistening capital:-The roof was set with thousand spars, A very midnight-heaven of stars; The walls were bright with every gem That ever graced a diadem;

Snow turn'd to treasure,—crystal flowers With every hue of summer-hours. While light and colour round him blazed, It seem'd to Raymond that he gazed Upon a fairy's palace, raised By spells from ore and jewels, that shine In Afric's stream and Indian mine: And she, his dark-eyed guide, were queen Alone in the enchanted scene.

They past the columns, and they stood By the depths of a pitchy flood, Where silent, leaning on his oar, An Ethiop slave stood by the shore. My faithful Au! cried the maid, And then to gain the boat essay'd, Then paused, as in her heart afraid To trust that slight and fragile bark Upon a stream so fierce, so dark: Such sullen waves, the torch's glare Fell wholly unreflected there. 'Twas but a moment; on they went Over the grave-like element At first in silence, for so drear Was all that met the eye and ear,-Before, behind, all was like night, And the red torch's cheerless light, Fitful and dim, but served to show How the black waters roll'd below; And how the cavern-roof o'erhead Seem'd like the tomb above them spread, And ever as each heavy stroke Of the oar upon these waters broke, Ten thousand echoes sent the sound Like omens through the hollows round, Till RAYMOND, who awhile subdued His spirit's carnest gratitude, Now pour'd his hurried thanks to her, Heaven's own loveliest minister. E'en by that torch he could espy The burning cheek, the downcast eye,-The faltering lip, which owns too well All that its words might never tell;-Once her dark eye met his, and then Sank 'neath its silken shade again; She spoke a few short hurried words, But indistinct, like those low chords Waked from the lute or ere the hand Knows yet what song it shall command. Was it in maiden fearfulness He might her bosom's secret guess, Or but in maiden modesty At what a stranger's thought might be Of this a Moorish maiden's flight In secret with a Christian knight? And the bright colour on her cheek Was various as the morning-break,-Now spring-rose red, now lily pale, As thus the maiden told her tale.

MOORISH MAIDEN'S TALE.

Albeit on my brow and breast Is Moorish turban, Moorish vest; Albeit too of Moorish line,
Yet Christian blood and faith are mine.
Even from earliest infancy.
I have been taught to bend the knee
Before the sweet Madonna's face,
To pray from her a Saviour's grace!
My mother's youthful heart was given
To one an infidel to heaven;
Alas! that ever earthly love
Could turn her hope from that above;
Yet surely 'tis for tears, not blame,
To be upon that mother's name.

Well can I deem my father all That holds a woman's heart in thrall,-In truth his was as proud a form As ever stemm'd a battle-storm, As ever moved first in the hall Of crowds and courtly festival. Upon each temple the black hair Was mix'd with gray, as early care Had been to him like age,-his eye And lip, and brow, were dark and high; And yet there was a look that seem'd As if at other times he dream'd Of gentle thoughts he strove to press Back to their unsunn'd loneliness. Your first gaze cower'd beneath his glance, Keen like the flashing of a lance, As forced a homage to allow To that tall form, that stately brow; But the next dwelt upon the trace That time may bring, but not efface, Of cares that wasted life's best years, Of griefs seared more than sooth'd by tears,

And homage changed to a sad feeling
For a proud heart its grief concealing.
If such his brow, when griefs that wear,
And hopes that waste, were written there,
What must it have been, at the hour
When in my mother's moonlit bower,
If any step moved, 'twas to take
The life he ventured for her sake?
He urged his love; to such a suit
Could woman's eye or heart be mute?
She fled with him,—it matters not,
To dwell at length upon their lot.
But that my mother's frequent sighs
Swell'd at the thoughts of former ties,
First loved, then fear'd she loved too

well,
Then fear'd to love an Infidel;
A struggle all, she had the will
But scarce the strength to love him still:—
But for this weakness of the heart
Which could not from its love depart,
Rebell'd, but quickly clung again,
Which broke and then renew'd its chain:—
Without the power to love, and be
Repaid by love's fidelity:—
Without this contest of the mind,
Though yet its early fetters bind.
Which still pants to be unconfined,
They had been happy.

Twas when first My spirit from its childhood burst, That to our roof a maiden came, My mother's sister, and the same In form, in face, in smiles, in tears, In step, in voice, in all but years, Save that there was upon her brow A calm my mother's wanted now; And that ELVIRA's loveliness Seem'd scarce of earth, so passionless, So pale, all that the heart could paint Of the pure beauty of a saint. Yes, I have seen ELVIRA kneel, And seen the rays of evening steal, Lighting the blue depths of her eye With so much of divinity As if her every thought was raised To the bright heaven on which she gazed! Then often I have deem'd her form Rather with light than with life warm.

My father's darken'd brow was glad,
My mother's burthen'd heart less sad
With her, for she was not of those
Who all the heart's affections close
In a drear hour of grief or wrath,—
Her path was as an angel's path,
Known only by the flowers which spring
Beneath the influence of its wing;
And that her high and holy mood
Was such as suited solitude.
Still she had gentle words and smiles,
And all that sweetness which beguiles,
Like sunshine on an April day,
The heaviness of gloom away.
It was as the souls weal were sure
When prayer rose from lips so pure.

She left us;—the same evening came Tidings of woe, and death, and shame. Her guard had been attack'd by one Whose love it had been hers to shun. Fierce was the struggle, and her flight Meanwhile had gain'd a neighbouring height, Which dark above the river stood, And look'd upon the rushing flood; 'Twas compass'd round, she was bereft Of the vague hope that flight had left, One moment, and they saw her kneel, And then, as Heaven heard her appeal, She flung her downwards from the rock: Her heart was nerved by death to mock What that heart never might endure, The slavery of a godless Moor.

And madness in its burning pain
Scized on my mother's heart and brain:
She died that night, and the next day
Beheld my father far away.
But wherefore should I dwell on all
Of sorrow memory can recall,
Enough to know that I must roam
An orphan to a stranger home.—

My father's death in battle-field
Forced me a father's rights to yield
To his stern brother; how my heart
Was forced with one by one to part
Of its best hopes, till life became
Existence only in its name;
Left but a single wish,—to share
The cold home where my parents were.

At last I heard, I may not say
How my soul brighten'd into day,
ELVIBA lived; a miracle
Had surely saved her as she fell!
A fisherman who saw her float,
Bore her in silence to his boat.
She lived! how often had I said
To mine own heart she is not dead;
And she remember'd me, and when
They bade us never meet again,
She sent to me an Ethiop slave,
The same who guides us o'er the wave,
Whom she had led to that pure faith
Which sains and saves in life and death,
And plann'd escape.

It was one morn
I saw our conquering standards borne,
And gazed upon a Christian knight
Wounded and prisoner from the fight;
I made a vow that he should be
Redeem'd from his captivity.
Sir knight, the Virgin heard my vow!—
Yon light,—we are in safety now!

The arch was past, the crimson gleam
Of morning fell upon the stream,
And flash'd upon the dazzled eye
The day-break of a summer-sky;
And they are sailing amid ranks
Of cypress on the river-banks:
They land where water-lilies spread
Seem almost too fair for the tread;
And knelt they down upon the shore,
The heart's deep gratitude to pour.

Led by their dark guide on they press
Through many a green and lone recess:
The morning-air, the bright sunshine,
To Raymond were like the red wine,—
Each leaf, each flower seem'd to be
With his own joy in sympathy,
So fresh, so glad; but the fair Moor,
From peril and pursuit secure,
Though hidden by her close-drawn veil,
Yet seem'd more tremulous, more pale;
The hour of dread and danger past,
Fear's timid thoughts came thronging fast;
Her cold hand trembled in his own,
Her strength seem'd with its trial gone,
And downcast eye, and faltering word,
But dimly seen, but faintly heard,

Seem'd scarcely hers that just had been His dauntless guide through the wild scene.

At length a stately avenue Of ancient chesnuts met their view, And they could see the time-worn walls Of her they sought, ELVIRA's halls.

A small path led a nearer way
Through flower-beds in their spring-array. They reach'd the steps, and stood below A high and marble portico; They enter'd, and saw kneeling there A creature even more than fair. On each white temple the dusk braid Of parted hair made twilight-shade, That brow whose blue veins shone to show It was more beautiful than snow. Her large dark eyes were almost hid By the nightfall of the fringed lid; And tears which fill'd their orbs with light, Like summer-showers blent soft with bright. Her cheek was saintly pale, as nought; Were there to flush with earthly thought; As the heart which in youth had given Its feelings and its hopes to Heaven, Knew no emotions that could spread A maiden's cheek with sudden red,-Made for an atmosphere above, Too much to bend to mortal love.

And RAYMOND watch'd as if his eye Were on a young divinity,—
As her bright presence made him feel Awe that could only gaze and kneel:
And Lella paused, as if afraid
To break upon the recluse maid,
As if her heart took its rebuke
From that cold, calm, and placid look.

ELVIRA!—though the name was said
Low as she fear'd to wake the dead,
Yet it was heard, and, all revealing,
Of her most treasured mortal feeling,
Fondly the Moorish maid was prest
To her she sought, ELVIRA's breast.
I pray'd for thee, my hope, my fear,
My LRILA! and now thou art near.
Nay, weep not, welcome as thou art
To my faith, friends, and home and heart!

And RAYMOND almost deem'd that earth
To such had never given hirth
As the fair creatures, who, like light,
Floated upon his dazzled sight:—
One with her bright and burning cheek,
All passion, tremulous and weak,
A woman in her woman's sphere
Of joy and grief, of hope and fear.
The other, whose mild tenderness
Seem'd as less made to share than bless;
One to whom human joy was such
That her heart fear'd to trust too much,

While her wan brow seem'd as it meant To soften rapture to content;— To whom all earth's delight was food For high and holy gratitude.

Gazed Raymond till his burning brain Grew dizzy with excess of pain; For unheal'd wounds his strength had worn, And all the toil his flight had borne; His 'lip, and cheek, and brow were flame; And when ELVIRA's welcome came, It fell on a regardless ear, As bow'd beside a column near He leant, insensible to all Of good or ill that could befall.

# CANTO IV.

Ir was a wild and untrain'd bower, Enough to screen from April-shower, Or shelter from June's hotter hour, Tapestried with starry jessamines, The summer's gold and silver mines; With a moss-scat, and its turf set With crowds of the white violet. And close beside a fountain play'd, Dim, cool, from its encircling shade; And lemon-trees grew round, as pale As never yet to them the gale Had brought a message from the sun To say their summer-task was done. It was a very solitude For love in its despairing mood, With just enough of breath and bloom, With just enough of calm and gloom, To suit a heart where love has wrought His wasting work, with saddest thought; Where all its sickly fantasies May call up suiting images: With flowers like hopes that spring and fade As only for a mockery made, And shadows of the boughs that fall Like sorrow drooping over all.

And Lema, loveliest! can it be Such destiny is made for thee? Yes, it is written on thy brow The all thy lip may not avow,—All that in woman's heart can dwell, Save by a blush unutterable. Alas! that ever Raymond came To light thy cheek and heart to flame,—A hidden fire, but not the less Consuming in its dark recess.

She had leant by his couch of pain, When throbbing pulse and bursting vein Fierce spoke the fever, when fate near Rode on the tainted atmosphere; And though that parch'd lip spoke alone Of other love, in fondest tone, And though the maiden knew that death Might be upon his lightest breath, Yet never by her lover's side More fondly watch'd affianced bride,—With pain or fear more anxious strove, Than Leila watch'd another's love.

But he was safe!—that very day Farewell, it had been hers to say; And he was gone to his own land, To seek another maiden's hand.

Who that had look'd on her that morn, Could dream of all her heart had borne? Her cheek was red, but who could know 'Twas flushing with the strife below;— Her eye was bright, but who could tell It shone with tears she strove to quell;— Her voice was gay, her step was light; And, beaming, beautiful, and bright, It was as if life could confer Nothing but happiness on her. Ah! who could think that all so fair Was semblance, and but misery there?

'Tis strange with how much power and pride
The softness is of love allied;
How much of power to force the breast
To be in outward show at rest,—
How much of pride that never eye
May look upon its agony!
Ah, little will the lip reveal
Of all the burning heart can feel.
But this was past, and she was now
With clasped hands prest to her brow,
And head bow'd down upon her knee,
And heart-pulse throbbing andibly,
And tears that gush'd like autumn-rain,
The more for that they gush'd in vain.
Oh! why should woman ever love,
Trusting to one false star above;
And fling her little chance away
Of sunshine for its treacherous ray.

At first Elvira had not sought
To break upon her lonely thought.
But it was now the vesper-time,
And she return'd not at the chime
Of holy bells,—she knew the hour:—
At last they search'd her favourite bower;
Beside the fount they found the maid
On head bow'd down, as if she pray'd;
Her long black hair fell like a veil,
Making her pale brow yet more pale.
'Twas strange to look upon her face,
Then turn and see its shadowy trace
Within the fountain; one like stone,
So cold, so colourless, so lone,—

A statue-nymph, placed there to show
How far the sculptor's art could go;
The other, and that too the shade,
In light and crimson warmth array'd;
For the red glow of day declining,
Was now upon the fountain shining,
And the shape in its mirror bright
Of sparkling waves caught warmth and light.
ELVIRA spoke not, though so near,
Her words lay mute in their own fear:
At last she whisper'd Leila's name,
No answer from the maiden came.
She took one cold hand in her own,
Started, and it dropy'd lifeless down!
She gazed upon the fixed eye,
And read in it mortality.

And lingers yet that maiden's tale
A legend of the lemon-vale:
They say that never from that hour
Has flourish'd there a single flower,—
The jasmine droop'd, the violets died,
Nothing grew by that fountain-side,
Save the pale pining lemon-trees,
And the dark weeping cypresses.—
And now when to the twilight-star
The lover wakes his lone guitar,
Or maiden bids a song impart
All that is veil'd in her own heart,
The wild and mournful tale they tell
Of her who loved, alas! too well.—

And where was RAYMOND, where was he? Borne homeward o'er the rapid sea, While sunny days and favouring gales Brought welcome speed to the white sails,-With bended knee, and upraised hand, He stood upon his native land, With all that happiness can be When resting on futurity. On, on he went, and o'er the plain He rode an armed knight again; He urged his steed with hand and heel. It bounded conscious of the steel. And never yet to RAYMOND's eye Spread such an earth, shone such a sky. Blew such sweet breezes o'er his brow. As those his native land had now.

He thought upon young Eva's name, And felt that she was still the same; He thought on Ambald, his child Had surely his dark cares beguiled; He thought upon the welcome sweet It would be his so soon to meet: And never had the star of hope Shone on a lovelier horoscope.

And evening-shades were on the hour When RAYMOND rode beneath the tower Remember'd well, for ABELINE Had there been his heart's summer-queen. Could this be it?-he knew the heath Which, lake-like, spread its walls beneath,-Which had for ages by it stood; And but for these the place had been As one that he had never seen. The walls were rent, the gates were gone, No red light from the watch-tower shone. He enter'd, and the hall was bare, It show'd the spoiler had been there; Even upon the very hearth The green grass found a place of birth. Oh, vanity! that the stone-wall May sooner than a blossom fall: The tower in its strength may be Laid low before the willow-tree. There stood the wood, subject to all The autumn-wind, the winter-fall,-There stood the castle which the rain And wind had buffeted in vain .-But one in ruins stood beside The other green in its spring-pride.

And Raymond paced the lonely hall
As if he fear'd his own footfall.
It is the very worst, the gloom
Of a deserted banquet-room,
To see the spider's web outvie
The torn and faded tapestry,—
To shudder at the cold damp air,
Then think how once were burning there
The incense-vase with odour glowing,
The silver lamp its softness throwing
O'er cheeks as beautiful and bright
As roses bathed in summer-light,—
How through the portals sweeping came
Proud cavalier and high-born dame,
With gems like stars 'mid rayen-carls,
And snow-white plumes and wreathed

Gold cups, whose lighted flames made dim
The sparkling stones around the brim;—
Soft voices answering to the lute,
The swelling harp, the sigh-waked flute,—
The glancing lightness of the dance,—
Then, starting sudden from thy trance,
Gaze round the lonely place and see
Its silence and obscurity:
Then commune with thine heart, and say
These are the foot-prints of decay,—
And I even thus shall pass away.

And Raymond turn'd him to depart, With darken'd brow and heavy heart. Can outrage or can time remove The sting, the sear of slighted love? He could not look upon the scene And not remember Adeline, Fair queen of gone festivity.—
Oh, where was it, and where was she!

At distance short a village lay, And thither Raymonn took his way,

And in its hostel shelter found, While the dark night was closing round. It was a cheerful scene, the hearth Was bright with wood-fire and with mirth, And in the midst a harper bent O'er his companion instrument: Twas an old man, his hair was gray,-For winter tracks in snow its way. But yet his dark, keen eye was bright, With somewhat of its youthful light; Like one whose path of life had made Its course through mingled sheen and shade, But one whose buoyant spirit still Pass'd lightly on through good or ill,— One reckless if borne o'er the sea In storm or in tranquillity; The same to him, as if content Were his peculiar element. 'Tis strange how the heart can create Or colour from itself its fate; We make ourselves our own distress, We are ourselves our happiness.

And many a song and many a lay,
Had pass'd the cheerful hour away,
When one pray'd that he would relate,
His tale of the proud ladye's fate,—
The lady ADELINE;—the name
Like lightning upon RAYMOND came!
And swept the harper o'er his chords
As that he paused for minstrel-words,
Or stay'd till silence should prevail,
When thus the old man told the tale.

### THE PROUD LADYE.

Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match, An it were not the ladye's pride; An hundred knights from far and near Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of the summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold, And some for her noble name, And more that woo'd for her loveliness; But her answer was still the same.

"There is a steep and lofty wall,
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight,
From a strange and far countrie.
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love, Now bow'd before its might, And the ladye grew meek as if disdain Were not made for that stranger knight.

She sought at first to steal his soul By dance, by song, and festival; At length on bended knee she pray'd He would not ride the wall.

But gaily the young knight laugh'd at her fears,

And flung him on his steed,— There was not a Saint in the calendar That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If Heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,—
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye ADELINE
From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed, Ladye, for love of thee; The honour that guides the soldier's lance Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear;
But not in honour of the eyes
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud crueltic,
And far more was to me his love,
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell,
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And on her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light, Her cheek grew wan and pale, Till she hid her faded loveliness Beneath the sacred veil.

And she cut off her long dark hair, And bade the world farewell, And she now dwells a veiled nun In Saint Marie's cell. And what were Raymono's dreams that By every grain of sand can be might?

Moved from its own tranquille

The morning's gift of crimson light
Waked not his sleep, for his pale cheek
Did not of aught like slumber speak;
Though not upon a morn like this
Should Raymonn turn to aught but bliss.
To-day, when Eva will be prest,
Ere evening, to his throbbing breast,—
To-day, when all his own will be
That cheer'd his long captivity.
Care to the wind of heaven was flung
As the young knight to stirrup sprung.

He reach'd the castle; save one, all Rush'd to his welcome in the hall. He gazed, but there no Eva came, Scarce his low voice named Eva's name!

"Our Eva, she is far away Amid the young, the fair, the gay. At Toulouse, now the bright resort Of beauty and the Minstrel-Court; For this time it is hers to set The victor's brow with violet. Her father,-but you're worn and pale,-Come, the wine-cup will aid my tale.' The greeting of the elder knight, The cheerful board, the vintage bright, Not all could chase from RAYMOND'S soul The cloud that o'er its gladness stole; And soon, pretending toil, he sought A solitude for lonely thought .-'Tis strange how much of vanity Almost unconsciously will be With our best feelings mix'd, and now But that, what shadows Raymond's brow?

He had deem'd a declining flower, Pining in solitary bower, He should find Eva, sad and lone,-He sought the cage, the bird had flown, With burnish'd plume, and carcless wing, A follower of the sunny Spring. He pictured her the first of all In masque, and dance, and festival, With cheek at its own praises burning, And eyes but on adorers turning, The lady of the tournament, For whose bright sake the lance was sent; While minstrels borrow'd from her name The beauty which they paid by fame: Beloved! not even his hot brain Dared whisper,-loving too again.

But the next morn, and RAYMOND bent His steps to that fair Parliament, While pride and hasty anger strove Against his memory and his love. But leave we him awhile to rave Against the faith which, like the wave, By every grain of sand can be Moved from its own tranquillity, Till settled he that woman's mind Was but a leaf before the wind,— Left to remain, retreat, advance, Without a destiny but chance.—

And where is Eva? on her cheek Is there aught that of love may speak? Amid the music and perfume That, mingling, fill you stately room A maiden sits, around her chair Stand others who, with graceful care, Bind Indian jewels in her hair. 'Tis Eva! on one side a stand Of dark wood from the Ethiop's land Is cover'd with all gems that deck A maiden's arm, or maiden's neck: The diamond with its veins of light, The sapphir like a summer-night, The ruby rich as it had won A red gift from the setting sun, And white pearls, such as might have been A bridal offering for a queen. On the side opposite were thrown, Rainbow-like mix'd, a sparkling zone, A snow-white veil, a purple vest Embroider'd with a golden crest. Before, the silver mirror's trace Is the sweet shadow of her face, Placed as appealing to her eyes For the truth of the flatteries, With which her gay attendants seek To drive all sadness from her cheek. She heard them not; she reck'd not how They wreath'd the bright hair o'er her brow, Whate'er its sunny grace might be There was an eye that would not see. They told of words of royal praise, They told of minstrel's moonlight-lays, Of youthful knights who swore to die For her least smile, her lightest sigh. But he was gone, her young, her brave, Her heart was with him in the grave.

Wearied, for ill the heart may bear Light words in which it has no share, She turn'd to a pale maid, who, mute, Dreaming of song leant o'er her lute; And at her sign, that maiden's words Came echo-like to its sweet chords,—It was a low and silver tone, And very sad, like sorrow's own; She sang of love as it will be, And has been in reality,—
Of fond hearts broken and betray'd, Of roses opening but to fade, Of wither'd hope, and wasted bloom, Of the young warrior's early tomb; And the while her dark mournful eye Held with her words deep sympathy

And Eva listen'd:-music's power Is little felt in sunlit hour; But hear its voice when hopes depart,
Like swallows, flying from the heart
On which the summer's late decline
Has set a sadness and a sign;
When friends whose commune once we sought
For every bosom-wish and thought,
Have given in our hour of need
Such a support as gives the reed,—
When we have seen the green grass grow
Over what once was life below;
How deeply will the spirit feel
The lute, the song's sweet-voiced appeal;
And how the heart drink in their sighs
As echoes they from Paradise.

'Tis done: the last bright gem is set In Eva's sparkling coronet; A soil on her rich veil appears,— Unsuiting here—and is it tears!

Her father met her, he was proud To lead his daughter through the crowd, And see the many cyes that gazed, Then mark the blush their gazing raised; And for his sake, she forced away The clouds that on her forehead lay, The sob rose in her throat, 'twas all, The tears swam, but they dared not fall; And the pale lip put on a smile, Alas it was too sad for guile!

A beautiful and festal day Shone summer-bright o'er the array, And purple banners, work'd in gold, And azure pennons spread their fold O'er the rich awnings which were round The galleries that hemm'd in the ground, The green and open space, where met The Minstrels of the Violet; And two or three old stately trees Soften'd the sun, screen'd from the breeze. And there came many a lovely dame, With cheek of rose, and eye of flame; And many a radiant arm was raised, Whose rubies in the sunshine blazed: And many a white veil swept the air Only than what they hid less fair; And placed at his own beauty's feet Found many a youthful knight his seat, And flung his jewell'd cap aside, And wore his scarf with gayer pride, And whisper'd soft and gallant things, And bade the bards' imaginings Whenever love awoke the tone. With their sweet passion plead his own.

Beneath an azure canopy,
Blue as the sweep of April's sky,
Upon a snowy couch reclined
Like a white cloud before the wind,
Leant Eva:—there was many a tent
More royal, more magnificent,

With purple, gold, and crimson swelling. But none so like a fairy-dwelling: One curtain bore her father's crest, But summer-flowers confined the rest; And, at her feet, the ground was strew'd With the June's rainbow-multitude: Beside her knelt a page, who bore A vase with jewels sparkling o'er, And in that shining vase was set The prize,—the Golden Violet.

Alas for her whom ev'ry eye
Worshipp'd like a divinity!
Alas for her whose ear was fill'd
With flatteries like sweet woods distill'd!
Alas for Eva! bloom and beam,
Music and mirth, came like a dream,
In which she mingled not,—apart
From all in heaviness of heart.
There were soft tales pour'd in her ear,
She look'd on many a cavalier,
Wander'd her eye round the glad scene,
It was as if they had not been;—
To ear, eye, heart, there only came
Her Raymonn's image, Raymonn's name!

There is a flower, a snow-white flower, Fragile as if a morning-shower Would end its being, and the earth Forget to what it gave a birth; And it looks innocent and pale, Slight as the least force could avail To pluck it from its bed, and yet Its root in depth and strength is set. The July-sun, the autumn-rain, Beat on its slender stalk in vain;-Around it spreads, despite of care, Till the whole garden is its share; And other plants must fade and fall Beneath its deep and deadly thrall. This is Love's emblem; it is nurst In all unconsciousness at first, Too slight, too fair, to wake distrust; No sign how that an after-hour Will rue and weep its fatal power. Twas thus with Eva; she had dream'd Of love as his first likeness seem'd A sweet thought o'er which she might brood, The treasure of her solitude; But tidings of young RAYMOND's fate Waken'd her from her dream too late, Even her timid love could be The ruling star of destiny.

And when a calmer mood prevail'd

O'er that whose joy her father hail'd, Too well he saw how day by day Some other emblem of decay Came on her lip, and o'er her brow. Which only she would disallow; The cheek the lightest word could flush Not with health's rose, but the heart's gush Of feverish anxiousness; he caught At the least hope, and vainly sought

hange, by pleasure, to dispel corrow from its secret cell. in;—what can reanimate art too early desolate? d been his, it could not save, it could follow to his grave.

e trumpets peal'd their latest round, from the flutes a softer sound, I'd the harp to each master's hand, iward came the minstrel-band! nany a bright cheek grew more bright, many a dark eye flash'd with light, ent the minstrel o'er his lute, urged the lover's plaining suit, wept a louder chord, and gave a glorious history of the brave,

last from 'mid the crowd one came, own himself, unknown his name, knight and bard,—the stranger wore garh of a young Troubadour; lark green mantle, loosely flung, eal'd the form o'er which it hung; his cap, with its shadowy plume, his face by its raven gloom.

did Eva's careless eye m that it wander'd Raymond by, agh his first tone thrill'd every vein, ly made her turn again, et the scene, the song, and dwell on what memory felt too well.

THE SONG OF THE TROUBADOUR.

me valley low and lone, re I was the only one e human dwellers there. ld I dream away my care: orget how in the world es lay amid roses curl'd, orget my once distress young Love's insidiousness. foes, and yet falser friends, ing but for their own ends; mres known but by their wings, remember'd by their stings; s decrease, and health's decay, I fly like these away, ome lovely solitude, e the nightingale's young brood amid the shrine of leaves, h the wild rose round them weaves, my dwelling shall be made rneath the beech-tree's shade. ing ivy for the walls which the jasmine falls, a tapestry work'd with gold pearls around each emerald fold: my couches shall be set the purple violet, the white ones too, inside a blush to suit a bride.

That flower which of all that live, Lovers, should be those who give, Primroses, for each appears Pale and wet with many tears. Alas tears and pallid cheek All too often love bespeak! There the gilderose should fling Silver treasures to the spring, And the bright laburnum's tresses Seeking the young wind's caresses; In the midst an azure lake, Where no oar e'er dips to break The clear bed of its blue rest, Where the halcyon builds her nest; And amid the sedges green, And the water-flag's thick screen, The solitary swan resides; And the bright kingfisher hides, With its colours rich like those Which the bird of India shows. Once I thought that I would seek Some fair creature, young and meek, Whose most gentle smile would bless My too utter loneliness; But I then remember'd all I had suffer'd from Love's thrall, And I thought I'd not again Enter in the lion's den; But, with my wrung heart now free, So I thought I still will be. Love is like a kingly dome, Yet too often sorrow's home; Sometimes smiles, but oftener tears, Jealousies, and hopes, and fears, A sweet liquor sparkling up, But drank from a poison'd cup. Would you guard your heart from care Love must never enter there. I will dwell with summer-flowers, Fit friends for the summer-hours, My companions honey-bees, And birds, and buds, and leaves, and trees, And the dew of the twilight, And the thousand stars of night: I will cherish that sweet gift, The least earthly one now left Of the gems of Paradise, Poesy's delicious sighs. Ill may that soft spirit bear Crowds' or cities' healthless air; Was not her sweet breathing meant To echo the low murmur sent By the flowers, and by the rill, When all save the wind is still? As if to tell of those fair things High thoughts, pure imaginings That recall how bright, how fair, In our other state we were. And at last, when I have spent A calm life in mild content, May my spirit pass away As the early leaves decay: Spring shakes her gay coronal, One sweet breath, and then they fall. Only let the red-breast bring Moss to strew me with, and sing

One low mournful dirge to tell I have bid the world farewell.

And praise rang forth, the prize is won, Young minstrel, thou hast equal none! They led him to the lady's seat, And knelt he down at Eva's feet; She bent his victor-brow to deck, And, fainting, sunk upon his neck! The cap and plume aside were thrown, "Twas as the grave restored its own, And sent its victim forth to share Light, life, and hope, and sun, and air.

That day the feast spread gay and bright In honour of the youthful knight, And it was Eva's fairy-hand Met Raymond's in the saraband, And it was Eva's ear that heard Many a low and love-tuned word.—And life seem'd as a snnny stream, And hope awaked as from a dream; But what has minstrel left to tell When love has not an obstacle? My lute is hush'd, and mute its chords, The heart and happiness have no words!

My tale is told, the glad sunshine Fell over its commencing line,-It was a morn in June, the sun Was blessing all it shone upon, The sky was clear as not a cloud Were ever on its face allow'd; The hill whereon I stood was made A pleasant place of summer-shade By the green elms which seem'd as meant To make the noon a shadowy tent. I had been bent half sleep, half wake, Dreaming those rainbow-dreams that take The spirit prisoner in their chain, Too beautiful to be quite vain,-Enough if they can soothe or cheer One moment's pain or sorrow here. And I was happy; hope and fame Together on my visions came, For memory had just dipp'd her wings In honey-dews, and sunlit springs,-My brow burnt with its early wreath, My soul had drank its first sweet breath Of praise, and yet my cheek was flushing, My heart with the full torrent gushing Of feelings whose delighted mood Was mingling joy and gratitude. Scarce possible it seem'd to be That such praise could be meant for me .-Enured to coldness and neglect, My spirit chill'd, my breathing check'd, All that can crowd and crush the mind, Friends even more than fate unkind,

And fortunes stamp'd with the pale sign That marks and makes autumn's decline. How could I stand in the sunshine, And marvel not that it was mine? One word, if ever happiness In its most passionate excess Offer'd its wine to human lip, It has been mine that cup to sip. I may not say with what deep dread The words of my first song were said, I may not say how much delight Has been upon my minstrel-flight. 'Tis vain, and yet my heart would say Somewhat to those who made my way A path of light, with power to kill, To check, to crush, but not the will. Thanks for the gentleness that lent My young lute such encouragement, When scorn had turn'd my heart to stone, Oh, theirs be thanks and benison!

Back to the summer-hill again!
When first I thought upon this strain,
And music rose upon the air,
I look'd below, and, gather'd there,
Rode soldiers with their breast-plates

glancing, Helmets and snow-white feathers dancing. And trumpets at whose martial sound Prouder the war-horse trod the ground, And waved their flag with many a name Of battles and each battle-fame. And as I mark'd the gallant line Pass through the green lane's serpentine, And as I saw the boughs give way Before the crimson pennons' play; To other days my fancy went, Call'd up the stirring tournament, The dark-eyed maiden who for years Kept the vows seal'd by parting tears. While he who own'd her plighted hand Was fighting in the Holy Land. The youthful knight with his gay crest, His ladye's scarf upon a breast Whose truth was kept, come life, come death.

Alas! has modern love such faith?
I thought how in the moonlit hour
The minstrel hymn'd his maiden's bower,
His helm and sword changed for the lute
And one sweet song to urge his suit.
Floated around me moated hall,
And donjon-keep, and frowning wall;
I saw the marshall'd hosts advance,
I gazed on banner, brand, and lance;
The murmur of a low song came
Bearing one only worshipp'd name;
And my next song, I said, should be
A tale of gone-by chivalry.

My task is done, the tale is told, The lute drops from my wearied hold: Spreads no green earth, no summer-sky To raise fresh visions for my eye,

The hour is dark, the winter-rain Beats cold and harsh against the pane. Where, spendthrift like, the branches twine, Worn, knotted, of a leafless vine; And the wind howls in gusts around, As omens were in each drear sound,— Omens that bear upon their breath Tidings of sorrow, pain, and death. Thus should it be,-I could not bear The breath of flowers, the sunny air Upon that ending page should be Which ONE will never, never see. Yet who will love it like that one, Who cherish as he would have done, My father! albeit but in vain This clasping of a broken chain, And albeit of all vainest things That haunt with sad imaginings, None has the sting of memory; Yet still my spirit turns to thee, Despite of long and lone regret, Rejoicing it cannot forget. I would not lose the lightest thought With one remembrance of thine fraught,-And my heart said no name, but thine Should be on this last page of mine.

My father, though no more thine ear Censure or praise of mine can hear, It soothes me to embalm thy name With all my hope, my pride, my fame, Treasures of Fancy's fairy-hall,— Thy name most precious far of all.

My page is wet with bitter tears,— I cannot but think of those years When happiness and I would wait
On summer-evenings by the gate,
And keep o'er the green fields our watch
The first sound of thy step to catch,
Then run for the first kiss, and word,—
An unkind one I never heard.
But these are pleasant memories,
And later years have none like these:
They came with griefs, and pains, and

All that the heart breaks while it bears;
Desolate as I feel alone
I should not weep that thou art gone.
Alas! the tears that still will fall
Are selfish in their fond recall;
If ever tears could win from Heaven
A loved one, and yet be forgiven,
Mine surely might; I may not tell
The agony of my farewell!
A single tear I had not shed,—
'Twas the first time I mourn'd the dead;—
It was my heaviest loss, my worst,—
My father!—and was thine the first!

Farewell! in my heart is a spot
Where other griefs and cares come not,
Hallow'd by love, by memory kept,
And deeply honour'd, deeply wept.
My own dead father, time may bring
Chance, change, upon his rainbow-wing,
But never will thy name depart
The household-god of thy child's heart,
Until thy orphan-girl may share
The grave where her best feelings are.
Never, dear father, love can be,
Like the dear love I had for thee!

# THE GOLDEN VIOLET.

To-morrow, to-morrow, thou loveliest May, To-morrow will rise up thy first-born day; Bride of the summer, child of the spring. To-morrow the year will its favourite bring: The roses will know thee, and fling back their vest.

While the nightingale sings him to sleep on their breast;

The blossoms, in welcomes, will open to meet On the light boughs thy breath, in the soft grass thy feet.

To-morrow the dew will have virtue to shed O'er the cheek of the maiden its loveliest red; To-morrow a glory will brighten the earth, While the spirit of beauty rejoicing has birth.

Farewell to thee, April, a gentle farewell,

Thou hast saved the young rose in its emerald cell;

Sweet nurse, thou hast mingled thy sunshine and showers, Like kisses and tears, on thy children, the

flowers.

As a hope, when fulfill'd, to sweet memory

We shall think of thy clouds as the odorous urns,

Whence colour, and freshness, and fragrance were wept; We shall think of thy rainbows, their promise is kept. There is not a cloud on the morning's blue way

And the daylight is breaking, the first of the May.

And never yet hath morning-light
Lovelier vision brought to sight,
Or lovelier driven away from dreams,—
—And lovely that which only seems;—
The garden, that beneath it lay,
From flower and fountain sent the ray
Reflected, till all round seem'd blent
Into one sunny element.

There in the midst rose marble-halls,
Wreathed pillars upheld the walls;
A fairy-castle, not of those
Made for storm, and made for foes,
But telling of a gentler time,
A lady's rule, a summer-clime.
And all spoke joyousness, for there
Thronged the gay, the young, the fair,—
It was now their meeting hour,—
They scatter'd round through grove and

Many a high-born beauty made
Her seat beneath the chesnut-shade;
While, like her shadow hovering near,
Came her dark-eyed cavalier,
Bidding the rose fade by her cheek,
To hint of what he dared not speak.
And others wandered with the lute,
In such a scene could it be mute?
While from its winged sweetness came,
The echo of some treasured name.
And many a grot with laughter rung,
As, gathered there, these gay and young
Flung airy jests like arrows round.
That hit the mark but to rebound.

With graceful welcome, smiled on all, The lady of the festival Wander'd amid her guests; at last, Many a courtly greeting past, She stray'd into a little grove, With cypress-branches roofed above; Beneath the path was scarcely seen,-Alike the walk and margent green. So dim it was, each precious stone The Countess were a meteor shone. Yet on she went, for nought her heart In the glad revellings took part: Too tender and too sad to share In sportive mirth, in pageant glare; Dearer to her was the first breath, When morning shakes her early wreath, And joys in the young smiles of day, Albeit they steal her pearls away: Dearer to her the last pale light That lingers on the brow of night, As if unwilling to be gone, And abdicate its lovely throne: Dearer to her were these than all That ever shone in lighted hall.

The young, the gay, be they allow'd One moment's pleasaunce in the crowd; The dance, the odours, song, and bloom, Those soft spells of the banquet-room: They last not, but the ear, the eye, Catch the check'd frown—the hidden sigh, Which pierce too soon the shining mask, And prove delight may be a task.

Alas! when once the heart shall learn To gaze on the glad scene, then turn To its own depths, and sadly say Oh, what am I, and what are they? Masquers but striving to deceive Themselves and others; and believe It is enough, if none shall know The covered mass of care below. Sad lesson for the heart to bear, Seeing how pass the young, the fair; Forgot, as if they had not been The spirit of the stirring scene : Or sadder still to watch the bands, With kindly looks and fast-link'd hands; And know how that a word could move The fierce extreme of hate from love,-That, sweep but o'er a fleeting year, Of all the many gather'd here, Now claiming friend's or lover's name, Not one may be in aught the same.

But not like this is Nature's face,
Though even she must bear the trace
Of the great curse that clings to all;
Her leaves, her flowers, must spring to fall:
There hides no darker doom behind,
Like workings in the human mind,
And the buds yield but to make way
For leaves or fruits upon the spray;
Not thus man's pleasures, which depart
And leave the sear'd or breaking heart

On fair CLEMENZA went, her mood
Deepening with the deep solitude;
That gentle sadness which is wrought
With more of tenderness than thought,
When memory like the moonlight flings
A softness o'er its wanderings,—
When hope a holiday to keep
Folds up its rainbow-wings for sleep,
And the heart, like a bark at rest,
Scarce heaves within the tranquil breast,—
When thoughts and dreams that moment's
birth

Take hues which are not of the earth.

But she was waken'd from her dream By sudden flashing of the wave; The cypress first conceal'd the stream. Then oped, as if a spirit gave, With one touch of his radiant wand, Birth to a scene in fairy-land. Twas a small lake, the honey-bee Cross'd, laden, in security; From it an elfin-island rose, A green spot made for the repose Of the blue halcyon, when an hour Of storm is passing o'er its bower. One lonely tree upon it stood, A willow sweeping to the flood, With darkling boughs and lorn decline, As though even here was sorrow's sign. 'Twas even a haunted place; one part, Like that which is in every heart. Beyond, the gloom was laugh'd away By sparkling wave and dancing spray;-One of those glowing spots that take The sunbeams prisoners, and make A glory of their own delight, Below all clear, above all bright. And every bank was fair; but one Most shelter'd from the wind and sun Seem'd like a favourite: the rest Bared to the open sky their breast; But this was resting in the shade By two old patriarch-chesnuts made, Whose aged trunks peep'd gray and bare Spite of the clustering ivy's care, Which had spread over all its wreath, The boughs above, the ground beneath :-Oft told and true similitude For moralist in pensive mood, To mark the green leaves' glad outside, Then search what wither'd boughs they hide. And here the Countess took her seat Beneath the chesnut, shelter meet For one whose presence might beseem The spirit of the shade and stream; As now she lean'd with upraised head, And white veil o'er her bosom spread, Hiding the gems and chains of gold Which too much of rank's banbles told; Leaving her only with the power Of nature in its loveliest hour, When to its musing look is given The influence of its native heaven. Her cheek was pale, the hue of thought, Like image by the sculptor sought For some sweet saint, some muse on whom Beauty has shed all but her bloom, As if it would have nought declare The strife and stain of clay were there. Braided Madonna-like, the wave Of the black hair a lustre gave To the clear forehead, whose pure snow Was even as an angel's brow: While there was in her gentler eye The touch of human sympathy. That mournful tenderness which still In grief and joy, in good and ill, Lingers with woman through life's void, Sadden'd, subdued, but not destroy'd.

And gazed the Countess on the lake, Loving it for its beauty's sake; Wander'd her look round, till its sight Became itself blent with the light;

Till, as it sought for rest, her eye Now fell upon a green mound nigh. With ivy hung and moss-o'er-grown Beside it stood a broken stone, And on it was a single flower, The orphan growth of some chance shower, Which brought it there, and then forgot All care of the frail nursling's lot,-A lily with its silver bells Perfumed like the spring's treasure-cells; Yet drooping, pale, as if too late Mourning for their neglected state. It was the fittest flower to grow Over the conscious clay below. Bethought the Countess of a tale Connected with the lonely vale; Some bard, who died before his fame; Whose songs remain'd, but not his name: It told his tomb was by the wave, In life his haunt, in death his grave. Sadly she mused upon the fate That still too often must await The gifted hand which shall awake The poet's lute, and for its sake All but its own sweet self resign,-Thou loved lute! to be only thine. For what is genius, but deep feeling Waken'd by passion to revealing? And what is feeling, but to be Alive to every misery, While the heart too fond, too weak, Lies open for the vulture's beak? Alas! for him possess'd of all That wins and keeps a world in thrall, Of all that makes the soul aspire, Yet vow'd to a neglected lyre; Who finds, the first, a golden mine, Sees the veins yield, the treasures shine, Gazes until his eye grows dim, Then learns that it is not for him; One who, albeit his wayward mood Pines for and clings to solitude, Has too much humanness of heart To dwell from all his kind apart: But seeks communion for the dreams With which his vision'd spirit teems; Would fain in other cups infuse His own delights, and fondly woos The world, without that worldliness Which wanting, there is no success; Hears his song sink unmark'd away,-Swanlike his soul sinks with its lay,-Lifts to his native heaven his eyes Turns to the earth, despairs and dies; Leaving a memory whose reward Might lesson many a future bard, Or, harder still, a song whose fame Has long outlived its minstrel's name. Oh, must this be! CLEMENZA said, Thus perish quite the gifted dead ! How many a wild and touching song To my own native vales belong, Whose lyrist's name will disappear Like his who sleeps forgotten here! Not so; it shall be mine to give The praise that bids the poet live.

There is a flower, a glorious flower, The very fairest of my bower, With shining leaf, aroma-breath, Befitting well a victor-wreath; The Golden Violet shall be The prize of Provence-minstrelsy. Open I'll fling my castle-hall To throng of harps and festival, Bidding the bards from wide and far Bring song of love or tale of war, And it shall be mine own to set The victor's crown of Violet.

#### THE PIRST DAY.

Tis May again, another May, Looking as if it meant to stay; So many are its thousand flowers, So glorious are its sunny hours, So green its earth, so blue its sky, As made for hope's eternity.

By night with starlike tapers gleaming, And music like an odour streaming; By day with portals open flung, While bugle-note and trumpet rung; Rose Isaure's towers: and gathered there, Again, the gifted, young and fair, Have at Clemeza's summons met, In contest for the Violet.

Her heralds had been to distant lands
To call together the joyense bands,
And they had hasten'd. England had sent
Her harp across the blue element;
The Spaniard had come from the land of
romance;

And the flower of her minstrels had gather'd in France, From far and from near; it was strange to see The bards of Erin and Italy Mingle together with those that came From the highland-home they so loved to name.

Hark to the sound of you silver horn, And the sweep of the harp to the distance borne;

'T is the hour of meeting, and welcome now To the gifted hand and the laurel'd brow. Young knight, think not of hawk or hound; Fair maiden, fling not thy smiles around; Warrior, regard not the sword ut thy side; Baron, relax thou thy brow of pride; Let worldly coldness and care depart, And yield to the spell of the minstrel's art.

'T was a spacious hall, and around it rose Carved pillars as white as the snows;

Between, the purple tapestry swept,
Where work'd in myriad shades were kept
Memories of many an ancient tale,
And of many a blooming cheek now pale.
The dome above like a glory shone,
Or a cloud which the sunset lingers upon,
While the tinted pane seem'd the bright
resort.

Where Iris' self held her minstrel-court; And beautiful was the coloured fall Of the floating hues round the stately hall.

In groups around mix'd the gay throng, Knight, noble, lady, child of song. At one end was upraised a throne, On which the Countess sat alone; Not with droop'd eye and bow'd-down head, And simple white veil round her spread, As lean'd she o'er the lonely wave, Dreaming of the dead minstrel's grave; But purple robe and golden band Bespoke the Lady of the land; Rich gems upon her arm were placed, And lit the zone around her waist; But none were in her braided hair, One only Violet was there, The golden flower, which won all eyes, Destined to be the minstrel-prize.

They pass'd around the silver urn Whose lot must fix the poet's turn; To a young Provence-bard it came,-He drew, and drew CLEMENZA's name,-And forth at once young Vidal sprung, His light lute o'er his shoulder flung, Then paused,-for over cheek and brow. Like lightning, rush'd the crimson glow; A low sound trembled from that lute, His lip turn'd pale, his voice was mute; He sent a hurried glance around As if in search; at last he found The eyes without whose light to him The very heaven above was dim: At once his hand awoke the chords, At once his lip pour'd tuneful words, And, gazing on his lady's smile, Bade his soft notes arise the while.

# THE BROKEN SPELL

THE PIRST PROVENÇAL MINSTREL'S LAY.

### A FAIRY-TALE.

Where on earth is the truth that may vie With woman's lone and long constancy? Lovers there have been who have died For the love that they made a warrior's pride; And a lover once, when a world was the prize.

Threw away his chance for a lady's eyes:

But not his the love that changes not 'Mid the trials and griefs of an ill-starr'd lot;

Not like the rainbow, that shines on high Brighter and purer as darker the sky. But woman's creed of suffering bears All that the health and the spirit wears; Absence but makes her love the more, For her thoughts then feed on their own sweet store;

And is not hers the heart alone That has pleasure and pride in a prize when won?

Her eye may grow dim, her cheek may grow pale, But tell they not both the same fond tale?

But tell they not both the same fond tale?

Love's lights have fled from her eye and

cheek,

To burn and die on the heart which they

Alas! that so often the grave should be

Alas! that so often the grave should be The scal of woman's fidelity!

On the horizon is a star,
Its earliest, loveliest one by far;
A blush is yet upon the sky,
As if too beautiful to die,—
A last gleam of the setting sun,
Like hope when love has just begun;
That hour when the maiden's lute,
And minstrel's song, and lover's suit,
Seem as that their sweet spells had made
This mystery of light and shade.

That last rich sigh is on the gale
Which tells when summer's day is over,
The sigh which closing flowers exhale
After the bec, their honey-lover,
As to remind him in his flight
Of what will be next noon's delight.

'T is a fair garden, almond-trees
Throw silver gifts upon the breeze;
Lilies, each a white-robed bride,
With treasures of pure gold inside,
Like marble-towers a king has made;—
And of its own sweet self afraid,
A hyacinth's flower-hung stalk is stooping,
Lovelier from its timid drooping:—
But in the midst is a rose-stem,
The wind's beloved, the garden's gem.
No wonder that it blooms so well:
Thy tears have been on every leaf;
And, Minzala, thy heart can tell
How lasting that which feeds on grief.

'T was a branch of roses her lover gave Amid her raven-curls to wave, When they bade farewell, with that gentle sorrow Of the parting that sighs: "we meet to-morrow;"

Yet the maiden knows not if her tears are shed
Over the faithless or over the dead.
She has not seen his face since that night
When she watch'd his shadow by pale moonlight,
And that branch has been cherish'd as all that was left.
To remind her of love and of hope bereft.

She was one summer-evening laid Beneath the tulip-tree's green shade, When from her favourite rose a cloud Floated like those at break of day;-She mark'd its silvery folds unshroud, And there a radiant figure lay. And in murmurs soft as those Which sweep the sea at evening-close, Spoke the Spirit of the rose:-"MIRZALA, thy lover sleeps While his mistress for him weeps. He is bound by magic spell, Of force which woman's love may quell; I will guide thee to the hall Where thy faith may break his thrall. Think thou if thy heart can dare All that thou must look on there. Turn not thou for hope nor fear, Till the marble-hall appear. There thou wilt thy lover see Dead to life, and love, and thee. Only truth so pure as thine Could approach the charmed shrine. Press thy lips to the cold stone, He will wake, -the spell be done! Hast thou courage like thy love? Follow thou the snow-white dove."

And MIRZALA rose up, and there Was a fair dove on that rose-tree, With white wings glittering on the air, Like foam upon a summer-sea. She follow'd it until she stood By where a little boat lay moor'd To the green willow, from the flood But by a water-flag secured. She enter'd, and it cut the tide; Odours and music fill'd the sail, As if a rose and lute had sigh'd A mingled breath upon the gale. It was at first a lovely scene: Leaves and branches wreathed a screen, Sunbeams there might wander through; Glimpses of a sky of blue, Like the hopes that smile to cheer The earthliness of sorrow here; And like summer-queens, beside, Roses gazed upon the tide, Each one longing to caress Her own mirror'd loveliness; And the purple orchis shone Rich, as shines an Indian stone; And the honeysuckle's flower Crimson, as a sunset-hour;

But too soon the blooms are past,—When did ever beauty last?
And there came a dreary shade,
Of the yew and cypress made,
Moaning in the sullen breeze;
And at length not even these,
But rocks in wild confusion hurl'd,
Relics of a ruin'd world.
Wide, more wide, the river grew,
Blacker changed its dreary hue,
Till, oppress'd, the wearied eye
Only gazed on sea and sky—
Sea of death, and sky of night,
Where a storm had been like light.

Mirzala was pale, yet still
Shrank she not for dread of ill.
She cross'd the sea, and she gain'd the shore;
But little it recks to number o'er
The wearying days, and the heavy fears,
When hope could only smile through tears,
The perils, the pains, through which she
pass'd,
Till she came to a castle's gate at last.

'T was evening; but the glorious sky, With its purple light and Tyrian dye, Was contrast strange to the drear heath Which bleak and desolate lay beneath. Trees, but leafless all, stood there, For the lightning-flash had left them bare; The grass lay wither'd, as if the wind Of the Siroc had mark'd its red course; behind The bright clouds shone on the river's face, But the death-black waters had not a trace Of the crimson blaze that over them play'd: It seem'd as if a curse were laid On the grass, on the river, the tree, and

the flower, And shut them out from the sunbeam's power; And with the last ray which the sunbeam

The dove flew up, and vanished too.

And Mirzala knew she had reach'd that hall
Where her lover lay sleeping in magic thrall;
And she sat her down by a blasted tree,
To watch for what her fate might be.
But at midnight the gates rolled apart with
a sound

Like the groan sent forth from the yawning ground.

On she went with scarce light to show

That gulf and darkness were below,—
Light like the wan blue flames that wave
Their death-torch o'er the murderer's grave;
And flickering shapes beset the way,
Watching in gloom to seize their prey,
More terrible, for that the eye
Wandered in dim uncertainty:
But Mirzala pressed fearless on,
Till every dreary shade was gone.

At once bursting into day There a radiant garden lay. There were tall and stately trees With green boughs, in canopies For the rose beneath, that smiled Like a young and favourite child; With its purple wealth the vine, Mixed with silver jessamine, Stretch'd around from tree to tree, Like a royal tapestry; Sweet sounds floated on the air. Lutes and voices mingled there, And a thousand flowers blent Into one delicious scent; Singing birds, and azure skies. Made a spot like Paradise. MIRZALA paused not to lave Her pale forehead in the wave, Though each fountain was as bright As if form'd of dew and light. Paused she not for the sweet song, On the rich air borne along. Fair forms throng'd around with flowers Breathing of spring's earliest hours; Others from their baskets roll'd Fruits of ruby and of gold. Vainly! nothing could delay, Nothing win the maiden's stay. And the magic scene again Changed to a white marble-fane; And as MIRZALA drew near, Saw she two bright forms appear. The first wore gorgeous coronet, With topaz, pearl, and sapphire set. And a diamond-zone embraced The rich robe around her waist; And as conscious of her power In her great and royal dower, With a smile that seem'd to say. Only gold can clear thy way, She her casket show'd, where shone Precious ore and Indian stone. "Oh! if gold could win his heart, I would from the search depart; All my offering must be True and spotless constancy." Then to the other shape she turn'd, Whose cheek with crimson blushes burn'd But to think love could be sold For a heartless gift of gold. From her lily-braided bair Took the spirit bud as fair As if to summer-suns unknown, Gave it the maiden, and was gone.

Then Mirzala stood by a portal barr'd, Where held the Lion King his guard; But touch'd by that bud the lion grew tame. And the chained portals asunder came. It was darkness all in that magic room, But a sweet light stream'd from the lily's bloom.

And MIRZALA look'd on her lover's face, And he woke at the touch of her soft embrace Joy, joy for the maiden, her task is done,— The spell is broken, her lover is won. Such as stately warrior wont to wear; Haughty his step, and sun and toil Had left on his cheek their darker soil, And on his brow of pride was the scar, The soldier's sign of glorious war; And the notes came forth like the bearing

Of the knightly deeds which their numbers told.

### THE FALCON.

THE LAY OF THE NORMAN KNIGHT.

I HEAR a sound o'er hill and plain, It doth not pass away. Is it the valleys that ring forth Their welcome to the day? Or is it that the lofty woods, Touch'd by the morn, rejoice? No, 'tis another sound than these,-It is the battle's voice. I see the martial ranks, I see Their banners floating there, And plume and spear rise meteor-like Upon the reddening air. One mark'd I most of all,-he was Mine own familiar friend; A blessing after him was all My distant lip could send. Curse on the feeble arm that hung Then useless by my side! I lay before my tent and watch'd Onwards the warriors ride. DE VALENCE he was first of all, Upon his foam-white steed; Never knight curb'd more gallantly A fiery courser's speed. His silver armour shone like light, In the young morning's ray; And round his helm the snowy plume Danced like the ocean-spray. Sudden a bird burst through the air,-I knew his falcon's flight; He perch'd beside his master's hand,-Loud shouts rose at the sight. For many there deem'd the brave bird Augur'd a glorious day; To my dark thoughts, his fond caress Seem'd a farewell to say. One moment and he spread his wings, The bird was seen no more; Like the sea-waves, the armed ranks Swept onwards as before. The height whereon I lay look'd down On a thick-wooded land, And soon amid the forest-shade I lost the noble band. The snow-white steed, the silver shield. Amid the foliage shone; But thicker closed the heavy boughs. And even these were gone.

The next who rose had that martial air, | Yet still I heard the ringing steps Of soldiers clad in mail. And heard the stirring trumpet send Defiance on the gale. Then rose those deadlier sounds that tell When foes meet hand to hand, The shout, the yell, the iron clang Of meeting spear and brand. I have stood when my own life-blood Pour'd down like winter-rain; But rather would I shed its last Than live that day again. Squire, page, and leech my feverish haste To seek me tidings sent; And day was closing as I paced Alone beside my tent; When suddenly upon my hand A bird sank down to rest,-The falcon,-but its head was droop'd, And soil'd and stain'd its breast. A light glanced through the trees: I knew His courser's snowy hide,— But that was dash'd with blood; one bound, And at my feet it died. I rushed towards my sword,-alas, My arm hung in its sling; But, as to lead my venture, The falcon spread its wing. I met its large beseeching eye Turn'd to mine, as in prayer; I follow'd, such was its strange power, Its circuit through the air. It led me on, before my path The tangled branches yield; It led me on till we had gain'd The morning's battle-field. The fallen confused, and numberless! "O grief! it is in vain, My own beloved friend, to seek For thee amid the slain." Yet paused the falcon, where heap'd dead Spoke thickest of the fray; There, compass'd by a hostile ring, Its noble master lay. None of his band were near, around Were only foes o'erthrown; It seem'd as desperate he rush'd, And fought, and fell alone. The helm, with its white plumes, was off; The silver shield blood-stain'd; But yet within the red right hand The broken sword remain'd. That night I watch'd beside, and kept The hungry wolves away, And twice the falcon's beak was dipp'd In blood of birds of prey. The morning rose, another step With mine was on the plain; A hermit, who with pious aid Sought where life might remain. We made DE VALENCE there a grave, The spot which now he prest; For shroud, he had his blood-stain'd mail,-Such suits the soldier best. A chesnut-tree grew on the spot; It was as if he sought,

From the press of surrounding fees, Its shelter while he fought. The grave was dug, a cross was raised, The prayers were duly said, While perch'd upon a low-hung bough The bird moan'd overhead. We laid the last sod on the grave,-The falcon dropp'd like lead; I placed it in my breast in vain, Its gallant life was fled. We bade the faithful creature share Its master's place of rest; took two feathers from its wing, They are my only crest. Spring-leaves were green upon the trees What time DE VALENCE fell; Let autumn's yellow forests say If I avenged him well. And then I laid aside my sword, And took, my lute, to thee, And yow'd for my sworn brother's sake I would a wanderer be. Till for a year I had proclaim'd In distant lands his fame, And taught to many a foreign court DE VALENCE'S brave name. Never was heart more kind and true, Never was hand more bold; Never was there more loyal knight. Gentles, my tale is told.

STRANGE contrast to each gorgeous vest, His rough plaid crost upon his breast, And looking worn, and wild, and rude, As just from mountain-solitude; Though weary brow and drooping eye Told wanderer 'neath a distant sky. Heedless of all, with absent look, The key of his clairshach he took; But the first breath, oh! it was sweet, As river gliding at your feet, And leaving, as it murmurs by, Your pleasant dream, half thought, half sigh.

# THE DREAM.

THE LAY OF THE SCOTTISH MINSTREL.

There are no sounds in the wanderer's ear,
To breathe of the home that he holds so dear:
Your gales pass by on the breath of the rose,
The vines on your sunny hills repose;
And your river is clear as its silver tide
Had no task save to mirror the flowers beside.
Thon art fair, Provence, but not fair to me
As the land which my spirit is pining to see,
Where the pine rises darkly, the lord of
the wood,

Or stands lone in the pass, where the warrior has stood;

Where the torrent is rushing like youth in its might. And the cavern is black as the slumber of night; Where the deer o'er the hills bound, as fleet and as free As the shaft from the bow, as the wave of the sea; Where the heather is sweet as the sleep that is found By the hunter who makes it his bed on the ground; Where the might of the chieftain goes down to his son. In numbers as wild as the deeds that are done; Where the harp has notes caught from the storm and the flood. When foemen are gathering together in blood; Yet has others that whisper the maiden, of love, In tones that re-echo the linnet and dove; Where the mountain-ash guards us from elfin and fay; Where the broom, spendthrift like, flings its And the harebell shines blue in the depth of the vale. Oh! dear country of mine, of thee be my tale.

The lady awoke from the slumber of night, But the vision had melted away from her sight. She turn'd to her pillow for rest, but again The same vision of fear became only more plain.

She dream'd she stood on a fair hill-side, And their lands lay beneath in summer-pride, The sky was clear, and the earth was green, Her heart grew light as she gazed on the scene. Two fair oak-trees most caught her eye, The one looked proudly up to the sky, The other bent meckly, as if to share. The shelter its proud boughs flung on the air. There came no cloud on the face of day, Yet even as she look'd they pass'd away, Unmark'd as though they had never been. Save a young green shoot that had sprung between.

And while she gazed on it, she could see That sapling spring up to a noble tree. Again she woke, and again she slept, But the same dream still on her eyelids kept. The morning came at last, but its light Seem'd not to her as her mornings bright. A sadness hung on her lip and brow, She could not shake off, she shamed to avaw.

While the hounds that chase the stag and roc Were gathering in the court below. She walk'd with her lord, and mark'd that Never was life or sound in its wave,—
on him

An abyss like that of the depths of the g

A somewhat of secret shadow lay dim;
And sought she the cause with that sweet art,
Which is the science of woman's fond heart,
That may not bear the loved one to brood
O'er aught of sorrow in solitude;
And with gentle arm in his entwined,
And witching check on his reclined,
The source of his gloom is to her made known,
T is a dream,—she starts, for she hears

But his cares, at least, to the summons yield Of the baying hound and the cheerful field; At the horn's glad peal, he downwards flung From the terraced wall, and to stirrup sprung. And the lady forgot her bodings too, As his steed dash'd aside the morning-dew, So graceful he sate, while his flashing eye Seem'd proud of his gallant mastery. But the swell of the horn died away on the

her own.

And the hunter and hounds were no longer there;

Then MATILDA turn'd to her loneliness, With a cloud on her spirit she might not repress.

She took up her pencil, unconscious she drew A heavy branch of the funeral yew;
She reach'd her lute and its song awoke,
But the string, as she touch'd it, wail'd
and broke:

Then turn'd she the poet's gifted leaf, But the tale was death, and the words were grief;

And still, with a power she might not quell, The dream of the night o'er her hung like a spell.

Day pass'd, but her lord was still away; Word came he was press'd to a festal array;— 'T was a moment's thought,—around her was thrown

The muffling plaid, and she hasten'd alone To the glen, where dwelt the awful maid To whom the spirits of air had said Unearthly words, and given a power On the wind, and the stars, and the midnight-

hour.

She reach'd that glen; not till then she took
One moment's breath, or one moment's look.
When paused she in awe—'t was so lone, so

still;
Silence was laid on the leaf and the rill,—
It was stillness as that of the tomb around,
The beat of her heart was the only sound.
On one side, bleak rocks the barrier made,
As the first great curse were upon them laid;
Drear and desolate, stern and bare,
Tempests and time had been ravaging there.
And there gather'd darkly the lowering sky,
As if fearing its own obscurity;
And spectre-like, around the vale.

And spectre-like, around the vale, Pale larches flung their long arms on the gale, Till the sward of the glen sloped abruptly

And a gloomy lake under the precipice lay.

Never was life or sound in its wave,— An abyss like that of the depths of the grave. On yet she went; till, sudden as thought, By her stood the seer whom she wildly sought.

She had heard no step, seen no shadow glide, Yet there the prophetess was by her side. As the skilful in music tone their chords, The lady had arm'd her with soothing words; But she look'd on the face that fronted her there,

And her words and their substance melted in air.

Pale as the corpse on its deathbed reclining; And hands through whose shadow the starbeam was shining,

As they waved from her forchead the ravencloud

Of hair that fell to her feet like a shroud; And awful eyes,—never had earth To their fearful wanderings given birth, Their light and their haunting darkness came From gazing on those it is sin to name. She spoke, it was low, but it sank on the soul

With deadlier force than the thunder's roll; Yet her voice was sweet, as to it were left The all of human feeling not reft: "I heard the words come on the midnight-

wind; They pass'd, but their message is left behind; I watch'd the course of a falling star, And I heard the bode of its cry from afar; I talk'd with the spirit of yonder lake; I sorrow'd, and, lady, 't was for thy sake. Part from thy face the sunny hair, So young, and yet death is written there. No one is standing beside thee now, Yet mine eyes can see a noble brow, I can see the flash of a clear dark eye, And a stately hunter is passing by. You will go to the tomb, but not alone, For the doom of that hunter is as your own, Hasten thee home, and kiss the cheek Of thy young fair child, nor fear to break The boy's sweet slumber of peace; for not With his father's or thine is that orphan's lot. As the sapling sprang up to a stately tree, He will flourish; but not, thou fond mother,

Now away, for those who would blast thy

Are gathering fast on the clouds of night; Away, while yet those small clear stars shine, They'll grow pale at the meeting of me and mine."

Alas, for the weird of the wizard-maid! Alas, for the truth of the words which she said!

Ah, true for aye will those bodings be That tell of mortal misery! I 've seen my nable chieftain laid low, And my harp o'er his grave wail'd its song

of woe;

And again it wail'd for the gentle bride Who with hastening love soon slept by his side.

He pass'd away in the early spring, And she in the summer, whose sun could bring

Warmth and life, in its genial hour,
To all save the drooping human flower.
I left the land, I could not stay
Where the gallant, the lovely, had pass'd
away;

Yet now my spirit is pining to greet
My youthful chief in his parent's scat.
I saw him once in a foreign land,
With plume on head, and with spear in hand;
And many a lady's eye was bent
On the stranger knight in the tournament;
He had his father's stately brow,
And the falcon-eye that flash'd below;
But when he knelt as the victor down,
(Fair was the maiden who gave the crown)
A few low words the young warrior said,
And his lip had his mother's smile and red.
He is dwelling now in his native glen,
And there my harp must waken again;
My last song shall be for him young, him
brave.

Then away to die at my master's grave!

LED by a child whose sunny air, And rosy check young Health might wear, When rising from the mountain-wave, Fresh as the stream its freshness gave; But gentle eyes, with softness fraught, As if their tenderness they caught From gazing on the pallid brow Whose only light was from them now. Beautiful it was to see Such love in early infancy Far from the aged steps she led Long since the guiding light had fled; And meek and sad the old man grew, As nearer life's dark goal he drew; All solace of such weary hour Was that child's love, and his own power O'er music's spirit, and the store He treasured up of legend-lore. She led him gently to his seat, And took her place beside his feet, Up gazing with fond fixed eye, Lest sigh should pass unnoticed by. A clear rich prelude forth he rang, Brighten'd his look as thus he sang; The colour lit his forehead pale, As the master told his ancient tale.

# THE CHILD OF THE SEA.

THE LAY OF THE SECOND PROVENÇAL BARD.

It was a summer-evening; and the sea Seem'd to rejoice in its tranquillity; Rolling its gentle waters to the west, Till the rich crimson blush'd upon thir breast,

Uniting lovingly the wave and sky, Like Hope content in its delight to die. A young queen with her maidens sut and sung,

While ocean thousands of sweet echoes flung, Delighting them to hear their voices blest With music from the murmuring element. Then cast they on the winds their radian

Then gather'd of the pink-shells those most

To gem their flying curls, that each might

A Nereid risen from the briny stream. When sudden cried the queen: "Come, gare

At what may yonder in the distance be."
All gather'd round. A little speek was seen. Like a mere shadow, on the billows green. Nearer and nearer, more distinct it grew, Till came a fragile vessel full in view; As if at random flung to a chance-gale, Uncheck'd, unguided, flapp'd a silken sail; And saw they all alone a lady there, Her neck and arms to the rude sea-wind bare. And her head bow'd as in its last despair. It came no nearer, on the sea it lay; The wind, exhausted, had died quite away. They had a fairy-boat, in which 't was sport Amid the inland channels to resort; Their fair hands raised the sail, and plied

And brought the lonely wanderer to their shore;

Then mark'd they how her scarlet mantleb

Was round a young, a lovely infant roll'd. They brought the wearied stranger to their tent.

Flung o'er her face cool water, gifted scent, And touch'd her lips with wine, though all too plain

That death was darkening in each frozen rein.

Eager she gazed where the queen stood beside.

Her hands stretch'd to her own fair boy, and

And thus the babe was left without a name. Child of the Sea, without a kindred claim: He never felt the want; that gentle queen Nurtured his infancy, as though he had heen The brother of her own sweet Isanelle; But as he grew she thought it need to tell His history, and gave the cloak whose fold Was heavy with rich work and broider'd

gold;
And also gave his mother's carkanet,
With precious stones in regal order set.
In truth he was well worthy of her care;
None of the court might match his princely

air.

And those who boasted of their bearing high | The trace of heavy tears was on her cheek, Quail'd at the flashing of his falcon-eye. Young as he was, none better ruled the speed Or curb'd the mettle of the wayward steed, None better knew the hunter's gentle craft, None could wing from the bow a truer shaft; And noble was his courtesy and bland, Graceful his bearing in the saraband; He knew the learned scroll the clerk displays, And touch'd the lute to the fine poet's lays; And many bright eyes would their glances fling

On the young victor in the tilters' ring.

Young as he was, the seal was on his heart, That burning impress which may not depart Where it has once been set, Love's fiery seal: But little need I dwell on what all feel; Gay, grave, cold, proud, stern, high, say is there one

Whom at some time Love has not breathed upon?

And ECLAMOUR turn'd to fair ISABELLE, As to his destiny's best oracle: 'Twas at midnight, beneath her bower, he

sung Those gentle words, with which love gifts the tongue.

#### THE SONG.

Oh! give me but my gallant steed, My spurs and sword to serve at need, The shield that has my father's crest, Thy colours, lady, on my breast, And I will forth to wild warfare, And win thee, or will perish there. I am unknown, of a lost line, And thou, love, art the flow'r of thine. I know thou art above me far, Yet still thou art hope's leading star; For love is like the breathing wind That every where may entrance find. I saw thee, sure the fairest one The morning-light e'er look'd upon; No wonder that my heart was moved, 'T were marvel if I had not loved. Long, long held by a spell too dear, Thy smile has kept the loiterer here. Almost it seem'd enough for me Of Heav'n to only gaze on thee. But love lights high and gallant thought, A rich prize must be dearly bought. Unworthy votary at thy shrine, I scorn my falchion's idle shine; To-morrow I will wend away To dim it in the battle-fray. Lady, farewell! I pray thee give One look whereon may absence live, One word upon my car to dwell, And, then, sweet lady mine, farewell.

Then softly open was a casement flung, And a fair face from out the lattice hung; After long prison on her eager wings,

But dash'd aside, as though the heart were weak

In tenderness, yet it sought strength to show An outward firmness, whate'er lurk'd below. 'T was but a moment's struggle; and the pride

That nerves the softness of a hero's bride Was on her lofty forehead, as she gave A sunny curl beside his plume to wave. "I have another gift which you must take, And guard it, EGLAMOUR, well for my sake: It is a charmed ring, this emerald stone Will be a sign, when thou art from me gone. Mark if it changes; if a spot be seen On the now spotless ground of lighted green, Danger is round me; haste thou then to me, Thou knowst how fearless is my trust in thee.

There is a weight to-night upon my heart; Ah! peace for me can be but where thou art.' She spoke no more, she felt her bosom swell, How could her lip find utterance for farewell ? He took the curl, one kiss is on it press'd, Then gave it to its sanctuary, his breast; And doff'd his plumed helm: "Dear lady, now Take the last offering of thy lover's vow; And for thy beauty's honour, I will go Bareheaded to the battle, weal or woe. Never shall created casque my temples grace Until again I look on thy sweet face. A shrick burst from her-it was lost in air; She call'd upon his name, he was not there. But leave we her, her solitude to keep, To pray the Virgin's pity, wail and weep O'er all the tender thoughts that have such

Upon the constant heart in absent hour; And go we forth with our young knight to

What high adventure for his arms may be. Onward he rode upon a barbed steed, Milk-white as is the maiden's bridal weed, Champing his silver bit. From throat to heel Himself was clad in Milan's shining steel; The surcoat that he wore was work'd with gold;

And from his shoulder fell the scarlet fold Of a rich mantle lined with miniver, His mother's once, all that he held from her, Save the bright chain, with pearl and ruby

Which rainbow-like outside his hauberk hung;

His ashen lance lay ready in its rest; His shield was poised beside him, and its crest Was a young eaglet trying its first flight, The motto: I must seek to win my right; Two grayhounds ran beside; and mortal sight

Had never look'd upon more gallant knight. Bareheaded so his features met the view Touch'd by the tender morning's early hue: And eyes like the wild merlin's when she springs

glance

Which dazzles as it were a flying lance, Giving the sternness of a warrior's air To what had else seem'd face almost too fair; And, as in mockery of the helm, behind, Like plumes, his bright curls danced upon the wind:

Curls of that tint o'er which a sunbcam flings A thousand colours on their auburn rings.

Two days he journey'd, till he reach'd a

A very dwelling-place of solitude; Where the leaves grew by myriads, and the boughs

Were fill'd with linnets, singing their sweet vows:

And dreaming, lover-like with open eye, He envied the gay birds that they might fly As with a thought from green tree to green tree,

And wing their way with their dear loves

Even as he mused on this, he heard a cry, A bitter shrick for mercy pleading high. He rush'd and saw two combatants with one Whose strength seemed in th' unequal battle done;

And praying, weeping, knelt a maiden near, Whose piercing voice it was had reach'd his

His lance flies, and one felon bites the ground; The other turns, and turns for a death-wound, Their champion moved the rescued twain to greet.

Just one embrace, and they are at his feet. And gazed Sir EGLAMOUR on their strange dress.

But more on the fair dame's great loveliness; For, saving one, to him still beauty's queen, A face so radiant had be never seen.

Together, for the sun was high in June, They sought a shelter from the sultry noon. There was shade all around, but had one place Somewhat more softness in its gentler grace; There of fair moss a pleasant couch was made,

And a small fountain o'er the wild flowers play'd.

A natural lute, plaining amid the grove, Less like the voice of sorrow than of love. They told their history: the maiden came From a far heathen land, of foreign name; The Soldan's daughter, but she fled her state To share a Christian lover's humbler fate: That lover was from Italy, his hand

Had o'er a cunning art a strange command; For he had curious colours, that could give The human face, so like, it seem'd to live. He had cross'd over land and over sea To gaze on the fair Saracen; and she,

When seen, was like the visions that were brought

In unreal beauty on his sleeping thought.

Fierce in their beauty, with that flashing | And Love is like the lightning in its might Winging where least bethought its fery flight.

Melting the blade, despite the scabbard's gnard.

Love, passionate Love, hast thou not thy reward,

Despite of all the soil and stain that clips When earth thou touchest with thy heavenly wing

In rich return'd affection, which doth make Light of all suffering, for its own dear sake? Together they had fled by sea and land, And the youth led her to Italia's strand, Where he had a lone home in Arno's vale, A fit nest for his lovely nightingale, Till stopp'd by those fierce outlaws who had

Their life's base forfeit to the victor's blade.

Mused Eglamoun, in silence, on the art Which even to absence pleasure could impart Ever before the eyes the one loved face, Aiding the memory with its present grace. Beautiful art, in pity surely sent To soothe the banish'd lover's discontent!

Then pray'd they too his history and name, Wherefore and whence their gallant champion came?

And told he of his vow, and of the maid For whose sake each high venture was essay'd.

With carnest tone the painter said his way Beside the palace of the princess lay; And pray'd of his deliverer that he might Bear off his likeness to his lady's sight. And soon saw EGLAMOUR, with glad surprise, The colours darken, and the features rise. He gazed within the fountain, and the view Was not more than the tablet's likeness true. At length they parted, as those part, in pain, Who rather wish than hope to meet again.

'T was night, but night which the imperial moon.

Regal in her full beauty, turn'd to noon, But still the noon of midnight; though the ray

Was clear and bright, it was not that of day; When EGLAMOUR came to a gate: 't was

On its vast hinges back; his eyes behold: He who counts his life but light,

Let him hunt my deer to-night. Needed no more, honour might be to win, Eager our gallant spurr'd his courser in. A noble park it was: the sweep of green Seem'd like a sea touch'd with the silver

Of moonlight, with the floating isles of shade Lithe coppices of shrubs sweet-scented made; 'T was dotted with small pools, upon whose breast

The radiance seem'd to have a favourite rest.

So bright each crystal surface shone; and, He enter'd victor; and around him drew

Lines of tall stately trees flung on the ground Huge mass of shade, while others stood alone, As if too mighty for companions grown. And yielded EGLAMOUR to the delight Which ever must be born of such a night.

When, starting from his dream, he saw stand

Bright as the lake they drank from, the white deer.

Instant the leash was from his grayhounds flung, They would not to the chase, but backward

hung;

To cheer them on he wound his bugle-horn; And, ere the sound was in the distance borne Away to silence, rang another strain, And furious spurr'd a steed across the plain, Huge like its giant rider. As he pass'd, His shadow fell, as if a storm had cast A sudden night around; grasp'd his right

hand A spear, to which our youth's was but a wand :

Black as his shadow on the darken'd field Was horse and armour; and his gloomy shield

Was as a cloud passing before the stars. EGLAMOUR set his lance; scarcely it jars The mail'd rings of the hanberk: down he bent.

In time to shun the one his foeman sent; Wasting its strength it reach'd the lake beside.

And like a fallen tree dash'd in the tide. Their swords are out like lightning; one whose stroke

Is as the bolt that fells the forest-oak. The other with light arm and ready wound. At length the black knight's steed rolls on the ground;

He rises like a tower. One desperate blow, And the blood wells from EGLAMOUR's fair brow

His shield is dash'd in pieces: but just then, Ere the recover'd blow was aim'd again, He stakes his life upon a sudden thrust, And his fierce foe is levell'd in the dust. Gazed he in wonder on each giant limb, Yet scarce he deem'd victory was won by him.

He went on bended knee: "Now, virgin-queen, Who hast my succour in this danger been, Mother of God, these fair white deer shall be Offer'd to-morrow at thy sanctuary."

He sat down by a fountain near, and tame These gentle hinds now at his becken came; He lean'd on the soft grassy bed and slept, And when he waked found they their watch had kept.

Then sprang he on his steed. The Sun was high.

Morning's last blush was fading from the sky O'er a fair city; there with pious will He turn'd, his vow'd thanksgiving to fulfil. When sleep and dew fall on the painted flower.

The multitude, who could not sate their

Gazing upon him who the black knight slew, And yet so young, so fair. Though somewhat now

His cheek had lost its custom'd summerglow,

With paleness from his wound, yet was not

Could say his peer they e'er had look'd upon. He found a stately church, and, bending there.

His spoil devoted, -- pray'd his lover-prayer; When, rising from his knee, he saw a train With cross and chaunt enter the holy fane, Led by a man, though aged, of stately air, With purple robe, though head and feet were bare.

He ask'd the cause, and he was told, the king

Thus sought some mercy on his suffering; For that he had, in causeless jealousy, Exposed his wife and child to the rude sea. Hope thrill'd the bosom of our ocean-knight, Anxious he staid and watch'd the sacred rite; He saw the old man kneel before the shrine Where was the image of the Maid Divine. He pray'd to her that Heaven.now reconciled, Would pardon his great fault, and give his child

Back to his arms. With that the stranger set Full in his view the cloak and carkanet. One moment gazed the king upon his face; The next, and they are lock'd in fast embrace. While from their mutual eyes the warm tears run-

The Virgin Mother hath restored his son. Hasty thanksgivings, anxious words were said;

Joy for the living, sorrow for the dead, Mingled together. Oh! for those sweet ties By which blood links affection's sympathies; Out on the heartless creed which nulls the claim

Upon the heart of kindred, birth, and name! Together seek they now the regal hall So long unknown to aught of festival; Once fill'd with mourning, as now fill'd with joy,

While thousands gather round the princely

Open'd the king his treasury, and gave His bounty forth free as the boundless wave; Feasting was spread, the dance, the masque, the song.

Whatever might to revelry belong: Seem'd the young prince as if he had a charm,

Love to take prisoner, envy to disarm. Yet e'en while floating thus on fortune's tide, While each delight the past delight outvied, Never omitted he at twilight-hour,

There for the night like bosom-friends to But, hark! there comes a distant ruching dwell,

To kiss the ring of his sweet ISABRLLE. He told his father, whose consent had seal'd The gentle secret, half in fear reveal'd. True love is timid, as it knows its worth, And that such happiness is scarce for earth. Waited he only for the princely hand With which he was to seek his foster-land, When gazing on his treasured ring one night He saw clouds gather on the emerald's light. Like lightning he has flung him on the steed His hasty spur then urged to fiery speed. But leave we him to press his anxious way, His band to follow with what haste they may; And turn to the lorn princess who had kept, With all a woman's truth, the faith she wept Rather than spoke at parting. It was One Whose love another faith had bade her shun,-

Ah! shame and sign of this our mortal state, That ever gentle love can turn to hate!-Had caused her all this misery. He brought A charge that she with arts unholy wrought: For he had seen his rival's picture press'd To its soft home and altar on her breast; And hitherto unknown in that far land Was the sweet cunning of the limner's hand.

It was a fearful charge, all hope was vain,

And she must die the fire's red death of pain,

Unless that she could find some gentle knight Who would do battle for a maiden's right, And win; but her accuser never yet In field or tourney had an equal met.

The fatal day is come, the pile is raised, As eager for its victim fierce it blazed. They led her forth: her brow and neck were bare,

Save for the silken veil of unbound hair; So beautiful, few were there who could brook To cast on her sweet face a second look. There stood she, even as a statue stands, With head droop'd downward, and with clasped hands;

Such small white hands that match'd her ivory feet,

How may they bear that scorching fire to meet!

On her pale cheek there lay a tear, but one Cold as the icicle on carved stone

Despair weeps not. Her lip moved as in prayer

Unconsciously; as if prayers had been there, And they moved now from custom. Triumphing,

Sir Amor rode around the weeping ring: Once, twice, the trumpet challenges: all fear To meet th' accuser's never erring spear. Her lip grows ghastly pale, closes her eye, It cannot meet its last of agony.

sound.

The crowd gives way before a course's bound.

She turns her face; her scarce raised eyo behold

The unhelm'd head shine with its curls of

gold.
Sir Ames knew his rival. What! so slight.
So young, would he dare cope with him is fight?

Their blades flash out, but only one is red; Rolls on the ground the traitor's felon head The dust around with his life-blood is dved, And EGLAMOUR darts to his maiden's side, Her lip is red, her eyes with tears are dim. But she is safe, and she is saved by him.

My tale is told. May minstrel-words express

The light at noon, or young love's happiness? Enow, I trow, of that sweet dream can tell Without my aiding. Gentles, fare ye well.

Wild and pale was the strange brow Of the bard advancing now; Eyeballs with such wandering light Like the meteors of the night, As if they that fearful look From their own dark mountains took, Where the evil ones are found-Gloomy haunt, and cursed ground; Sank his voice to mutter'd breath, The tale of sorrow, sin, and death.

### THE RING.

THE GERMAN MINNESINGER'S TALE.

Born were young, and both were fair: She with her shower of golden hair Falling like flowers, and her bright blue eye Like the sparkling wave the oar dashes by; And he with lip and brow as fine As the statues his country has made divine.

And the pair at the holy altar are kneeling, While the priest that bond of love is sealing, When pleasures and sorrows are blent in one, And Heaven blesses what earth has done They love, they are loved, that youth and maid,

Yet over them hangs a nameless shade; They are contrasts each: the broider'd gold And red gems shine on his mantle's fold; While the young bride's simple russet-dress, Though well it suits with her loveliness, Is not a bridal robe fit for the bride Of one so begirt with pomp and pride:

And on his brow and on his check Are signs that of wildest passions speak, Of one whose fiery will is his law; And his beauty, it strikes on the heart with awe:

And the maiden, hers is no smile to brook In meekness the storm of an angry look; For her forehead is proud, and her eyes' deep blue

Hath at times a spirit flashing through, That speaks of feelings too fierce to dwell In, woman, thy heart's sweet citadel.

He placed on the golden nuptial band;
But the ring bath cut the maiden's hand,
And the blood dripp'd red on the altar-stone,—
Never that stain from the floor hath gone.
Away he flung, with a curse, that ring,
And replaced it with one more glittering;
And Agarna smiled, as pleased to bear
Gems that a queen might be joyed to wear.
The priest urged that ring had been bless'd
in vain.—

And the Count and the maiden left the fane.

Change and time take together their flight,
AGATHA wanders alone by night.
Has change so soon over passion pass'd
So soon has the veil from love been cast?
The day at the chase, and the night at the
wine,

VIVALDI has left his young bride to pine,
To pine if she would: but not hers the eye
To droop in its weeping, the lip but to sigh;
There is rage in that eye, on that lip there
is pride,

As it scorn'd the sorrow its scorn could not hide.

Oh! frail are the many links that are In the chain of affection's tender care, And light at first: but, alas! few know How much watching is ask'd to keep them so. The will that yields, and the winning smile That soothes till anger forgets the while; Words whose music never yet caught The discord of one angry thought; And all those nameless cares that prove Their heaviest labour work of love. Ay, these are spells to keep the heart, When passion's thousand dreams depart: But none of this sweet witchcraft came To fan the young Count's waning flame. Passionate as his own wild skies. Rank and wealth seem'd light sacrifice To his German maiden's lowly state; Chose he as chooses the wood-dove his mate: But when his paradise was won, It was not what his fancy had fed upon.

Alas! when angry words begin Their entrance on the lip to win; When sullen eye and flushing check Say more than bitterest tone could speak; And look and word, than fire or steel, Give wounds more deep,—time cannot heal; And anger digs, with tauntings vain, A gulf it may not pass again.

Her lord is gone to some hunter's rite, Where the red wine-cup passes night; What now hath Agarua at home? And she has left it lone to roam.

But evil thoughts are on her, now Sweeps the dark shadow o'er her brow. What doth she forth at such an hour, When hath the fallen fiend his power?

On through the black pine-forest she pass'd:
Drearily moan'd around her the blast;
Hot and heavy the thick boughs grew,
Till even with pain her breath she drew;
Flicker'd the moonlight over her path,
As the clouds had gather'd together in wrath,
Like the vague hopes whose false lures give
hirth.

To one half the miscries haunting our earth.

Maiden, ah! where is thy way address'd?

Where is the red cross that hung on thy
breast.

Safety and solace in danger and fear?
Both are around thee,—why is it not near?
Enter not thou you cursed dell.
Thy rash step has enter'd. Lost maiden,
farewell!

Closed the huge and shapeless crags around, There was not of life a sight or sound; The earth was parched, the trees were sear'd, And blasted every branch appear'd; At one end yawned a gloomy cave, Black, as its mouth were that of the grave; And dark, as if the waters of death Were in its depths, rose a well beneath. But the deadliest sight of that deadly place Was to gaze on the human wanderer's face: Pale it was, as if fell despair Had written its worst of lessons there; The features set like funeral stone, All of good or kind from their meaning gone; And the look of defiance to heaven cast, As if feeling such look must be the last. Down she knelt by the well, to say What never prayer may wash away. It was not a sound that pass'd along, Nor aught that might to our earth belong. And her words at once in their terror died, For the spirit she call'd on stood by her side; Not one of those fearful shapes that teem On the midnight fears of the maniac's dream. But better she could have brook'd to gaze On the loathliest semblance the grave displays,

Than to meet that brow, whose beauty and The doge VIVALDI weds to-day

Had somewhat yet of their earlier hour,
Deeper the present contrast to show;
But pride still struggled in vain with woe,
And in the wild light of the fiery eye
Was written hell's immortality.
He spoke:—Now the vow of thy faith resign,
And in life or in death Vivald is thine.
Seal with thy blood. She bared her arm,
And the life-stream flow'd for the godless
charm.

One single drop on her ring was shed, And the diamond shone as the ruby red. "Sealed mine own, now this be the sign." That in life or in death VIVALDI is thine."

Farewell, Allemaigne, farewell to thy strand,

They are bound to another, a southern land. As yet she is not to be own'd as his bride, For feared Vivaldi his kinsmen's pride; But safely their anchor at Venice is cast, And the queen of the ocean is reached at last. Long had Agatha wished to see The sunny vineyards of Italy.

Little was here of what she had dream'd; Funeral-like the gondolas seem'd; While the dark waters, parting beneath the

Were too like those she had seen before; And the Count, with his stern and haughty brow,

Seem'd the shadow of one ever present now.

Dreary it is the path to trace,
Step by step, of sin's wild race.
Pass we on to a lovely night,
Shone the sea with silver moonlight;
Who would ever dream, but such time
Must be sacred from human crime?
I see two silent figures glide
Moodily by the radiant tide;
I see one fall,—in Agatha's breast
Vivalui's dagger had found a nest;
I hear a heavy plunge, the flood,
Oh! 't is crimson'd with human blood;
I see a meteor shining fair,
It is the sweep of golden hair;
Float the waters from the shore,
The waves roll on, I see no more.

Long years have pass'd, —VIVALDI'S name Is foremost in the lists of fame.

Are there, then, spirits that may steep Conscience in such a charmed sleep?

No: haggard eye and forehead pale Tell sadly of a different tale;
And some said, not his wealth or power Could bribe them share his midnight-hour.

'Tis morn, and shout and trumpet's call Proclaim that it is festival;

The doge VIVALDI weds to-day
The bride that owns his city's sway;
Banner and barge float o'er that bride,
The peerless Adriatic tide.

The galleys paused,—the ring he took. Why starts the Doge with such wild look! He bends again, his heart-streams creep; A pale hand beckons from the deep; All marvel that he doth not fling. To the sea-bride the marriage-ring. He heard the murmur; none then scann'd, Save his own eye, the spectral hand! He drops the ring, then bends again. To snatch it from that hand in vain. He follows what he could not save, One false step sinks him in the wave! All rush the victim to restore, But never eye beheld him more.

'T was strange, for there they found the ring.

Some said it was fit gift to bring,
And lay upon the Virgin's shrine,
Of human vanity a sign.
And there, as if by miracle,
One drop of blood beneath it fell;
And, pale as twilight's earliest dew,
Lost the bright ring its ruby hue.
There still may curious eye behold
The relic. But my tale is told.

Now welcome, fair MARGUERITE, to thee, Fair flower of Provence-minstrelsy. Came a lovely lady in place, Like the twilight-star in her pensive grace. White daisies were wreathed in the dark brown shade

Of her tresses, parted in simple braid: Her long cyclash was the shadow of night, And the eye beneath was the morning bright; For its colour was that of the diamond-dew Which hath caught from the glaucing light its hue:

Her cheek was pale, for its blush soon pass'd,—
Loveliest tints are not those which last;
Then again it redden'd, again was gone,
Like a rainbow and rose in unison:
Her smile was sad, as if nature meant
Those lips to live, in their own content;
But fate pass'd o'er them her stern decree,
And taught them what suffering and sorrow
might be:

And sang she in sweet but mournful tone. As her heart had the misery it painted known

# THE QUEEN OF CYPRUS.

THE PROVENÇAL LADY'S LAY.

A SUMMER-ISLE, which seem'd to be A very favourite with the sea, With blue waves but as guardians set. Wearing them like a coronet; Once sacred to the smile-zoned Queen, Whose reign upon the heart hath been, And is so still. What need hath she Of shrine to her divinity? Each fair face is her visible shrine; She hath been, she will be divine. But, rose-lipp'd Vexus, thy sweet power, Was unown'd in thy myrtle-bower, Thy marble-temple was no more, Thy worship gone from thine own shore, What time my tale begins: yet still Hadst thou left music in the rill, As if 't had heard thy footstep fall, And from that time grew musical: Scent on the flower, as if thy hair Had lost its own rich odour there:-All, the green earth, the sunny clime, Were relies of thy lovely time.

Fair Cyprus, dream-like 't was to land Where myrtle-groves stretch'd from thy strand. And paid the freshness of the wave With fragrance which they sighing gave. But sunshine seen, but sunshine felt, You reach'd the palace where she dwelt; Cyprus's maiden-queen, whose reign Seem'd ancient days restored again, When it was only beauty's smile Claim'd fealty of CYTHEREA's isle. 'Mid fair dames of her court, a star, The loveliest of the group by far, IRENE stood. Was it in pride Her regal gems were laid aside, As if she scorn'd them all, content To be her own best ornament?

The terrace where they stood look'd On gathered crowds of her fair town; 'T was a gay scene: on the one side, Gardens and groves stretch'd far and wide In gay confusion, flower and tree Cover'd the green earth to the sea, One arm of which begirt the walls Where rose IRENE's marble-halls. Upon the terrace, with a band Of the isle's leveliest at her hand, Was the young queen. 'T was as again The goddess claim'd her ancient reign, So fair she was. At first you thought 'T was some divinity, that brought Her beauty from her native skies; You met once more those soft dark eyes, You felt that though to them were given The colour and the light of heaven. Yet were they mortal, their deep blue Was soften'd by a shadowy hue Of melancholy, such as earth Will fling upon her fairest birth-Woman's foreknowledge of the woe That waits upon her path below.

Is it some festival to-day, That hither comes the proud array, Which gathers round the gazing crowd, And rings the air with plaudits loud? Sweep seven bold galleys to the land, Spring from their decks a warrior-band, Dance their white plumes before the breeze Like summer-foam on summer-seas, Flashes the lance like meteor-light, Hauberk and helm are gleaming bright, And spreads the banner its rich fold, Where shines on purple, work'd in gold A lion, which a maiden's hand Holds by a silken rein's command. Well mayst thou bend, fair queen, thy brow To the brave warriors greeting now; Well have they fought for thee and thine, Sweet flower of thy royal line; And well may they catch thy sweet eye, And swear beneath its rule to die. Yet, young IRENE, on thy side Is not all triumph's panting pride; For, like clouds on a troubled sky, Red and white shades alternate fly Over thy face; now like the stone Colour hath never breathed upon, Now crimson'd with a sudden flush, As if thy heart had dyed thy blush. The rebel prince is passing near,-Thy bearing droops in sudden fear; He passes, and thine eye is dim With anxious gazing after him, And tears are darkening its blue, Shining on the long lash like dew. Beautiful weakness! oh, if weak, That woman's heart should tinge her cheek! T is sad to change it for the strength That heart and cheek must know at length. Many a word of sneer and scorn Must in their harshness have been borne, Many a gentle feeling dead, And all youth's sweet confiding fled, Ere learn'd that task of shame and pride, The tear to check, the blush to hide.

'T is midnight, and a starry shower Weeps its bright tears o'er leaf and flower; Sweet, silent, beautiful, the night Sufficing for her own delight. But other lights than sky and star From yonder casements gleam afar; There odorous lamps of argentine Shed that sweet ray, half shade half shine, Soft as it were but beauty's smile That lit her favourite bower the while. Back from each open lattice flew The curtains, like swoll'n waves of blue Star-dropt with silver broidery rare; And every motion seem'd to bear A message from the grove beneath,-Each message was a rose's breath. A thousand flowers were round the room, All with their gifts of scent and bloom; And at the far end of the hall Like music came a lulling fall

Of waters; at the midnight-time Play'd from the fount a liquid chime, As 't were the honey-dews of sleep 'Lighting, each lid in rest to steep. Leant on a silken couch, which caught The airs with fragrant rose-breath fraught, Lay the young queen. As if oppress'd With its rich weight, her purple vest Was doff'd, as if with it were laid Aside cares, pomp, and vain parade. While, like a cloud in the moonlight, Floated her graceful robe of white. Just stirr'd enough the scented air To lift the sunny wreaths of hair, And bear the tresses from the ground, Which the attendant maids unbound. A cheerful meeting wont to be That evening-hour's tranquillity. There with the young, the frank, the gay, IRENE would be glad as they, Blithe prisoner 'scaping form and state, Her nature warring with her fate. Glad, but yet tender, gentle, meek, Her fairy-hand was all too weak For regal sceptre; never meant To rule more than the music sent From a light lute, whose gentle tone Was as an echo to her own.

But bent and sadden'd is her gaze,
Her heart is gone to other days;
When summer-buds around her hair
Were all the crown she had to wear,
And they were twined by him who now
Grasp'd fierce at that upon her brow;
Her playmate and her early friend;
And thus can young affection end!
And thus can proud ambition part
The kindliest ties around the heart!
And like the desert-springs that dry
To dust beneath the parching sky,
All too soon waste the sweet revealing
Of youth's fresh flow of generous feeling.

Morn came, but with it tidings came Half timid joy, half crimson shame. Oh! the rose is a tell-tale flower, And watching looks were on the hour, On the red blush, the drooping eye, The queen wore as the prince pass'd by. Policy read the thoughts within, Ending where love could but begin.

Why might not TANCRED share her seat? They lead the rebel to her feet.
Sage counsellor and noble peer
Spared maiden blush and maiden fear.
Yielding, yet tremulous the while,
Her sole reply one downcast smile;
While order'd they the moon that night
Should rise upon the nuptial rite.
Ill might the youthful maiden brook
To fix on his her timid look.

She only felt his lip had press'd
Her white hand, and hope told the rest.
Companion of her infancy,
Less than her friend how could he he!
She did not mark the hanghty glare
Which even now his look could wear;
The lip of pride as if disdain'd
The fond heart which yet his remain'd;
As scorn'd the empire of the land
That must be shared with woman's hand.

The moon upon the bridal shone, Treachery,-Prince TANCHED-he is gone! Confusion marr'd the fair array; An armed band are on their way, The rebel-banner is display'd. And thus is trusting faith repaid. IRENE flung her marriage-veil Aside, her cheek was deadly pale But, save that, nothing might declare That love or grief were struggling there Wondering they gazed on their young queet. So firm her step, so proud her mien. Promptly the city was prepared, Summon'd to arms the royal guard Were bade their strength and bearing show To awe, but not attack the foe Till further orders. Last of all She call'd her council to the hall. She enter'd; it was strange to see How soon such utter change could be. Pale as if lip and cheek had grown Sudden to monumental stone, So fix'd, that, but the lighted eye Show'd it had yet to close and die, It was like the last sleep of death, When hue, warmth, light, have pass'd with breath.

Hurriedly had been thrown aside
The silver robes that deck'd the bride;
A night-black garb around her swept:
Drear contrast! for her hair yet kept
Amid its wealth of sunny curls
The bridal snowy braid of peurls.
She paused not, though her breath seem'd

But as the last to waft to heaven,
And on the vacant throne laid down
The dove-topp'd wand of rule and crown.
From many never pass'd away
That sweet voice to their dying day.

"My hand is all too weak to bear
A sceptre which the sword must share.
To my bold kinsman I resign
All sway and sovereignty of mine;
Bear him the sceptre of the land.
No longer fetter'd by that hand."
Rose the red blush, her accents fell,
Scarce might they hear her low farewell.

When as she turn'd to leave the hall, Rose kindly murmurs of recall; cown was hers, and many a brand vaited only her command. ord, one look, on them she cast: queen's request, her first, her last."

nce as deep as in the grave,
new king his homage gave;
no shout to greet his name,
n no word of welcome came,
ss'd he solemnly and sad
lace-halls no longer glad.
it was there or of shout or song,
ear young monarchs' praise along;
there were that bent the knee,
any bent it silently.

y led him to a stately room, th somewhat of nameless gloom; s were there, but wither'd all; but with a dying fall; as, but each with veiled face. so gazed round, he knew the place; here his interview had been her its young and radiant queen. was her couch; was she there yet rted back: the brow was set last mould; that marble-cheek, if death were loth to break Il of beauty; the fixed lid, he daylight were forbid ghten the blue orbs that kept azure even while they slept er sleeps, save this dark one: is the work that he had done.

she was gone, the faithful,—fair, first moment of life's care; n her bloom, as if the earth ty for its loveliest birth, ok her like the gentle flower, alls before the earliest shower; heart too tender, and too weak,—had such heart to do but break?

en and harsh the harp-strings rung, gh the hand now over them flung; s a warning, omen-like, drear, he deep tones on each listener's car. a Palmer, that seem'd from the Holy Land,

now sway'd the harp with his stern right hand; round could discover his name, Il whence that pilgrim-minstrel came.

THE PILGRIM'S SONG.

gone east, I have gone west, eck for what I cannot find; A heart at peace with its own thoughts, A quiet and contented mind. I have sought high, I have sought low, Alike my search has been in vain; The same lip mix'd the smile and sigh, The same hour mingled joy and pain. And first I sought 'mid sceptred kings; Power was, so peace might be with them: They cast a look of weariness Upon the care-lined diadem. I ask'd the soldier; and he spoke Of a dear quiet home afar, And whisper'd of the vanity, The ruin, and the wrong of war. I saw the merchant 'mid his wealth; Peace surely would with plenty be: But no! his thoughts were all abroad With their frail ventures on the sea. I heard a lute's soft music float In summer-sweetness on the air; But the poet's brow was worn and wan,-I saw peace was not written there. And then I number'd o'er the ills, That wait upon our mortal scene; No marvel peace was not with them, The marvel were if it had been. First, childhood comes with all to learn, And, even more than all, to bear Restraint, reproof, and punishment, And pleasures seen but not to share. Youth, like the Scripture's madman, next, Scattering around the burning coal; With hasty deeds and misused gifts, That leave their ashes on the soul. Then manhood wearied, wasted, worn, With hopes destroy'd and feelings dead; And worldly caution, worldly wants-Coldness, and carclessness instead. Then age at last, dark, sullen, drear, The breaking of a worn-out wave; Letting us know that life has been But the rough passage to the grave. Thus we go on; hopes change to fears Like fairy-gold that turns to clay, And pleasure darkens into pain, And time is measured by decay. First our fresh feelings are our wealth, They pass and leave a void behind; Then comes ambition, with its wars, That stir but to pollute the mind. We loathe the present, and we dread To think on what to come may be; We look back on the past, and trace A thousand wrecks, a troubled sea. I have been over many lands, And each and all I found the same; Hope in its borrow'd plumes, and care Madden'd and mask'd in pleasure's name. I have no tale of knightly deed: Why should I tell of guilt and death, Of plains deep dyed in human blood, Of fame which lies in mortal breath. I have no tale of lady-love, Begun and ended in a sigh, The wilful folly nursed in smiles Though born in bitterness to die.

I have a tale from Eastern lands. The same shall be my song to-day; It tells the vanity of life,-Apply its lesson as ye may.

# THE EASTERN KING.

THE PILGRIM'S TALE.

He flung back the chaplet, he threw down the wine: "Young monarch, what sorrow or care can be thine? There are gems in thy palace, each one like n star That shines in the bosom of twilight afar; Thy goblets are mantling in purple and light, The maidens around thee like morning are bright, Ten kingdoms bow down at the sound of thy name, The lands of far countries have heard of thy fame, The wealth of the earth, and the spoils of the seas, Are thine; oh, young monarch, what ail'st

thou, with these?" "I'm weary, I 'm weary. Oh! pleasure is pain When its spell has been broken again and again. I am weary of smiles that are bought and are sold. I am weary of beauty whose fetters are gold, I am weary of wealth-what makes it of me But that which the basest and lowest might be? I have drain'd the red wine-cup, and what found I there? A beginning of madness, no ending of care! I am weary of each, I am weary of all, Listless my revel, and lonely my hall. Breathe not the song, for its sweetness is flown : Fling not these flowers at the foot of my

throne; Veil, maidens, veil your warm cheeks of the rose, those !"

The monarch rose up with the reddening of morn. He rose to the music of trumpet and horn; His banner is spread to the sun and the wind, In thousands the plain by his warriors is lined. The foot-ranks go first, their bows in their hand, In multitudes gathering like waves on the

strand;

Behind ride his horsemen, as onwards they Each proud steed is covering his bridle with foam. In the midst is the king: there is pride a his brow, As he looks on the myriads that follow him now His eye and his sabre are flashing alike, Woe, woe for the warrior that dares him

to strike!

Thousands and thousands are strewn or the ground, ARMED comes back a conqueror, but what hath he found? The cry of the orphan is loud on his car. And his eye hath beheld the young bride's bitter tear, And the friend of his youth is left dead on the plain, And the flower of his nobles return not again There are crowds that are filling the air with his name; Do ye marvel the monarch is loathing his fame?

Again to the sunshine the banners are Again rings the earth with the warrion tread; And loud on the wings of the morning are borne The voice of the trumpet, the blast of the horn; And eager to gaze on the royal array, The people in crowds gather forth on its way. Who would deem they were gazing on death and on doom, That you purple and gold strew'd the way to the tomb? The canopy glitters; oh, vainest deceit! There the king's robe of state is his cold winding-sheet. And he at whose beck waited life, waited death. He hath not command on a poor moment's breath. A whole people trembled when that he but frown'd, Ye are slaves of my sceptre, I reck not of And his smile was the summer of nations around. Now who is there watches for smile or for frown: For the head of another is girt with his crown;

And he lieth a heap of powerless clay, Where the meanest earth-worm at his pleasure may prey.

They bore the monarch on to his tomb, Black marble suiting such dwelling of gloom But on it was graven a lesson sublime, A voice from the grave appealing to time; Were not voice from the living or dead alike On the heart in its foolish pride to strike.

"Millions bow'd down at the foot of my throne; The strength of the north and the south

were my own; I had treasures pour'd forth like the waves

of the sea; Success seem'd the slave of my sceptre to be. And pleasures in crowds at my least bidding came,

Every wish that the will in its wildness could frame:

And yet, amid all that fell to my share, How much was weariness, how much was care! I numbered years of pain and distress, And but fourteen days of happiness. Mortal, nor pleasure, nor wealth, nor power, Are more than the toys of a passing hour; Earth's flowers bear the foul taint of earth, Lassitude, sorrow, are theirs by their birth. One only pleasure will last, to fulfil, With some shadow of good, the Holy One's will.

The only steadfast hope to us given, Is the one which looks in its trust to heaven."

There was silence around the stately hall, For that song laid the spell of its darkness o'er all;

Some thought of their hopes now low in the tomb

Others of hopes that were but in their bloom, And trembled to think how frail, if how fair, Earth's pleasures in beauty and being are; Others had thoughts they feared to name, As that pilgrim could read each heart in its shame:

But word or sign gave he to none, And away like a shadow in silence bath gone. Rose the Countess, and left her throne, Signal it was that the meeting was done, And spoke her summons, and graceful led To where the sumptuous board was spread.

Evening came, and found its hours Vow'd to music, mirth, and flowers. Wide ten gorgeous halls were flung, Each with purple tapestry hung; With wreaths, whose roses were as bright As in the first morning-light; Mirrors like the glassy plain, Where the beauty beam'd again; Pictures whose Italian grace Show'd inspiration's finest trace, To whose winged moods were given Moment's visionings of heaven; And, more than all together fair, Beauty's living soul was there.

Follow'd by those who pleasaunce took In converse light and curious look, The Countess led where leaf and flower Made one small hall an Eastern bower. The blush-acacia seem'd to keep Watch o'er the rose's purple sleep; And tulips, like the wine-cups stored Round a monarch's festal board; And the roof above, as art Vied with nature's loveliest part, Was so curiously inlaid, That there another garden play'd. No lamps amid the foliage hung. But silver smiles the moonbeams flung; And radiance from each distant room Lighted the flowers' and ladies' bloom. A harp was there. The haunt was one, Where, many a summer-noon, alone, CLEMENZA lent time music's wings : And, dreaming o'er the mournful strings, Learn'd other lessons than those taught By pride, and wealth, and worldly thought. Said the band round that it were shame, Such hour should pass unhymn'd away; And many a fair lip smiled its claim, As echo sweet to minstrel-lay. Pray'd they the Countess that her hand Should first assume the harp's command. She paused, then said that she would wake One, for that nameless poet's sake; One song snatch'd from oblivion's wave. Like the lone lily on his grave.

# SONG.

My heart is like the failing hearth Now by my side,

One by one its bursts of flame

Have burnt and died. There are none to watch the sinking blaze, And none to care,

Or if it kindle into strength,

Or waste in air. My fate is as you faded wreath

Of summer flowers;

They 've spent their store of fragrant health On sunny hours, Which reck'd them not, which heeded not

When they were dead;

Other flowers, unwarn'd by them,

Will spring instead.

And my own heart is as the late I now am waking;

Wound to too fine and high a pitch

They both are breaking. And of their song what memory

Will stay behind? An echo, like a passing thought,

Upon the wind. Silence, forgetfulness, and rust,

Lute, are for thee: And such my lot; neglect, the grave,

These are for me.

"Now take the harp, EULALIA mine, For thy sad song;" and at the sign Came forth a maiden. She was fair And young; yet thus can spring-time wear The traces of far other hour Than should be on such gentle flower. Her eyes were downcast, as to keep Their secret, for they shamed to weep; Her check was pale, but that was lost, So often the bright blushes cross'd; And seem'd her mouth so sweet the while, As if its nature were to smile; Her very birthright-hope,-but earth Keeps not the promise of its birth. 'T was whisper'd that young maiden's breast Had harbour'd wild and dangerous guest; Love had been there,-in that is said All that of doom the heart can dread. Oh! born of Beauty, in those isles Which far 'mid Grecian seas arise, They call'd thy mother queen of smiles, But, Love, they only gave thee sighs. She woke the harp: at first her touch Seem'd as it sought some lighter strain; But the heart breathes itself, and such As suffer deep seek mirth in vain.

SONG.

Farewell, farewell, I 'll dream no more, 'T is misery to be dreaming; Farewell, farewell, and I will be At least like thee in seeming. I will go forth to the green vale, Where the sweet wild-flowers are dwelling, Where the leaves and the birds together sing, And the woodland-fount is welling. Not there, not there, too much of bloom Has spring flung o'er each blossom; The tranquil place too much contrasts The unrest of my bosom. I will go to the lighted halls, Where midnight passes fleetest; Oh! memory there too much recalls Of saddest and of sweetest. I 'll turn me to the gifted page Where the bard his soul is flinging; Too well it echoes mine own heart, Breaking e'en while singing. I must have rest; oh! heart of mine, When wilt thou lose thy sorrow? Never, till in the quiet grave; Would I slept there to-morrow!

Rose-bud-mouth, sunny brow,
Wore she, who, fairy-like, sprung now
Beside the harp. Careless she hung
Over the chords; her bright hair flung
A sunshine round her. Light laugh'd she:
"All too sad are your songs for me;
Let me try if the strings will breathe
For minstrel of the aspen wreath."
Lightly the answering prelude fell,
Thus sang the Lady Isaerle.

BONG

Where do purple bubbles swim,
But upon the goblet's brim?
Drink not deep, howe'er it glow,
Sparkles never lie below.
Beautiful the light that flows
From the rich leaves of the rose;
Keep it,—then ask, where hath fled
Summer's gift of morning-red?
Earth's fair are her fleeting things;
Heaven, too, lends her angels wings.
What can charms to pleasure give,
Such as being fugitive?
Thus with love: oh! never try
Further than a blush or sigh;
Blush gone with the clouds that share it,
Sigh pass'd with the winds that bear it.

Bur met she then young Vidal's eye, His half sad, half reproachful sigh: His Isanelle! and could she be Votaress of inconstancy? As if repentant of her words, Blushing she bent her o'er the chords; With fainter tones the harp then rung, As thus, with bow'd-down head, she sung.

SONG.

I have belied my woman 's heart,
In my false song's deceiving words;
How could I say love would depart,
As pass the light songs of spring-birds?
Vain, vain love would be
Froth upon a summer-sea.

No, love was made to soothe and share
The ills that wait our mortal birth;
No, love was made to teach us where
One trace of Eden haunts our earth.
Born amid the hours of spring,
Soothing autumn's perishing.

Timid as the tale of woe,

Tender as the wood-dove's sigh,
Lovely as the flowers below,

Changeless as the stars on high,

Made all chance and change to prove,

And this is a woman's love.

Well changed, fair lady, laughing said A girl beside, whose chesnut-hair Was wreathed with the wild vine-leaves

As if that she some wood-nymph were; And darker were her brow and cheek, And richer in their crimson break, Than those of the fair ring beside. In sooth, Lozorre had often tried The influence of the wind and sun, That loved the cheek they dwelt upon Too well, to leave it without trace
They had known such sweet dwelling-place.
And her bright eyes seem'd as they had won
The radiance which the summer-sun
Brought to her valleys lone and wild,
Where she had dwelt. And now half child,
Half woman, in the gay excess
Of all youth's morning-happiness,
She came to the Lady of Isaure's towers,
As fresh and as sweet as the forest-bowers
Where the gladness had pass'd of her carliest
hours.

"Now hearken thee, Lady Isabelle, See if aright I read thy spell, And the rule of thy charmed sway, to keep Watch over Love's enchanted sleep.

SONG.

Where, oh! where 's the chain to fling, One that will bind Curro's wing, One that will have longer power Than the April sun or shower? Form it not of Eastern gold, All too weighty it to hold; Form it neither all of bloom, Never does Love find a tomb Sudden, soon, as when he meets Death amid unchanging sweets: But if you would fling a chain, And not fling it all in vain, Like a fairy form a spell Of all that is changeable: Take the purple tints that deck, Meteor-like, the peacock's neck; Take the many hues that play On the rainbow's colour'd way; Never let a hope appear Without its companion fear; Only smile to sigh, and then Change into a smile again; Be to-day as sad, as pale, As minstrel with his lovelorn tale; But to-morrow gay as all Life had been one festival. If a woman would secure All that makes her reign endure, And, alas! her reign must be Ever most in phantasy, Never let an envious eye Gaze upon the heart too nigh; Never let the veil be thrown Quite aside, as all were known Of delight and tenderness, In the spirit's last recess; And, one spell all spells above, Never let her own her love.

But from the harp a darker song
Is sweeping like the winds along—
The night-gale, at that dreamy hour
When spirit and when storm have power;—
Yet sadly sweet: and can this be,
Amenaide, the wreck of thee?

Mind, dangerous and glorious gift, Too much thy native heaven has left Its nature in thee, for thy light To be content with earthly home: It hath another, and its sight Will too much to that other roam,-And heavenly light and earthly clay But ill bear with alternate sway;-Till jarring elements create The evil which they sought to shun, And deeper feel their mortal state, In struggling for a higher one. There is no rest for the proud mind; Conscious of its high powers confined, Vain dreams 'mid its best hopes arise; It is itself its sacrifice. Ah! sad it is, to see the deck Dismasted, of some noble wreck; And sad to see the marble-stone Defaced, and with gray moss o'ergrown; And sad to see the broken late For ever to its music mute! But what is lute, or fallen tower, Or ship sunk in its proudest hour, To awe and mystery combined In their worst shape—the ruin'd mind? To her was trusted that fine power Which rules the bard's enthusiast hour; The human heart gave up its keys To her, who ruled its sympathics In song whose influence was brought From what first in herself had wrought Too passionate; her least emotion Swept like the whirlwind o'er the ocean. Kind, tender, but too sensitive, None seem'd her equal love to bear; Affection's ties small joys could give, Tried but by what she hoped they were. Too much on all her feelings threw The colouring of their own hue; Too much her ardent spirit dream'd Things would be such as she had deem'd. She trusted love, albeit her heart Was ill made for love's happiness; She ask'd too much, another's part Was cold beside her own excess. She sought for praise; her share of fame, It went beyond her wildest claim: But ill could her proud spirit bear All that befalls the laurel's share;-Oh, well they gave the laurel-tree A minstrel's coronal to be! Immortal as its changeless hue, The deadly poison circles through, Its venom makes its life; ah! still Earth's lasting growths are those of ill;-And mined was the foundation-stone, The spirit's regal shrine o'erthrown. Aimless and dark, the wandering mind Yet had a beauty left behind; A touch, a tone, a shade, the more To tell of what had pass'd before. She woke the harp, and backward flung The cloud of hair, that pall-like hung O'er her pale brow and radiant eyes, Wild as the light of midnight-skies,

When the red meteor rides the cloud, Telling the storm has burst its shroud: A passionate hue was on her cheek; Untranquil colours, such as break With crimson light the northern sky: Yet on her wan lip seem'd to lie A faint sweet smile, as if not yet It could its early charm forget. She sang, oh! well the heart might own The magic of so dear a tone.

SONG.

I know my heart is as a grave Where the cypress watch is keeping Over hopes and over thoughts In their dark silence sleeping. Yet not the less know I that heart Was a goal whence proud steeds started, Though now it be a ruin'd shrine Whose glory is departed. For my spirit hath left her earthly home And found a nobler dwelling, Where the music of light is that of life, And the starry harps are swelling. Yet ever at the midnight-hour That spirit within me burneth, And joy comes back on his fairy wings, And glory to me returneth.

But a shade pass'd over the maiden's face; Some darker image her thoughts retrace; And so sadly the tones from the harp-strings

'T was as for very pity they wept.

A faded flower, a broken gem,
Are emblems mine:
The flower hath lost its loveliness
With its sun-shine;
The ruby stone no more is set
On lady's brow,
Its beauty of unsulfied light
Is wanting now.
Like me, no thought of former worth
From doom will save;
They will be flung to earth and air,
I to the grave.

The lorn one with her song has pass'd, 'T was meet such song should be the last.

Now, gentle Sleep! thy honey-wing, And roses, with thy poppies bring. Sweet and soft be thy rest to-night; That, at the call of Morning's light, May crimson cheeks and radiant eyes, Lovely as her own, arise. THE SECOND DAY.

Sweet Spirit of delicious Song,
To whom, as of true right, belong
The myriad music-notes that swell
From the poet's breathing shell;
We name thy name, and the heart spiro
Up to the lip, as if with wings,
As if thy very mention brought
Snatches of inspired thought.

Is it war? At once are borne Words like notes of martial horn Is it love? Comes some sweet tale Like that of the nightingale. Is it Nature's lovely face? Rise lines touch'd with her own grace Is it some bright garden-scene? There, too, hath the minstrel been, Linking words of charmed power With the green leaf and the flower. Is it woman's loveliness? He hath revell'd to excess, Caught all spells that can beguile In dark eye or rosy smile. Is it deed that hath its claim Upon earth's most holy fame, Or those kindly feelings sent But for hearth and home content? Lofty thought, or counsel sage, Seek them in the poet's page; Laurel, laud, and love belong To thee, thou Spirit sweet of Song.

Not in courtly hall to-day
Meets the lady's congress gay.
'T is a bright and summer-sky,
They will bear it company;
Odours float upon the gale,
Comrades suiting minstrel-tale;
Flowers are spreading, carpet meet
For the beauty's fairy-feet.
Shame to stay in marble-hall
Thus from nature's festival.

The garden had one fair resort,
As if devised for minstrel-court:
An amphitheatre of trees
Shut from soft cheeks the ruder breeze;
While all around the chesnuts made,
With closing boughs, a pleasant shade,
Where, if a sunbeam wander'd through,
'T was like the silver fall of dew;
The middle was an open space
Of softest grass, and those small flowers,
Daisies, whose rose-touch'd leaves retrace
The gold and blush of morning's hours.

To-day the Countess had for throne An ancient trunk with moss o'ergrown; And at her feet, as if from air A purple cloud had fallen there. Grew thousand violets, whose sighs Breathed forth an Eastern sacrifice; And, like a canopy, o'erhead A Provence-rose luxuriant spread, And its white flowers, pale and meek, Seem'd sisters to the lady's cheek.

And ranged in a graceful order round, A fairy-court upon fairy-ground Group'd the bright band; and, like a tent, Leaves and bloom over all were blent, Flinging bright colours, but changing fast, As ever the varying sunbeams pass'd; And in the midst grew a myrtle-tree, There was the minstrel's place to be, And its buds were delicate, frail, and fair, As the hopes and joys of his own heart are.

Dark was the brow, and the bearing proud, Of the bard who first stept forth from the crowd;

A small cloak down from his shoulder hung, And a light guitar o'er his arm was slung; Many a lady's casement had known The moonlight-spell of its magic tone: But the fire of youth from his cheek had pass'd,

And its hopes and its dreams had faded as fast; The romance of his earlier time was over, The warrior had half forgotten the lover; And the light grew dark in his radiant eyes, As he told his tale of high emprize.

# THE YOUNG AVENGER.

THE SPANISH MINSTREL'S TALE.

THE warrior's strength is bow'd by age, the warrior's step is slow,

And the beard upon his breast is white as is the winter-snow;

Yet his eye shines bright, as if not yet its last of fame were won;

Six sons stand ready in their arms to do as he has done.

Now take your way, ye Lanas bold, and to the battle ride;

For loud upon the Christian air are vaunts of Moorish pride:

Your six white steeds stand at the gate; go forth, and let me see

Who will return the first and bring a Moslem-head to me.

Forth they went, six gallant knights, all He flung it to his only child, now sadly mail'd from head to heel; Is it not death to him who first their fiery strength shall feel?

They spurr'd their steeds, and on they dash'd, as sweeps the midnight-wind; While their youngest brother stood and wept that he must stay behind.

Come here, my child, the father said, and wherefore dost thou weep?

The time will come when from the fray nought shall my favourite keep; When thou wilt be the first of all amid the

hostile spears.— The boy shook back his raven-hair, and laugh'd amid his tears.

The sun went down, but lance nor shield reflected back his light;

The moon rose up, but not a sound broke on the rest of night.

The old man watch'd impatiently, till with morn o'er the plain

There came a sound of horses' feet, there came a martial train.

But gleam'd not back the sunbeam glad from plume or helm of gold, shone upon the crimson vest, the

turban's emerald fold.

A Moorish herald; six pale heads hung at his saddlebow,

Gash'd, changed, yet well the father knew the lines of each fair brow.

"Oh! did they fall by numbers, or did they basely yield?"

Not so; beneath the same hold hand thy children press'd the field.

They died as NOURREDDIN would wish all foca of his should die;

Small honour does the conquest boast when won from those who fly.

And thus he saith: 'This was the sword that swept down thy brave band,

Find thou one who can draw it forth in all thy Christian land.'

If from a youth such sorrowing and scathe thou hast endured,

Dread thou to wait for vengeance till his summers are matured.

The aged chieftain took the sword, in vain his hand essay'd

To draw it from its scabbard forth, or poise the heavy blade;

standing by.

"Now weep, for here is cause for tears; alas! mine own are dry."

Then answer'd proud the noble boy: "My His cheek is as his forman's pale, his white

shed them now were shame: I will not do my brothers' names such deep

And years have fled, that boy has sprung unto a goodly height,

And fleet of foot and stout of arm in his old father's light;

Yet breathed he never wish to take in glorious strife his part,

And shame and grief his backwardness was to that father's heart.

Cold, silent, stern, he let time pass, until he rush'd one day, Where mourning o'er his waste of youth

the weary chieftain lay.

Unarm'd he was, but in his grasp he bore a heavy brand:

"My father, I can wield his sword; now knighthood at thine hand."

For years no hour of quiet sleep upon my eyelids came,

For Nourrender had poison'd all my slumber with his fame.

I have waited for my vengeance; but now, alive or dead,

I swear to thee by my brothers' graves that thou shalt have his head."

It was a glorious sight to see, when those two warriors met:

The one dark as a thunder-cloud, in strength and manhood set;

The other young and beautiful, with lithe

and graceful form, But terrible as is the flash that rushes through the storm.

And eye to eye, and hand to hand, in deadly strife they stood,

And smoked the ground whereon they fought, hot with their mingled blood;

Till droop'd the valiant infidel, fainter his blows and few,

While fiercer from the combat still the youthful Christian grew.

NOURREDDIN falls, his sever'd head, it is young Lara's prize: But dizzily the field of death floats in the Over gold carvings and the purple fall victor's eyes

tears last morning came lips gasp for breath:
For weakness of my own right hand; to Ay, this was all he ask'd of Heaven to victory and death.

and deadly wrong;
Brave were they unto death, success can but to God belong.

He raised him on his arm: "My page, combut to God belong. thou and do my will;

Canst thou not see a turban'd band upo you distant hill?

Now strip me of my armour, boy, by youle river's side,

Place firm this head upon my breast, of fling me on the tide.

That river wash'd his natal halls, its waten bore him on,

Till the moonlight on the hero in his father's presence shone.

The old chief to the body drew, his gallant boy was dead,

But his vow of vengeance had been kept he bore NOURREDDIN's head.

'T was sad to gaze on the wan brow Of him who now awoke the lute. As one last song life must allow. Then would those tuneful lips be mute. His cheek was worn, what was the care Had writ such early lesson there? Was it Love, blighted in its hour Of earliest and truest power By worldly chills which ever fling Their check and damp on young Love's wing: Or unrequited, while the heart Could not from its fond worship part? Or was it but the wasting woe Which every human path must know; Or hopes, like birds, sent forth in vain, And seeking not their ark again; Friends in their very love unjust, Or faithless to our utmost trust; Or fortune's gifts, to win so hard; Or fame, that is its own reward Or has no other, and is worn 'Mid envy, falsehood, hate, and scorn?'
All these ills had that young bard known, And they had laid his funeral stone. Slowly and sad the numbers pass'd, As thus the minstrel sung his last.

# THE ROSE.

THE ITALIAN MINSTREL'S TALK

THE Count GONFALI held a feast that night. And colour'd lamps sent forth their odorous light Of tapestry; and around each stately hall

Were statues, pale and finely shaped and Her cheek was as a rainbow, it so changed,

As if all beauty save her life were there; And, like light clouds floating around each room,

The censers roll'd their volumes of perfume; And scented waters mingled with the breath Of flowers, which died as if they joy'd in death;

And the white vases, white as mountainsnow,

Look'd yet more delicate in the rich glow Of summer-blossoms hanging o'er each side, Like sunset-reddening o'er a silver tide. There was the tulip with its rainbow-globe; And, like the broidery on a silken robe Made for the beauty's festal midnight-hours, The sparkling jessamine shook its silver showers;

Like timid hopes the lily shrank from sight;

The rose leant as it languish'd with delight, Yet, bride-like, drooping in its crimson shame;

And the anemone, whose cheek of flame Is golden, as it were the flower the sun In his noon-hour most loved to look upon.

At first the pillar'd halls were still and lone, As if some fairy-palace all unknown To mortal eye or step. This was not long; Waken'd the lutes, and swell'd a burst of song,

And the vast mirrors glitter'd with the crowd Of changing shapes. The young, the fair, the proud,

Came thronging in; and the gay cavalier Took some fair flower from the fairest near, And gave it to the dark-eyed beauty's hand, To mark his partner for the saraband; And graceful steps pass'd on, whose tender

Was as the rose-leaf in the autumn shed; And witching words, raising on the young

cheek

Blushes that had no need of words to speak.

Many were lovely there; but, of that many,
Was one who shone the loveliest of any,
The young Olympia. On her face the dyes
Were yet warm with the dance's exercise,
The laugh upon her full red lip yet hung,
And, arrow-like, flash'd light words from
her tongue.

She had more loveliness than beauty: hers Was that enchantment which the heart confers;

A mouth sweet from its smiles, a glancing

Which had o'er all expression mastery; Laughing its orb, but the long dark lash made

Somewhat of sadness with its twilight shade, And suiting well the upcast look which seem'd

At times as it of melancholy dream'd;

Her cheek was as a rainbow, it so changed, As each emotion o'er its surface ranged; And every word had its companion blush, But evanescent as the crimson flush That tints the daybreak; and her step was

As the gale passing o'er the leaves at night; In truth those snow-feet were too like the wind.

Too slight to leave a single trace behind. She lean'd against a pillar, and one hand Smooth'd back the curls that had escaped the band

Of wreathed red roses, soft and fitting

In bondage such bright prisoners to retain. The other was from the white marble known But by the clasping of its emerald zone: And lighted up her brow, and flash'd her eye, As many that were wandering careless by Caught but a sound, and paused to hear what more

Her lip might utter of its honey-store. She had that sparkling wit which is like light,

Making all things touch'd with its radiance bright;

And a sweet voice, whose words would chain all round.

Although they had no other charm than sound.

And many named her name, and each with praise;

Some with her passionate beauty fill'd their gaze,

Some mark'd her graceful step, and others spoke

Of the so many hearts that own'd the yoke Of her bewildering smile; meantime, her

Seem'd as that it no other love had known Than its sweet loves of nature, music, song, Which as by right to woman's world belong, And make it lovely for Love's dwelling-place. Alas! that he should leave his fiery trace! But this bright creature's brow seem'd all too fair.

Too gay, for Love to be a dweller there; For Love brings sorrow: yet you might

A troubled flashing in that brilliant eye,
A troubled colour on that varying cheek,
A hurry in the tremulous lip to speak
Avoidance of sad topics, as to shun
Somewhat the spirit dared not rest npon;
An unquiet feverishness, a change of place,
A pretty pettishness, if on her face
A look dwelt as in scrutiny to seek
What hidden meanings from its change
might break.

One gazed with silent homage, one who caught Her every breath, and blush, and look, and

thought;

crowd

That circled round her as of right allow'd, But one who stood aloof with that lone pride Which ever to deep passion is allied. Half scorning, yet half envying the gay ring That gather'd round with gentle blandishing, He stood aloof; and, cold and stern and high, Looked as he mock'd at their idolatry: Yet long'd his knee to bend before the shrine Of the sweet image his heart own'd divine; While, half in anger that she had not known What even to himself he would not own. He knew not how a woman's heart will keep The mystery of itself, and like the deep Will shine beneath the sunbeam, flash and

O'er the rich bark that perishes below. She felt he gazed upon her, and her cheek Wore added beauty in its crimson break; And softer smiles were on her lip, like those The summer-moonlight sheds upon the rose; And her eye sparkled, like the wine-cup's brim,

Mantling in light, though it turn'd not to him.

Again the dancers gather'd; from them one Took gaily her fair hand, and they are gone. LEONI follow'd not, yet as they pass'd How could OLYMPIA's light step be the last? Yet pass'd she quickly by him, and the haste From her wreathed hair one fragrant rose

displaced.

LEONI saw it fall; he is alone, And he may make the fairy-gift his own. He took the flower, and to his lip 't was press'd.

One moment, and 't is safe within his breast: But while he linger'd dreaming o'er its bloom.

OLYMPIA's step again is in the room With the young cavalier, who urged her

And said her rose beside the column lay, For there he miss'd it, and some flattering

word Fill'd up the whisper which he only heard. LEONI flung it down in carelessness

As he had mark'd them not, and held it less From knowledge of his act than vacant thought,

While the mind on some other subject wrought.

In haste he left them both, but he could hear The pleading of the gallant cavalier For that rose as a gift. He might not tell What answer from the maiden's lip then fell, But when they met again he mark'd her hair

Where it had wreathed,-the rose-bud was not there.

They pass'd and repass'd: he, cold, silently, As was his wont; but she, with flashing eye, And blush lit up to crimson, seem'd to wear More than accustom'd gladness in her air. Ah! the heart overacts its part; its mirth, Like light, will all too often take its birth Of the young moon, now rising on the night.

One whose step mingled not with the gay 'Mid darkness and decay; those smiles the

Like the gay crowd round, are not happing. For peace broads quiet on her doub wings,

And this false gaiety a radiance flings, Dazzling but hiding not; and some vie dwelt

Upon her meteor-beauty, sadness feit; Its very brilliance spoke the fever'd has Thus glitter not the waters when at rest

The scene is changed, the maiden is also To brood upon Hope's temple overthren; The hue has left her lip, the light her eye And she has flung her down as if to die Back from her forehead was the rich hir

Which yet its festal braid of roses kept She was in solitude: the silent room Was in the summer's sweet and shadow gloom;

The sole light from the oratory came, Where a small lamp sent forth its scentel

Beneath the Virgin's picture; but the wisi Stole from the casement, for the jasmint twined

With its luxuriant boughs, too thickly gree, To let the few dim star-beams wander through.

In her hand was a rose; she held the flower As if her eye were spell-bound by its power. It was spell-bound; coldly that flows repress'd

Sweet hopes, -ay, hopes, albeit unconfent Check'd, vainly check'd, the bitter grid

That rose flung down because that rose was hers!

And at the thought paleness in blushes field Had he, then, read her heart, and scom when read?

Oh! better perish, than endure that thought She started from her couch; when her excaught

The Virgin's picture. Seem'd it that she took Part in her votary's suffering; the look Spoke mild reproof, touch'd with grave tenderness,

Pitying her grief, yet blaming her excess. OLYMPIA turn'd away, she might not bear To meet such holy brow, such placid air. At least not yet; for she must teach her breast

A lesson of submission, if not rest, And still each throbbing pulse, ere she might kneel

And pray for peace she had not sought to feel.

She sought the casement, lured by the soft light

The cool breeze kiss'd her, and a jasminespray

Caught in her tresses, as to woo her stay.

And there were sights and sounds that well might fling

A charmed trance on deepest suffering.
For stood the palace close on the sea-shore;
Not like those northern ones, where breakers
roar,

And rugged rocks and barren sands are

At once both desolate and magnificent; But there the beach had turf, and trees that

Down to the water-side, and made its blue Mirror for their dark shapes. Is nought so fair

But must there come somewhat of shadow there?

Whate'er thou touchest there must be some shade,

Fair earth, such destiny for thee is made.

It was a night to gaze upon the sea, Marvel, and envy its tranquillity; It was a night to gaze upon the earth, And feel mankind were not her favourite hirth:

It was a night to gaze upon the sky, Pine for its loveliness, and pray to die. Ormera felt the hour; from her cheek fled Passion's untranquil rose, she bow'd her head: For the thick tears like hasty childhood's came;

She hid her face, for tears are shed with shame.

Her heart had spent its tempest, like the cloud

When summer-rain bursts from its stormy shroud;

Pale, sad, but calm, she turn'd, and bent the knee,

In meekest prayer, Madonna fair, to thee. Where might the maiden's soul, thus crush'd and riven,

Turn from its mortal darkness, but to Heaven?
It is in vain to say that love is not
The life and colour of a woman's lot.
It is her strength; for what, like love's caress,
Will guard and guide her own weak tenderness?

It is her pride, fleeting and false the while, To see her master suing for her smile. Calls it not all her best affections forth,— Pure faith, devotedness, whose fruitless worth Is all too little felt? Oh! man has power Of head and hand,—heart is a woman's dower.

Youth, beauty, rank, and wealth, all these combined.— Can these be wretched? Mystery of the mind! Whose happiness is in itself, but still Has not that happiness at its own will. And she was wretched; she, the young, the fair.

The good, the kind, bow'd down in her despair.

Ay, bitterest of the bitter, this worst pain,— To know love's offering has been in vain; Rejected, scorn'd, and trampled under foot, Its bloom and leaves destroy'd, not so its root. He loves me not,—no other word or sound An echo in Olympia's bosom found.

She thought on many a look, and many a

From which she gather'd hope, -now these were gone,

Life were too burthensome, save that it led To death; and peace, at least, was with the dead.

One pang remain'd: perchance, though unconfess'd,

Some secret hope yet linger'd in her breast; But this too was destroy'd. She learn'd next morn

Sea-winds and waters had Leon borne Afar to other lands; and she had now But only to her hapless fate to bow.

She changed, she faded, she the young, the gay,

Like the first rose Spring yields to pale decay. Still her lip were the sweetness of a smile, But it forgot its gaiety the while. Her voice had ever a low gentle tone, But now 't was tremulous as Sorrow's own; Her step fell softer as it were subdued To suit its motion to her alter'd mood; As if her every movement, gesture, look, Their bearing from the spirit's sadness took; And yet there was no word which told that grief

Prey'd on the heart as blight preys on the leaf.

But meeker tenderness to those around, A soothing, sharing love, as if she found Her happiness in theirs; more mild, more kind.

As if a holier rule were on her mind. I cannot choose but marvel at the way In which our lives pass on, from day to day Learning strange lessons in the human heart, And yet like shadows letting them depart. Is misery so familiar that we bring Ourselves to view it as a usual thing? Thus is it; how regardless pass we by The cheek to paleness worn, the heavy eye! We do too little feel each other's pain; We do relax too much the social chain That binds us to each other; slight the care-There is for grief in which we have no share.

OLYMPIA felt all this; it loosed one more Of her heart's ties, and earth's illusions

The aspect of their truth,—a glossny show, But what it well befits the soul to know. It taught the lesson of how vain the toil To build our hopes upon earth's fragile soil. Oh! only those who suffer, those may know How much of piety will spring from woe.

Days, weeks, and months pass'd onwards, and once more

LEONI stood upon his native shore.

Slight change there was in him: perchance his brow

Wore somewhat of more settled shadow now; Somewhat of inward grief, too, though repress'd,

Was in his scornful speech and bitter jest; For misery, like a masquer, mocks at all In which it has no part, or one of gall. I will say that he loved her, but say not That his, like hers, was an all-blighted lot; For ever in man's bosom will man's pride An equal empire with his love divide.

It was one glorious sunset, lone and mute, Save a young page who sometimes waked his lute

With snatches of sad song; Leoni paced His stately hall, and much might there be traced

What were the workings of its owner's mind. Red wine was in a silver vase enshrined, But rudely down the cup was flung, undrain'd, So hastily, the leaf below was stain'd; For many an open'd volume lay beside, As each for solace had in vain been tried: And now, worn, wearied, with his solitude, He strode, half sad, half listless in his mood, Listening the lute or the deep ocean-wave, When an attendant enter'd in and gave A packet to his hand. Careless he gazed, And broke the seal. Why! the red flush has raised

Its passion to his brow—what! is the name There written?—from OLYMPIA, then, it

"One word, LEONI, 't is my first and last, And never spoken but that life is past. It is earth's lingering dreaming, that I pine To know these lines will meet one look of thine;

If possible upon thy heart to fling
One gentle memory, one soft thought to cling
To thy more mournful hours; to bid thee take
A pledge too dearly treasured for thy sake,
And one of mine. Ah! this may be forgiven;
"T is the last weakness of the bride of Heaven,
Which I shall be or ere this comes to tell
How much thou hast been loved. Farewell,
farewell!"

He took her gift: well known the pledges there, A wither'd rose, a tress of silken hair.

Sunny and blue was the minstrel's cya.

Like the lake when noontide is passing by And his hair fell down in its golden rings, As bright and as soft as his own harp-striage. Yet with somewhat wild upon lip and cheek As forth the enthusiast spirit would break To wander at times through earth and air. And feed upon all the wonders there. A changeful prelude his light notes rung. As remembering all they had ever sung. Now the deep numbers rolled along, Like the fiery sweep of a battle-song; Now sad, yet bold, as those numbers gave Their last farewell to the victor's grave; Then was it soft and low, as it brought The depths of the maiden's lovelon thought:

Harp of Erin! hath song a tone
Not to thy gifted numbers known?—
But the latest touch was light and calm.
As the voice of a hymn, the night-falling
balm;

Holy and sweet, as its music were given Less from a vision of earth than of heaven

# THE HAUNTED LAKE.

THE IRISH MINSTREL'S LEGEND.

Rose up the young moon; back she flung The veil of clouds that o'er her hung: Thus would fair maiden fling aside Her bright curls in their golden pride; On pass'd she through the sky of blue, Lovelier as she pass'd it grew; At last her gentle smiles awake The silence of the azure lake. Lighted to silver, waves arise, As conscious of her radiant eyes. Hark! floats around it music's tone. Sweeter than mortal ear hath known: Such, when the sighing night-wind grieves Amid the rose's ruby leaves, Conscious the nightingale is nigh, That too soon his reluctant wing Must rival song and rival sigh To his own fair flower bring; Such as the lute, touch'd by no hand Save by an angel's, wakes and weeps; Such is the sound that now to land From the charmed water sweeps. Around the snowy foam-wreaths break, The spirit band are on the lake. First, a gay train form'd of the hues Of morning-skies and morning-dews: A saffron-light around them play'd As eve's last cloud with them delay'd: Such tints, when gazing from afar, The dazed eye sees in midnight-star. They scatter'd flowers, and the stream Grew like a garden, each small billow Shining with the crimson gleam The young rose flung upon its pillow:

And from their hands, and from their hair, | She grew up a neglected child, Blossoms and odours fill'd the air; And some of them bore wreathed shells, Blush-dyed, from their coral cells, Whence the gale at twilight brought The earliest lesson music caught: And gave they now the sweetest tone, That unto sca-born lyre was known; For they were echoes to the song That from spirit-lips was fleeting. And the wind bears no charm along Such as the shell and voices meeting. On pass'd they to the lulling tune, Meet pageant for the lady moon. A louder sweep the music gave: The chieftain of the charmed wave, Graceful upon his steed of snow, Rises from his blue halls below: And rode he like a victor knight Thrice glorious in his arms of light. But, oh! the look his features bear Was not what living warriors wear; The glory of his piercing eye Was not that of mortality Earth's cares may not such calm allow, Man's toil is written on his brow: But here the face was passionless, The holy peace of happiness, With that grave pity spirits feel In watching over human weal; An awful beauty round him shone But for the good to look upon. Close by his side a maiden rode, Like spray her white robe round her flow'd : No rainbow-hues about her clung, Such as the other maidens flung; And her hair hath no summer-crown, But its long tresses floating down Are like a veil of gold which cast A sunshine to each wave that past. She was not like the rest: her cheek Was pale and pure as moonlight snows; Her lip had only the faint streak The bee loves in the early rose; And her dark eye had not the blue The others had clear, wild, and bright; But floating starry, as it drew Its likeness from the radiant night. And more she drew my raised eye Than the bright shadows passing by; A meeker air, a gentler smile, A timid tenderness the while, Held sympathy of heart, and told The lady was of earthly mould. Blush'd the first blush of coming day, Faded the fairy-band away They pass'd, and only left behind A lingering fragrance on the wind, And on the lake, their haunted home, One long white wreath of silver foam. Heard I in each surrounding vale What was that mortal maiden's tale: Last of her race, a lonely flower, She dwelt within their ruin'd tower. Orphan without one link to bind Nature's affection to her kind;

As pure, as beautiful, as wild As the field-flowers which were for years Her only comrades and compeers. Time pass'd, and she, to woman grown, Still, like a wood-bird, dwelt alone. Save that, beside a peasant's hearth, Tales of the race which gave her birth Would sometimes win the maiden's ear; And once, in a worst hour of fear, When the red fever raged around, Her place beside the couch was found Of sickness, and her patient care, And soothing look, and holy prayer, And skill in herbs, had power sublime Upon the sufferer's weary time: But, saving these, her winter-day Was pass'd within the ruins gray; And ever summer-noons were spent Beside the charmed lake, and there Her voice its silver sweetness sent To mingle with the air. Thus time pass'd on. At length, one day Beside her favourite haunt she lay, When rush'd some band who wish'd to make

Her prisoner for her beauty's sake.

She saw them ere they gain'd her seat. Ah! safety may she gain? Though mountain-deer be not more fleet, Yet here flight is in vain. The lake-oh, it is there to save! She plunges-is it to a grave? Moons waned; again is come the night When sprites are free for earthly sight. They see the mortal maiden ride In honour by the chieftain's side, So beautiful, so free from sin, Worthy was she such boon to win: The spirit-race that floated round Were not more pure, more stainless found; Her utmost loveliness and grace Were sole signs of her human race: Happy, thus freed from earthly thrall, She skims the lake, fairest of all.

SCARLET robe broider'd with gold; A turban's snowy, but gem-set fold, And its heron-plume fasten'd by diamondclasp;

Rubies red on his dagger-hasp; Eyes dark as a midnight-dream, Yet flashing wild with starry beam; Swarthy cheek untouch'd by red, Told far had CLEMENZA's summons sped: Since the Moorish bard had brought his elaim,

Mid these Northern halls, to the meed of

#### THE WREATH.

TALE OF THE MOORISH BARD.

Tun carliest beauty of the rose,
Waking from moonlight repose,
In morning-air and dew to steep
The blush of her voluptuous sleep:
This was her cheek; and for her eye,
Gaze thou upon the midnight-sky,
And choose its fairest star, the one
Thou deemst most lovely and most lone;
Her lip, oh! never flower of spring
Had smile of such sweet blandishing.

Ay, beautiful she was as light
Descending on the darken'd sight:
But these were not the spells that gave
LKILA the heart for her charmed slave;
But all those sweetest gifts that win,
Like sunshine, instant entrance in;
Those gentle words and acts that bind
In love our nature with our kind.

She dwelt within a palace fair Such as in fairy-gardens are; There grew her father's cypress-tree, No other monument had he. He bade that never funeral stone Should tell of glory overthrown,—What could it say, but foreign sky Had seen the exile pine and die?

The maiden grew beside the tomb;
Perhaps 't was that which touch'd her bloom
With somewhat of more mournful shade
Than seems for youth's first budding made.
It was her favourite haunt, she felt
As there her all of memory dwelt.
Alone, a stranger in the land
Which was her home, the only band
Between her and her native tongue
Was when her native songs she sung.

Lella, thou wert not of our name;
Thy Christian creed, thy Spanish race,
To us were sorrow, guilt, and shame,
No earthly beauty might efface.
Yet, lovely Infidel, thou art
A treasure clinging to my heart:
A very boy, I yet recall
The dark light of thine eye's charm'd thrall;
Beneath thy worshipp'd cypress leant,
And flowers with thy breathing blent,
Less pure, less beautiful than thou,
I see thee; and I hear thee now
Singing sweet to the twilight dim—
Could it be sin?—thy vesper-hymn.

Burnt a sweet light in that fair shrine, at once too earthly, too divine;

The heart's vain struggle to create An Eden not for mortal state.

Love, who shall say that then art not The dearest blessing of our lot? Yet, not the less, who may deny Life has no sorrow like thy sigh? A fairy-gift, and none may know Or will it work to weal or woe.

Spite of the differing race and creed,
Their fathers had been friends in need;
And, all unconsciously at first,
Love in its infancy was nursed;
Companions from their earliest years,
Unknown the hopes, the doubts, the fears.
That haunt young passion's early hour,
Spared but to come with deadlier power,
With deeper sorrow, worse unrest,
When'once love stood in both confest.

The ground she trod, the air she breathed, The blossoms in her dark hair wreathed, Her smile, her voice, to Minza's eyes More precious seem'd than Paradise.

Yet was the silence sweet unbroken By vows in which young love is spoken. But when the heart has but one dream For midnight-gloom or noontide-beam, And one, at least, knows well what power Is ruling, words will find their hour; Though after growth of grief and pain, May wish those words unsaid again.

'T was sunset, and the glorious heaven To Leila's cheek and eye seem'd given; The one like evening-crimson bright, The other fill'd with such clear light, That, as she bent her o'er the strings, Catching music's wanderings, Look'd she well some Peri fair, Born and being of the air.
Waked the guitar beneath her hand To ballad of her Spanish land; Sad, but yet suiting twilight pale, When surely tenderest thoughts prevail.

8 0 N G.

MAIDEN, fling from thy braided hair The red rose-bud that is wreathed there; For he who planted the parent-tree Is now what soon that blossom will be.

Maiden, fling from thy neck of anow The chain where the Eastern rubies glow; For he who gave thee that jewell'd chain Lies in his wounds on the battle-plain n, fling thou aside thy lute, chords, as thy own hopes, mute; c who first taught thy lips that strain will listen its music again.

those roses to strew on his grave, hain for a mass for the soul of the brave, each that lute, thou widow'd dove, ge for the fall of thy warrior-love.

s! that ever, LELLA said, ond should mourn above the dead, all too early desolate, out one hope or wish from fate; death, what can the maiden crave weeps above her lover's grave ?en'd her eyes with tearful dew, her soft cheek yet softer hue; MIRZA who had lean'd the while, ng upon her voice and smile, as if all that fate could bring written on that moment's wing. noment he is at her knee: LEILA, wouldst thou weep for me?" d she, as at lightning-gleam,-Minza, this I did not dream. m and Moor, may Spanish maid en such words as thou hast said? ther's blood, my father's creed, help me in my hour of need!"

I knelt he at the maiden's feet, sought he those dear eyes to meet. el, and is there nothing due ve so fervid and so true?" ith conflicting thought oppress'd, troop'd her head upon his breast; h'd he the tears on her pale face, a started she from that embrace. sow the weakness of my heart: a, in vain, for we must part. rell, and henceforth I will be d to my God and prayers for thee."

strove to speak, but she was gone, ood within the grove alone, rom that hour they met no more: what to either might restore ace or hope; the gulf between, must forget what they had been. t-oh! never yet hath love safully with memory strove. n was Mraza's page; and strange s to me to watch the change over him like magic wrought. from all, in silent thought ould pass hours; and then his mood, paried of such solitude, d to gaiety; that mirth, rate as if it knew its birth, like an earth-flame's sudden breath, og from the ruin'd soil beneath.

They had not met, since to the maid His first rash vow of love was said; But heard we how, by penance, prayer, She strove to wash away the sin, That ever Infidel had share A Christian maiden's breast within: And there perchance were other tears Than those which flow'd from holy fears. I know not what vain dream had sprung In MIRZA. Is it that despair, Ere the last veil aside is flung, Unable its own words to bear, Will borrow from hope's charmed tongue? To her a wreath he bid me take Such as in our fair garden wake Love's hopes and fears,-oh! suiting well Such gentle messages to tell. That wreath I to the lady brought; I found her in her hall alone, So changed, your sculptors never wrought A form in monumental stone So cold, so pale. The large dark eye Shone strangely o'er the marble cheek; The lips were parted, yet no sigh Seem'd there of breathing life to speak; The picture at whose feet she knelt, The maiden Mother and her Child, The hues which on that canvass dwelt, With more of human likeness smiled. Awful the face, however fair, When death's dark call is written there. I gave the wreath, I named his name, One moment the heart's weakness came, Written in crimson on her brow, The very blossoms caught the glow; Or grew they bright but from the fall Of tears that lit their coronal? The next, the dark eye's suddden rain, The check's red colour pass'd again, All carthly feelings with them died; Slowly she laid the gift aside. When will my soul forget the look With which one single stem she took From out the wreath ?- a tulip flower; But, touch'd as by some withering power, The painted leaves were drooping round The rich but burning heart they bound. She spoke, -oh! never music's tone Hath sadder sweeter cadence known:-"With jarring creed, and hostile line, And heart with fate at enmity, This wasting flower is emblem mine, 'T is faded, it hath but to die.'

I took those leaves of faded bloom
To Mrnza; 't was of both the doom.
He died the first of the battle-line,
When red blood dims the sabre's shine;
He died the early death of the brave,
And the place of the battle was that of his

She died as dies a breath of song Borne on the winds of evening along; She fell as fulls the rose in spring. The fairest are ever most perishing. Yet lingers that tale of sorrow and love, Of the Christian maid and her Moslem love; A tale to be told in the twilight-hour, For the beauty's tears in her lonely bower.

Rose the last minstrel; he was one
Well the eye loves to look upon.
Slight but tall, the gallant knight
Had the martial step he had used in fight;
Dark and rich curl'd the auburn hair
O'er a brow, like the ocean by moonlight, fair;
His island-colour was on his cheek,
Enough of youth in its health to speak;
But shaded it was with manly brown,
From much of toil and of peril known:
Frank was his courtesy, and sweet
The smile he wore at fair lady's feet;
Yethaughty his step, and his mien was high
Half softness, half fire his falcon-eye.
England, fair England, hath earth or sea,
Land of hearth and home, aught to liken
with thee!

# SIR WALTER MANNY AT HIS FATHER'S TOMB.

THE ENGLISH KNIGHT'S BALLAD.

On! show me the grave where my father is laid,
Show his lowly grave to me;
A hundred pieces of broad red gold,
Old man, shall thy guerdon be.

With torch in hand, and bared head,
The old man led the way;
And cold and shrill pass'd the midnight-wind
Through his hair of silvery gray.

But could not share his fame
Down he knelt in silent prayer
On the grave where his fath

A stately knight follow'd his steps,
And his form was tall and proud;
But his step fell soft, and his helm was off,
And his head on his bosom bow'd.

They pass'd through the cathedral-aisles, Whose sculptured walls declare The deeds of many a noble knight; DE Manny's name was not there.

They pass'd next a low and humble church, Scarce seen amid the gloom; There was many a grave, yet not even there Had his father found a tomb.

They traversed a bleak and barren heath,
Till they came to a gloomy wood,
Where the dark trees droop'd, and the dark
grass grew,
As cursed with the sight of blood.

There stood a lorn and blasted tree,
As heaven and earth were its focs,
And beneath was a piled-up mound of store,
Whence a rude gray cross arose.

And lo! said the ancient servitor, It is here thy father is laid; No mass has bless'd the lowly grave Which his humblest follower made.

I would have wander'd through every land Where his gallant name was known, To have pray'd a mass for the soul of the

And a monumental stone.

But I knew thy father had a son,
To whom the task would be dear;
Young knight, I kept the warrior's grave
For thee, and thou art here.

Sir Walter grasp'd the old man's hand, But spoke he never a word;— So still it was, that the fall of tears On his mailed vest was heard.

Oh! the heart has all too many tears; But none are like those that wait On the blighted love, the loneliness Of the young orphan's fate.

He call'd to mind when for knighthood's badge

He knelt at Edward's throne; How many stood by a parent's aide, But he stood there alone!

He thought how often his heart had pind.
When his was the victor's name;
Thrice desolate, strangers might give,
But could not share his fame.

Down he knelt in silent prayer
On the grave where his father slept;
And many the tears, and bitter the thoughts,
As the warrior his vigil kept.

And he built a little chapel there;
And bade the deathbell toll,
And prayers be said, and mass be sung,
For the weal of the warrior's soul.

Years pass'd, and ever Sir Walten was first Where warlike deeds were done; But who would not look for the gallant knight In the leal and loyal son.

Soorn to say, the sight was fair,
When the lady unbound from her raven-hair
The Golden Violet. O praise!
Dear thou art to the poet's lays.
Many a flash from each dark eye pass'd,
Many a minstrel's pulse throbb'd fast.
As she held forth the flower.

dream is past, hush'd is my lute, east, to my awaking, mute; that fair garden and glad hall, she the lady queen of all. e we her power to those who deign moment to my idle strain: each one at their pleasure set prize—the Golden Violet. d I choose where it might belong, phantoms but of mine own song?

task is ended; it may seem

vain regret for morning-dream, y how sad a look is cast the line we know the last. weary hind at setting sun ces over labour done, hunter at the ended chase, ship above its anchoring-place, pilgrim o'er his pilgrimage, reader o'er the closing page; for end is to them repose. poet's lot is not with those: our in Paradise is o'er; tands on earth, and takes his share adows closing round him more, feverish hope, the freezing care; he must read in other eyes, his spirit's sacrifice brighten, touch'd with heaven's own fire, its ashes dark expire. even worse,-what art thou, fame? rious and doubtful claim grants and one denies; what none wholly quite agree upon. bious and uncertain path ast the modern minstrel hath; may he tell, where none agree,

me, in sooth, not mine the lute s own powers to rely; its chords with all wills to suit, are an easier task to try

may fame's actual passport be?

To blend in one each varying tone The midnight-wind bath ever known. One saith that tale of battle-brand Is all too rude for my weak hand; Another, too much sorrow flings Its pining cadence o'er my strings. So much to win, so much to lose, No marvel if I fear to choose. How can I tell of battle-field, I never listed brand to wield; Or dark ambition's pathway try, In truth I never look'd so high; Or stern revenge, or hatred fell. Of what I know not, can I tell? I soar not on such lofty wings, My lute has not so many strings; Its dower is but an humble dower, And I who call upon its aid, My power is but a woman's power, Of softness and of sadness made. In all its changes my own heart Must give the colour, have its part. If that I know myself what key Yield to my hand their sympathies, I should say it is those whose tone Is woman's love and sorrow's own; Such notes as float upon the gale, When twilight, tender nurse and pale, Brings soothing airs and silver dew The panting roses to renew; Feelings whose truth is all their worth, Thoughts which have had their pensive birth When lilies hang their heads and die, Eve's lesson of mortality. Such lute, and with such humble wreath As suits frail string and trembling breath, Such, gentle reader, wooes thee now-Oh! o'er it bend with yielding brow: Read thou it when some soften'd mood Is on thy hour of solitude; And tender memory, sadden'd thought, On the world's harsher cares have wrought. Bethink thee, kindly look and word Will fall like sunshine o'er each chord; That, light as is such boon to thee, T is more than summer's noon to me; That, if such meed my suit hath won, I shall not mourn my task is done.

# POETICAL SKETCHES OF MODERN PICTURES.

#### PORTRAIT OF A LADY.

BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Larr, thy lofty brow is fair,
Beauty's sign and seal are there;
And thy lip is like the rose
Closing round the bee's repose;
And thine eye is like a star,
But blue as the sapphires' are.
Beautiful patrician! thou
Wearest on thy stately brow
All that suits a noble race,
All of high-born maiden's grace,—
Who is there could look on thee
And doubt thy nobility?

Round thee satin robe is flung,
Pearls upon thy neck are hung,
And upon thy arm of snow
Rubies like red sun-gifts glow;
Yet thou wearest pearl and gem
As thou hadst forgotten them.—
'Tis a step, but made to tread
O'er Persian web, or flower's head,—
Soft hand that might only move
In the broider'd silken glove,—
Cheek unused to ruder air
Than what hot-house-rose might bear,—
One whom nature only meant
To be queen of the tournament,—
Courtly fete, and lighted hall,—
Grace and ornament of all!

#### JULIET AFTER THE MASQUERADE.

BY THOMSON.

Sur left the festival, for it seem'd dim Now that her eye no longer dwelt on him, And sought her chamber, — gazed (then turn'd away)

Upon a mirror that before her lay, Half fearing, half believing her sweet face Would surely claim within his memory

The hour was late, and that night her light foot

Had been the constant echo of the lute; Yet sought she not her pillow, the cool air Came from the casement, and it lured her there.

The terrace was beneath, and the pale moon Shone o'er the couch which she had press'd at noon, Soft-lingering o'er some minstrel's love-lom

Alas, tears are the poet's heritage!

She flung her on that couch, but not for sleep;
No, it was only that the wind might steep
Her fever'd lip in its delicious dew:
Her brow was burning, and aside she threw
Her cap and plume, and, loosen'd from its
fold,

Came o'er her neck and face a shower of gold. A thousand curls. It was a solitude Made for young hearts in love's first dream-

ing mood:—
Beneath the garden lay, fill'd with rose-trees
Whose sighings came like passion on the
breeze.

Two graceful statues of the Parian stone So finely shaped, that as the moonlight shore The breath of life seem'd to their beauty

given,
But less the life of earth than that of heaven.
'Twas Psyche and her Boy-god, so divine
They turn'd the terrace to an idol-shrine,
With its white vases and their summer-share
Of flowers, like altars raised to that sweet pair.

And there the maiden leant, still in her ear The whisper dwelt of that young cavalier; It was no fancy, he had named the name Of love, and at that thought her cheek grew flame:

It was the first time her young ear had heard A lover's burning sigh, or silver word;
Her thoughts were all confusion, but most sweet.—

Her heart beat high, but pleasant was its

She murmur'd over many a snatch of song That might to her own feelings now belong; She thought upon old histories she had read, And placed herself in each high heroine's stead,

Then woke her lute, -oh! there is little

Of music's power till aided by love's own. And this is happiness: oh! love will last When all that made it happiness is past,— When all its hopes are as the glittering toys Time present offers, time to come destroys,— When they have been too often crush'd to Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high, earth.

For further blindness to their little worth,— When fond illusions have dropt one by one, Like pearls from a rich carkanet, till none Are left upon life's soil'd and naked string,— And this is all what time will ever bring.— And that fair girl,—what can the heart foresee

Of her young love, and of its destiny? There is a white cloud o'er the moon, its form

Is very light, and yet there sleeps the storm; It is an omen, it may tell the fate Of love known all too soon, repented all too late.

# THE COMBAT.

#### BY ETTY.

They fled,—for there was for the brave Left only a dishonour'd grave.
The day was lost; and his red hand Was now upon a broken brand,
The foes were in his native town,
The gates were forced, the walls were down,
The burning city lit the sky,—
What had he then to do but fly;
Fly to the mountain-rock, where yet
Revenge might strike, or peace forget!

They fled,—for she was by his side,
Life's last and loveliest link, his bride,—
Friends, fame, hope, freedom, all were gone,
Or linger'd only with that one.
They hasten'd by the lonely way
That through the winding forest lay,
Hearth, home, tower, temple, blazed behind,
And shout and shriek came on the wind;
And twice the warrior turn'd again
And cursed the arm that now in vain,
Wounded and faint, essay'd to grasp
The sword that trembled in its clasp.

At last they reach'd a secret shade Which seem'd as for their safety made; And there they paused, for the warm tide Burst in red gushes from his side, And hung the drops on brow and cheek, And his gasp'd breath came thick and weak. She took her long dark hair, and bound The cool moss on each gaping wound, And in her closed-up hands she brought The water which his hot lip sought,—And anxious gazed upon his eye, As asking, shall we live or die? Almost as if she thought his breath Had power o'er his own life and death.

But, hark !- 'tis not the wind deceives, There is a step among the leaves: Her blood runs cold, her heart beats high, It is their fiercest enemy; He of the charm'd and deadly steel, Whose stroke was never known to heal,— He of the sword sworn not to spare,— She flung her down in her despair!

The dying chief sprang to his knee, And the staunch'd wounds well'd fearfully; But his gash'd arm, what is it now? Livid his lip, and black his brow, While over him the slayer stood, As if he almost scorn'd the blood That cost so little to be won,— He strikes,—the work of death is done!

# THE FAIRY-QUEEN SLEEPING.

#### BY STOTHARD.

She lay upon a bank, the favourite haunt Of the spring-wind in its first sunshine-hour, For the luxuriant strawberry-blossoms spread Like a snow-shower there, and violets Bow'd down their purple vases of perfome About her pillow,—link'd in a gay band Floated fantastic shapes, these were her guards, Her lithe and rainbow elves.

WE have been o'er land and sea, Seeking lovely dreams for thee,-Where is there we have not been Gathering gifts for our sweet queen? We are come with sound and sight Fit for fairy's sleep to-night; --First around thy couch shall sweep Odours, such as roses weep When the earliest spring-rain Calls them into life again; Next upon thine ear shall float Many a low and silver note, Stolen from a dark-eyed maid When her lover's serenade, Rising as the stars grew dim, Waken'd her from thoughts of him; There shall steal o'er lip and cheek Gales, but all too light to break Thy soft rest,—such gales as hide All day orange-flowers inside, Or that, while hot noontide, dwell In the purple hyacinth-bell; And before thy sleeping eyes Shall come glorious pageantries,— Palaces of gems and gold, Such as dazzle to behold,-Gardens, in which every tree Seems a world of bloom to be,-Fountains, whose clear waters show The white pearls that lie below.— During slumber's magic reign Other times shall live again; First thou shalt be young and free In thy days of liberty,-

Then again be woo'd and won By thy stately OBERON.
Or thou shalt descend to earth, And see all of mortal birth.
No, that world's too full of care For e'en dreams to linger there.
But, behold, the sun is set, And the diamond coronet
Of the young moon is on high Waiting for our revelry;
And the dew is on the flower, And the stars proclaim our hour;
Long enough thy rest has been,
Wake, Titania, wake our queen!

#### THE ORIENTAL NOSEGAY.

#### BY PICKERSGILL.

THROUGH the light curtains came the per-

And flung them back and show'd a garden, where

The eye could just catch glimpses of those trees

Which send sweet messages upon the breeze To lull a maiden's sleep, and fan her cheek, When inward thoughts in outward blushes speak.

Beneath 's a silken couch, just fit to be A snowy shrine for some fair deity; And there a beauty rests, lovely as those Enchanted visions haunting the repose Of the young poet, when his eyelids shut To dream that love they have but dream'd

as yet;—
But dream'd! Alas, that love should ever be
A happiness but made for phantasie!
And flowers are by her side, and her dark eye
Seems as it read in them her destiny.
She knew whose hand had gather'd them,

whose sigh and touch were on their scent and hue.

Beautiful language! Love's peculiar, own, But only to the spring and summer known. Ah! little marvel in such clime and age As that of our too earth-bound pilgrimage, That we should daily hear that love is fled, And hope grown pale, and lighted feelings dead.

Not for the cold, the careless to impart, By such sweet signs, the silence of the heart: But surely in the countries where the sun Lights loveliness in all he shines upon,—
Where love is as a mystery and a dream, One single flower upon life's troubled stream; There, there, perchance, may the young bosom thrill,

Feeling and fancy linger with love still.

She look'd upon the blossoms, and a smile. A twilight one, lit up her lip the while. Surely her love is blest, no leaves are then That aught of lover's misery declare. True, 'mid them is that pale and pining flower. Whose dim blue colour speaks an absent hour. Yet it is nothing but that tender sorrow Of those who part to-day to meet to-morrow. For there are hope and constancy beside, And are not these to happiness allied? And yet upon that maiden's check is carple A summer - evening's shade of pensire thought.

As if these large soft eyes knew all their fare. How the heart would its destiny create.— At once too tender, and too passionate;— Too made for happiness to be happy here. An angel fetter'd to an earthly sphere.— And those dark eyes, so large, so soft, so bright,

So clear as if their very tears were light— They tell that destiny;—art thou not one To whom love will be like the summer on That feeds the diamond in the secret mine, Then calls it from its solitude to shine, And piece by piece be broken? Watch the

And mark its fading to an early tomb,
And read in the decay upon it stealing
Of thy own wasted hope and wither's
feeling;—

Ay, fitting messengers for love! as fair, As quickly past as his own visions are;— Fling, fling the flowers away!

# THE ENCHANTED ISLAND.

#### BY DANBY.

And there the island lay, the waves around Had never known a storm; for the north-

Was charm'd from coming, and the only airs That blew brought sunshine on their access wings,

Or tones of music from the sparry caves, Where the sea-maids make lutes of the pink

These were sea-breezes,—those that swept

Brought other gifts,—sighs from blueviolets, Or from June's sweet Sultana, the bright

Stole odours. On the silver mirror's face Was but a single ripple that was made By a flamingo's beak, whose scarlet wings Shone like a meteor on the stream: around, Upon the golden sands, were coral plants, And shells of many colours, and sea-weeds, Whose foliage caught and chain'd the Nautilus,

Where lay they as at anchor. On each side Were grottoes, like fair porticoes with steps Of the green marble; and a lovely light, Like the far radiance of a thousand lamps, Half-shine, half-shadow, or the glorious track

Of a departing star but faintly seen In the dim distance, through those caverns shone,

And play'd o'er the tall trees which seem'd to hide

bella

To call the bees from the anemone, Jealous of their bright rivals' golden wealth. -Amid those arches floated starry shapes, Just indistinct enough to make the eye Dream of surpassing beauty; but in front, Borne on a car of pearl, and drawn by swans, There lay a lovely figure,—she was queen Of the Enchanted Island, which was raised From ocean's bosom but to pleasure her: And spirits, from the stars, and from the sea, The beautiful mortal had them for her slaves.

She was the daughter of a king, and loved By a young Ocean-Spirit from her birth,-He hover'd o'er her in her infancy, And bade the rose grow near her, that her cheek

Might catch its colour, - lighted up her dreams

With fairy-wonders, and made harmony The element in which she moved; at last, When that she turn'd away from earthly love, Enamour'd of her visions, he became Visible with his radiant wings, and bore His bride to the fair island.

#### FAIRIES ON THE SEA-SHORE.

BY HOWARD.

#### FIRST FAIRY.

My home and haunt are in every leaf, Whose life is a summer-day, bright and

brief,-I live in the depths of the tulip's bower, I wear a wreath of the cistus-flower, I drink the dew of the blue harebell, I know the breath of the violet well,-The white and the azure violet, But I know not which is the sweetest yet,-I have kiss'd the cheek of the rose, I have watch'd the lily unclose, My silver mine is the almond-tree, Who will come dwell with flower and me?

#### CHORUS OF PAIRIES.

Dance we our round, 'tis a summer-night, And our steps are led by the glow-worms light.

#### SECOND FAIRY.

My dwelling is in the serpentine Of the rainbow's colour'd line,-See how its rose and amber clings To the many hues of my radiant wings; Mine is the step that bids the earth Give to the iris-flower its birth, And mine the golden cup to hide, Gardens, where hyacinths rang their soft Where the last faint hue of the rainbow died.

Search the depths of an Indian mine, Where are the colours to match with mine?

#### CHORUS.

Dance we round, for the gale is bringing Songs the summer-rose is singing.

## THIRD FAIRY.

I float on the breath of a minstrel's lute. Or the wandering sounds of a distant flute. Linger I over the tones that swell From the pink-vein'd chords of an oceanshell;

I love the sky-lark's morning-hymn, Or the nightingale heard at the twilight dim, The echo, the fountain's melody,-These, oh! these are the spells for me!

# CRORUS.

Hail to the summer-night of June; See! yonder has risen our ladye moon.

#### FOURTH PAIRY.

My palace is in the coral-cave Set with spars by the ocean-wave; Would ye have gems, then seek them there,-There found I the pearls that bind my hair. I and the wind together can roam Over the green waves and their white foam,-See, I have got this silver shell, Mark how my breath will its smallness swell, For the Nautilus is my boat In which I over the waters float,-The moon is shining over the sea, Who is there will come sail with me?

#### CHORUS OF PAIRIES.

Our noontide-sleep is on leaf and flower, Our revels are held in a moonlit hour,-What is there sweet, what is there fair. And we are not the dwellers there? Dance we round, for the morning-light, Will put us and our glow-worm-lamps to flight!

## A CHILD SCREENING A DOVE FROM Isles of cinnamon and spice, A HAWK. Shadow each of Paradise,—

BY STEWARDSON.

Ay, screen thy favourite dove, fair child, Ay, screen it if you may,— Yet I misdoubt thy trembling hand Will scare the hawk away.

That dove will die, that child will weep,—
Is this their destinie?
Ever amid the sweets of life
Some evil thing must be.

Ay, moralize,—is it not thus
We 've mourn'd our hope and love?
Alas! there 's tears for every eye,
A hawk for every dove!

# CUPID AND SWALLOWS FLYING FROM WINTER.

BY DAGLEY.

Away, away, o'er land and sea,
This is now no home for me;
My light wings may never bear
Northern cloud or winter-air.
Murky shades are gathering fast,
Sleet and snow are on the blast;
Trees from which the leaves are fled,
Flowers whose very roots are dead,
Grass of its green blade bereft,
These are all that now are left.
—Linger here another day,
I shall be as sad as they;
My companions fly with spring,
I too must be on the wing.

Where are the sweet gales whose song Wont to waft my darts along? Scented airs! oh, not like these, Rough as they which sweep the seas; But those sighs of rose which bring Incense from their wandering.

Where are the bright flowers that kept Guard around me while I slept? Where the sunny eyes whose beams Waken'd me from my soft dreams?—These are with the swallows gone,—Beauty's heart is chill'd to stone.

Oh! for some sweet southern clime, Where 'tis ever summer-time,— Where, if blossoms fall, their tomb Is amid new birth of bloom,— Where green leaves are ever springing, Where the lark is always singing,— One of those bright isles which lie Fair beneath an azure sky,

Isles of cinnamon and spice,
Shadow each of Paradise,—
Where the flowers shine with dyes,
Tinted bright from the sun-rise,—
Where the birds which drink their dev,
Wave wings of yet brighter hue,
And each river's course is roll'd
Over bed of pearl and gold!

Oh! for those lime-scented groves
Where the Spanish lover roves,
Tuning to the western star,
His soft song and light guitar,—
Where the dark-hair'd girls are dancing,
Fairies in the moonlight glancing,
With pencill'd brows, and radiant eyes,
Like their planet-lighted skies!
Or those clear Italian lakes
Where the silver cygnet makes
Its soft nest of leaf and flower,
A white lily for its bower!
Each of these a home would be,
Fit for beauty and for me:
I must seek their happier sphere
While the Winter lords it here.

# LOVE NURSED BY SOLITUDE

BY W. J. THOMSON.

Av, surely it is here that Love should come. And find (if he may find on earth) a home; Here cast off all the sorrow and the shame That cling like shadows to his very name

Young Love, thou art belied: they speak of thee,

And couple with thy mention misery;
Talk of the broken heart, the wasted bloom,
The spirit blighted, and the early tomb;
As if these waited on thy golden lot,—
They blame thee for the faults which then
hast not.

Art thou to blame for that they bring on thee The soil and weight of their mortality? How can they hope that ever links will hold Form'd, as they form them now, of the harsh gold? Or worse than even this, how can they think

Or worse than even this, how can they think That vanity will bind the failing link? How can they dream that thy sweet life will bear

Crowds', palaces', and cities' heartless air?
Where the lip smiles while the heart's
desolate,

And courtesy lends its deep mask to hate; Where looks and thoughts alike must feel the chain,

And nought of life is real but its pain; Where the young spirit's high imaginings Are scorn'd and cast away as idle things; e, think or feel, you are foredoom'd to be

e none must wander from the beaten

ike champ the bit, and feel the goad of made for thee, young Love! away here the green earth laughs to the clear day,

e deep valley, where a thousand trees a green court for fairy-revelries, me small island on a lonely lake, e only swans the diamond-waters break, e the pines hang in silence o'er the tide he stream gushes from the mountainside;

Love, are haunts for thee; where canst thou brood thy sweet wings furl'd but in Solitude?

# GIRL AT HER DEVOTIONS.

BY NEWTON.

vas just risen from her bended knee, 'et peace seem'd not with her piety; there was paleness upon her young cheek,

thoughts upon the lips which never speak,

wring the heart that at the last they break.

how much of misery may be read at wan forehead, and that bow'd-down head;—

ye is on a picture, woe that ever should thus struggle with a vain endeavour

st itself: it is a common tale, ever will be while earth-soils prevail earth's happiness; it tells she strove silent, secret, unrequited love.

matters not its history; love has wings lightning, swift and fatal, and it springs a wild flower where it is least expected, ing whether cherish'd or rejected; g with only but to be content, less, for love is its own element,—iring nothing so that it may be martyr of its fond fidelity.

\*\*stery art thou, thou mighty one! peak thy name in beauty, yet we shun wn thee, Love, a guest; the poet's songs

weetest when their voice to thee belongs, hope, sweet opiate, tenderness, delight, erms which are thy own peculiar right; ill deny their master,—who will own oreast thy footstool, and his heart thy throne?

'Tis strange to think if we could fling aside The masque and mantle that love wears from pride,

How much would be, we now so little guess, Deep in each heart's undream'd, unsought

The careless smile, like a gay banner borne, The laugh of merriment, the lip of scorn,— And for a cloak what is there that can be So difficult to pierce as gaiety? Too dazzling to be scann'd, the haughty brow

Too dazzling to be scann'd, the haughty brow Seems to hide something it would not avow, But rainbow-words, light laugh, and thought-

less jest,
These are the bars, the curtain to the breast,
That shuns a scrutiny: and she, whose form
Now bends in grief beneath the bosom's
storm.

Has hidden well her wound,—now none are nigh

To mock with curious or with careless eye, (For love seeks sympathy, a chilling yes, Strikes at the root of its best happiness, And mockery is worm-wood) she may dwell On feelings which that picture may not tell.

#### NYMPH AND ZEPHYR.

A STATUARY GROUP, BY WESTMACOTT.

And the summer-sun shone in the sky, And the rose's whole life was in its sigh, When her eyelids were kiss'd by a morningbeam,

And the Nymph rose up from her moonlit

For she had watch'd the midnight-hour Till her head had bow'd like a sleeping flower;

But now she had waken'd, and light and dew Gave her morning-freshness and morninghne.—

Up she sprang, and away she fled O'er the lithe grass-stem and the blossom's head.

From the lilies' bells she dash'd not the spray, For her feet were as light and as white as they.

Sudden upon her arm there shone
A gem with the hues of an Indian stone,
And she knew the insect-bird whose wing
Is sacred to Psyche and to Spring;
But scarce had her touch its captive prest,
Ere another prisoner was on her breast,
And the Zephyr sought his prize again,—
No, said the Nymph, thy scarch is vain:
And her golden hair from its braided yoke
Burst like the banner of hope as she spoke:
And instead, fair boy, thou shalt moralize
Over the pleasure that from thee flies;
Then it is pleasure,—for we possess
But in the scarch, not in the success.

#### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

#### ROSALIE.

'Tis a wild tale-and sad, too, as the sigh That young lips breathe when Love's first dreamings fly

When blights and cankerworms, and chilling showers,

Come withering o'er the warm heart's passion-flowers.

Love! gentlest spirit! I do tell of thee, Of all thy thousand hopes, thy many fears, Thy morning-blushes, and thy evening-tears; What thou hast ever been, and still wilt be,-Life's best, but most betraying witchery!

It is a night of summer, -and the sea Sleeps, like a child, in mute tranquillity. Soft o'er the deep-blue wave the moonlight breaks;

Gleaming, from out the white clouds of its zone,

Like beauty's changeful smile, when that it seeks

Some face it loves, yet fears to dwell upon. The waves are motionless, save where the oar, Light as Love's anger, and as quickly gone, Has broken in upon their azure sleep. Odours are on the air :- the gale has been Wandering in groves where the rich roses

weep. Where orange, citron, and the soft lime-

flowers Shed forth their fragrance to night's dewy hours.

Afar the distant city meets the gaze, Where tower and turret in the pale light shine, Seen like the monuments of other days-Monuments Time half shadows, half displays. And there are many, who, with witching song And wild guitar's soul-thrilling melody, Or the lute's melting music, float along O'er the blue waters, still and silently That night had Naples sent her best display Of young and gallant, beautiful and gay.

There was a bark a little way apart From all the rest, and there two lovers leant:

One with a blushing cheek and beating heart, And bashful glance, upon the sea-wave bent; She might not meet the gaze the other sent Upon her beauty; -but the half-breathed sighs.

The deepening colour, timid smiling eyes, Told that she listened Love's sweet flatteries. Her steps away, from her own home beguiled

Then they were silent :- words are littlead To Love, whose deepest vows are ever made By the heart's beat alone. Oh, silence is Love's own peculiar eloquence of bliss!-Music swept past:-it was a simple tone: But it has wakened heartfelt sympathics;-It has brought into life things past and gone; Has wakened all those secret memories That may be smothered, but that still will be Present within thy soul, young Rosalus! The notes had roused an answering chord within:

In other days, that song her vesper-hymn had been.

Her altered look is pale: that dewy eye Almost belies the smile her rich lips wear;-That smile is mocked by a scarce-breathing sigh.

Which tells of silent and suppressed care-Tells that the life is withering with despair, More irksome from its unsunned silentness-A festering wound the spirit pines to bear; A galling chain, whose pressure will intrude. Fettering Mirth's step, and Pleasure's light-

est mood.

Where are her thoughts thus wandering? -A spot,

Now distant far, is pictured on her mind,-A chesnut shadowing a low white cot. With rose and jasmine round the casement twined.

Mixed with the myrtle-tree's luxuriant blind. Alone, (oh! should such solitude be here!) An aged form beneath the shade reclined, Whose eye glanced round the scene; and

then a tear Told that she missed one in her heart enshrined.

Then came remembrances of other times, When eve oped her rich bowers for the pale day;

When the faint, distant tones of convent chimes

Were answered by the lute and vesper-lay: When the fond mother blest her gentle child. And for her welfare prayed the Virgin mild

And she has left the aged one to stery Her nightly couch with tears for that lost child.

The Rosalie, - who left her age to weep. When that the tempter flattered her and

She started up in agony:—her eye
Met Manyreror's. Softly he spoke, and smiled;
Memory is past, and thought and feeling lie
Lost in one dream—all thrown on one wild die.
They floated o'er the waters, till the moon
Look'd from the blue sky in her zenithnoon,—

Till each glad bark at length had sought the shore,

And the waves echoed to the lute no more;— Then sought their gay palazzo, where the ray Of lamps shed light only less bright than day;

And there they feasted till the morn did fling Her blushes o'er their mirth and revelling. And life was as a tale of facric,—

As when some Eastern genie rears bright bowers,

And spreads the green turf and the coloured flowers;

And calls upon the earth, the sea, the sky, To yield their treasures for some gentle queen,

Whose reign is over the enchanted scene.

And Rosalie had pledged a magic cup—
The maddening cup of pleasure and of love!
There was for her one only star above!—
She bent in passionate idolatry
Before her heart's sole idol—Mannen!

'Tis night again—a soft and summernight;—
A deep-blue heaven, white clouds, moon
and starlight;—
So calm, so beautiful, that human eye
Might weep to look on such a tranquil sky:—
A night just formed for Hope's first dream
of bliss,
Or for Love's yet more perfect happiness!

The moon is o'er a grove of cypress-trees, Weeping, like mourners, in the plaining breeze; Echoing the music of a rill, whose song

Glided so sweetly, but so sad, along.

There is a little chapel in the shade, Where many a pilgrim has knelt down and prayed

To the sweet saint, whose portrait, o'er the

The painter's skill has made all but divine. It was a pale, a melancholy face,— A cheek which bore the trace of frequent

And worn by grief,—though grief might not efface

The seal that beauty set in happier years; And such a smile as on the brow appears Of one whose earthly thoughts, long since subdued Past this life's joys and sorrows, hopes and

The worldly dreams o'er which the many brood;-

The heart-beat husbed in mild and chastened mood.

It was the image of the maid who wept Those precious tears that heal and purify. Love yet upon her lip his station kept, But Heaven and heavenly thoughts were in

One knelt before the shrine, with cheek as

pale
As was the cold white marble. Can this be
The young—the loved—the happy Rosarm?
Alas! alas! hers is a common tale:—
She trusted, as youth ever has believed:—
She heard Love's vows—confided—was de-

Oh, Love! thy essence is thy purity! Breathe one unhallowed breath upon thy flame,

And it is gone for ever,—and but leaves A sullied vase—its pure light lost in shame!

And Rosalis was loved,—not with that pure And holy passion which can age endure; But loved with wild and self-consuming fires,—

A torch which glares—and scorches—and

A little while her dream of bliss remained,—
A little while Love's wings were left unchained.

But change came o'er the trusted MANFERDI: His heart forgot its vowed idolatry; And his forgotten love was left to brood O'er wrongs and rain in her solitude!

How very desolate that breast must be, Whose only joyance is in memory! And what must woman suffer, thus betrayed!—

Her heart's most warm and precious feelings made

But things wherewith to wound: that heartso weak,

So soft—laid open to the vulture's beak! Its sweet revealings given up to scorn It burns to bear, and yet that must be borne! And, sorer still, that bitterer emotion, To know the shrine which had our soul's

Is that of a false deity!—to look
Upon the eyes we worshipped, and brook
Their cold reply! Yet these are all for her!—
The rude world's outcast, and love's wanderer!
Alas! that love, which is so sweet a thing,
Should ever cause guilt, grief, or suffering!
Yet she upon whose face the sunbeams fall—
That dark-eyed girl—had felt their bitterest
thrall!

not

In passion's record one green sunny spot-It had been all a madness and a dream, The shadow of a flower on the stream, Which seems, but is not; and then memory turned

To her lone mother. How her bosom burned With sweet and bitter thoughts! There might be rest-

The wounded dove will flee into her nest-That mother's arms might fold her child again.

The cold world scorn, the cruel smite in vain, And falsehood be remembered no more, In that calm shelter:-and she might weep o'er

Her faults and find forgiveness. Had not she To whom she knelt found pardon in the eyes Of Heaven, in offering for sacrifice A broken heart? And might not pardon he Also for her? She looked up to the face Of that pale saint; and in that gentle brow, Which seemed to hold communion with her thought.

There was a smile which gave hope energy. She prayed one deep, wild prayer,-that she might gain

The home she hoped; - then sought that home again.

A flush of beauty is upon the sky-Eve's last warm blushes-like the crimson dye The maiden wears, when first her dark eyes

The graceful lover's, sighing at her feet. And there were sounds of music on the breeze, And perfume shaken from the citron-trees; While the dark chesnuts caught a golden ray On their green leaves, the last bright gift Through a small grove of cypresses, whose of day

And peasants dancing gaily in the shade To the soft mandolin, whose light notes made An echo fit to the glad voices singing. The twilight-spirit his sweet urn is flinging Of dew upon the lime and orange-stems, And giving to the rose pearl-diadems.

There is a pilgrim by that old gray tree, With head upon her hand bent mournfully; And looking round upon each lovely thing, And breathing the sweet air, as they could

To her no beauty and no solacing. 'Tis Rosalie! Her prayer was not in vain. The truant-child has sought her home again !

It must be worth a life of toil and care,-Worth those dark chains the wearied one must bear

Who toils up fortune's steep,-all that can wring The worn-out bosom with lone suffering,

She thought upon her love; and there was Worth restlessness, oppression, goading fear. And long-deferred hopes of many years, To reach again that little quiet spot, So well loved once, and never quite forgat;-To trace again the steps of infancy, And catch their freshness from their memory! And it is triumph, sure, when fortune's ma Has shone upon us, and our task is done, To show our harvest to the eyes which were Once all the world to us! Perhaps there are Some who had presaged kindly of our youth. Feel we not proud their prophecy was south? But how felt Rosalis?-The very air Seemed as it brought reproach! there was

no eye To look delighted, welcome none was there! She felt as feels an outcast wandering by Where every door is closed! She looked around :-

She heard some voices' sweet familiar sound There were some changed and some remonbered things;

There were girls, whom she left in their first springs,

Now blushed into full beauty; there was one Whom she loved tenderly in days now gone! She was not dancing gaily with the rest: A rose-cheeked child within her arms was

And it had twined its small hands in the hair That clustered o'er its mother's brow: as fair As buds in spring. She gave her laughing dove

To one who clasped it with a father's love; And if a painter's eye had sought a scene Of love in its most perfect loveliness— Of childhood, and of wedded happiness,-He would have painted the sweet MADELINE! But Rosalie shrank from them, and she strayed

shade

Hung o'er a burying-ground, where the low stone

And the gray cross recorded those now gone! There was a grave just closed. Not one seemed near.

To pay the tribute of one long-last tear! How very desolate must that one be Whose more than grave has not a memory!

Then Resalts thought on her mother's

Just such her end would be with her away? No child the last cold death-pang to assuage No child by her neglected tomb to pray! She asked-and like a hope from Heaven it came !-

To hear them answer with a stranger's name.

She reached her mother's cottage; by that gate She thought how her once lover want to

On all the utter ruin he had wrought! The moon shone brightly, as it used to do Ere youth, and hope, and love, had been untrue;

But it shone o'er the desolate! The flowers Were dead; the faded jessamine, unbound, Trailed, like a heavy weed, upon the ground; And fell the moonlight vainly over trees, Which had not even one rose, - although

the breeze. Almost as if in mockery, had brought Sweet tones it from the nightingale had caught!

She entered in the cottage. None were there!

The hearth was dark,-the walls looked cold and bare!

All-all spoke poverty and suffering! All-all was changed! and but one only thing Kept its old place! Rosalie's mandolin Hung on the wall, where it had ever been. There was one other room,-and Rosalie Sought for her mother there. A heavy flame Gleamed from a dying lamp; a cold air came Damp from the broken casement. There

Like marble seen but by the moonlight-ray! And ROSALIE drew near. One withered hand Was stretched, as it would reach a wretched

stand Where some cold water stood! And by the bed She knelt-and gazed-and saw her mother-

#### ROLAND'S TOWER.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Oh, Heaven! the deep fidelity of love!

WHERE, like a courser starting from the spur, Rushes the deep-blue current of the Rhine, A little island rests; green cypresses Are its chief growth, hending their heavy boughs

O'er gray stones marking long-forgotten graves.

A convent once stood here; and yet remain Relics of other times, pillars and walls, Worn away and discoloured, yet so hung With wreaths of ivy that the work of rain Is scarcely visible. How like this is To the so false exterior of the world! Outside all looks so fresh and beautiful; But mildew, rot, and worm, work on beneath, Until the heart is utterly decayed. There is one grave distinguished from the

But only by a natural monument :-

To tell her honied tales; and then she A thousand deep-blue violets have grown thought Over the sod.—I do love violets: They tell the history of woman's love; They open with the earliest breath of spring ; Load a sweet life of perfume, dew and light; And, if they perish, perish with a sigh Delicious as that life; on the hot June They shed no perfume; the flowers may remain.

But the rich breathing of their leaves is mat ;-

Like woman, they have lost their loveliest gift,

When yielding to the fiery hour of passion: The violet-breath of love is purity.

On the shore opposite a tower stands In ruins, with a mourning-robe of moss Hung on the gray and shattered walls, which fling

A shadow on the waters; it comes o'er The waves, all bright with sunshine, like the gloom

Adversity throws on the heart's young gladness.

I saw the river on a summer-eve: The sun was setting over fields of corn,-Twas like a golden sea ;-and on the left Were vineyards, whence the grapes shone forth like gems,

Rubies, and lighted amber; and thence spread A wide heath covered with thick furze, whose flowers,

So bright, are like the pleasures of this world, Beantiful in the distance, but, once gained, Little worth, piercing through the thorns which grow

Around them ever. Wilder and more steep The banks upon the river's other side: Tall pines rose up like warriors; the wild

Was there in all its luxury of bloom, Sown by the wind, nursed by the dew and sun:

And on the steeps were crosses gray and old, Which told the fate of some poor traveller. The dells were filled with dwarfed oaks and

And on the heights, which mastered all the

Were castles, tenanted now by the owl, The spider's garrison: there is not one Without some strange old legend of the days When love was life and death, -when lady's

glove Or sunny curl were banners of the battle .-My history is of the tower which looks Upon the little island.

Lord HERBERT sat him in his hall: the hearth Was blazing as it mocked the storm without With its red cheerfulness: the dark hounds Its very loveliest, when the fresh air

Around the fire; and the old knight had doffed

His bunting-cloak, and listened to the lute And song of the fair girl who at his knee Was seated. In the April-hour of life, When showers are led by rainbows, and the heart

Is all bloom and green leaves, was ISABELLE: A band of pearls, white like the brow o'er which

They past, kept the bright curls from off the forehead; thence

They wandered to her feet-a golden shower. She had that changing colour on the cheek Which speaks the heart so well; those deepblue eyes,

Like summer's darkest sky, but not so glad-They were too passionate for happiness. Light was within her eyes, bloom on her cheek.

Her song had raised the spirit of her race Upon her eloquent brow. She had just told Of the young ROLAND's deeds, -how he had stood

Against a host and conquered; when there

A pilgrim to the hall-and never yet Had stranger asked for shelter and in vain! The board was spread, the Rhenish flask was drained;

Again they gathered round the hearth, again The maiden raised her song; and at its close,-

"I would give worlds," she said, "to see this chief,

This gallant ROLAND! I could deem him all A man must honour and a woman love!" "Lady! I pray thee not recall those words, For I am ROLAND!" From his face he threw The hood and pilgrim's cloak,-and a young knight

Knelt before ISABELLE!

They loved ; - they were beloved. Oh, happiness!

I have said all that can be said of bliss, In saying that they loved. The young heart

Such store of wealth in its own fresh wild pulse;

And it is love that works the mind, and brings

Its treasure to the light. I did love once-Loved as youth - woman - genius loves; though now

My heart is chilled and sear, and taught to wear

That falsest of false things-a mask of smiles; Yet every pulse throbs at the memory Of that which has been! Love is like the

glass. That throws its own rich colour over all, Has tinged the cheek we love with its glad red:

And the hot noon flits by most rapidly, When dearest eyes gaze with us on the page Bearing the poet's words of love : and then The twilight-walk, when the linked arms can feel

The beating of the heart; upon the air There is a music never heard but once, A light the eyes can never see again; Each star has its own prophecy of hop And every song and tale that breathe of love Seem echoes of the heart.

And time past hy-As time will ever pass, when Love has lent His rainbow-plumes to aid his flight-and spring

Had wedded with the summer, when a steed Stood at Lord HERBERT's gate, - and Ist-

Had wept farewell to ROLAND, and had given Her blue scarf for his colours. He was gone To raise his vassals, for Lord HERRERY'S towers

Were menaced with a siege; and he had sworn

By Isabelle's white hand that he would claim

Its beauty only as a conqueror's prize. Autumn was on the woods, when the blue Rhine

Grew red with blood :- Lord HERBERT'S banner flies,

And gallant is the bearing of his ranks But where is he who said that he would ride At his right hand to battle ? - ROLAND! where-

Oh! where is ROLAND?

ISABELLE has watched Day after day, night after night, in vain, Till she has wept in hopelessness, and thought Upon old histories, and said with them, "There is no hope in man's fidelity!" ISABELLE stood upon her lonely tower; And, as the evening-star rose up, she sav An armed train bearing her father's banner In triumph to the castle. Down she flew To greet the victors :- they had reached the

Before herself. What saw the maiden there? A bier!-her father laid upon that bier! ROLAND was kneeling by the side, his face Bowed on his hands and hid ;- but Isseelle Knew the dark curling hair and stately form, And threw her on his breast. He shrank away As she were death, or sickness, or despair. "ISABELLE! it was I who slew thy father!" She fell almost a corpse upon the body. It was too true! With all a lover's speed, ROLAND had sought the thickest of the fight; And makes all beautiful. The morning looks He gained the field just as the crush began ;-

Unwitting of his colours, he had slain The father of his worshipped ISABELLE!

They met once more; and Isanelle was changed

As much as if a lapse of years had past: She was so thin, so pale, and her dim eye Had wept away its luxury of blue. She had cut off her sunny hair, and wore A robe of black, with a white crucifix:-It told her destiny-her youth was vowed To Heaven. And in the convent of the isle That day she was to enter, ROLAND stood Like marble, cold, and pale, and motionless: The heavy sweat upon his brow was all His sign of life. At length he snatched the

That ISABELLE had tied around his neck, And gave it her, -and prayed that she would

scarf

Its white folds from the lattice of her cell At each pale rising of the evening-star, That he might know she lived. They parted: -Never

Those lovers met again! But ROLAND built A tower beside the Rhine, and there he dwelt. And every evening saw the white scarf waved. And heard the vesper-hymn of ISABELLE Float in deep sweetness o'er the silent river. One evening, and he did not see the scarf,-He watched and watched in vain; at length his hope

Grew desperate, and he prayed his ISABELLE Might have forgotten him: - but midnight came.

And with it came the convent's heavy bell, Tolling for a departed soul; and then He knew that ISABELLE was dead! Next day They laid her in her grave; and the moon

Upon a mourner weeping there :- that tomb Was ROLAND's death-bed!

#### THE BAYADERE.

#### AN INDIAN TALE.

The BAVADERE was taken from some faint re-The HAVADERR was taken from some faint recollection of a tale I had either read or heard;
and meeting with the word "Bayadere" many
years after recalled it to my memory as a subject exquisitely poetical. I have been since told
it was a poem of Goethe's. This poem has neverheen to my knowledge translated; and, being
ignorant of the German language, I am unable
to say whether the tale conforms to the original
or not.

THERE were seventy pillars around the hall, Of wreathed gold was each capital, And the roof was fretted with amber and gems, Such as light kingly diadems; The floor was marble, white as the snow Ere its pureness is stained by its fall below: He of smiles, and he of tears-

In the midst played a fountain, whose starry showers

Fell like beams on the radiant flowers, Whose colours were gleaming, as every one Burnt from the kisses just caught from the sun;

And vases sent forth their silvery clouds, Like those which the face of the young moon shrouds,

But sweet as the breath of the twilight-hour When the dew awakens the rose's power. At the end of the hall was a sun-bright throne, Rich with every glorious stone; And the purple canopy overhead Was like the shade o'er the dayfall shed; And the couch beneath was of buds half blown.

Hued with the blooms of the rainbow's zone; And round, like festoons, a vine was rolled, Whose leaf was of emerald, whose fruit was of gold.

But though graced as for a festival, There was something sad in that stately hall: There floated the breath of the harp and flate,-

But the sweetest of every music is mute: There are flowers of light, and spiced perfume.

But there wants the sweetest of breath and of bloom:

And the hall is lone, and the hall is drear, For the smiling of woman shineth not here. With urns of odour o'er him weeping, Upon the couch a youth is sleeping: His radiant hair is bound with stars, Such as shine on the brow of night, Filling the dome with diamond-rays, Only than his own curls less bright. And such a brow, and such an eye As fit a young divinity; A brow like twilight's darkening line,

An eye like morning's first sunshine, Now glancing through the veil of dreams As sudden light at daybreak streams. And richer than the mingled shade By gem, and gold, and purple made, His orient wings closed o'er his head; Like that bird's, bright with every dye Whose home, as Persian bards have said. Is fixed in scented Araby. Some dream is passing o'er him now-

And from his lip come murmured words, Low, but sweet as the light lute-chords When o'er its strings the night-winds glide To woo the roses by its side. He, the fair boy-god, whose nest Is in the water-lily's breast; He of the many-arrowed bow, Of the joys that come and go Like the leaves, and of the sighs

Like the winds of summer-skies, Blushes like the birds of spring, Soon seen and soon vanishing; He of hopes, and he of fears,

A sudden flush is on his brow;

Young Campeo, he has brought A sweet dream of coloured thought, One of love and woman's power, To Mandalla's sleeping hour.

Joyless and dark was his jewelled throne, When Mandalla awakened and found him alone.

He drank the perfume that around him swept,
'Twas not sweet as the sigh he drank as he
slept;

There was music, but where was the voice at whose thrill Every pulse in his veins was throbbing still? And dim was the home of his native star

And dim was the home of his native star
While the light of woman and love was afar;
And lips of the rosebud, and violet eyes
Are the sunniest flowers in Paradise.
He veiled the light of his glorious race
In a mortal's form and a mortal's face,
And 'mid earth's loveliest sought for one
Who might dwell in his hall and share in
his throne.

The loorie brought to his cinnamon-nest The bee from the midst of its honey-quest, And open the leaves of the lotus lay To welcome the noon of the summer-day. It was glory, and light, and beauty all, When Mandalla closed his wing in Bengal. He stood in the midst of a stately square, As the waves of the sea rolled the thousands there;

Their gathering was round the gorgeous car Where sat in his triumph the Subadar; For his sabre was red with the blood of the

And his proudest foes were slaves in his chain; And the sound of the trumpet, the sound of his name,

Rose in shouts from the crowd as onwards he came.

With gems and gold on each ataghan, A thousand warriors led the van, Mounted on steeds black as the night, But with foam and with stirrup gleaming in light;

And another thousand came in their rear, On white horses, armed with bow and spear, With quivers of gold on each shoulder laid, And with crimson belt for each crooked blade.

Then followed the foot-ranks,—their turbans showed

Like flashes of light from a mountain-cloud, For white were the turbans as winter-snow, And death-black the foreheads that darkened below;

Scarlet and white was each soldier's vest, And each bore a lion of gold on his breast, For this was the chosen band that bore The lion-standard,—it floated o'er Their ranks like morning; at every wave Of that purple banner, the trumpets gave

martial salute to the radiant fold That bore the lion-king wrought in gold. And last the elephant came, whose tower Held the lord of this pomp and power: And round that chariot of his pride, Like chains of white sea-pearls, Or braids enwove of summer-flowers, Glided fair dancing-girls; And as the rose-leaves fall to earth, Their light feet touched the ground, But for the zone of silver bells You had not beard a sound, As, scattering flowers o'er the way, Whirled round the beautiful array. But there was one who 'mid them shone A planet lovely and alone, A rose, one flower amid many, But still the loveliest of any: Though fair her arm as the moonlight. Others might raise an arm as white; Though light her feet as music's fall, Others might be as musical; But where were such dark eyes as hers? So tender, yet withal so bright, As the dark orbs had in their smile Mingled the light of day and night.

And where was that wild grace which shell A loveliness o'er every tread, A beauty shining through the whole, Something which spoke of heart and soul. The Almas had passed lightly on, The armed ranks, the crowd, were gone, Yet gazed MANDALLA on the square As she he sought still glided there .-Oh that fond look, whose eyeballs strain, And will not know its look is vain! At length he turned,-his silent mood Sought that impassioned solitude, The Eden of young hearts, when first Love in its loneliness is nurst. He sat him by a little fount; A tulip-tree grew by its side, A lily with its silver towers Floated in silence on the tide: And far round a banana-tree Extended its green sanctuary; And the long grass, which was his scat. With every motion grew more sweet, Yielding a more voluptuous scent At every blade his pressure bent. And there he lingered, till the sky Lost somewhat of its brilliancy, And crimson shadows rolled on the west. And raised the moon her diamond-crest, And came a freshness on the trees. Harbinger of the evening-breeze, When a sweet far sound of song Borne by the breath of flowers along, A mingling of the voice and lute, Such as the wind-harp, when it makes Its pleasant music to the gale Which kisses first the chords it breaks. He followed where the echo led, Till in a cypress-grove he found A funeral train, that round a grave Poured forth their sorrows' wailing sound;

by the tomb a choir of girls, measured steps and mournful notes, snow-white robes, while on the air, und their wreaths, each dark eurl floats, f round and sang to her who slept while their young eyes o'er her wept. she, that loveliest one, is here, morning's radiant Bayadere: rker light in her dark eyes,ears are there,—a paler brow ged but to charm the morning's smile, sparkling, but more touching now. first her sweet lip prest the flute, thingule waked by the rose, when that honey-breath was mute, heard her low song's plaintive close, ing for the young blossom's fall, last, the most beloved of all. ed in gushing tears the lay, band of mourners passed away: left their wreaths upon the tomb, ding leaves and long perfume or were emblems; and unbound a cage's gilded round, set the prisoners free, as none left to love now she was gone. zure wings spread on the air, songs, rejoicing songs, were heard; pining, as forgotten now, ered one solitary bird: autiful and pearl-white dove, in its remembering love. is a strange and lovely thing ark the drooping of its wing, how into the grave it prest, soiled the dark earth-stain its breast; darker as the night-shades grew, er became its wailing con, it missed the hand that bore, ne cool twilight came, its store eds and flowers .- There was one like that dove, was lingering lone,-Bayadere: her part had been the hired mourner's part; she had given what none might buy, precious sorrow of the heart. wooed the white dove to her breast, ught at once its place of rest: d it she threw her raven-hair,emed to love the gentle snare, its soft beak was raised to sip honey-dew of her red lip. dark eyes filled with tears, to feel gentle creature closer steal her heart with soft caress, would thank her tenderness; er 'twas strange and sweet to be ved in such fond purity, sighed MANDALLA to think that ain d dwell so fair a shrine within. grief to think that she is one like the breeze is woodd and won! sure it were a task for love ome like dew of the night from above her heart, and wash away, dust from the flowers, its stain of clay, And win her back in her tears to Heaven Pure, loved, and humble, and forgiven: Yes! freed from the soil of her earthly thrall, Her smile shall light up my starry hall!"

The moonlight is on a little bower, With wall and with roof of leaf and of flower, Built of that green and holy tree Which heeds not how rude the storm may be. Like a bridal canopy overhead The jasmines their slender wreathings spread, One with stars as ivory white, The other with clusters of amber light; Rose-trees four grew by the wall, Beautiful each, but different all: One with that pure but crimson flush That marks the maiden's first love-blush; By its side grew another one, Pale as the snow of the funeral stone; The next was rich with the damask dye Of a monarch's purple drapery; And the last had leaves like those leaves of

Worked on that drapery's royal fold.

And there were four vases, with blossoms filled,

Like censers of incense, their fragrance distilled;

Lilies, heaped like the pearls of the sea, Peeped from their large leaves' security; Hyacinths with their graceful bells, Where the spirit of odour dwells Like the spirit of music in ocean-shells: And tulips, with every colour that shines In the radiant gems of Screndib's mines; One tulip was found in every wreath, That one most scorched by the summer's

breath, Whose passionate leaves with their ruby glow Hide the heart that lies burning and black

below. And there, beneath the flowered shade By a pink acacia made. MANDALLA lay, and by his side, With eye, and breath, and blush that vied With the star and with the flower In their own and loveliest hour, Was that fair Bayadere, the dove Yet nestling in her long black hair: She has now more than that to love, And the loved one sat by her there. And by the sweet acacia-porch They drank the softness of the breeze .-Oh more than lovely are love's dreams, 'Mid lights and blooms and airs like these! And sometimes she would leave his side, And like a spirit round him glide: A light shawl now wreathed round her brow, Now waving from her hand of snow, Now zoned around her graceful waist, And now like fetters round her placed; And then, flung suddenly aside, Her many curls, instead, unbound, Waved in fantastic braids, till loosed, Her long dark tresses swept the ground :

Then, changing from the soft slow step, Her white feet bounded on the wind Like gleaming silver, and her hair Like a dark banner swept behind:
Or with her sweet voice, sweet like a bird's When it pours forth its first song in spring, The one like an echo to the other, She answered the sigh of her soft lute-string, And with eyes that darkened in gentlest tears, Like the dewy light in the dark-eyed dove, Would she sing those sorrowing songs that

breathe
Some history of unhappy love.
Yes, thou art mine! Mandalla said,—
I have lighted up love in thy youthful heart;
I taught thee its tenderness, now I must teach
Its faith, its grief, and its gloomier part;
And then, from thy earth-stains purified,
In my star and my hall shalt thou reign my
bride.

It was an evening soft and fair,
As surely those in Eden are,
When, bearing spoils of leaf and flower,
Entered the Bayadere her bower:
Her love lay sleeping, as she thought,
And playfully a bunch she caught
Of azure hyacinth-bells, and o'er
His face she let the blossoms fall:
"Why I am jealous of thy dreams,
Awaken at thy Aza's call."
No answer came from him whose tone
Had been the echo of her own.
She spoke again,—no words came forth;
She clasped his hand,—she raised his head,—
One wild, loud scream, she sank beside,
As pale, as cold, almost as dead!

By the Ganges raised, for the morning-sun To shed his earliest beams upon, Is a funeral pile,—around it stand Priests and the hired mourners' band. But who is she that so wildly prays To share the couch and light the blaze? Mannalla's love, while scornful eye And chilling jeers mock her agony: An Alma girl! oh shame, deep shame, To Brahma's race and Brahma's name! Unmarked, unpitied, she turned aside, For a moment her bursting tears to hide. None thought of the Bayadere, till the fire Blazed redly and fiercely the funeral pyre; Then like a thought she darted by, And sprang on the burning pile to die!

"Now thou art mine! away, away
To my own bright star, to my home of day!"
A dear voice sighed, as he bore her along
Gently as spring-breezes bear the song,
"Thy love and thy faith have won for thee
The breath of immortality.
Maid of earth, Mandalla is free to call
Aza the queen of his heart and hall!"

### GLADESMUIR.

There is no home like the home of our infairs no remembrances like those of our youth; he old trees whose topmost-houghs we have elimied the hedge containing that prize a bird's ass, the fairy-tale we heard by the fireside, are this of deep and serious interest in maturity. The heart, crushed or hardened by its intercorra with the world, turns with affectionate delight to its early dreams. How I pity those whose childhood has been unhappy! to them one of the sweetest springs of feeling has been much denied, the most green and beautiful part of life laid waste. But to those whose spring has been what spring should ever be, fresh, boughs, and gladsome, whose cup has not been poissed at the first draught, how delicious is recollection! they truly know the pleasures of memory.

A valley of more quiet happiness,
Bosomed in greener trees, or with a river
Clearer than thine, GLADESMUIN! There are
huge hills

Like barriers by thy side, where the tall pine

Stands stately as a warrior in his prime, Mixed with low gnarled oaks, whose yellow leaves

Are bound with ruby tendrils, emerald shoots. And the wild blossoms of the honeysuckle; And even more impervious grows the brier, Covered with thorns and roses, mingled like Pleasures and pains, but shedding richly forth

Its fragrance on the air; and by its side The wilding broom as sweet, which gracefully

Flings its long tresses like a maiden's hait Waving in yellow beauty. The red deer Crouches in safety in its secret lair: The sapphire, bird's-eye, and blue violets. Mix with white daisies in the grass beneath; And in the boughs above the woodlark builds. And makes sweet music to the morning; while

All day the stock-dove's melancholy notes Wail plaintively—the only sounds beside The hum of the wild bees around some trunk. Of an old moss-clad oak, in which is reared Their honey-palace. Where the forest ends. Stretches a wide brown heath, till the blue sky

Becomes its boundary; there the only growth Are straggling thickets of the white-flowered thorn

And yellow furze: beyond are the grassfields,

And of yet fresher verdure the young wheat;-

These border round the village. The bright river

Bounds like an arrow by, buoyant as youth Rejoicing in its strength. On the left side, Half hidden by the aged trees that time Has spared us honouring their sanctity, The old gray church is seen: its mossy walls And ivy-covered windows tell how long It has been sacred. There is a lone path | During his absence, how they numbered o'er Winding beside you hill: no neighb'ring height

Commands so wide a view; the ancient spire.

The cottages, their gardens, and the heath, Spread far beyond, are in the prospect seen By glimpses as the greenwood-screen gives

One is now tracing it, who gazes round As each look were his last. The anxious gasp That drinks the air as every breath brought health;

The hurried step, yet lingering at times, As fearful all it felt were but a dream-How much they tell of deep and inward feeling!

That stranger is worn down with toil and pain,

His sinewy frame is wasted, and his brow Is darkened with long suffering; yet he is Oh more than happy!-he has reached his home,

And RONALD is a wanderer no more. How often in that fair romantic land Where he had been a soldier, he had turned From the rich groves of Spain, to think upon The oak and pine; turned from the spicy air, To sicken for his own fresh mountain-breeze; And loved the night, for then familiar things, The moon and stars, were visible, and looked As they had always done, and shed sweet tears

To think that he might see them shine again Over his own GLADESMUIR! That silver moon, In all her perfect beauty, is now rising; The purple billows of the west have yet A shadowy glory; all beside is calm, And tender and serene-a quiet light, Which suited well the melancholy joy Of RONALD's heart. At every step the light Played o'er some old remembrance; now the ray

Dimpled the crystal river; now the church Had all its windows glittering from beneath The curtaining ivy. Near and more near he drew-

His heart beat quick, for the next step will be Upon his father's threshold! But he paused-He heard a sweet and sacred sound-they joined

In the accustomed psalm, and then they said The words of God, and, last of all, a prayer More solemn, and more touching. He could

hear Low sobs as it was uttered. They did pray His safety, his return, his happiness; And ere they ended he was in their arms! The wind rose up, and o'er the calm blue sky The tempest gathered, and the heavy rain Beat on the casement; but they pressed them round

The blazing hearth, and sat while RONALD

Of the fierce battle; and all answered him

The days for his return. Thrice hallowed shrine

Of the heart's intercourse, our own fireside! I do remember in my early youth I parted from its circle; how I pined With happy recollections-they to me Were sickness and deep sorrow: how I thought

Of the strange tale, the laugh, the gentle smile

Breathing of love, that whiled the night away. The hour of absence past, I was again With those who loved me. What a beauty dwelt

In each accustomed face! what music hung On each familiar voice! We circled in Our meeting ring of happiness. If e'er This life has bliss, I knew and felt it then!

But there was one RONALD remembered not. Yet 'twas a creature beautiful as Hope, With eyes blue as the harebell when the dew Sparkles upon its azure leaves; a cheek Fresh as a mountain-rose, but delicate As rainbow-colours, and as changeful too. The orphan ELLEN, have you then forgot Your laughing playmate? RONALD would have clasped

The maiden to his heart, but she shrank back:

A crimson blush and tearful lids belied Her light tone, as she bade him not forget So soon his former friends. But the next morn Were other tears than those sweet ones that come

Of the full heart's o'erflowings. He was given,

The loved, the wanderer, to their prayers at last:

But he was now so changed, there was no trace

Left of his former self; the glow of health, Of youth, was gone, and in his sallow cheek And faded eye decay sat visible ;-

All felt that he was sinking to the grave. He wandered like a ghost around; would lean,

For hours, and watch the river; or would lie Beneath some aged tree, and hear the birds Singing so cheerfully; and with faint step Would sometimes try the mountain-side. He loved

To look upon the setting sun, and mark The twilight's dim approach. He said he was Most happy that all through his life one wish Had still been present to his soul—the wish That he might breathe his native air again ;-That prayer was granted, for he died at home.

One wept for him when other eyes were

Treasured his name in silence and in tears, With wonder, and with telling how they wept | Till her young heart's impassioned solitude Was filled but with his image. She had It was a little temple, gray, soothed And watched his few last hours-but he was gone! The grave to her was now the goal of hope! She passed, but gently as the rose-leaves fall Scattered by the spring-gales. Two months And sometimes I have dreamed I heard had fled Since RONALD died; they threw the summerflowers Upon his sod, and ere those leaves were tinged With autumn's yellow colours, they were twined For the poor ELLEN's death-wreaths! . They made her grave by RONALD's.

## LINES

WRITTEN UNDER A PICTURE OF A GIRL BURNING A LOVE-LETTER.

The lines were filled with many a tender thing, All the impassioned heart's fond communing.

I TOOK the scroll: I could not brook An eye to gaze on it save mine; I could not bear another's look Should dwell upon one thought of thine. My lamp was burning by my side, I held thy letter to the flame, I marked the blaze swift o'er it glide, It did not even spare thy name. Soon the light from the embers past, I felt so sad to see it die, So bright at first, so dark at last, I feared it was Love's history.

## THE PAINTER'S LOVE.

Your skies are blue, your sun is bright; But sky nor sun has that sweet light Which gleamed upon the summer-sky Of my own lovely ITALY!
"Tis long since I have breathed the air, Which, filled with odours, floated there,-Sometimes in sleep a gale sweeps by, Rich with the rose and myrtle's sigh ;-Tis long since I have seen the vine With Autumn's topaz clusters shine; And watched the laden branches bending, And heard the vintage-songs ascending; 'Tis very long since I have seen The ivy's death-wreath, cold and green, Hung round the old and broken stone Raised by the hands now dead and gone! I do remember one lone spot, By most unnoticed or forgot-Would that I too recalled it not!

With half its pillars worn away. No roof left, but one cypress-tree Flinging its branches mournfully: In ancient days this was a shrine For goddess or for nymph divine A step soft as a lover's word, And caught a perfume on the air, And saw a shadow gliding fair, Dim, sad as if it came to sigh O'er thoughts, and things, and time passed by! On one side of the temple stood A deep and solitary wood. Where chesnuts reared their giant length, And mocked the fallen columns' strength; It was the lone wood-pigeon's home, And flocks of them would ofttimes come, And, lighting on the temple, pour A cooing dirge to days no more! And by its side there was a lake With only snow-white swans to break, With ebon feet and silver wing, The quiet waters' glittering. And when sometimes, as eve closed in, I waked my lonely mandolin, The gentle birds came gliding near, As if they loved that song to hear.

'Tis past, 'tis past, my happiness Was all too pure and passionless! I waked from calm and pleasant dreams To watch the morning's earliest gleams, Wandering with light feet 'mid the dew, Till my cheek caught its rosy hue; And when uprose the bright-eyed moon, I sorrowed day was done so soon; Save that I loved the sweet starlight, The soft, the happy sleep of night!

Time has changed since, and I have wept The day away; and when I slept, My sleeping eyes ceased not their tears; And jealousies, griefs, hopes, and fears, Even in slumber held their reign, And gnawed my heart, and racked my brain! Oh much,-most withering 'tis to feel

The hours like guilty creatures steal, To wish the weary day was past, And yet to have no hope at last! All's in that curse, aught else above, That fell on me-betrayed love!

There was a stranger sought our land. A youth, who with a painter's hand Traced our sweet valleys and our vines, The moonlight on the ruined shrines, And now and then the brow of pearl And black eyes of the peasant-girl: We met and loved-ah! even now My pulse throbs to recall that vow

Our first kiss sealed, we stood beneath The cypress-tree's funereal wreath, That temple's roof. But what thought I Of aught like evil augury!

I only felt his burning sighs, I only looked within his eyes, I saw no dooming star above, There is such happiness in love! I left, with him, my native shore, Not as a bride who passes o'er Her father's threshold with his blessing, With flowers strewn and friends caressing, Kind words, and purest hopes to cheer The bashfulness of maiden fear; But I-I fled as culprits fly, By night, watched only by one eye, Whose look was all the world to me, And it met mine so tenderly, I thought not of the days to come, I thought not of my own sweet home, Nor of mine aged father's sorrow, Wild love takes no thought for to-morrow. I left my home, and I was left A stranger in his land, bereft Of even hope; there was not one Familiar face to look upon .-Their speech was strange. This penalty Was meet; but surely not from thee, False love!—'twas not for thee to break The heart but sullied for thy sake !-

I could have wished once more to see Thy green hills, loveliest ITALY! I could have wished yet to have hung Upon the music of thy tongue; I could have wished thy flowers to bloom-Thy cypress planted by my tomb! This wish is vain, my grave must be Far distant from my own country! I must rest here.—Oh lay me then By the white church in yonder glen; Amid the darkening elms, it seems, Thus silvered over by the beams Of the pale moon, a very shrine For wounded hearts-it shall be mine! There is one corner, green and lone, A dark yew over it has thrown Long, night-like boughs; 'tis thickly set With primrose and with violet. Their bloom 's now past; but in the spring They will be sweet and glistening. There is a bird, too, of your clime, That sings there in the winter-time; My funeral hymn his song will be, Which there are none to chant, save he. And let there be memorial none, No name upon the cold white stone: The only heart where I would be Remembered, is now dead to me! I would not even have him weep O'er his Italian love's last sleep. Oh, tears are a most worthless token When hearts they would have soothed are broken!

# MANMADIN, THE INDIAN CUPID,

PLOATING DOWN THE GANGES.

THERE is darkness on the sky, And the troubled waves run high, And the lightning-flash is breaking, And the thunder-peal is waking; Reddening meteors, strange and bright. Cross the rainbow's timid light, As if mingled hope and fear, Storm and sunshine, shook the sphere. Tempest-winds rush fierce along, Bearing yet a sound of song, Music's on the tempest's wing, Wafting thee, young MANMADIN! Pillowed on a lotus-flower Gathered in a summer-hour, Rides he o'er the mountain-wave Which would be a tall ship's grave! At his back his bow is slung, Sugar-cane, with wild bees strung,-Bees born with the buds of spring, Yet with each a deadly sting ;-Grasping in his infant hand Arrows in their silken band, Each made of a signal flower, Emblem of its varied power; Some formed of the silver leaf Of the almond, bright and brief, Just a frail and lovely thing, For but one hour's flourishing; Others, on whose shaft there glows The red beauty of the rose; Some in spring's half-folded bloom, Some in summer's full perfume; Some with withered leaves and sere, Falling with the falling year; Some bright with the rainbow-dyes Of the tulip's vanities; Some, bound with the lily's bell, Breathe of love that dares not tell Its sweet feelings; the dark leaves Of the esignum, which grieves Droopingly, round some were bound; Others were with tendrils wound Of the green and laughing vine, And the barb was dipped in winc-But all these are summer-ills, Like the tree whose stem distils Balm beneath its pleasant shade In the wounds its thorns have made. Though the flowers may fade and die, Tis but a light penalty. All these bloom-clad darts are meant But for a short-lived content! Yet one arrow has a power Lasting till life's latest hour-Weary day and sleepless night, Lightning-gleams of fierce delight. Fragrant and yet poisoned sighs, Agonies and cestasies; Hopes, like fires amid the gloom. Lighting only to consume! Happiness one hasty draught. And the lip has venom quaffed.

Doubt, despairing, crime, and craft, Are upon that honied shaft! It has made the crowned king Crouch beneath his suffering; Made the beauty's cheek more pale Than the foldings of her veil; Like a child the soldier kneel Who had mocked at flame or steel; Bade the fires of genius turn On their own breasts, and there burn; A wound, a blight, a curse, a doom, Bowing young hearts to the tomb! Well may storm be on the sky, And the waters roll on high, When Manmadin passes by. Earth below, and heaven above, Well may bend to thee, oh Love!

# THE VIOLET.

Violets!—deep-blue violets! April's loveliest coronets! There are no flowers grow in the vale, Kissed by the dew, wooed by the gale,-None by the dew of the twilight wet, So sweet as the deep-blue violet; I do remember how sweet a breath Came with the azure light of a wreath That hung round the wild harp's golden chords.

Which rang to my dark-eyed lover's words. I have seen that dear harp rolled With gems of the East and bands of gold; But it never was sweeter than when set With leaves of the deep-blue violet! And when the grave shall open for me,-I care not how soon that time may be,-Never a rose shall grow on that tomb, It breathes too much of hope and of bloom But there be that flower's meek regret, The bending and deep-blue violet!

### THE CRUSADER.

Hs is come from the land of the sword and shrine,

From the sainted battles of Palestine; The snow-plumes wave o'er his victor-crest, Like a glory the red cross hangs at his breast; His courser is black as black can be, Save the brow-star white as the foam of

the sea, And he wears a scarf of broidery rare, The last love-gift of his lady fair: It bore for device a cross and a dove, And the words, I am vowed to my God and my love!

He comes not back the same that he went-For his sword has been tried, and his strength He found it-that warrior has died with has been spent;

His golden hair has a deeper brown, And his brow has caught a darker frown, And his lip hath lost its boyish red, And the shade of the south o'er his chest

is spread;
But stately his step, and his bearing high,
And wild the light of his fiery eye;
And proud in the light And proud in the lists were the maiden bright Who might claim the Knight of the Cron for her knight.

But he rides for the home he has pined to see In the court, in the camp, in captivity.

He reached the castle,-the gate was thrown

Open and wide, but he stood there alone; He entered the door,-his own step was all That echoed within the deserted hall; He stood on the roof of the ancient tower, And for banner there waved one pale wallflower:

And for sound of the trumpet and sound of the horn,

Came the scream of the owl on the nightwind borne;

And the turrets were falling, the vassals were flown,

And the bat ruled the halls he had thought his own.

His heart throbbed high: oh, never again Might he soothe with sweet thoughts his spirit's pain;

He never might think on his boyish years Till his eyes grew dim with those sweet warm tears

Which Hope and Memory shed when they meet.

The grave of his kindred was at his feet: He stood alone, the last of his race, With the cold, wide world for his dwellingplace.

The home of his fathers gone to decay,-All but their memory was passed away: No one to welcome, no one to share, The laurel he no more was proud to wear: He came in the pride of his war-success But to weep over very desolateness. They pointed him to a barren plain Where his father, his brothers, his kinsmes were slain;

They showed him the lowly grave, where slept The maiden whose scarf he so truly had kept; But they could not show him one living thing To which his withered heart could cling

Amid the warriors of Palestine Is one, the first in the battle-line; It is not for glory he seeks the field, For a blasted tree is upon his shield, And the motto he bears is, "I fight for a grave:"

the brave!

# BERNARD BARTON.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## VERSES,

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN IN A BURIAL-GROUND BELONGING TO THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.

What though no sculptur'd monuments around, With epitaphs engraven, meet me herc; Yet conscious feeling owns, with awe pro-

The habitation of the dead is near:
With reverend feeling, not with childish fear,
I tread the ground which they, when living,
trod:

Pondering this truth, to Christians justly dear, Whose influence lends an interest to the sod That covers their remains:—The dead still live to God!

Is it not written in the hallow'd page
Of Revelation, God remains to be
The Lord of all, in every clime and age,
Who fear'd and serv'd him living? Did not He,
Who for our sins expir'd upon the tree,
Style him of Abram, Isaac, Jacob,—Lord!
Because they liv'd to Him? Then why should

(As if we could no fitter meed afford)
Raise them memorials here?—Their dust
shall be restor'd

Could we conceive Death was indeed the close Of our existence, Nature might demand That, where the reliques of our friends repose, Some record to their memory should stand, To keep them unforgotten in the land:—Then, then indeed, urn, tomb, or marble-bust, By sculptor's art elaborately plann'd. Would seem a debt due to their mouldering

Though time would soon efface the perishable trust.

But, hoping, and believing; yea, through
Faith,
Knowing, because His word has told us so,

That Christ, our Captain, triumph'd over Death,

And is the first fruits of the dead below;— That he has trod for man this path of woe, Dying,—to rise again!—we would not grace Death's transitory spell with trophied show; As if that shadowy vale supplied no trace To prove the grave is not our final dwellingplace.

The poet's page, indeed, would fain supply A specious reason for the sculptor's art; Telling of "holy texts that teach to die:" But much I doubt they seldom reach the heart

Of church-yard-rovers. How should truths impart

Instruction, when engraven upon stone,
If unconfess'd before? The Christian's chart
Records the answer unto Dives known,
Who, for his brethren's sake, pleaded in
suppliant tone.

If Moses and the Prophets speak unheard, Neither would they believe if spoke the dead. Then how should those, by whom unmov'd the word

Of greater far than such has oft been read. By random texts, thus strewn around, be led Aright to live, or die? And how much less Can false and foolish tributes, idly spread, In mockery of truth and tenderness, Awaken solemn thoughts, or holy themes impress?

And, therefore, would I never wish to see Tombstone, or epitaph obtruded here. All has been done, requir'd by decency, When the unprison'd spirit sought its sphere: The lifeless body, stretch'd upon the bier With due solemnity, was laid in earth; AndFriendship's parting sigh, Affection's tear, Claim'd by pure love, and deeply cherish'd worth,

Might rise or fall uncheck'd, as sorrow gave them birth.

There wanted not the pall, or nodding plume, The white-rob'd priest, the stated form of prayer:

There needed not the livery'd garb of gloom, That grief, or carelessness, alike might wear:

Twas felt that such things had no business there.

Instead of these, a silent pause, to tell What language could not; or, unconn'd by care

Of rhetoric's rules, from faltering lips there fell

Some truths to mourners dear, in memory long to dwell.

Then came the painful close-delay'd as long

As well might be for silent sorrow's sake; Hallow'd by love, which never seems so strong,

As when its dearest ties are doom'd to break.

One farewell-glance there yet remain'd to
take:

Scarce could the tearful eye fulfil its trust, When, leaning o'er the grave, with thoughts awake

To joys departed, the heart felt it must Assent unto the truth which tells us—we are dust!

The scene is past!—and what of added good The dead to honour, or to soothe the living, Could then have mingled with the spirit's mood.

From all the empty show of man's contriving? What worthier of memory's cherish'd hiving With miser care? In hours of such distress Deep, deep into itself the heart is diving; Ay! into depths which reason must confess, At least mine owns them so, awful and fathomless!

Oh! 'tis not in the bitterness of grief Bereavement brings with it, the anguish'd mind

Can find in funeral mummeries relief.
What matters, to the mourner left behind,
The outward pomp of circumstance, assign'd
To such a sacrifice? What monument
Is wanted, where affection has enshrin'd
The memory of the dead? Grief must have

Itself, before one thought to such poor themes is lent.

And, when it hath so spent itself, does it Need other pile than what itself can build? O no!—it has an epitaph unwrit, Yet graven deeper far than the most skill'd Of artists' tool can reach:—the full heart thrill'd.

While that inscription was recording there; And, till his earthly course shall be fulfill'd. That tablet, indestructible, must bear The mourner's woe, in lines Death can alone outwear.

Then, be our burial-grounds, as should

A simple, but a not unfeeling race: Let them appear, to outward semblance, dumb.

As best befits the quiet dwelling-place Appointed for the prisoners of Grace, Who wait the promise by the Gospel given,— When the last trump shall sound,—the trembling base

Of tombs, of temples, pyramids be riven.

And all the dead arise before the hosts of

Heaven!

Oh! in that awful hour, of what avail
Unto the spiritual body, will be found
The costliest canopy, or prondest tale
Recorded on it?—what avail the bound
Of holy, or unconsecrated ground?
As freely will the unencumber'd sod
Be cleft asunder at that trumpet's sound,
As Royalty's magnificent abode:
As pure its inmate rise, and stand before
his Goo.

Then Thou, lamented and beloved Friend! Not friend alone, but more than such to me; Whose blameless life, and peaceful, hopeful end.

Endear, alike, thy cherish'd memory; Thine will a joyful resurrection be! Thy works, before-hand, unto judgment

The second death shall have no power o'er

On thee, redeem'd by his beloved Son, Thy Father then shall smile, and greet thee with Well boxs!

Could I but hope a lot so blest as thine Awaited me, no happier would I crave: That hope should then forbid me to repine That Heaven so soon resum'd the gift it gave;

That hope should teach me every ill to

Should whisper, 'mid the tempest's loudest tone.

Thy spirit walk'd with me life's stormiest wave:

And lead me, when Time's fleeting span was flown,

Calmly to share thy couch, which needs no graven stone.

#### THE VALLEY OF FERN.

#### PART I.

THERE is a lone valley, few charms can it number,

Compar'd with the lovely glens north of the Tweed;

No mountains enclose it where morningmists slumber. And it never has echoed the shepherd's soft

reed. No streamlet of crystal, its rocky banks

laving, Flows through it, delighting the ear and the eye;

On its sides no proud forests, their foliage waving,

Meet the gales of the Autumn or Summerwind's sigh;

Yet by me it is priz'd, and full dearly ! love it, And oft my steps thither I pensively turn;

It has silence within, Heaven's proud arch above it.

And my fancy has nam'd it the Valley of Fern.

O deep the repose which its calm recess giveth!

And no music can equal its silence to me; When broken, 'tis only to prove something liveth,

By the note of the sky-lark, or hum of the bee. On its sides the green fern to the breeze gently bending.

With a few stunted trees, meet the wandering eye;

Or the furze and the broom their bright blossoms extending

With the braken's soft verdure delightfully vie ;-

These are all it can boast; yet, when Fancy is dreaming.

Her visions, which Poets can only discern, Come crowding around, in unearthly light beaming.

And invest with bright beauty the Valley of Fern.

Sweet Valley! in seasons of grief and dejection. I have sought in thy bosom a shelter from

care; And have found in my musings a bond of

connexion With thy landscape so peaceful, and all that

was there: In the verdure that sooth'd, in the flowers that brighten'd.

In the blackbird's soft note, in the hum of And thy turf's em'rald tint, and thy broom's the bee.

I found something that lull'd, and insensibly lighten'd,

And felt grateful and tranquil while gazing on thee.

Yes! moments there are, when mute nature is willing

To teach, would proud man but be humble and learn;

When her sights and her sounds on the heartstrings are thrilling: And this I have felt in the Valley of Fern.

For the bright chain of being, though

widely extended, Unites all its parts in one beautiful whole; In which Grandeur and Grace are enchant-

of which GOD is the Centre, the Light, and the Soul!

And holy the hope is, and sweet the sensation, Which this feeling of union in solitude brings;

It gives silence a voice-and to calm contemplation

Unseals the pure fountain whence happiness

springs.
Then Nature, most loved in her loneliest recesses,

Unveils her fair features, and softens her stern;

And spreads, like that Being who bounteously blesses.

For her votary a feast in the Valley of Fern.

And at times in its confines companionless

straying, Pure thoughts born in stillness have pass'd through my mind;

And the spirit within, their blest impulse obeying, Has soar'd from this world on the wings of

the wind:-

The pure sky above, and the still scene around me,

To the eye which survey'd them, no clear image brought;

But my soul seem'd entranced in the vision which bound me.

As by magical spell, to the beings of thought! And to Him, their dread Author! the Fountain of Feeling!

I have bow'd, while my heart seem'd within me to hurn;

And my spirit contrited, for mercy appealing, Has call'd on his name in the Valley of Fern

Farewell, lovely Valley! - when Earth's silent bosom

Shall hold him who loves thee, thy beauties may live :-

yellow blossom,

Unto loiterers like him soothing pleasure may give.

As brightly may morning, thy graces invest- | We know all we see in this beauteous

ing With light, and with life, wake thy inmates from sleep;

And as softly the moon, in still loveliness

resting,
To gaze on its charms, thy lone landscape may steep.
Then, should friend of the bard, who hath

paid with his praises
The pleasure thou'st yielded, e'er seek thy

sojourn, Should one tear for his sake fill the eye

while it gazes, It may fall unreprov'd in the Valley of Fern.

#### PART II.

Thou art chang'd, lovely spot! and no more thou displayest,

To the eye of thy votary, that negligent grace.

Which, in moments the saddest, the tenderest, the gayest,

Allur'd him so oft thy recesses to trace. The hand of the spoiler has fallen upon thee, And marr'd the wild beauties that deck'd thee before;

And the charms, which a poet's warm praises had won thee,

Exist but in memory, and bless thee no more. Thy green, palmy fern, which the softest and mildest

Of Summer's light breezes could ruffle,-is fled;

And the bright-blossom'd ling, which spread o'er thee her wildest

And wantonest hues,-is uprooted and dead.

Yet now, even now, that thou neither belongest,

Or seemst to belong, unto Nature or Art; The love I still bear thee is deepest and strongest,

And thy fate but endears thee the more to my heart.

Thou art passing away, like some beautiful vision,

From things which now are, unto those that have been!

And wilt rise to my sight, like a landscape

elysian, With thy blossoms more bright, and thy

verdure more green. Thou wilt dwell in remembrance, among those recesses

Which fancy still haunts; though they were, and are not;

Whose loveliness lives, and whose beauty still blesses,

Which, though ceasing to be, can be never forgot.

creation.

However enchanting its beauty may seem, Is doom'd to dissolve, like some bright

exhalation, That dazzles, and fades in the morning's first beam.

The gloom of dark forests, the grandeur of mountains,

The verdure of meads, and the beauty of flowers;

The seclusion of valleys, the freshness of fountains,

The sequester'd delights of the loveliest bowers:

Nay, more than all these, that the might of old Ocean,

Which seems as it was on the day of its birth.

Must meet the last hour of convulsive commotion.

Which, sooner or later, will uncreate earth.

Yet, acknowledging this, it may be that the feelings

Which these have awaken'd, the glimpses they 've given.

Combin'd with those inward and holy revealings

That illumine the soul with the brightness of heaven,

May still be immortal, and destin'd to lead us, Hereafter, to that which shall not pass away

To the loftier destiny God hath decreed us, The glorious dawn of an unending day. And thus, like the steps of the ladder ascended By angels (which rose on the patriarch's

eye), With the perishing beauties of earth may be blended Sensations too pure, and too holy to die.

Nor would Infinite Wisdom have plann'd and perfected.

With such grandeur and majesty, beauty and grace,

The world we inhabit, and thus have connected

The heart's better feelings with nature's fair face,

If the touching emotions, thus deeply excited, Towards Him who made all things, left nothing behind,

Which, enduring beyond all that sense has delighted.

Becomes intellectual, immortal, as mind! But they do; and the heart that most fondly has cherish'd

Such feelings, nor suffer'd their ardour to chill.

Will find, when the forms which inspir'd them have perish'd,

Their spirit and essence remain with it still.

Thus thinking, I would not recall the brief While the dark tempest's terrors last, we guess at evils round us;

Of praise, lovely valley! devoted to thee; Well has it been won by the moments of pleasure

Afforded to some, justly valued by me.

May their thoughts and mine often silently
ponder

Over every lov'd spot that our feet may

have trod; And teach us, while through nature's beauties we wander,

All space is itself but the temple of God!
That so, when our spirits shall pass through
the portal

Of Death, we may find, in a state more sublime,

Immortality owns what could never be mortal!

And Eternity hallows some visions of Time!



# VERSES.

OCCASIONED BY AN AFFECTING INSTANCE OF SUDDEN DEATH.

Thou didst not sink by slow decay, Like some who live the longest; But every tie was wrench'd away, Just when those ties were strongest.

A lot like thine may justly make The sanguine doubt to-morrow: And, in the hearts of others, wake Alternate Fear and Sorrow.

Well may we fear; for who can think On thee, so lately living; Loving and lov'd, and yet not shrink With somewhat of misgiving?

Well may we mourn; for cold indeed,
As thou, since death has found thee,
Must be the heart that does not bleed
For thee and those around thee.

A Daughter, Mother, Sister, Wife! At noon, Life smil'd before thee: The night brought nature's mortal strife, The day—Death's conquest o'er thee.

How much was done in hours so few! Hopes wither'd, hearts divided: Joys, griefs, loves, fears, and feelings too, Stern death at once decided.

With Thee 'tis over! There are some, Who, in mute consternation, Fearfully shrink from hours to come Of heartfelt desolation. While the dark tempest's terrors last, We guess at evils round us; The clouds disperse, we stand aghast; Its ravages confound us.

The thunder's roar, the lightning's gleam, Might seem a vision only; But when we know we do not dream, The stillness! oh, how lonely!

One hope in such an hour is left, And may this hour reveal it; HE, who hath thus of bliss bereft The heart, has power to heal it.

Our dearest hopes He would not crush, And pass unheeding by them; Nor bid our eyes with sorrows gush, Unless his Love could dry them.

A bruised reed He will not break: But hearts that bow before Him, Shall own his Mercy while they ache, And gratefully adore Him!

# STANZAS.

Many! I wake not now for thee
My simple lyre's rude melody,
As once I touch'd its strings,
With joyful hand; for then I thought
That many years, with rapture fraught,
Might yet be thine, which should have
brought
Fresh pleasure on their wings.

But HE, who gave thee vital breath,
Sovereign supreme of life and death!
Hath visited thy frame
With sickness, which forebodes thy end;
And heavenward now thy prospects tend,
And soon thy spirit must ascend
To God! from whence it came.

Well, HE is good! and surely thou
Mayst well in resignation bow,
And gratefully confess,
That this, his awful, wise decree,
Though hard to us, is kind to thee;
Since Death's dark portals will but be
The gate of happiness.

Then start not at its transient gloom; Let Faith and Hope beyond the tomb Their eagle-glances fling: Angels unseen are hovering nigh, And seraph-hosts exulting cry. O Grave! where is thy victory? O Death! where is thy sting? For soon before Jehovah's throne,
Thy soul redeeming love shall own,
And join the sacred choir,
Who to the Lamb their anthems raise,
And tune their harps to denthless lays
Of humble, grateful, holy praise;
While list'ning saints admire.

And oh! may I, who feebly wake
My lyre's last murmurs for thy sake,
With joy that lyre resign;
Then call a loftier harp my own,
Whose chords are strung to God alone,
And wake its most exalted tone,
In unison with thine!

# AUTUMN,

WRITTEN IN THE GROUNDS OF MARTIN COLE, ESQ.

When is the aspect which Nature wears
The loveliest and dearest? Say is it in Spring?
When its blossoms the apple-tree beauteously
bears,

And birds on each spray are beginning to sing? Or is it in Summer's fervid pride? When the foliage is shady on every side, And tempts us at noon in the green-wood to bide.

And list to the wild bird's warbling?

Lovely is Nature in seasons like these; But lovelier when Autumn's tints are spread On the landscape round; and the wind-swept

Their leafy honours reluctantly shed:
When the bright sun sheds a watery beam
On the changing leaves and the glistening
stream;

Like smiles on a sorrowing cheek, that gleam When its woes and cares for a moment are fled.

And such is the prospect which now is greeting

My glance, as I tread this favourite walk; As the frolicsome sunbeams are over it fleeting,

And each flowret nods on its rustling stalk: And the bosom of Deben is darkening and lightening,

When clouds the crests of its waves are whitening,

Or bursts of sunshine its billows are brightening, While the winds keep up their stormy talk.

Of the brightness and beauty of Summer and Spring

There is little left, but the roses that blow By this friendly wall. To its covert they cling, And eagerly smile in each sunbeam's glow;

But when the warm beam is a moment withdrawn,

And the loud whistling breeze sweeps over the lawn,

Their beauteous blossoms, so fair and forlors. Seem to shrink from the wind which ruffles them so.

Poor wind-tost tremblers! some months

You were fann'd by breezes gentler than these;

When you stretch'd out your leaves to a summer-sky,

And open'd your buds to the hum of bees: But soon will the winter be past, and you. When his winds are gone to the north, shall renew

Your graceful apparel of glossy hue, And wave your blossoms in Summer's breeze.

It is this which gives Autumn its magic

Of pensive delight to the thoughtful mind; Its shadowy splendours excite no alarm, Though we know that Winter lingers behind; We rejoice that Spring will again restore Every grace that enchanted the eye before; And we feel that when Nature's first bloom is o'er.

Her dearest and loveliest aspect we find.

The autumnal blasts, which whirl while we listen;

The wan, sear leaf, like a floating toy; The bright round drops of dew, which glisten On the grass at morn; and the sunshine coy, Which comes and goes like a smile when woo'd:

The auburn meads, and the foamy flood, Each sight and sound, in a musing mood. Give hirth to sensations superior to joy.

# VERSES TO AN INFANT.

Blessings rest on thee, happy one!
All that parental love
Could ask, or wish, since life begun,
Be given thee from above.

Fruitless the wish, and vain the prayer,
For perfect bliss would be;
Thou canst not shun what all must share,
Nor 'scape from sorrow free.

What all must meet, thou canst not miss; Yet mayst thou, sweet one! know Capacity to relish bliss, And strength to combat woc. May that pure innocence, which now Is infancy's best spell, Encircle long thy cloudless brow, And in thy bosom dwell.

It is the talisman, whose touch
Is like Ithuriel's spear;
And it shall teach thee, us'd as such,
Both what to love and fear.

In all the countless codes and creeds
Which man for man has plann'd,
Is much, that he who oftenest reads
Can never understand.

May these be as a volume scal'd;—
A fountain clos'd to thee;
And in thy heart shall be reveal'd
Life's true philosophy.

Thus should it be; for thou art one Round whom the enlight'ning ray Of nature's outward, glorious sun, Will freely sport and play.

And the uncharter'd breeze, that sweeps
Thy native valley fair,
Will dry the tear thy young eye weeps,
And wave thy flowing hair.

Then be a child of Nature's school, Her silent teachings trace; And she shall fit thee for the rule Of holy, heavenly grace.

For they are still the truly wise,
Who earliest learn to look
On earth's best charms, on sun, and skies,
As wisdom's open book.

There may thy dawning reason read Instruction, line by line; And guileless thought, and virtuous deed, In life's first bloom be thine.

Thus taught, nor art, nor base deceit Shall mar thy opening youth; Thy heart with healthful hopes shall beat, Thy tongue be tun'd to truth.

And when, through childhood's paths of flowers, Thy infant steps have trod, Thy soul shall be, in after-hours, Prepar'd to learn of Gon!

His Sprair, plac'd within thy heart, Shall fill it, from above, With grace to act a Christian's part, And keep it pure by love.

And thou shalt find, in every stage Of ripening soul and sense, That virtue's guard, in youth, in age, Is holy innocence! Farewell! I dare not hope that prayer Of mine can prove of worth; Yet this may not disperse in air, Since thou hast given it birth.

Oh, for thy sake! and theirs no less,
Who on thy being build!
May the warm hopes these lines express,
In mercy be fulfill'd.

# SILENT WORSHIP.

Though glorious, O Gon! must thy temple
have been,
On the day of its first dedication,
When the Cherubim's wings widely waving
were seen
On high, o'er the ark's holy station;

When even the chosen of Levi, though skill'd To minister, standing before Thee, Retir'd from the cloud which the temple then fill'd, And thy glory made Israel adore Thee:

Though awfully grand was thy majesty then; Yet the worship thy gospel discloses, Less splendid in pomp to the vision of men, Far surpasses the ritual of Moses.

And by whom was that ritual for ever repeal'd?

But by Him, unto whom it was given To enter the Oracle, where is reveal'd,

Not the cloud, but the brightness of heaven.

Who, having once enter'd, hath shown us
the way,
O Lord! how to worship before thee;
Not with shadowy forms of that earlier day,
But in spirit and truth to adore thee!

This, this is the worship the Saviour made known,
When she of Samaria found him
By the patriarch's well, sitting weary, alone,
With the stillness of noon-tide around him.

How sublime, yet how simple the homage he taught
To her, who inquir'd by that fountain,
If Jenovan at Solyma's shrine would be sought?
Or ador'd on Samaria's mountain?

Woman! believe me, the hour is near, When He, if ye rightly would hail him, Will neither be worship'd exclusively here, Nor yet at the altar of Salem. For God is a Spirit! and they, who aright Would perform the pure worship he loveth, In the heart's holy temple will seek, with delight,

That spirit the Father approveth.

And many that prophecy's truth can declare, Whose bosoms have livingly known it; Whom God hath instructed to worship him there,

And convine'd that his mercy will own it.

The temple that Solomon built to his name, Now lives but in history's story; Extinguish'd long since is its altar's bright flame,

And vanish'd each glimpse of its glory.

But the Christian, made wise by a wisdom divine,

Though all human fabrics may falter, Still finds in his heart a far holier shrine, Where the fire burns unquench'd on the altar!

#### VERSES.

SUGGESTED BY THE PERUSAL OF AN EPITAPH IN BURY-CHURCH-YARD.

When Siloam's tower in fragments strew'd the ground,

And by its fall spread awe and terror round; Think ye that they on whom the ruin fell Were worse than those who liv'd their fate to tell?

I say unto ye, nay! That righteous Gon, Who rules the nations with his awful nod, Without whose knowledge not a sparrow dies, Looks not on such events with human eyes; The bolt he hurls, by boundless mercy sped, Oft strikes the saint's, but spares the sinner's head:

And while frail mortals scan effect and cause, His love pursues its own unerring laws; Gives the glad saint his final recompense, The sinner spares, perchance for penitence. What though the storm might rise, the clouds might lower,

And muttering thunders mark the vesperhour;

What though the little suppliant might be taught

A form of faith, with numerous errors fraught; Yet Hs., whose eye is on the heart alone, The guileless homage of this child might own: And, 'mid the terrors of a stormy even, Call, with approving smile, her soul to heaven!

While simple Mary, innocently hold, With virtuous diligence her vespers told; Who knows how many, votaries of a creed Which teaches purer faith in word and deed,

With hands uplifted, but with hearts unmov'd, Proffer'd their supplications unapprov'd? Nay, they might even, when the storm was o'er,

Shortsightedly this damsel's fate deplore; And blindly deprecate her dreadful doom, Thus early crown'd with glorious martyrdom.

Not so, sweet girl, would I, a nameless bard, Thy happy, holy destiny regard; To me thou seemst like one, who, early fit For heaven, and heaven alone, wert call'd to it:

By piety and purity prepar'd,
And by thy sacred destiny declar'd
In Goo's all-seeing and unerring eyes,
A spotless Lamb, most meet for sacrifice;
And, like Elijah's lot in olden time,
I own thy end was sudden, but sublime;
The car of glory, and the steeds of fire,
Bore from Elisa's view his sainted sire:
And unto thee, by hallow'd fire from heaves,
The boon of immortality was given!

The Epitaph which suggested the preceding is as follows: Here lies interred the body of Mary Singleton, a young Maiden of this Parish, aged nine years, born of Roman Catholic Parents, and virtnously brought up; who, being in the act of prayer, repeating her Vespers, was instantaneously killed by a flash of lightning August 16th, 1785.

#### STANZAS

ADDRESSED TO SOME FRIENDS GOING TO THE SEA-SIDE.

Since Summer invites you to visit once more The haunts she most loves on the ocean's cool shore,

Where billows are foaming, and breezes are free,

Accept at our parting one farewell from me.

My fancy can picture the pleasures in view, Because before now I have shar'd them with you:

But unable this season to taste them again, I must feast on such pleasures as flow from my pen.

Let Fancy then give me what Fate has denied,

And grant me at seasons to roam by your side:

Nor will I repine while remembrance can be Still blest with the moments I've spent by the sea. wakes.

And the sun through the haze like a beaconfire breaks;

Illuming to sea-ward the billow's white foam, And tempting the loiterer ere breakfast to roam.

The stroll after breakfast, when all are got out: The saunter, the lounge, and the looking about: The search after shells, and the eye glancing bright, If cornelian, or amber, should come in its sight.

Nor must I forget the last ramble at eve, When the splendours of daylight are taking their leave; When the sun's setting beams, with a tremulous motion, Are reflected far off on the bosom of ocean.

This, this is the time, when I think I have found The deepest delight from the scenery round: There's a freshness in morning's enjoyments, but this Brings with it a feeling of tenderer bliss.

I remember an evening, though years are gone by, Since that evening was spent: to my heart and my eye It is present, by memory's magical power, And reflects back its light on this far distant hour.

'Twas an evening the loveliest that Summer had seen. The sky was unclouded, the ocean serene: The sun's setting beams, so resplendently bright, On the billows were dancing like streamers of light.

So soothing the sounds were, which faintly I heard, They were sweeter than notes of the nightloving bird; And so peaceful the prospect before me, it seem'd Like a scene of delight of which fancy had dream'd.

There's a soothing enjoyment the pen cannot paint; There are feelings which own that all language is faint; And such on that eve to my heart were made known, As I mus'd by the murmuring billows alone.

The ramble at morning, when morning first But enough.—May your sca-side excursion Every hope you have form'd, be those hopes what they will; And may I, although absent, in fancy create Those joys which on you in reality wait.

## STANZAS

ON THE DEATH OF A PRIEND.

(Oblit January 9th, 1820.)

WE knew that the moment was drawing nigh, To fulfil every fearful token; When the silver cord must loosen its tie, And the golden bowl be broken; When the fountain's vase, and the cistern's wheel. Should alike to our trembling hearts appeal.

And now shall thy dust return to the earth, Thy spirit to God who gave it; Yet affection shall tenderly cherish thy worth, And memory deeply engrave it,-Not upon tables of brass or stone, But in those fond bosoms where best 'twas

fled. For friendship thy name shall cherish; And be one of the few, and the dearly lov'd dead, Whom my heart will not suffer to perish: Who in loveliest dreams are before me brought, And in sweetest hours of waking thought.

Thou shalt live in mine, though thy life be

But oh! there is one, with tearful eye, Whose fondest desires fail her; Who indeed is afraid of that which is high, And fears by the way assail her;

Whose anguish confesses that tears are vain, Since dark are the clouds that return after

May He, who alone can scatter each cloud, Whose love all fear dispelleth; Who, though for a season his face he shroud.

In light and in glory dwelleth, Break in on that mourner's soul, from above. And bid her look upwards with holy love.

#### VERSES

TO A YOUNG PRIEND.

Ir, long ere this, no lay of mine Has been to thee devoted, "Tis not because such worth as thine Has idly pass'd nn-noted.

To charms more transient tribute due Has oft been idly chanted; And auburn locks, or eyes of blue, Have gain'd what folly wanted!

To beauty's song and beauty's smile My Muse has homage render'd, And unto many a trifling wile Some trifling meed has tender'd.

In praising such, my short-liv'd song
Did all that I desir'd it:
It liv'd, perchance, about as long
As that which first inspir'd it.

Not such, my friend, the song for thee: Did I that lyre inherit, Which Cowper woke, its strings should be Responsive to thy merit.

Still, such a wreath as I can twine,
Thy virtues well have won thee;
Could I an apter one assign,
I'd gladly place it on thee.

Thou art not one whose path has been Strew'd but with summer-roses; With sky above of blue serene, Which never storm discloses.

Who tread such paths, with graceful glee,
May cull what clusters round them:
And, fading, may to memory be
Just like the flowers that crown'd them.

But, in the bloom of youth to tread As through a desert dreary; With much to harass heart and head, And many a care to weary;

With much to jar each mood of joy, With much to tease and try thee, With many a duty to employ Each hour that passes by thee;

So circumstane'd, to cultivate
Each flower that leisure graces;
And thus to find, in spite of fate,
Sweet spots in desert places:

To do all this, yet still to be, In social life, a woman, From half thy sex's follies free, Is merit far from common. Nor think this flattery! I've been taught One maxim worth receiving, Which every passing day has brought Fresh motive for believing:

That flattery no excuse can find!
'Tis loath'd as soon as tasted,
When offer'd to a well-taught mind;
And on a fool 'tis wasted!

#### SLEEP.

What is it that stills the sigh of Sorrow.
And forbids her tears to flow?—
That allows the desolate-hearted to borrow
A transient relief from woe?
It is thou, sweet Sleep! Oh then listen to me!
Be it but in thy dreams, while I sing of thet.

Could I embody the thoughts which now Pass my soul's living tablet over, No being more lovely and fair than thou Before mortal eye could hover: Not deathly and pale, like a spectre stealing On the slumb'rer, whose eyes thy power is sealing;—

But a form full of beauty, of joy, and grace,
And features with kindness bright,
Such as a Raphael would love to trace;
A creature of glory and light,
With a silvery cloud, to chasten each hue
Too radiant else, should arise to view.

# STANZAS

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

## A- A-

Would I deck truth in fiction's graceful dress, Easy it were for votary of the Nine To find, in fair creation's loveliness, Apt emblems of a life and death like thine.

The first, a streamlet scattering, though unseen.

Its silent virtues, well might represent; The last, a light cloud, lovely and screne, View'd on the verge of a bright firmament.

But these are poor comparisons.—The stream One summer's radiance may for ever dry; The cloud, so beauteous in the sunset's gleam,

May be forgotten in night's starless sky.

Notso with thee; thy memory long shall live, Through starless nights, through dark and distant days;

Thy virtues—'twere more fitting they should give Impulse to imitation, than to praise.

Indeed, they were not thine! That gentleness,
That patient resignation—kindness—truth;
That candour—sympathy with all distress,
And quiet cheerfulness, surpassing youth;—

That self-forgetfulness—unbounded love:
These were not thine, though thou wert
lov'd for them;
Thou knewst they were but lent thee from
above;

This knowledge was their crown and diadem!

Thou art no longer of this world: and even While yet its path of flowers and thorns was trod

By thee, thy conversation was in heaven, Where thy pure spirit now beholds its God!

# ALL IS VANITY.

On! what can be more frail
Than all this world can grant us?
Why should its power avail
So often to enchant us?

In vain the chase, when won, Declares our hopes defeated; Lur'd by fresh objects on, We cherish what has cheated!

In childhood, any toy
For one short hour amuses;
And all its store of joy
With its new lustre loses.

The boy keeps up the game, Just as the child began it; For boyhood's joyous flame Needs novelty to fan it.

The youth, when beauty's eye
First wakes the pulse of pleasure,
Thinks, with a pensive sigh,
That he has found life's treasure.

How oft the smile he woo'd,
Proud beauty has denied him,
While, in capricious mood,
It beam'd on all beside him.

And oh! how many a one
Has gain'd, and fondly nurs'd it;
Then, by that smile undone.
With bitterness has curs'd it.

Existence further scan, In all its various stages; View it in ripen'd man, In hoary-headed sages:—

What pleasure can it give,
Except it stoop to borrow;
And lead us on to live
On bliss to be—to-morrow?

If rapture's brightest hour Be soon by sorrow shaded; If pleasure's fairest flower Scarce bloom before 'tis faded:

If proud ambition's steeps
But dazzle to deceive us;
If vales, where soft love sleeps,
Allure, then lonely leave us:

If wealth, with all its toys, Shrink at death's stern ordeal; If fancy's boasted joys Be, like herself, unreal:

What can this world bestow
That should enchain us to it?
Or compensate the woe
All bear, who journey through it?

O, man! if to this earth
Thy heart be wedded, only!
Each hope it can give birth
Will leave thee doubly lonely:

And, when that hope is gone,
Thou 'It find, by all forsaken,
Thy spirit lean'd upon
A reed, by each wind shaken!

# TO A FRIEND,

ON HER BIRTH-DAY, 1818.

ONCE more, my gentle friend! has time's swift flight (Suspended never) reach'd thy natal day; And that pure friendship which first bade

me plight
My promise to devote to it a lay,
Shall be fulfill'd: what, though perchance
it may

Bear token of the hour that gives it birth, Yet wilt thou not its sober tone gainsay; For thou hast sojourn'd long enough on earth,

Young as thou art, to know the emptiness of mirth.

I mean that mirth, which, flashing but to fade, Exhil'rates not, but soon exhausts the mind; And, transiently delighting, leaves a shade Of self-engender'd dreariness behind. With such my clouded spirit oft has pin'd; Until, disgusted with the treacherous gleam,

In which a moment's bliss it sought to find, Despair has almost tempted me to deem Joy an unreal shade—delight an empty dream.

Yet is there left us an alternative

In chasten'd cheerfulness, deriving birth
From other sources than the world can give,
Far, far superior to its heartless mirth:
And though at times, while we remain on
earth,

Clouds may obscure this "sunshine of the breast,"

Those who have truly known and priz'd its

Will own with gratitude, in hours deprest, Its memory boasts that charm left by a blameless guest.

Something of this, dear friend, have we not tasted

In hours gone by? Then, since those hours to me

Have still a living charm, by time unwasted, Proving that they were never born to be Enjoy'd, and then forgotten: unto thee

O may they seem, as in my heart they are When fond imagination wanders free,

Like a bright beacon, or a cloudless star Flinging o'er ocean's waves its lovely light afar.

This is thy birth-day! and for Friendship's sake,

Even in this gloomiest season of the year, Feelings as warm as Spring could ever wake Have chronicled and bid me hold it dear. The heart has in itself a hemisphere

That knows not change of season, day or night;

For still when thoughts of those we love are near.

Their cherish'd forms arise before our sight,

And o'er the spirit shed fresh sunshine and delight.

Nature, who wore when few months since we met

Her summer-garb, a different dress displays;

Your garden-walks may now be moss'd and wet;

The jasmine's starlike bloom, which, in the rays

Of the bright moon seem'd lovely to my gaze, Has faded now; and the green leaves, that

So lightly on the acacia's topmost sprays,
Have lost, ere this, their glossy verdant
hue.

Shading no more the path their reliques soon must strew.

Is there nought left then, loveliness to lend
Unto the spot my memory loves to trace?
Should I now find, were I to come and spend
A day with you, no beauty left to grace
What seem'd of quiet joy the dwelling-place?
Oh, yes! believe me, much as I admir'd

Those charms which change of seasons can efface,

It was not such alone, when home retir'd, That memory cherish'd most, or most the muse inspir'd.

When Nature sheds her leafy loveliness. She does not die: her vital principle But seeks awhile its innermost recess, And there securely finds a citadel

Which even winter owns inpregnable;
The sap, retreating downward to the root,
Is still alive, as spring shall shortly tell,
By swelling buds, whence blossoms soon
will shoot.

Dispensing fragrance round, and pledge of future fruit.

And thus our best affections, those which bind

Heart unto heart by friendship's purest tie, Have an internal life, and are enshrin'd Too deeply in our bosoms soon to die.

Spring's opening bloom and summer's azure sky

Might borrow from them heauties not their own;

But when November-winds are loud and high, And nature's dirge assumes its deepest tone. The joy of social hours in its full charm is known.

For as the sap, whose quickening influence Shall be in spring the birth of future flowers,

Confin'd and concentrated, is from thence More full of life, than in those brighter hours

When birds sang sweetly in their shady bowers,

And all unclouded was heaven's vaulted dome:

Thus is it with the mind's electric powers, Forbid by winter's frowning skies to roam. Their radiance is condens'd, their focus found at Home!

Then stir the cheerful fire! and let its light The rallying point of home-born pleasures be:

Where spirit-sparkling eyes, and smiles as bright,

Their own fit emblem may delighted see: And let the overflow of innocent glee

Be like the exub'rance of the Nile, and bless The seeds of future joy's fertility;

That days, in years to come, may bear th' impress

Of hours of blameless bliss and social bap-

Since such, dear friend! is the delightful Sometimes it has seem'd like a lonely sail,

When thou wast born, oh! let it, as it ought, Be kept with due observance, for that reason; Not lighted up with borrow'd splendour caught

From outward themes, which time or chance may thwart: But be its zest those charms that have

Fresh from the source of feeling and of thought;

And full of all that pure and vivid glow Which speaks them born above, though spent on earth below.

#### THE SOLITARY TOMB.

Nor a leaf of the tree which stood near me was stirr'd,

Though a breath might have mov'd it so lightly; Not a farewell-note from a sweet singing

bird bird

Bade adien to the sun setting brightly.

The sky was cloudless and calm, except
In the west where the sun was descending;
And there the rich tints of the rainbow slept,
As his beams with their beauty were
blending.

And the evening-star, with its ray so clear, So tremulous, soft, and tender, Had lit up its lamp, and shot down from its sphere Its dewy, delightful splendour.

And I stood, all alone, on that gentle hill, With a landscape so lovely before me; And its spirit and tone, so screne and still, Seem'd silently gathering o'er me.

Far off was the Deben, whose briny flood By its winding banks was sweeping; And just at the foot of the hill where I stood, The dead in their damp graves were sleeping.

How lonely and lovely their resting-place seem'd!

An enclosure which care could not enter:
And how sweetly the gray lights of evening gleam'd

On the solitary tomb in its centre!

When at morn, or at eve, I have wander'd near,
And in various lights have view'd it,
With what differing forms, unto friendship dear,
Has the magic of fancy endued it.

Sometimes it has seem'd like a lonely sail, A white spot on the emerald billow; Sometimes like a lamb in a low grassy vale, Stretch'd in peace on its verdant pillow.

But no image of gloom, or of care, or strife, Has it ever given birth to one minute; For lamented in death, as beloved in life, Was he who now slumbers within it.

He was one who in youth on the stormy seas Was a far and a fearless ranger; Who, borne on the billow, and blown by the preeze,

Counted lightly of death or of danger.

Yet in this rude school had his heart still kept

All the freshness of gentlest feeling; Nor in woman's warm eye has a tear ever slept,

More of softness and kindness revealing.

And here, when the bustle of youth was past, He hv'd and he lov'd, and he died too; Oh! why was affection, which death could outlast,

A more lengthen'd enjoyment denied to?

But here he slumbers! and many there are Who love that lone tomb, and revere it; And one far off, who, like eve's dewy star, Though at distance, in fancy dwells near it.

# THE SEA.

I REMEMBER a time when existence was young,
When the halo of hope round futurity

When the halo of hope round futurity
hung,
When I stoop'd not to commune with sor-

row or strife, But enjoyment alone seem'd the business of life.

The bright sun himself, in an unclouded sky, Exulted not more in his brightness than I; And the clouds that his last rays of light lov'd to gild

Could not rival the castles my fancy would build.

The loud-singing bird, and the blithe humming bee,

Were not happier than I, in that season of glee;

Like the butterfly, flitting round spring's gayest bowers. Fly whither I would, I alighted on flowers. Yet then, even then, when my young spirit It is not a feeling of gloom or distress, found

Its own heaven within, and above, and around There was nothing more dear or delightful to me

Than to gaze on the glorious and beautiful sea.

Oh! I shall not forget, until memory depart, When first I beheld it, the glow of my heart : The wonder, the awe, the delight that stole o'er me,

When its billowy boundlessness open'd before

As I stood on its margin, or roam'd on its strand.

I felt new ideas within me expand, Of glory and grandeur, unknown till that hour.

And my spirit was mute in the presence of POWER!

But soon, as young boyhood is wont, I o'ercame The feeling of awe which first master'd my frame,

And that wide world of waters appear'd in my view

A scene of enjoyment unbounded and new.

In the surf-beaten sands that encircled it round,

In the billow's retreat, and the breaker's rebound,

In its white-drifted foam, and its darkheaving green,

Each moment I gaz'd some fresh beauty was seen.

And thus, while I wander'd on ocean's bleak shore,

And survey'd its vast surface, and heard its waves roar,

I seem'd wrapt in a dream of romantic delight, And haunted by majesty, glory, and might!

So it was in the morning of life! but no more Can thy grandeur, old Ocean! such visions restore:

With the freshness of youth those enchantments have flown, But a charm still survives that is proudly thy own.

It is thine to awaken that tenderest thrill Of pensive enjoyment, which time cannot chill;

Which survives even love, on its memory to live,

And is dearer by far than all rapture can give.

But something that language can never er-

'Tis the essence of joy, and the lux'ry of woe, The bliss of the blest, faintly imag'd below.

For if ever to mortals sensations are given As pledges of purer ones hoped for in heaves, They are those which arise, when, with humble devotion. We gaze upon thee, thou magnificent Ocean

Though, while in these houses of clay we must dwell.

We but faintly can guess, and imperfectly tell What the feelings of fetterless spirits may be They are surely like those which are waken'd by thee.

A sense of His greatness, whose might, and whose will

First gave thee existence, and governs the still;

By the force of whose Fiar thy waters were made!

By the strength of whose arm thy proof billows are stay'd!

Nor less, when our vision thy vastness would scan,

And our spirits would fain thy immensity span,

Does thy empire, which spreads from equator to pole,

Prove how feeble and finite is human control

Yet mix'd with emotions that humble our pride

Are others to nature's best feelings allied; To the wounded in spirit, the stricken in heart,

Thy breezes and billows can solace impart.

And this I have found, when, with spirits deprest,

I have walk'd by thy side as thy waves sank to rest:

When the winds which had swept thee were softly subsiding.

And where breakers had foam'd rippling billows were gliding.

Oh, thus! have I thought, when the tempests that roll,

And the clouds that o'ershadow and darken my soul,

Have fulfill'd their commission, my sorrows may cease,

And my thoughts, like thy waves, find a season of peace.

Flow on then, thou type of eternity! flow; If on its stem, this leaf display'd In boyhood my heart in thy presence would glow; For the strength of the happy, the might of the free, Seem'd spread like a garment of glory o'er thee.

But more chasten'd, and passionless, now is Since dark clouds have shadow'd the noon of my day; Oh, then! like the sun's setting beam on thy wave, May a ray from Hope's star shed its light on my grave!

#### TO JOANNA,

ON HER SENDING ME THE LEAF OF A FLOWER GATHERED IN WORDSWORTH'S GARDEN.

JOANNA! though I well can guess That in mirth's very idleness, And raillery's enjoyment, This leaf is sent; it shall not lose Its errand, but afford the Muse Some minutes' light employment.

Thou sentst it, in thy naughty wit, As emblem, type, or symbol, fit For a mere childish rhymer; And I accept it, not as such, But as indicative of much Lovelier and far sublimer.

I own, as over it I pore, It is a simple leaf, no more: And further, without scandal, It is so delicate and small, One sees 'twas never meant at all For vulgar clowns to handle.

But in itself, for aught I see, 'Tis perfect as a leaf can be; Nor can I doubt a minute, That on the spot where first it grew, It had each charm of shape, and hue, And native sweetness in it.

Thus sever'd from the stem where first To life and light its beauty burst-It brings to recollection A fragment of the poet's lay, Torn from its native page away, For critical dissection.

But 'tis not by one leaf alone, The beauty of the flower is known; Nor do I rank a poet By parts, that critics may think fit To quote, who, "redolent of wit," Take up his works to show it.

Beauty which sought no artful aid, And scatter'd fragrance round it; If the sweet flower on which it grew Was graceful, natural, lovely too, Delighting all who found it:-

Then will I own that flower to be A type of Wordsworth, or of thee; For kindred virtues grace you; And though the bard may think me bold, And thou mayst half resolve to scold, I in one page will place you!

## THE QUAKER POET.

VERSES ON SEEING MYSELP SO DESIGNATED.

THE Quaker Poet !- is such name A simple designation;-Or one expressive of my shame, And thy vituperation?

If but the former-I, for one, Have no objection to it: A name, as such, can startle none Who rationally view it.

But if such title would convey Contempt, or reprobation. Allow me, briefly as I may, To state my vindication.

It is not splendour of costume That prompts harmonious numbers ;-The nightingale, of sober plume, Sings, while the peacock slumbers.

The shallow brooks, in spring so gay, In summer soonest fail us; Their sparkling pride has pass'd away, Their sounds no more regale us;

While the more deep but quiet streams, By alders overshaded, Flow on, in spite of scorching beams, Their beauties uninvaded.

And on their peaceful verge we see Green grass, fresh flowers, and round

Hover the butterfly and bee,-Rejoicing to have found them.

Is it the gayest of the gay, The votaries of fashion, Who feel most sensibly the sway Of pure and genuine passion?

No!-hearts there be, the world deems cold. As warm, as true, as tender As those which gayer robes enfold, However proud their splendour.

Of mine I speak not:—Hs, alone, Who form'd, can truly know it; Nor of my verse;—I frankly own Myself no lofty poet.

But I contend the Quaker-creed, By fair interpretation, Has nothing in it to impede Poetic aspiration:

All that fair nature's charms display Of grandeur, or of beauty; All that the human heart can sway, Joy, grief, desire, or duty;—

All these are ours—The copious source
Of true poetic feeling:—
And wouldst thou check their blameless
course,
Our lips in silence scaling?

Nature, to all her ample page Impartially unfolding, Prohibits neither saint, nor sage, Its beauties from beholding.

And thus the muse her gifts assigns,
With no sectarian spirit;
For all the wreath of fame she twines
Who fame and favour merit.

Through every age, in every clime, Her favour'd sons have flourish'd; Have felt her energy sublime, Her pure delights have nourish'd.

From Lapland's snows, from Persia's bowers.
Their songs are still ascending;
Then, Quaker Poets, try your powers!
Why should you fear offending?

Still true to nature be your aim,
Abhorring affectation;
You with peculiar grace may claim
Each simpler decoration.

And, with such you may blend no less, Spite of imputed weakness, The god-like strength of gentleness, The majesty of meckness!

The blameless pride of purity, Chast'ning each soft emotion; And, from fanaticism free, The fervour of devotion!

Be such your powers:—and in the range
Of themes which they assign you,
Win wreaths you need not wish to change
For aught that fame could twine you.

For never can a poet's lays
Obtain more genuine honor,
Than whilst his GIPT promotes the praise
Of Him, who is its Donor!

#### VERSES

TO HER WHO IS JUSTLY ENTITLED TO THEE

In childhood thy kindness has often cares't me,
Its memory is mix'd with my carlies days;
It brighten'd my boyhood, in manhood it bless'd me,
It thought not of thanks, and it pin'd not

for praise.

Can I,in thy evening, forget the mild brightness
Which beam'd in thy zenith,—which shines round thee still?
No: ere I forget thee must memory be sightless,
And the heart thou hast cherish'd death only can chill.

Long, long since belov'd, now as warmly respected,

To my fancy thou seemst like some time-honour'd tree;

And the plant, which thy fostering shadow protected,

Still looks up with filial fondness to thee.

Dark storms passing over, perhaps may have sear'd thee, The moss of old age be thy livery now; But much still survives which has justly endear'd thee; Some greenness still graces each gently bent bough.

May that sun, which must set, in descending
enwreath thee
With a mild pensive splendour no cloud
can o'ercast;
And all that has flourish'd around and beneath thee,
Will preserve thy remembrance when
sunset is past.

#### A POSTSCRIPT.

The latest leaf is shed,
Life's beaming sun hath set;
Thou sleepst among the dead,
But art remember'd yet.
Not only to the last
Did I look up, and love;
But now, when all is past,
Thought follows thee above.

While life had aught to give
That might seem bliss to thee,
I wish'd that thou mightst live,
Though parted far from mc.

But when existence here Could suffering but increase; All, all who held thee dear Desir'd thy soul's release.

It came, and thou art free,
Nor can I mourn the stroke,
Although, in losing thee,
Some sweetest ties are broke.
Farewell! belov'd, rever'd;
We part, but to be nearer;
Though much thy life endear'd,
Death seems to make thee dearer!

## TO THE WINDS.

YE viewless Minstrels of the sky!

I marvel not, in times gone by
That ye were deified:
For, even in this later day,
To me oft has your power, or play,
Unearthly thoughts supplied.

Awful your power! when, by your might You heave the wild waves, crested white, Like mountains in your wrath; Ploughing between them valleys deep, Which, to the seaman rous'd from sleep, Yawn like Death's opening path!

Graceful your play! when, round the bower Where Beauty culls Spring's loveliest flower, To wreathe her dark locks there, Your gentlest whispers lightly breathe The leaves between, flit round that wreath, And stir her silken hair.

Still, thoughts like these are but of earth,
And you can give far loftier birth:—
Ye come!—we know not whence!
Ye go!—can mortals trace your flight?
All imperceptible to sight:
Though audible to sense.

The Sun,—his rise, and set we know;
The Sea, we mark its ebb, and flow;
The Moon,—her wax, and wane;
The Stars,—Man knows their courses well,
The Comets' vagrant paths can tell;—
But You his search disdain.

Ye restless, homeless, shapeless things!
Who mock all our imaginings,
Like Spirits in a dream;
What epithet can words supply
Unto the Bard who takes such high
Unmanageable theme?

But one :- to me, when Fancy stirs My thoughts, ye seem Heaven's messengens, Who leave no path untrod;
And when, as now, at midnight's hour,
I hear your voice in all its power,
It seems the Voice of God.

## SEA-SIDE-THOUGHTS.

BEAUTIFUL, sublime, and glorious; Mild, majestic, foaming, free;— Over time itself victorious, Image of Eternity.

Epithet-exhausting Ocean!
'Twere as easy to control
In the storm thy billowy motion,
As thy wonders to unrol.

Sun, and moon, and stars shine o'er thee, See thy surface ebb, and flow; Yet attempt not to explore thee In thy soundless depths below.

Whether morning's splendours steep thee With the rainbow's glowing grace; Tempests rouse, or navies sweep thee, 'Tis but for a moment's space.

Earth,—her valleys, and her mountains, Mortal man's behests obey; Thy unfathomable fountains Scoff his search, and scorn his sway.

Such art thou—stupendous Ocean!
But if overwhelm'd by thee,
Can we think without emotion
What must thy Creator be?

#### WINTER.

Thou hast thy beauties: sterner ones, I own.
Than those of thy precursors; yet to thee
Belong the charms of solemn majesty
And naked grandeur. Awful is the tone
Of thy tempestuous nights, when clouds are
blown

By hurrying winds across the troubled sky; Pensive, when softer breezes faintly sigh Through leafless boughs, with ivy over-

Thou hast thy decorations too: although
Thou art austere: thy studded mantle, gay
With icy brilliants, which as proudly glow
As cret Golconda's; and thy pure array
Of regal ermine, when the drifted snow
Envelopes nature; till her feathres seem
Like pale, but lovely ones, seen when we
dream.

#### THE IVY.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG FRIEND.

Dost thou not love, in the season of spring,
To twine thee a flowery wreath,
And to see the beautiful birch-tree fling
Its shade on the grass beneath?
Its glossy leaf, and its silvery stem;
Oh dost thou not love to look on them?

And dost thou not love, when leaves are greenest,
And summer has just begun,
When in the silence of moonlight thou leanest,
Where glist'ning waters run,
To see, by that gentle and peaceful beam,
The willow bend down to the sparkling
stream?

And oh! in a lovely autumnal day,
When leaves are changing before thee,
Do not nature's charms, as they slowly decay,
Shed their own mild influence o'er thee?
And hast thou not felt, as thou stoodst to
gaze,

The touching lesson such scene displays?

It should be thus, at an age like thine;
And it has been thus with me;
When the freshness of feeling and heart
were mine,

As they never more can be: Yet think not I ask thee to pity my lot, Perhaps I see beauty where thou dost not.

Hast thou seen in winter's stormiest day
The trunk of a blighted oak,
Not dead, but sinking in slow decay,
Beneath time's resistless stroke,
Round which a luxuriant Ivy had grown,
And wreath'd it with verdure no longer its
own?

Perchance thou hast seen this sight, and then,
As I, at thy years, might do,
Pass'd carelessly by, nor turned again
That scathed wreck to view:
But now I can draw from that mould'ring
tree,
Thoughts which are soothing and dear to me.

O smile not! nor think it a worthless thing,
If it be with instruction fraught;
That which will closest and longest cling,
Is alone worth a serious thought!
Should aught be unlovely which thus can
shed
Grace on the dying, and leaves not the dead?

Now, in thy youth, beseech of Him Who giveth, upbraiding not, That his light in thy heart become not dia.

And his love be unforgot;

And thy God, in the darkest of day,
will be

Greenness, and beauty, and strength to the:

## AN ODE TO TIME.

Spirit! if I may call thee such,
Beneath whose silent sway
Structures, defying grosser touch,
In fragments fall away:
Essence, or shadow, whatsoe'er
Thou art;—with mingled hope and fear.
I frame this votive lay:
For feelings I can ill define
With every thought of thee combine.

I court no fabled Muses' nid
To scatter spells around;
For long before their presence made
Parnassus classic ground,
Thou from dark chaos' depths didst sprisg
Elate—on thy expanded wing,
Which never since has found,
In all the boundless realms of space,
One moment's tranquil resting-place.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!—JEHOVAH SAID
And with that FIAT, Thou,
Thy wings for instant flight outspread,
Becam'st—what thou art now!
A viewless thing, whose very name
Fancy's most daring flights may tame,
And furrow Wisdom's brow:
Given—and recall'd—with vital breath;
Thine entrance—Life! thine exit—Detra!

And yet that seeming death, which tells
That we have done with thee;
And Thou no less with us—compels
Our Spirits still TO BE!
That parting from thee does but seem
Like launching from some shallow stream
Into a soundless sea,
Upon whose thought-o'erwhelming brink,
Thy Cent'ries into Moments shrink!

But to that soundless, shoreless deep
I now must bid adicu!—
Enough it is for me to keep
My subject theme in view;
For more of thought in thee may dwell.
Than even Poesy can tell,
Or fancy can pursue:—
For, short of Trings Eterric, thine
Must closest round our heart entwine.

Our human hopes, our human fears,
In thee and thine have birth;
And, by their varied smiles and tears,
Evince thy present worth;
In truth, 'tis thy engrossing now
Which gives to every thoughtless brow
Its fickle gloom or mirth:
All Sense can feel, or hear, or see,
While Sense endures—is found in Thee.

What is the haughtiest despot's power Contrasted with thine own?

He sways his sceptre of an hour,
And fills his transient throne:

Thou sweepst the empty pageant by;
A moment—and to mortal eye
His place no more is known!

And one brief line records his lot;
He was!—and now on Earth is nor!

The works of Man confess by turns
Thy mute resistless sway;
Towers, temples, pyramids, and urns,
Before thy touch decay.
At Man's command they rose on earth;
Awhile they tell who gave them birth;
Then mingle with his clay!
And vague Tradition, in despair,
Can but conjecture what they were.

Nor less is Nature's every grace,
Romantic, grand, and rude,
As thou pursuest thy forward race,
By thee destroy'd—renew'd:—
Leaves bud, and fade; flowers bloom, and die;
Suns rise, and set;—by stars on high
Their courses are pursued:—
All seem, indeed, the same to be,
Yet find incessant change in thee.

Even the vast and wond'rous deep,
Where navies come and go.
Which, whether lull'd in dreamless sleep.
Or foaming to and fro,
Appears just what it was of yore;
This, too, is changing evermore,
With every ebb and flow;
And seeming to defy thy power,
In essence varies every hour.

But what avails it to recal,
Or dwell on truths so trite?—
Vicissitude awaits on all,
As day succeeds to night;
And nothing in Creation's range
Escapes thy transmutations strange,
Or robs thee of thy right:—
Whilst thou, with cold unalter'd mien,
Remainst—what thou hast ever been.

This annual offering at thy shrine
May well thy power attest;
Precept on precept, line on line,
By thee are here imprest!
Man is, indeed, thy Chronicler,
But thou thy varied Calendar
Canst still interpret best;
And Contemplation must impart
Its moral uses to the heart.

Unto her pensive, musing eye
Each feast or fast appears
A fruitless effort to defy
The silent lapse of years:—
And yet some soothing thoughts are blent
With such a transient monument;
And noblest hopes and fears
By turns elate and awe the soul,
As we thy records thus unrol.

Such fears and hopes our hearts engage—
In silence turning o'er
Thy brief onrruary page,
Its annals to explore:—
There, each succeeding year we find
The exit of some mighty mind,
Whose rich and varied store
Fulfill'd the purposes of Heaven,
For which its ample wealth was given.

There too, perchance, are found enroll'd Some scarcely known to Fame;
Of whom, though little can be told
The World's applause to claim,
A brief inscription points the lot,
And for a while keeps unforgot
Their Being's end and aim!
The single talent, well employ'd,
Redeems them from oblivion's void.

And though that respite may be brief,—
Though these but seem to share
The fate of Autumn's wither'd leaf,
And pass—we know not where!
Yet, while their cherish'd memory lives,
Fresh strength to other minds it gives
Life's weary lot to bear;
Unveiling to the mental eye
Hopes, feelings, thoughts,—which cannot die.

But not to Man;—his death or birth,—
Nor aught by him design'd
To be his monument on earth,
Thy records are confin'd:—
In them we trace the rise, the fall,
The ever-restless change of all
Mortality can bind;—
And while thy potent spell is shown,
See Power more glorious than thy own.

The power of Hm, whose mighty one
On sea and earth shall tread;
With face all radiant as the sun,
A rainbow round his head;
Pillars of fire—his feet shall gleam;
Dark clouds of heaven—his vesture seem;
His voice—a sound of dread;
While thunders echoing far away,
Shall publish thy departing sway.

Then the immutable decree,
So long by Heaven deferr'd,
Shall, in the destin'd close of Thee,
Fulfil its solemn word:—
Through boundless space, by thought untrod,
The Delegated voice of God
Shall swfully be heard,—
Proclaiming, as foretold of yore,
The Myst'sy firish'd! Time no more!

#### THE POET'S LOT.

Askes thou what it is to be
A Poet?—I will tell thee what;
And show the thoughtless world, and thee,
His weary lot.

It is to sacrifice each good
That Fortune's favour'd minions share;
And in unheeded solitude
Her frowns to bear.

It is to nourish hopes that cheat;
Which, when he felt them first beat high,
Appear'd so humble, blameless, sweet,
They could not die.

It is to feel foreboding fears;—
Then fancy them unfounded too,—
And last, with pangs too deep for tears,
To own them true!

It is to cherish in the heart
Feelings the warmest, kindest, best;—
To wish their essence to impart
To every breast;—

And then, awaking from such dream,
With anguish not to be controll'd,
To find that hearts which warmest seem
Are icy cold!

'Tis like the pelican, to feed
Others from his warm breast; but own,
Unlike that bird—the Bard may bleed,
Unthank'd, unknown.

It is to pamper vicious taste,
By spurning Virtue's strict control;
Then be with Fame and Riches graced,
And lose his soul!

Or while his humble verse defends
Her cause, her loveliness partrays;
To win from her apparent friends
Cold, cautious praise.

It is a thorny path to trend,
By care, by sorrew overcast;
With but one thought its balm to shed,
This cannot last!

For soon that thorny path is tred;
From Man he has no more to crave;
Grant him thy mercy, gracious Ged!
Thou, Earth!—a Grave!

#### ADDITIONAL STANSAS-

Ir thus disheart'ning may appear,
In darker hours, the Poet's doom;
Yet brighter glimpses sometimes cheer
His prospects' gloom.

The visions, feelings, thoughts—which see Those moods that wrap his soul in sigl And of this goodly universe Eclipse the light;—

In happier, more auspicious hours
These, as with energy divine,
Seem gifted with immortal powers,
And, cloudless, shine!

Though few, and far between—the gleat Of their celestial light may break,— As angel-forms that bless our dreams Fade when we wake;—

Not dream-like are the hopes that wait On paths by loftiest Poets trod, But glorious, heavenly, pure, and great And given of God!

Cast not those deathless hopes away.

Thou who hast known and felt their worl
Nor let despondency gainsay
Their noble birth.

The purer elements that form
A Poet—worthy of the name,
In brightest sunshine—darkest storm,
Are still the same.

Firm faith, meek patience, genuine love Unworldly feelings, views sublime, Aspiring hopes, which soar above The things of Time;—

Such—of the Poet's inmost heart
The cherish'd inmates should be knov
And to his mental powers impart
Their master-tone.

Grief, care, and poverty may haunt His pathway, strewing many a thorn;-Fashion's neglect, cold folly's taunt, The worldling's scorn,-

May be his portion; -slow disease May undermine his outward frame; And Calumny, more dread than these, May blight his fame:-

But let him still, with fortitude, See that his footsteps onward tend; And strive, with faith and hope endued, To wait THE END!

The threat'ning clouds which darkly lower, As if to veil his soul in night, May prove how impotent their power To quench its light.

At times that light's reviving ray Shall lend him, even here below, Glory for gloom, turn night to day, Give joy for woe.

And in a brighter world than this What here inspir'd his holiest lays, May tune his harp to songs of bliss, And endless praise.

Bard! Prophet! Priest! go on in hope; Gird up thy loins, thy sorrows bear; Meekly with present trials cope; Watch unto prayer!

It is a thorny path to trace; Yet other feet its thorns have trod; Then bear thee up, and humbly place Thy trust in God!

## FLOWERS.

HE who delights to trace, with serious thought. In all he sees the noiseless steps of Time,

Shall find the outward forms of Nature fraught

With ample food for many a lofty rhyme; Or should he fear such dazzling heights to climb.

And love to tread a less aspiring way, Leaving untouch'd the awful and sublime, And seeking humbler objects to portray. May find in such the theme of many a pleasing lay.

What though the glorious Sun, enthron'd on high. May more conspicuously this lesson teach; Or Moon and Stars, which gem the midnight-

A yet more touching homily may preach,

As day to day still utters ceaseless speech, And night to night yet added knowledge

Far lowlier objects to the heart may reach, And Wisdom purest precepts may disclose, Cull'd from the Lily's bloom, or gather'd from the Rose!

Yes,-you, delightful handy-works of Him Who arch'd the Heaven's, and spann'd this solid Earth,

Before whose glory day's proud light is dim, And Art's achievements, if not food for mirth, Display at best its barrenness and dearth,-You, too, instruct us, and with line on line, Precept on precept, show us by your birth, Your bud, your blossoming, and your decline, Time's never-ceasing flight, and tell us truths divine.

You, as the changing Seasons roll along, Still wait on each, and added beauties lend:-Around the smiling Spring a lovely throng With eager rivalry her steps attend; Others with Summer's brighter glories blend; Some grace mild Autumn's more majestic mien;

While some few lingering blooms the brow befriend

Of hoary Winter, and with grace serene Inwreath the King of storms with Mercy's gentler sheen.

Nor do ye, while ye thus declare the flight Of Times and Seasons, want yet deeper lore; In you, with eager and unsated sight, The gentle Moralist may such explore:-Even Religion's voice has heretofore Pointed a moral, and adorn'd a tale By illustration from your ample store; Nor could such touching illustration fail When thus The Saviour preach'd, his text the lilies pale:

"Consider ye the lilies of the field, Which neither toil nor spin, - not regal pride, In all its plenitude of pomp reveal'd, Could hope to charm, their beauties plac'd beside:

If heavenly goodness thus for them provide, Which bloom to-day, and wither on the morrow,

Shall not your wants be from your God supplied,

Without your vain anxiety and sorrow?-Oh ye of little faith! from these a leason horrow!"

If such the soothing precepts taught from

Beautiful blossoms! well may ye appear

As silent preachers in the Christian's view; | Ye loftier Lilies, bath'd in morning's dew. And while ye decorate the changeful year, Imbued with power the mourner's heart to Each lovely thought; and ye whose lowler cheer,

Not gratifying merely outward sense By tints and odours,-but dispelling fear, Awak'ning hope, by your intelligence, And strength'ning humble faith in God's omnipotence!

Come forth, then, lovely heralds of the Spring! Leave at your Maker's call your earthly bed; At his behest your grateful tribute bring To light and life, from darkness and the dead! Thou, timid Snow-drop, lift thy lowly head; Crocus and Primrose, show your varied dye; Violets, your ceaseless odours round you shed, Yourselves the while retiring from the eye, Yet loading with your sweets each breeze that passes by.

And you,-in gay variety that grace, In later months, with beauty the parterre, Making a sunshine in the shady place, As Una and her milk-white lamb were there; Arise! arise! and in your turns declare The power of Him who has not only made The depths of Ocean, and the heights of Air, And Earth's magnificence, but has display'd In you that power and skill with beauty's charms array'd.

Uplift, proud Sun-flower, to thy favourite orb That disk whereon his brightness loves to dwell:

And, as thou seemst his radiance to absorb, Proclaim thyself the garden's sentinel :-And thou too, gentle, modest Heather-bell, Gladden thy lonely birth-place; Jasmines, spread

Your star-like blossoms, fragrant to the smell;

You Evening-Primroses, when day has fled, Open your pallid flowers, by dews and moonlight fed.

And where my favourite Abbey rears on high Its crumbling ruins, on their loftiest crest, Ye Wall-flowers, shed your tints of golden dye, On which the morning-sunbeams love to

On which, when glory fills the glowing west, The parting splendours of the day's decline, With fascination to the heart address'd, So tenderly and beautifully shine, As if reluctant still to leave that hoary

shrine.

Convolvolus, expand thy cup-like flower, Graceful in form, and beautiful in bue; Clematis, wreathe afresh thy garden-bower;

Of purity and innocence renew pride

In sweet seclusion seems to shrink from view,

You of The Valley nam'd, no longer hide Your blossoms meet to twine the brown chastest bride.

And Thou, so rich in gentle names, appealing To hearts that own our Nature's common lot; Thou, styl'd by sportive Fancy's better feeling,

A Thought, The Heart's Ease, or Forgetme-not,

Who deckst alike the peasant's garden-plot, And castle's proud parterre; with humble joy Revive afresh by castle and by cot Hopes which ought not like things of time to cloy

And feelings time itself shall deepen-not destroy.

Fruitless and endless were the task, I ween, With every Flower to grace my votive lay; And unto Thee, their long-acknowledge QUEEN,

Fairest and loveliest! and thy gentle sway, Beautiful Rose, my homage I must pay,— For how can minstrel leave thy charms

Whose meek supremacy has been alway Confess'd in many a clime, and many a tongue,

And in whose praise the harp of many a bard has rung?

Mine is unworthy such a lovely theme; Yet could I borrow of that tuneful bird, Who sings thy praises by the moon's pale beam,

(As Fancy's graceful legends have averr'd) Those thrilling harmonies at midnight heard, With sounds of flowing waters, -not in vain Should the loose strings of my rude harp be stirr'd

By inspiration's breath, but one brief strain Should re-assert thy rites, and celebrate thy reign.

Vain were the hope to rival bards, whose

On such a theme, have left me nought to sing;

And one more plant my humbler Muse inspires,

Round which my parting thoughts would fondly eling:

Which, consecrate to Salem's peaceful King. Though fair as any gracing beauty's bower. Is link'd to Sorrow like a holy thing,

hour :-Be this thy noblest fame, imperial Passionflower!

Whatever impulse first conferr'd that name, Or Fancy's dream, or Superstition's art, I freely own its spirit-touching claim, With thoughts and feelings it may well impart :-

Not that I would forego the surer chart Of REVELATION for a mere conceit; Yet with indulgence may The Christian's heart Each frail memorial of HIS MASTER greet, And chiefly what recals his love's most glorious feat.

Be this the closing tribute of my strain! Be this, fair flowers! of charms-your last and best!

That when THE SON OF GOD for Man was slain.

Circled by you, He sank awhile to rest,-Not the Grave's captive, but a Garden's nest.

So pure and lovely was his transient tomb! And He, whose brow the wreath of thorns had prest,

Not only bore for us Death's cruel doom, But won the thornless crown of amaranthine bloom.

## TEMPORALS AND SPIRITUALS.

WHAT is levelier far than the Spring can be, To the gloom of dark Winter succeeding, When the blossoms are blushing on flower and tree.

And the lambs in the meadows are feeding; While the earth below, and the heavens above, Resound with the anthems of joy and love?

'Tis the Spring of the soul! when on Sin's dark night A ray from above is descending, And the tear of contrition, lit up by its light, With its beauty is silently blending; When the heart's broken accents of prayer and praise Arc sweeter than Nature's softest lays.

What is stronger and brighter than Summer's sun. In his noon-tide effulgence shining? Yet gentler than he, when his goal is won, And his beams in the west are declining? More glorious than Summer's most cloudless day,

Whose loveliest splendour soon passes away?

And takes its name from suff'ring's fiercest | 'Tis the Christian's zenith, the Summer of him Whose strength to his God is devoted; Who, whether his path-way be bright or dim, By mortals admir'd or unnoted-From strength to strength, and from grace to grace, Outshines the Sun in his glorious race.

> What is richer than Harvest? what gladdens the heart Beyond Autumn, with bounty o'erflowing? What is wealthier than all the proud trophies of art;

> More ripe than the red vintage glowing; Yet majestic and touching as Autumn's eve, When the Sun's calm glory is taking its leave?

> 'Tis the Saint's ripe harvest; the gathering-in To the garner of thanks and of glory; His prayer and praise for redemption from sin; His hopes, now his locks are hoary, That the mercy and goodness, vouchsaf'd him long,

May still be his stay, and his even-song.

What is stiller and fairer than Winter's night, When the full moon and stars are unclouded; When earth is bespangled with glory and light,

Though its life deep within it be shrouded; When all is so calm and so lovely around, That a whisper might startle the car by its sound?

'Tis the parting-hour of the Saint, when his cheek Is ting'd with delightful emotion; When his eye and his smile in silence speak The spirit's sublimest devotion; When his earthly beauty and vigour have flown,

But the brightness of Heaven is over him thrown.

## TO DEATH.

Ir is an awful thing to die! But did not Man thy form supply With terrors not its own, Not thus to life would mortals cling. Nor view thee as a gloomy thing To waken fear alone.

But we have ransack'd Fancy's realm For frightful symbols to o'erwhelm Life's nerveless, weakest hour: At distance, we defy thy dart; When thou drawst nigh, with coward art We aggravate thy power.

Thy form would we personify,
A hideous monster greet the eye,
Gaunt, ghastly, fieshless, dire;
We give thee emblems, too, as dull—
A scythe, and hones, and naked skull,
Fresh horrors to inspire.

With stifled breath we speak thy name, Whene'er this perishable frame Would thy approach declare; And when we feel that thou art nigh, We turn away, as if to die Were more than man could dare.

Not only do we strive to blind Ourselves,—but, with intentions kind, From others we conceal Thy stealthy pace, thy lifted arm, As if our silence had the charm Thy sentence to repeal.

Thus to attempt ourselves to cheat, Is folly's, and not wisdom's feat; And in another's case, 'Twere wiser, kinder, more sincere, To teach the sufferer without fear To look thee in the face.

To doubt such courage may be won,
Is more than Reason's voice to shun;
This might excuse supply;
Not so the covert treason shown
To Him, who has thy power o'erthrown,
And taught us how to die.

Thou mayst be terrible, O Death!
To those who hold by vital breath
Each treasure of the heart;
Whose happiness is found below;
Who, with this life, must all forego—
From all they prize must part.

But to the Christian, who, serene,
Has look'd through Faith on things unseen—
Thy solemn, trying hour
Is far from dreadful; for his soul
Knows who can Nature's fears control,
And trusts a Saviour's power.

His treasure is laid up on high,
Where moth and rust can come not nigh,
Nor thieves break through and steal;
The only bonds which hold him here
Are duty, reverential fear,
And ties that all should feel.

But duty, is he call'd above,
Prompts upward, and perfected love
Can cast out every fear;
And Nature's ties, though strong their force,
Are loos'd by God, their purest Source,
Who gave them earth to cheer.

Then thou, the last and deadliest for Of Man, art laid for ever low, No longer to appal; From sin redeem'd, with humble trut, The spirit waits to join the just, Where God is all in all.

And thou art stingless! while the gun No victory over such can crave;— Through Faith and Hope sublime. Heaven over Earth the triumph gain; Joys yet to be o'er present pains; Eternity o'er Time!

#### WOMAN.

Too oft on thee, in wayward mood,
Has Satire pour'd its spiteful lays,
And Flattery found its choicest food
In greeting thee with servile praise:
The artless tribute I would raise,
From flattery and from satire free,
In simple truth, alone, essays
To speak my gratitude to Thee.

How vast, how complicate the debt
I owe to thee, 'twere vain to tell:—
In childhood, can I e'er forget
The voice, which, like a soothing spel
Beguil'd each grief? how softly fell
On youth's fond ear a gentler tome!
How sweet, e'en now, it is to dwell
On thy lov'd voice, and thine alone!

I owe thee much, for I was rear'd
Beneath thy kind and fost'ring care;
Thy smiles my earliest joys endear'd;
As life advanc'd more priz'd they were,
Prompting me manhood's ills to hear;
And now, of all created things,
Thou, chiefly, chidest dark despair,
And unto thee Hope fondly clings.

They feel not thy transcendent worth
Who love thee most in sun-bright hours
I know thy smile can heighten mirth,
As day-light gladdens opening flowers;
I know that e'en thy playful powers
In sportive mood,—thy look, thy voice.
When some light cloud around us lowers
Can bid Man's grateful heart rejoice.

But 'tis in seasons far more drear,
Of outward, inward gloom combin'd,
When sorrow knows no bursting tear,
But dark despair o'erclouds the mind'Tis then in thee the wretched find
That purer, gentler power display'd,
Which, fond, yet firm, appears design'd
To dissipate each darker shade.

None, none can paint, who have not known Such hours, what thou canst then reveal; That charm peculiarly thy own,
Which seems, by art that all can feel,
The sufferer from himself to steal;
The balm of sympathy to shed
On wounds which God alone can heal,
And call back hope as from the dead.

'Tis not thy beauty that can give
This influence o'er the mourner's heart;
This pure, this high prerogative
Is gain'd thee by no studied art:
A fever'd spirit's rankling smart
Heeds not a face, nor form, nor air;
The charm that thou canst then impart
Proclaims that something else is there.

It is the patient, quiet power
Of deep affection, given with birth;
Thy richest, and thy noblest dower,
Far, far above thy smiles of mirth:
That love which knows no wintry dearth
In bleak adversity's chill blast,
But whose meek, self-forgetting worth
Endures unshaken to the last.

Yet though this glorious gift appear
Thy nat'ral birth-right here below,
Let meek humility and fear
Its holiest source both feel and know:
Mere earthly love may come and go,
As meteors o'er our path may shine;
But that which lives through care and woc,
Religion's influence must refine.

This only gives that higher zest
To which thy spirit should aspire;
Thy influence o'er Man's grateful breast
By this dominion should acquire:
The painter's hues, the poet's lyre,
Thy mortal graces may display;
But thou shouldst for thyself desire,
And seek a yet more deathless sway.

Man is immers'd in worldly cares,
And ceaseless conflicts;—science, fame,
Commerce,—the world's uncounted snares—
Beset his every earthly nim:
Thine is the privilege to claim
A more sequester'd path;—O! strive
To cherish that ethereal flame
Which shall mortality survive.

The busiest life that Man can lead
Has many a moment's breathing space:
Seek thou for wisdom, strength to plead
In such for pure Religion's grace;
Then shalt thou in thy proper place
Meckly the Gospel's power adorn,
And prove, in more than form or face,
Man is, indeed, of Woman born.

## A RELIQUE OF NAPOLEON,

OR VERSES ON A LEAF GATHERED FROM MIS GRAVE.

Is this, departed scourge of earth!
A Relique worthy Thee?
In many it would waken mirth,
Its littleness to see;
While some—that in my peaceful eyes
Such relique should be deem'd a prize,
Would more offended be;—
And chide the feeling that would save
One leaf that flutter'd o'er thy grave.

But to a Poet's thoughtful view
This frail memorial teems
With feelings, fancies, tender, true,
Worth all ambition's dreams;
Nor could a homily express
More on the empty nothingness
Of conquest's wildest schemes,
Than this poor wither'd leaf displays
To meditation's thoughtful gaze.

Those who regard with dazzled eye
Thy comet-like career,
May pass this slight memento by
With cold, contemptuous sneer;
And think a pyramid's proud height,
To awe, and overwhelm the sight,
Should be emblazon'd here,
In whose enduring, giant frame,
Fancy might typify thy Fame.

Ill-judging Men! Thy reliques found
A tomb by Nature plann'd,
And frowning rocks, that hem them round,
Their guardians seem to stand:
Oft, when those cliffs emerge to sight,
Crested with clouds, or tipt with light,
The seaman's outstretch'd hand
Shall show, uprising from the wave,
The lonely isle which is thy grave!

What could Ambition's self desire
To tell its votary's lot?
Where would its wildest dreams aspire,
If this content them not?
Imagination can supply
No cenotaph to heart, or eye,
Like that rock-girdled spot,
Which saw thy sun go down in gloom;
Which was thy prison—is thy tomb!

Had but thy fame (for fame was thine)
Been truly good and great,
No monument could Art assign
With such a one to mate:
Those who most idolize thy name

Could scarcely wish for thee to claim.
Sublimer funeral state,
Or measoleum more august.
To tell thy death, and guard thy dust.

For me, though through thy stormy day
I reverenc'd not thy power,
And mourn'd to see thee cast away
A monarch's noblest dower;
Yet often have I turn'd awhile
To thee on thy far distant iale,
In Fortune's adverse hour;
Nor would I willingly deface
This relique of thy resting-place.

Tis all I wish it:—just enough
To waken thoughts of thee,
Which need not dread a Slave's rebuff,
Much less offend The Farm:
Let those thy culogies invent
Who to the living tyrant bent
A selfish, servile knee:—
And they who feel not for the dead,
May triumph o'er thy narrow bed.

Rather would I, in thoughtful frame,
O'er this poor relique bend,
Which seems to say: "Of earthly fame
Behold the fruitless end:
Alike the monarch and the slave,
The fool and wise, the base and brave,
To silent dust descend:—
I sprang up from a buried Chief,
And am, like him, a wither'd leaf.

Time was, when o'er his crownless head
My beauty lov'd to bow,
Green as the victor-wreaths that shed
Theirs round his living brow;
Glorious and dazzling as they seem'd,
While fickle sunshine round them gleam'd,
They are—what I am now!
The leaf that withers not is known
Upon The Tree or Life alone!"

#### A COMMENTARY

ON A LINE OF SALVATOR ROSA.

Nasci poena, vita labor, necesse mori.

O! say not that the boon of birth
Is punishment alone:
Goo, who bestow'd it, knew its worth;
The gift was all His own—
Design'd to serve a noble end,
Would but thy thoughts to Him ascend.

Think not that Life is nothing more Than labour:—hath it not. Mid paths by thorns beaprinhled o'er. Full many a flowery apot. Whence gentle feelings, munings high. May oour to immortality?

Nor look on Death, Man's Intest for,
As necessary ill:
Seek but Thy Savinch's power to know,
And do thy Maker's will—
And Death, the end of care and strile,
Shall be the door of endless life!

#### SABBATH-DAYS.

Types of eternal rest—fair bads of bliss.
In heavenly flowers unfolding week by
week—
The next world's gladness imag'd forth in
this—
Days of whose worth the Christian's heat
can speak!

Eternity in Time—the steps by which
We climb to future ages—lamps that light
Man through his darker days, and thought
enrich,
Yielding redemption for the week's dull
flight.

Wakeners of prayer in Man—his resting bowers

As on he journeys in the narrow way,
Where, Eden-like, Jehovah's walking hours
Are waited for as in the cool of day.

Days fix'd by God for intercourse with dust.

To raise our thoughts, and purify our powers—

Periods appointed to renew our trust—

A gleam of glory after six days' showers!

A milky way mark'd out through akies else drear, By radiant suns that warm as well as shine—

A clue, which he who follows knows no fear, Though briars and thorns around his pathway twine.

Foretastes of Heaven on earth—pledges of joy Surpassing fancy's flights, and fiction's story—

The preludes of a feast that cannot cloy.

And the bright out-courts of immortal glory!

#### HOME.

Where beats the fond heart lightest, Cheering the social breast?
Where beats the fond heart lightest, Its humble hopes possess'd?
Where is the smile of sadness,
Of meck-eyed patience born,
Worth more than those of gladness,
Which Mirth's bright check adorn?—
Pleasure is mark'd by fleetness,
To those who ever roam;
While grief itself has sweetness
At Home!

There blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief:
There eyes, in all their splendour,
Are vocal to the heart,
And glances, gay or tender,
Fresh eloquence impart:
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?
O! do not widely roam;
But seek that hidden treasure
At Home!

Does pure Religion charm thee
Far more than aught below?
Wouldst thou that she should arm thee
Against the hour of woe?
Think not she dwelleth only
In temples built for prayer;
For Home itself is lonely
Unless her smiles be there:
The devotee may falter,
The bigot blindly roam;
If worshipless her altar
At Home! dear Home!

Love over it presideth,
With meek and watchful awe,
Its daily service guideth,
And shows its perfect law;
If there thy faith shall fail thee,
If there no shrine be found,
What can thy prayers avail thee
With kneeling crowds around?
Go! leave thy gift uneffer'd,
Beneath Religion's dome,
And be her first-fruits proffer'd
At Home! dear Home!

#### TO THE RIVER DEBEN.

COULD Muse of mine give fame to thee, Thy name unhonour'd should not be, Nor shouldst thou seek the billowy main Without thy tributary strain. Shakspeare has shed on Avon's stream The glory of his quenchless beam; Nor can the bonny banks of Doon Resign their Burns's minstrel-boon.

While flows the winding Ouse along, It murmurs still of Cowper's song; And e'en the Lavant's puny wave Recals a hapless Poet's grave.

An unromantic stream art thou, And I a bard of wreathless brow; Yet thou my Isis art,—my Cam; And I thy lowly laureat am.

Have I not seen thy waters bright With the sun's splendour, moon's soft light? Have I not heard them, rippling near, Make sweetest music to mine ear?

Though many a river's banks outvie Thy own in much that charms the eye, Yet may thy shelving marge impart Beauties which win thy minstrel's heart.

In graceful curve thy waters glide, And flowery meadows deck thy side, With scatter'd copses, bright and green, And vet'ran trunks where woods have been.

And, worthier still of Poet's lay, Beside thy winding current stray Faces as lovely, hearts as kind, As tuneful verse has e'er enshrin'd.

I sought thy shore a youth unknown, And much of grief has been my own; Yet sunny gleams from thee, and thine, Have oft forbade me to repine.

Though since I knew thee years have sped, And life's, and love's first bloom have fled;— Their memory gives thee added power To soothe and bless the present hour.

Then roll thy waters to the sea, But with them bear one strain from me; Nor ask I sweeter earthly fame, Than blending with thy own my Name.

# THE TWELVE MONTHS OF HUMAN

Twelve months compose each fleeting year;
And, unto those who rightly scan,
Twelve brief compartments may appear
Compris'd in life's accustom'd span:
Nor need it be a waste of time
To trace this parallel in rhyme.

The first six years of human life
Like the year's opening month are found;
Commenc'd in being's natal strife,
With little obvious produce crown'd;
For when six years their course have run,

Existence scarcely is begun.

Twas thus, we find, in Mirzah's dream,
That bridge which human life portray'd
Was reil'd from sight at each extreme
As by impenetrable shade;
And only what the Genius told
Could its beginning—end, unfold.

The next six years of life lead on
To boyhood's hopes, and boyhood's fears:
And February, ere 'tis gone,
An emblem of this age appears:
No fruit we find, no lasting flowers,
But mind begins to feel its powers.

As outward nature now prepares
For finite man the face of earth,
And length'ning day to sight declares
The laughing Spring's approaching birth:
So does the glance of boyhood's eye
Betoken youth is drawing nigh.

Manch follows next; the voice of song
Is heard, and gardens brightly bloom;
Though stormy winds may sweep along,
Their sound inspires no moody gloom;
Though clouds, at times, perchance may
lower,
We look beyond the present hour!

And thus does youth, with eye elate,
At blithe EIGHTEEN existence view;
Nor stormy winds, nor clouds abate
The wild bird's music, flow'ret's hue:
Life is to him a waking vision,
And earth a paradise Elysian.

Now April lavishly unfolds
The violet's bloom, the chesnut's flowers;
And, amid weeping clouds, beholds,
With smiling eye, her verdant bowers;
And, ere she bids those bowers farewell,
Wooes Love to bless them with his spell.

Now too the youth to manhood grown,
From fond eighteen to TWENTY-FOUR,
Thinks time mis-spent, if spent alone,
Or flies to solitude the more,
As ardent and romantic love
A source of pain or bliss may prove.

Then May comes on! delightful May!
Dispensing, cre she bid adieu,
More genial airs, and skies more gay,
Than waken'd April's changeful hue:
The days have nearly reach'd their length,
And beauty its more lusty strength.

Man too, at THIRTY, may be found,
For intellectual powers at least,
In his best prime, with vigeur crown't.
His earlier ardours scarce decreaid,
Although he may not now enjoy
Much that gave pleasure to the key.

In June some earlier fruits have caught.
Their ripen'd glory from the san;
And other joys to sense are brought.
Than can from sight alone be wea;
Beauty with usefulness combines.
And from such union brighter shines.

And thus, when man is THIRTY-SIT,
Some ripening fruits of sager resum
Should with life's lingering blossoms and
To dignify that prouder scason;
Nor should we then, in friendship, chas
The man who only could amuse!

The sultry noontide of July
Next bids us seek the forest's shade;
Or for the crystal streamlet sigh,
That flows in some sequester'd glade:
Sated with sunshine and with flowers,
We learn that life has languid hours.

And he who lives to rorry-rwo,
Nor has this needful truth been tange.
That calm retirement must renew,
From time to time, the springs of though
Or who would such renewal such,
Is, by his folly, half undone!

'Tis not enough to say: "We know,
As yet, no chilling, wintry blight;"
For noontide's fierce, unshaded glow
May wither, when it beams most bright
He that hopes evening's tranquit smile.
Must in his zenith pause awhile!

The husbandmen in August reap
The produce of their labours past;
Or, if the ling'ring season keep
Their recompense delay'd, will east
A frequent glance around, and try
To guess what harvest may supply.

Thus too should man, at PORTY-EIGHT,
Turn inward to a harvest there;
His mental crops should calculate,
And for their gath'ring-in prepare;
'Tis prudent to look round, and see
What such a harvest-none may be!

SEPTEMBER'S morn and eve are chill,
Reminding us that time rolls on;
And Winter, though delaying still
His wither'd features, woe-begone,
On day's decreasing length encroaching.
Gives token of his sure approaching.

t not man at FIFTY-FOUR,
igh, like September's noon, he may,
on, be cloudless as of yore,
look its dawning, closing day;
the length'ning nights be taught
ing seriousness of thought!

re leaf, flitting on the blast, hips and haws in every hedge, k Octobra come! At last stand on Winter's crumbling edge; fature's opening grave, we eye to brief months not yet gone by.

who has attain'd THREE-SCORE, ild bear in mind that sere old age in a few years, less or more, lude his mortal pilgrimage; ek to stand aloof from all neditation might enthral.

BER'S clouds are gathering round, ensing darker, deeper gloom; ature, as with awe profound, ts her irrevocable doom; ing the pale sun's fitful gleam gh the dense fogs that veil his beam.

nus, in human life's November, in sixty years and six are by, me that man should off remember hour approaches he must die! he may linger to four-score, ath is waiting at the door!

sen closes on the scene; what appear the months gone past? ents of time, which once have been! seeding slowly, fled too fast minutes, hours, and days appear ss in that small point, A YEAR!

an, too, with the year has fled,
ER-SCORE AND TWELVE Pronounc'd his
doom;
ure's beauties now seem dead,
relies rest within the tomb;

relies rest within the tomb;
th a future life shall see;
crove an Immorranty!

## DAYS OF DARKNESS.

f a man live many years, and rejoice in l, yet let him remember the days of darkr they shall be many. ECCLESIASTES, XI. 8.

t not yet lived many years,
have those years been calmly bright;
any cares, and griefs, and fears,
e darkly veil'd their light:
ven now, at times I deem,
contemplation's pensive eye,
oms exist, by which 'twould seem
t darker days draw nigh.

The early flush of sanguine hope,
Which once, clate in confidence,
With disappointment well could cope,
And wrestle with suspense;
The vivid warmth of fancy's glow,
Which by its own creative powers
Could body forth, on earth below,
The forms of brighter bowers:

The young imaginings of thought,
Freshness of feeling,—all that made
Existence with enchantment fraught,
At times seem wrapt in shade:
And moods of mind will come unbid,
When dark and darker grows the gloom,
Within whose depths obscure, half hid,
Appears the opening tomb!

I will not say that all is night;
For reason's pallid lamp,—the ray
Of revelation's glorious light,
At seasons let in day;
And by its beams, in mercy given,
That soul-enthralling, fearful gloom
Unfolds, when thus asunder riven,
A vista through the tomb.

But oh! within, above, around,
Enough is darkly overcast,
From which this painful truth is found—
Life's brightest days are past:
And many a mournful sign appeals
Unto my musing spirit's eye,
Which, to my pensive thought, reveals
That darker days are nigh.

And let them come!—Shall man receive.
In this probationary state,
Good from his Gon, yet weakly grieve
When He, as wise as great.
Sees right, with merciful design,
To send that salutary ill,
Which, meekly borne, through love benign,
Effects his gracious will?

The cloudless glory of morn's sky,
Which ushers in a beauteous day,
What time the viewless lark, on high,
Chaunts forth his cheerful lay,
Is beautiful; but clouds, and showers,
And mists, although they may appear
Less lovely than those sun-bright hours,
To Nature are as dear.

The lavish luxury of Spring,
When flowers are bursting into bloom,
And tints upon an insect's wing
Out-rival Ormus' loom;

The Summer's radiance;—Autumn's sway Of matron-majesty and grace; Enchant in turn, then pass away, And give stern Winter place.

Thus is it with the outward frame
Of wondrous Nature; changing still,
And yet unchangeably the same—
Obedient to ms will,
Alike in every season shown,
As each proclaims its Authon's praise;
Nor is this silent in the tone
Of Winter's stormiest days.

No; in the voice of mighty winds,
At intervals to stillness aw'd,
Has it not seem'd, to thoughtful minds,
A SPIRIT was abroad?
And thus the same ETERNAL POWER,
Though viewless unto mortal eye,
When skies are bright, when tempests lower
Is still for ever nigh!

Is there no lesson taught to man
By that which unto outward sense,
Through vast creation's matchless plan,
Proclaims benevolence?
Shall man distrust his goodness, who,
Spring after spring, with vital breath,
Revives the universe anew,
Educing Life from Death?

Say not within thy inmost soul,
When mental darkness veils its light,
And clouds, more dense than winter's, roll
Before the spirit's sight;
Say not that light will ne'er return;
That thou art of thy God forgot;
His lamp, within, may feebly burn,
Though thou discernst it not.

To journey on from day to day,
Yet scarcely catch one trembling gleam
Of that more glorious sun, whose ray
Within was joy supreme;
To feel the more than wintry chill
That orb's eclipse must ever bring,
Is but thy portion to fulfil
Of human suffering.

'Tis no peculiar lot of thine,
Thy sole, irrevocable doom;
Others have seen that splendour shine,
And seem to set in gloom:
The pang its absence now imparts,
Though painful it may be to bear,
Has been endur'd by aching hearts,
Endur'd without despair.

But not in human strength alone!
The strength of man is weakness here
His wisdom, foolishness is shown
In trials so severe:
The outward ills, which all must feel,
Man's spirit may perhaps control;
Goo only can illume and heal
The darken'd, wounded soul.

His mercy never yet assign'd
(Can we conceive it could be so?)
To any one of human-kind
The cup of hopeless woe.
Life's goblet may, to some, be brimm'd
With more than wormwood's bitterne
Much of its day by clouds be dimm'd;—
Yet all design'd to bless.

There is a sorrow—better far
Than noisy mirth which spurns contro
For Folly's raptures often mar
The flow of Pleasure's bowl:—
There is a sadness of the face,
By which the heart is better made;
A brook to bless the desert place,
A gourd to cast its shade.

That brook, that gourd, are theirs alone
Who meekly place their hopes on Hm.
Before whose glory-circled throne
The stars of heaven are dim!
Then trust in God! his name thy tower!
Who, by his own resistless might,
Can overcloud Life's brightest hour,
Make days of darkness—light!

### A PORTRAIT.

I cannot call thy living form,
And bid it stand before me;
But Fancy, as my heart grows warm.
Its semblance can restore me:
For e'en that unsubstantial thing
Must ever be enough to bring
All better feelings o'er me;
And give thee, for the time, to seem
More than the phantom of a dream.

But, O! too warmly glows my heart,
While thus in thought beholding thee
For me to act the artist's part,
Embodying each sweet phantasy:
Beauty there is, that painting mars;
Morn's mists, noon's glory, night's brig
stars,

And moonlight on the mighty sea; And yet all these but things express Of unenduring loveliness. But Thou, when unto me 'tis given
Thy semblance to behold,
Now seemst more like a form from heaven,
Than one of mortal mould;
Which he who would thy Portrait draw,
Turns from, o'ercome by love and awe,
And leaves its charms untold.
No! all I can do, love! must be
To sketch what memory yields of thee.

And ill may such a sketch convey,
To those who knew thee well,
What once thou wert; still less portray
Those charms, whose gentle spell
Survives thyself, still unforgot;
Or give to those who knew thee not
Aught which of thee should tell.
Thy dress, thy form, thy face—alone
If given—might leave thee still unknown.

Thy form! avails it now to trace?
Though once with charms endow'd:
Thy dress ne'er boasted Fashion's grace,
To satisfy the proud:
Yet thou becam'st it well: and it
On thee so gracefully did sit,
My taste its charms avow'd;
And in that simple garb—to me
Thou wert—all thou couldst wish to be.

Thy face, thy features,—boots it now
To speak of what is fled,—
Of eyes, or hair, or lips, or brow?
When once the flower is dead,
Its shape, its hue, no bliss can give;
Its odours only seem to live,
And lingering sweetness shed.
If memory still that face enthral,
'Tis by the soul which spoke through all.

Did it not speak? Oh! yes, it did—
Not through the lips alone;
That eye, beneath its downcast lid,
Was eloquent in tone;
For purest passion's gentle force,
And thoughts which sprang from virtue's
source,

In all its glances shone: Orbs of more brilliant light I've seen, But none more tenderly serene.

Nor was the language of thy soul
Less mutely eloquent
In smiles that banish'd grief's control,
Or hues that came and went
In changeful beauty o'er that cheek,
Telling far more than words could speak
Of feelings innocent:
Of truth, of tenderness, of love—
Which Virtue could not but approve.

But why thus dwell on traits, which ill
Thy likeness can portray:
Or linger over charms which still
No semblance can convey?
A loftier aim, blest shade! is mine.
Than painter's art, though call'd divine,
Would venture to essay:
Nor would I, thus, some feelings wake,
But for thy own, and Virtue's sake.

For these I would attempt to show
A truth ill understood,
Or one the world seems not to know;
That much of truly good,
Much that entwines itself around
The inmost heart, and lives profound
In memory's deepest mood,—
May be attain'd;—and yet inspire
Small scope for pencil or for lyre.

Those virtues, gifts, and graces,—which In thee so meekly met,
Boast more, existence to enrich,
Than glittering gaudes; and yet—
Delights we rather feel than see,
Most difficult it well may be
Before the eye to set.
How can we even know their worth,
Till absence gives such knowledge birth?

To sympathies, which soothe and bless
Our life, from day to day,
Which throw, with silent tenderness,
Fresh flowers across our way,
The heart must ever fondly cling;
But can the poet's sweetest string
Their loveliness display?
No—nor could Titian's self supply
Their living presence, once gone by.

The air, in which we breathe and live,
Eludes our touch and sight;
The fairest flowers their fragrance give
To stillness, and to night;
The softest sounds that Music flings,
In passing, from her heaven-plum'd wings,
Are trackless in their flight!
And thus life's sweetest bliss is known
To silent, grateful thought alone.

But is it not, from hence, more pure, Ethereal, and divine? Yea! and its essence will endure When stars have ceas'd to shine. Time may the glowing canvass stain, Oblivion quench the poet's strain; But virtues—which entwine Their memory with undying love, Endure unchangeably above. **S113** 

A meck and quiet spirit gives,
When earth's brief path is trod,
To those it bless'd—what still outlives
That spirit's senseless clod;
Feelings and thoughts, in part divine,
Which live along the length'ning line
Of being—up to Goo!
And terminate their blissful course
In union with their parent-source!

Believing such high destiny
To be thy bleat estate;
Immortal spirit! can I sigh
Thy lot to contemplate?
No- and though little there might seem
In thee for bard's, or painter's theme,
Of high, of rich, of great,
Yet beyond rank, wealth, beauty,—all!
I love thy virtue's gentler thrall.

## INFA'NCY.

The Snow-drop, herald of the spring, In storm or emotion bern, Some passing images may bring Of being's varied morn.

When blasts are chill, and clouds are durk, Its helpless, fragile bloom Appears as set for misery's mark, To sink in hopcless gloom.

If mild the gale, and bright the beam, Its beauties charm the eye, And, while we gaze, we almost dream That summer-hours are nigh.

But trustless are the outward signs
Which waken hope or fear;
The flower whose birth in sunlight ahines,
Chill blasts the soonest sere.

The bud that cold winds nipt at first, A happier lot may know; In warmer airs to life may burst, In brighter sunshine glow.

Thus shall the nursling of despair
Fond sighs and tears requite;
And shine in after-life more fair
Than some whose morn was bright.

#### BOYHOOD.

THE Rose which greets the smile of June, Unfolding in its joy, When birds and bees their carols tune, May typify The Boy. Light clouds, that pass in shadow s'er. Render its hoes more bright; Soft showers may full, yet these rata Fresh fragrance to delight.

And thus the shade on Boyhaod's chee By smiles is chas'd away; The tear which transient grief would But leaves the eye more gay.

The clouds whose darkness threatens Winds of autumnal tone. Of Winter's storms the fearful strife— To it are things unknown.

Unknown to Boyhood, too, the storm Which after-years may roll O'er all the beauty that now forms The summer of its soul.

But mind, immortal, through the glee May glorious warfare wage; And know, when faded Boyhnod's black Fresh greenness in old age.

#### MANHOOD.

THE ripen'd corn which clothes in gold The autumnal landscape round, Is fair; as comely to behold Is ripen'd Manhood found.

Hope to fruition now must yield, The joy of harvest nigh, In all its plenteousness reveal'd Before the gazer's eye.

If cultureless that soil had laid,
What now could be its own,
Be what they might its light and shadBut barrenness alone?

Nor can mere Manhood bring to view Aught more to be enjoyed, If the mind's spring and summer too Have pass'd by unemployed.

Yet seed well sown, and ripe to reap, May profit fail to win; Prudence no jubilee will keep, Unknown the gathering in-

When safe into the garner brought, The triumph is secure; And then, alone, to grateful thought The joy of harvest pure!

## OLD AGE.

The scath'd and leafless tree may seem
Old Age's mournful sign;
Yet on its bark may sunshine gleam,
And moonlight softly shine.

Thus on the check of Age should rest
The light of years gone by,
Calm as the glories of the west
When night is drawing nigh.

As round that scath'd trunk fondly clings The ivy green and strong, Repaying, by the grace it brings, The succour granted long;—

So round benevolent Old Age
May objects yet survive,
Whose greenness can the eye engage,
And keep the heart alive.

Grant that no ivy-wreaths it know, But fell'd at last to earth, Its relics from the hearth may glow,— Who shall deny its worth?

Not cheerless is the symbol found, If, while it can supply Delight to living hearts around, Its smoke ascends on high!

## WITHER'D LEAVES.

Ir was show'ry April, or gladsome May Bade your buds to light surrender; And blithely ye dane'd in the sun's warm ray, Or the pale moon's gentler splendor.

Mild as the south-wind o'er sunny seas
Were the gales of Summer round you;
Or the whisp'ring sigh of the cool nightbreeze
Which in dewy darkness found you.

Like the birds which sang in your bow'ry shade

You seem'd born to beauty and gladness; With greenness to twine its thornless braid Round a brow that knew not sadness.

But the Autumn came, and your verd'rous hue,

With a deeper tinge was shaded, Which, while it enchanted the pensive view, Show'd beauty that slowly faded.

It has faded, and flown;—and your graceful pride
On the cold earth is rudely trodden.
By the bleak winds wafted far and wide,
And with dews and rain-drops sodden.

There was beauty, and music, and life, and joy Combin'd with your spring-tide-glory; Nor can adverse Winter with you destroy Thoughts told by your simple story.

There be hopes, like you, that are born to die, Which the young, and the thoughtless cherish;

Yet awhile, and their lustre enchants the eye, Yet awhile, and they darkly perish.

And hopes there are of a heavenly birth
For the lowly of heart to nourish;
Which the winter of death cannot wither
on earth.
In immortal spring to flourish.

A Tree there is—whose eternal roots
Are nourish'd by living waters,
With leaves ever green and twelve-fold fruits
For the healing of sons and daughters.

And as ye are the types of those hopes untrue O'er which time and death are victorious, The leaves of that Tree to the Christian's view Are the emblems of hopes more glorious.

#### SIR PHILIP SIDNEY:

#### A TALE OF TRUE CHIVALRY.

The hoarser din of war had died away, The cannon's thunder, and the clarion's swell,

And on the sanguine field of battle-fray Silence more sad, and more appalling fell; Stillness unbroken but by murmurs low, Which told of faintness, weariness, and woe.

Here lay a Chief, whose war-cry thro' the field Had rivall'd late the trumpet's clamour loud,

His cold brow pillow'd on his dinted shield, His bloody corselet, now, alas, his shroud; And there beside him, soil'd with dust and

The faithful steed that bore him from his home.

Here lay a stripling, ne'er to rise again
From his first field of battle, and his last;
And there a veteran of the warrior-train,
Who scatheless many a fearful fray had
past;

But now was stretched upon his gory bed, The mute companion of the silent dead.

And now a living group arrests the eye;— Two Squires at Arms, supporting on the plain

A Knight of manly form and lineage high, Living, but faint with weariness and pain;— And round them, eager to afford relief, Guther the faithful followers of their Chief. He through the thickest of the fight had led | Count all the tribes on earth that on The fearless on to victory and to fame; Like one whose heart no danger e'er could dread,

Whose ardent spirits no fatigue could tame :

But now exhausted on the field of death, Each languid sigh appears his parting breath.

His cheek, his brow are pale; his eye is dim, So lately like a falcon's in its gaze, And shapeless forms before his vision swim, Such as the sleeper in a dream surveys: Oh! for a cup of water! 'twould be worth The richest vintage of the teeming earth.

'Tis brought; a gift more welcome than a gem; For never yet, in beauty's braided hair, Or haughty monarch's costly diadem, Shone pearl or ruby with it to compare;-

Cool, bright, and sparkling, in that faint distress

Worth kingly smile, or woman's dear caress.

He lifts it to his lips :- he stops! ah why Not quaff the draught, when life may come with drinking?

He sees beside him one, whose wistful eye Is on that cup, whose very soul is sinking; Poor, helpless, nameless! none to him attend, For when had humble wretchedness a friend?

Oh! then, and there ; - for, melting at the view, The noble Sidney, in his hour of need, From his parch'd lips the welcome cup withdrew,

And gave it him whose sufferings thus could plead;

Exclaiming, with benevolence benign: Here, drink, my friend, thy want surpasses

And never knightly deed of arms was done By him, the frank, the chivalrous, the bold, Which more enduring fame hath nobly won, Than with this simple legend is enroll'd; Fame which the heart shall suffer not to die, Glory befitting genuine chivalry!

## THE DEAD.

NUMBER the grains of sand out-spread Wherever Ocean's billows flow; Or count the bright stars over-head, As these in their proud courses glow;

Or that expand the wing in air; Number the hosts that in the deep Existence and its pleasures share

Count the green leaves that in the le Of Spring's blithe gale are during Or those, all faded, sere in death, Which flit before the wintry blut,

Aye! number these, and myriads me All countless as they seem to la; There still remains an ampler store Untold by, and unknown of Thee.

Askest thou-Who, or what be they Oh! think upon thy mortal door And with anointed eye survey
The silent empire of the tomb!

Think of all those who erst have be Living as thou art-even now; Looking upon life's busy scene With glance as careless, light, as

All these, like thee, have liv'd and Have seen-what now thou looks Have fear'd, hoped, hated, mourn'd, And now from mortal sight are go

Yet, though unseen of human eye Their reliques slumber in the car The boon of immortality To them was given with vital birt

They were; and, having been, they Earth but contains their mould'ris Their deathless spirits, near or far, With thine must rise to meet the

Thou knowst not but they hover no Witness of every secret deed. Which, shunning human eye or car, The spirits of the dead may heed.

An awful thought it is to think The viewless dead out-number all Who, bound by life's connecting link Now share with us this earthly be

It is a thought as dread and high. And one to wake a fearful thrill, To think, while all who live, must a THE DEAD! THE DEAD BYC living still

## JAMES MONTGOMERY.

## THE WORLD BEFORE THE FLOOD.

#### TO THE SPIRIT

OF A DEPARTED PRIEND.

x, my friend, have mourn'd for Thee, yet shall many mourn, ; as thy name on earth shall be weet remembrance borne, hose who loved Thee here, and love Spirit still in realms above.

while thine absence they deplore, for themselves they weep; ngh they behold thy face no more, eace thine ashes sleep, o'er the tomb they lift their eye, hou art not dead, thou couldst not die.

lent anguish, O my friend! in I recall thy worth, lovely life, thine early end, el estranged from earth; soul with thine desires to rest, remely and for ever blest.

oftier mood, I fain would raise
h my victorious breath
e fair memorial of thy praise,
ond the reach of Death;
id wish, and vain!—I cannot give
word, that makes the dead to live.

v art not dead,—Thou could'st not die; nobler life new-born, n lookst in pity from the sky n a world forlorn, ere glory is but dying flame, Immortality a name.

didst Thou prize the Poet's art; when to Thee I sung, pure, how fervent from the heart, language of thy tongue! raise or blame alike sincere, still most kind when most severe.

en first this dream of ancient times m on my fancy glow'd, And forth in rude spontaneous rhymes The Song of wonder flow'd; Pleased but alarm'd, I saw Thee stand, And check'd the fury of my hand.

That hand with awe resumed the lyre, I trembled, doubted, fear'd,
Then did thy voice my hope inspire,
My Soul thy presence cheer'd;
But suddenly the light was flown,
I look'd, and found myself alone.

Alone, in sickness, care, and woe, Since that bereaving day, With heartless patience, faint and low, I trill'd the secret lay, Afraid to trust the bold design To less indulgent ears than thine.

'Tis done;—nor would I dread to meet The World's repulsive brow, Had I presented at thy feet The Muse's trophy now, And gain'd the smile I long'd to gain, The pledge of labour not in vain.

Full well I know, if Thou wert here, A pilgrim still with me,— Dear as my theme was once, and dear As I was once to Thee,— Too mean to yield Thee pure delight, The strains that now the world invite.

Yet could they reach Thee where thou art, And sounds might Spirits move, Their better, their diviner part Thou surely wouldst approve, Though heavenly thoughts are all thy joy, And Angel-Songs thy tongue employ.

My task is o'er; and I have wrought, With self-rewarding toil, To raise the scatter'd seed of thought Upon a desart soil: O for soft winds and element showers! I seek not fruit, I planted flowers.

Those flowers I train'd, of many a hue, Along thy path to bloom,

And little thought, that I must strew Their leaves upon thy tomb: -Beyond that tomb I lift mine eye, Thou art not dead. Thou couldst not die.

Farewell, but not a long farewell; In heaven may I appear. The trials of my faith to tell In thy transported ear. And sing with Thee the eternal strain. Worthy the Lamb that once was slain. January 13th 1813.

## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

No place having been found, in Asia, to correspond exactly with the Mosaic description of the site of Paradise, the Author of the following Poem has disregarded both the learned and the absurd hypotheses on the subject, and at once imagining an inaccessible tract of land, at the confluence of four rivers, which after their junction take the name of the largest, and become the Euphrates of the ancient world. he has placed the happy garden there. Milton's noble fiction of the Mount of Paradise being removed by the deluge, and push'd

Down the great river to the opening gulph, and there converted into a barren isle, implies such a change in the water-courses as will, poetically at least, account for the difference between the scene of this story and the present face of the country, at the point where the Tigris and Euphrates meet. On the castern side of these waters, the Author supposes the descendants of the younger Children of Adam to dwell, possessing the land of Eden: the rest of the world having been gradually colonized by emigrants from these, or peopled by the posterity of Cain. In process of time, after the Sons of God had formed connexions with the daughters of men, and there were Giants on the earth, the latter assumed to be Lords and Rulers over mankind, till among themselves arose One, excelling all his brethren in knowledge and power, who became their King, and by their aid, in the course of a There fruits and flowers, in genial light and long life, subdued all the inhabited earth, except the land of Eden. This land, at the head of a mighty army, principally composed of the descendants of Cain, he has invaded and conquered, even to the banks of Euphrates, at the opening of the action of Age, at his fig-tree, rested from his toil. the poem. It is only necessary to add, that for the sake of distinction, the invaders are frequently denominated from Cain, as the host of Cain,-the force of Cain,-the camp of Cain; -and the remnant of the defenders of Eden are, in like manner, denominated And lust and revelry through Eden reign from Eden .- The Jews have an ancient tra- Then fled the people's glory and defence.

fled to the top of a high = escaped the rain that involved the matheir kindred. In the tenth Canto of i poem a hint is borrowed from this trails but it is made to yield to the superist s thority of Scripture-testimeny.

## CANTO

EASTWARD of Eden's early-peopled phi When Abel perish'd by the hand of Can The murderer from his Judge's press fied:

Thence to the rising sun his offspring But he, the fugitive of care and guilt, Forsook the haunts he chose, the homes bailt;

While filial nations hail'd him Sire and Chid Empire nor honour brought his soul reis He found, where'er he roam'd, uncher't unblest.

No pause from suffering, and from tel rest.

Ages meanwhile, as ages now are told. O'er the young world in long succession roll'd:

For such the vigour of primeval man. Through number'd centuries his period me And the first Parents saw their hardy race O'er the green wilds of habitable space. By tribes and kindred, scatter'd wide and & Beneath the track of every varying star. But as they multiplied from clime to clim-Embolden'd by their elder brother's crim-They spurn'd obedience to the Patriard's yoke.

The bands of Nature's fellowship the broke;

The weak became the victims of the strong. And Earth was fill'd with violence and wrong

Yet long on Eden's fair and fertile plais A righteous nation dwelt, that knew not Cain;

dew

Luxuriant vines, and golden harvests grev: By freshening waters flocks and cattle stray 1. While Youth and Childhood watch'd them from the shade;

And manly vigour till'd the unfailing soil; Green sprang the turf, by holy footstep trod.

Round the pure altars of the living God; Till foul Idolatry those altars stain'd. dition, that some of the Giants, at the deluge, | The joys of home, the peace of innocence; Sin brought forth sorrows in perpetual birth, | The embattled floods, by mutual whirlpools And the last light from heaven forsook the earth,

Save in one forest-glen, remote and wild, Where yet a ray of lingering mercy smiled, Their quiet course where Seth and Enoch ran.

And God and Angels deign'd to walk with man.

Now from the east, supreme in arts and arms.

The tribes of Cain, awakening war-alarms, Full in the spirit of their father came To waste their brethren's lands with sword and flame.

In vain the younger race of Adam rose, With force unequal, to repel their foes; Their fields in blood, their homes in ruins lay,

Their whole inheritance became a prey; The stars, to whom as Gods they raised their

Roll'd, heedless of their offerings, through the sky

Till urged on Eden's utmost bounds at length, In ficrce despair they rallied all their strength. They fought, but they were vanquish'd in the fight.

Captured, or slain, or scatter'd in the flight: The morning-battle-scene at eve was spread With ghastly heaps, the dying and the dead; The dead unmourn'd, unburied left to lie, By friends and foes, the dying left to die. The victim, while he groan'd his soul away, Heard the gaunt vulture hurrying to his prey.

Then strengthless felt the ravening beak, that tore

His widen'd wounds, and drank the living

One sole-surviving remnant void of fear. Woods in their front, Euphrates in their rear, Were sworn to perish at a glorious cost, For all they once had known, and loved,

and lost; A small, a brave, a melancholy band, The orphans, and the childless of the land. The hordes of Cain, by giant-chieftains led, Wide o'er the north their vast encampment

spread: A broad and sunny champaign stretch'd between;

Westward a maze of waters girt the scene; There on Euphrates, in its ancient course, Three beauteous rivers roll'd their confluent

force. Whose streams, while man the blissful garden trod,

Adorn'd the carthly paradise of God; But since he fell, within their triple bound Fenced a lone region of forbidden ground; Meeting at once, where high athwart their bed Repulsive rocks a curving barrier spread,

In hoary foam and surging mist were lost; Thence, like an Alpine cataract of snow, White down the precipice they dash'd below; There in tumultuous billows broken wide, They spent their rage, and yoked their fourfold tide;

Through one majestic channel, calm and free, The sister-rivers sought the parent-sea.

The midnight-watch was ended; - down the west

The glowing moon declined towards her rest; Through either host the voice of war was dumb;

In dreams the hero won the fight to come; No sound was stirring, save the breeze that bore

The distant cataract's ever-lasting roar. When from the tents of Cain a Youth withdrew;

Secret and swift, from post to post he flew, And pass'd the camp of Eden, while the dawn Gleam'd faintly o'er the interjacent lawn; Skirting the forest, cautiously and slow, He fear'd at every step to start a foe; Oftleap'd the hare across his path, upsprung The lark beneath his feet, and soaring sung;

What time, o'er eastern mountains seen afar, With golden splendour, rose the morning-

As if an Angel-centinel of night From earth to heaven had winged his homeward flight,-

Glorious at first, but lessening by the way, And lost insensibly in higher day.

From track of man and herd his path he chose

Where high the grass, and thick the copscwood rose;

Thence by Euphrates' banks his course inelined.

Where the grey willows trembled to the wind; With toil and pain their humid shade he

clear'd. When at the porch of heaven the sun ap-

pear'd, Through gorgeous clouds that streak'd the

orient sky, And kindled into glory at his eye; While dark amidst the dews that glitter'd

round, From rock and tree, long shadows traced the

Then climb'd the fugitive an airy height, And, resting, back o'er Eden cast his sight.

Far on the left, to man for ever closed, The Mount of Paradise in clouds reposed :

The gradual landscape open'd to his view; In him, while fond imagination view'd From Nature's face the veil of mist with- Husband and parents, brethren, friends draw

The radiant river, and the tented field; The black pine-forest, in whose girdle lay The patriot phalanx, hemm'd in close array The verdant champaign narrowing to the north,

Whence from their dusky quarters sallied forth

The proud invaders, early roused to fight, Tribe after tribe emerging into light; Whose shields and lances, in the golden beams.

Flash'd o'er the restless scene their flickering gleams.

As when the breakers catch the morning-glow, And ocean rolls in living fire below: So round the unbroken border of the wood, The Giants pour'd their army like a flood, Eager to force the covert of their foe, And lay the last defence of Eden low.

From that safe eminence, absorb'd in thought, Even till the wind the shout of legions brought, He gazed, -his heart recoil'd, -he turn'd his head. And o'er the southern hills his journey sped.

Who was the fugitive?-in infancy A youthful Mother's only hope was he, Whose spouse and kindred, on a festal day, Precipitate destruction swept away Earth trembled, open'd, and entomb'd them all; She saw them sinking, heard their voices call Beneath the gulph,-and agonized, aghast, On the wild verge of eddying rain cast, Felt in one pang, at that convulsive close, A Widow's anguish, and a Mother's throes; A Babe sprang forth, an inauspicious birth, Where all had perish'd that she loved on earth.

Forlorn and helpless, on the upriven ground, The parent, with her offspring, Enoch found; And thence with tender care and timely aid, Home to the Patriarchs' glen his charge convey'd.

Restored to life, one pledge of former joy, One source of bliss to come, remain'd-her boy !-

Sweet in her eye the cherish'd infant rose, At once the seal and solace of her woes When the pale widow clasp'd him to her breast,

Warm gush'd the tears, and would not be represt;

In lonely anguish, when the truant child Leap'd o'er the threshold, all the mother smiled.

And left, in clear and purple light reveal'd, Each vanish'd look, each well-remembed grace,

That pleased in them, she sought in Jam's face:

For quick his eye and changeable its my. As the sun glancing through a vernal of And like the lake, by storm or moonline

With darkening furrows or cerulean mis His countenance, the mirror of his head The calm or trouble of his soul express?

As years enlarged his form, in much hours,

His mind betray'd its weakness with b powers;

Alike his fairest hopes and strangest fun Were nursed in silence, or divulged will tears ;

The fulness of his heart repress'd his tongot Though none might rival Javan when he sung.

He loved, in lonely indolence reclined, To watch the clouds, and listen to the wind; But from the north, when snow and tempor

His nobler spirit mounted into flame; With stern delight he roam'd the howling woods.

Or hung in ecstasy o'er headlong floods Meanwhile excursive fancy long'd to view The world, which yet by fame alone he knew:

The joys of freedom were his daily theme, Glory the secret of his midnight-dream; That dream he told not; though his bean would ache,

His home was precious for his mother's sake.

With her the lowly paths of peace he ran, His guardian-angel, till he verged to man; But when her weary eye could watch no more.

When to the grave her timeless corse he bore

Not Enoch's counsels could his steps restrain:

He fled, and sojourn'd in the land of Cain. There, when he heard the voice of Jubal's lyre,

Instinctive Genius caught the etherial fire; And soon, with sweetly-modulating skill, He learn'd to wind the passions at his will, To rule the chords with such mysterious

They seem'd the life-strings of the hearer's heart!

Then Glory's opening field he proudly tred Forsook the worship and the ways of God. Round the vain world pursued the phantem Fame.

And cast away his birthright for a name

Yet no delight the Minstrel's bosom knew, Awhile he stood, with rumination pale, None save the tones that from his harp he drew,

And the warm visions of a wayward mind, Whose transient splendour left a gloom behind,

Frail as the clouds of sunset, and as fair, Pageants of light, resolving into air. The world, whose charms his young affec-

tions stole. He found too mean for an immortal soul; Wound with his life, through all his feelings wrought,

Death and eternity possess'd his thought; Remorse impell'd him, unremitting care Harass'd his path, and stung him to despair. Still was the secret of his griefs unknown, Amidst the universe he sigh'd alone; The fame he follow'd, and the fame he found, Heal'd not his heart's immedicable wound; Admired, applauded, crown'd, where'er he roved.

The Bard was homeless, friendless, unbeloved. All else that breathed below the circling sky, Were link'd to earth by some endearing tie; He only, like the ocean-weed uptorn, And loose along the world of waters borne, Was cast companionless, from wave to wave On life's rough sea, -and there was none to

save.

The Giant King, who led the hosts of Cain, Delighted in the Minstrel and his vein; No hand, no voice, like Javan's, could controul,

With soothing concords, his tempestuous soul.

With him the wandering Bard, who found no rest

Through ten years' exile, sought his native west;

There from the camp retiring, he pursued His journey to the Patriarchs' solitude. This son of peace no martial armour wore, A scrip for food, a staff in hand he bore; Flaxen his robe; and o'er his shoulder hung, Broad as a warrior's shield, his harp unstrung,

A shell of tortoise, exquisitely wrought With hieroglyphics of embedied thought; Jubal himself enchased the polished frame; And Javan won it in the strife for fame, Among the sons of Music, when their Sire To his victorious skill adjudged the lyre.

'Twas noon, when Javan climb'd the bordering hill.

By many an old remembrance hallow'd still, Whence he beheld, by sloping woods enclosed, The hamlet where his Parent's dust reposed, His home of happiness in early years, And still the home of all his hopes and fears, When from ambition struggling to break free, He mused on joys and sorrows yet to be.

Casting an eye of sadness o'er the vale, When, suddenly abrupt, spontaneous prayer Burst from his lips for One who sojourn'd there;

For One, whose cottage, far appearing, drew,

Even from his Mother's grave, his transient view;

One, whose unconscious smiles were wont to dart

Ineffable emotion through his heart: A nameless sympathy, more sweet, more dear

Than friendship, solaced him when she was near,

And well he guess'd, while yet a timorous boy.

That Javan's artless songs were Zillah's joy. But when ambition, with a fiercer flame Than untold love, had fired his soul for fame, This infant passion, cherish'd yet represt, Lived in his pulse, but died within his breast; For oft in distant lands, when hope beat high, Westward he turn'd his eager glistening eye, And gazed in spirit on her absent form,

Fair as the moon emerging through the storm.

Till sudden, strange, bewildering horrors cross'd

His thought,-and every glimpse of joy was lost.

Even then, when melancholy numb'd his brain.

And life itself stood still in every vein, While his cold, quivering lips sent vows above.

Never to curse her with his bitter love! His heart, esponsed with hers, in secret sware To hold its truth unshaken by despair: The vows dispersed that from those lips were borne,

But never, never was that heart forsworn; Throughout the world the charm of Zillah's name

Repell'd the touch of every meaner flame. Jealous and watchful of the Sex's wiles, He trembled at the light of Woman's smiles! So turns the mariner's mistrusting eye From proud Orion bending through the sky, Beauteous and terrible, who shines afar, At once the brightest and most baneful star.

Where Javan from that eastern hill survey'd

The circling forest and embosom'd glade, Earth wore one summer-robe of living green, In heaven's blue arch the sun alone was seen; Creation slumber'd in the cloudless light. And noon was silent as the depth of night. O what a throng of rushing thoughts oppress'd,

In that vast solitude, his anxious breast! -To wither in the blossom of renown, And unrecorded to the dust go down-

e on earth, to quit the prize Of immertality beyond the skies. Perplex'd his wavering choice:-when Co science fail'd.

Love rece against the World, and Love provail'd;

Passion, in aid of Virtue, conquer'd Pride, And Woman won the heart to Heaven denied.

## CANTO IL

Symm the descent, and wearisome the way; The twisted boughs forbade the light of

No breath from heaven refresh'd the sultry

gloom,
The arching ferest seem'd one pillar'd tomb; Upright and tall the trees of ages grow, While all is isneliness and waste below; There, as the massy feliage, far aloof Display'd a dark impenetrable roof, So, guarl'd, and rigid, claspt and interwound. An uncouth mase of roots embess'd the

ground:
Midway beneath the sylvan wild assum'd A milder aspect, shrubs and flowerets bloom'd; Openings of sky, and little plots of green, And showers of sun-beams through the leaves Were seen.

Awhile the traveller halted at the place, Where last he caught a glimpse of Zillah's face.

One lovely eve, when in that calm retreat They met, as they were often wont to meet, And parted, not as they were wont to part, With gay regret, but heaviness of heart; Though Javan named for his return the night.

When the new moon had roll'd to full-orb'd light.

She stood, and gazed through tears, that forced their way,

Oft as from steep to steep, with fond delay, Lessening at every view, he turn'd his head, Hail'd her with weaker voice, then forward sped.

From that sad hour, she saw his face no more

In Eden's woods, or on Euphrates' shore: Moons wax'd and waned; to her no hope appear'd,

Who much his death, but more his falsehood fear'd.

New, while he paused, the lapse of years forgot,

spot.

As if that eve of parting were return'd;

And she, with sile Clung to his heart, and would n Sweet was the scene! apart the o A sunny islet open'd in With versal tints th

For here the desert i From sapling troce, with Incid fo Gay lights and shedows twink ground:

Up the tall stome luxuri To hang their eilver ble Deep velvet verdure chad th Where trodden flowers their rick

O'er all the bees, with murmuri From bell to bell, to sip the tr While insect-myriads, in the a Glanced to and fre, like interm So fresh, so pure, the wee the air,

It seem'd a place where Angels m And tune their harps beneath the

To morning-songs, or moonlight-

He paused again, with men entranced;

Again his foot unconsciously advance For now the laurel-thicket caught his vis Where he and Zillah wept their last a Some curious hand, since that bereavi Had twined the copee into a covert With many a light and fragrant shree between.

Flowering aloft amidst perennial grees. As Javan search'd this blossom-woven sh He spied the semblance of a sleeping Mail; Tis she; 'tis Zillah, in her leafy shrine; O'erwatch'd in slumber by a power divise, In cool retirement from the heat of day, Alone, unfearing, on the moss she lay, Fair as the rainbow shines thro' darkening showers,

Pure as a wreath of snow on April-flewers.

O Youth! in later times, whose gentle est This tale of ancient constancy shall hear; If thou hast known the sweetness and the pain.

To love with secret hope, yet love in vain; If months and years in pining silence were, Till doubt and fear might be no longer borne, In evening - shades thy faultering tengus confess'd

The last dear wish that trembled in thy breast;

While at each pause the streamlet purid along,

And rival woodlands echoed song for song, Remembrance eyed her lingering near the Recall the Maiden's look; - the eye, the cheek.

Onward he hasten'd; all his bosom burn'd, The blush that spoke what language could not speak;

Recall her look, when at the altar's side She seal'd her promise, and became thy bride; Such were to Javan Zillah's form and face, The flower of meckness on a stem of grace; O, she was all that Youth of Beauty deems, All that to Love the loveliest object seems!

Moments there are, that, in their sudden

Bring the slow mysteries of years to light; Javan, in one transporting instant, knew, That all he wish'd, and all he fear'd was true; For while the harlot-world his soul possess'd Love seem'd a crime in his apostate breast; How could he tempt her innocence to share His poor ambition, and his fix'd despair! But now the phantoms of a wandering brain, And wounded spirit, cross'd his thoughts in vain:

Past sins and follies, cares and woes forgot, Peace, virtue, Zillah, seem'd his present lot; Where'er he look'd, around him or above, All was the pledge of Truth, the work of Love,

At whose transforming hand, where last they stood, Had sprung that lone memorial in the wood.

Thus on the slumbering maid while Javan gazed.

With quicker swell her hidden bosom raised The shadowy tresses, that profusely shed Their golden wreaths from her reclining

head;
A deeper crimson mantled o'er her cheek,
Her close lip quiver'd, as in act to speak,
While broken sobs, and tremors of unrest,
The inward trouble of a dream express'd:
At length, amidst imperfect murmurs, fell
The name of "Javan!" and a low "farewell!"
Tranquil again, her cheek resumed its hue,
And soft as infancy her breath she drew.

When Javan's ear those startling accents thrill'd,

Wonder and ecstacy his bosom fill'd; But quick compunction humbler feelings wrought,

He blush'd to be a spy on Zillah's thought; He turn'd aside; within the neighbouring brake,

Resolved to tarry till the nymph awake. There, as in luxury of thought reclined, A calm of tenderness composed his mind; His stringless harp upon the turf was thrown, And on a pipe of most mellifluous tone, Framed by himself, the musing Minstrel play'd,

To charm the slumberer, cloister'd in the shade.

Jubal had taught the lyre's responsive string.

Beneath the rapture of his touch to sing;

And bade the trumpet wake, with bolder breath.

The joy of battle in the field of death;
But Javan first, whom pure affection fired,
With Love's clear eloquence the flute
inspired;

At once obedient to the lip and hand,
It utter'd every feeling at command.
Light o'er the stops his airy fingers flew,
A spirit spoke in every tone they drew;
'Twas now the sky-lark on the wings of
morn,

Now the night-warbler leaning on her thorn:

Anon through every pulse the music stole, And held sublime communion with the soul, Wrung from the coyest breast the unprison'd sigb,

And kindled rapture in the coldest eye.

Thus on his dulcet pipe while Javan play'd, Within her bower awoke the conscious maid; She, in her dream, by varying fancies crost, Had hail'd her wanderer found, and mourn'd him lost:

In one wild vision, 'midst a land unknown, By a dark river, as she sat alone, Javan beyond the stream dejected stood; He spied her soon, and leapt into the flood; The thwarting current urged him down its course,

But Love repell'd it with victorious force; She ran to help him landing, where at length He struggled up the bank with failing strength;

She caught his hand; -when, downward from the day,

A water-monster dragg'd the youth away; She follow'd headlong, but her garments bore Her form, light-floating, till she saw no more: For suddenly the dream's delusion changed, And through a blooming wilderness she ranged:

Alone she seem'd, but not alone she walk'd, Javan, invisible, beside her talk'd. He told, how he had journied many a year With changing seasons in their swift career, Danced with the breezes in the bowers of.

Slept in the valley where new moons are

Rode with the planets, on their golden cars, Round the blue world inhabited by stars, And, bathing in the sun's crystalline streams, Became etherial spirit in the beams, Whence were his lineaments, from mortal

sight,
Absorb'd in pure transparency of light;
But now, his pilgrimage of glory past,
In Eden's vale he sought repose at last.

The voice was mystery to Zillah's car,
Not speech, nor song, yet full, melodious,

clear;
No sounds of winds or waters, birds or bees,
Were e'er so exquisitely tuned to please.

Then while she sought him with desiring For yet through Eden's land, by fame also yet through Eden's land, b

The airy Javan darted from disguise, Full on her view a stranger's visage broke, She fied, she fell, he caught her,—she awoke.

Awoke from sleep,—but in her solitude Found the enchantment of her dream renew'd; That living voice, so full, melodious, clear, That voice of mystery warbled in her ear. Yet words no longer wing the trembling notes.

Unearthly, inexpressive music floats, In liquid tones so voluble and wild, Her senses seem by slumber still beguiled: Alarm'd she started from her lonely den, But, blushing, instantly retired again; The viewless phantom came in sound so near, The stranger of her dream might next appear. Javan. conceal'd behind the verdant brake Felt his lip fail, and strength his hand forsake; Then dropt his flute, and while he lay at rest Heard every pulse that travell'd through his breast.

Zillah, who deem'd the strange illusion fled, Now from the laurel-arbour shew'd her head, Her eye quick-glancing round, as if in thought,

Recoiling from the object that she sought: By slow degrees, to Javan in the shade, The emerging nymph her perfect shape display'd.

Time had but touch'd her form to finer grace, Years had but shed their favours on her face, While secret Love, and unrewarded Truth, Like cold clear dew upon the rose of youth, Gave to the springing flower a chasten'd bloom,

And shut from rifling winds its coy perfume.

Words cannot paint the wonder of her look, When once again his pipe the Minstrel took, And soft in under-tones began to play, Like the eaged woodlark's low-lamenting lay; Then loud and shrill, by stronger breath impell'd,

To higher strains the undaunted music swell'd,

Till new-born echoes through the forest

And birds, at noon, in broken slumbers sang. Bewildering transport, infantine surprise, Throbb'd in her bosom, sparkled in her eyes, O'er every feature every feeling shone, Her colour changed as Javan changed his tone:

While she between the bower and brake entranced,

Alternately retreated or advanced; Sometimes the lessening cadence seem'd to fly, Then the full melody came rolling nigh; She shrunk, or follow'd still, with eye and

Afraid to lose it, more afraid to meet;

For yet through Eden's land, by fame also Jubal's harmonious minstrelay was know, Though nobler songs than cheer'd in Patriarche' gin Never resounded from the lips of men.

Silence, at length, the listening Mails

The heart of Javan check'd him while is spoke;

Though sweeter than his pipe her acome

He durst not learn the tumult of her set. But, closely cowering in his ambuscade, With sprightlier breath and number for

play'd.

—"Tis not the nightingale that sang so vel.

When Javan left me near this lonely cell;

Tis not indeed the nightingale;—her wie Could never since that hour my soul reject Some bird from Paradise hath lost in

And carols here a long-forbidden lay;
For ne'er since Eve's transgression mortales
Was privileged such heavenly sounds b
hear;

Perhaps an Angel, while he rests his wire. On earth alighting, here his descant say. Methinks those tones, so full of joy at love.

Must be the language of the world above.
Within this brake he rests." With curiou ken,

As if she fear'd to stir a lion's den, Breathless, on tip-toe, round the copse de crept :

Her heart beat quicker, louder, as she strated and fixed on her his eyes. In dumb embarrassment and leign'd surprise, Upright she started, at the sudden view, Back from her brow the scatter'd ringless flow.

Paleness a moment overspread her face; But fear to frank astonishment gave place. And, with the virgin-blush of innocence, She ask'd:—"Who art thou, Stranger, and from whence?"—

With mild demeanour, and with downers

Javan, advancing, humbly made reply;

—"A Wretch, escaping from the tribes of

Seeks an asylum in the Patriarcha' glen; As through the forest's breathless gloom I struy'd,

Up sprang the breeze in this delicious shade; Then, while I sate beneath the rustling tree. I waked this pipe to wildest minstrelsy. Child of my fancy, framed with Jubal's

To breathe at will the fulness of my heart: Fairest of Women! if the clamour rude Hath seared the quiet of thy solitude, Forgive the innocent offence, and tell, How far beyond these woods the righteous dwell."—

Though changed his voice, his look and stature changed.
In air and garb, in all but love estranged, Still in the youthful exile Zillah sought A dear lost friend, for ever near her thought! Yet answer'd coldly,—jealous and afraid Her heart might be mistaken, or betray'd:

—"Not far from hence the faithful race reside;
Pilgrim! to whom shall I thy footsteps

guide?

Alike to all, if thou an alien be,

My father's home invites thee; follow me."

She spoke with such a thought-divining look,
Colour his lip, and power his tongue forsook;
At length, in hesitating tone, and low,
—"Enoch," said he, "the friend of God, I

know.
To him I bear a message full of fear;
I may not rest till he vouchsafe to hear."

He paused; his cheek with red confusion burn'd;
Kindness through her relenting breast return'd:

—"Behold the path," she cried, and led the way;
Ere long the vale unbosom'd to the day:

—"Yonder, where two embracing oaks are seen,
Arch'd o'er a cottage-roof, that peeps between,
Dwells Enoch; Stranger! peace attend thee there,
My father's sheep demand his daughter's care."

Javan was so rebuked beneath her eye, She vanish'd ere he faulter'd a reply, And sped, while he in cold amazement stood, Along the winding border of the wood; Now lost, now re-appearing, as the glade Shone to the sun, or darken'd in the shade. He saw, but might not follow, where her flock Were wont to rest at noon, beneath a rock. He knew the willowy champaign, and the stream.

Of many an early lay the simple theme, Chaunted in boyhood's unsuspecting hours, When Zillah join'd the song, or praised his powers.

Thither he watch'd her, while her course she bore, Nor ceased to gaze, when she was seen no more.

## CANTO III.

"Am I so changed by suffering, so forgot, That Love disowns me, Zillah knows me not? Ah! no; she shrinks from my disastrous fate, She dare not love me, and she cannot hate: "Tis just; I merit this:—when Nature's womb

Ingulph'd my kindred in one common tomb, Why was I spared?—A reprobate by birth, To heaven rebellious, unallied on earth, Whither, oh whither shall the Outcast flee? There is no home, no peace, no hope for me. I hate the worldling's vanity and noise, I have no fellow-feeling in his joys. The saint's serener bliss I cannot share, My soul, alas! hath no communion there. This is the portion of my cup below, Silent, unmingled, solitary woe; To bear from clime to clime the curse of Cain, Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain.

Sin with remorse, yet find repentance vain, And cling, in blank despair, from breath to breath.

To nought in life, except the fear of Death."-

While Javan gave his bitter passion vent, And wander'd on, unheeding where he went, His feet, instinctive, led him to the spot, Where rose the ruins of his Childhood's cot: Here, as he halted in abrupt surprise, His Mother seem'd to vanish from his eyes, As if her gentle form, unmark'd before, Had stood to greet him at the wonted door; Yet did the pale retiring Spirit dart A look of tenderness that broke his heart: 'Twas but a thought, arrested on its flight, And bodied forth with visionary light, But chill the life-blood ran through every vein.

The fire of frenzy faded from his brain, He cast himself in terror on the ground:
—Slowly recovering strength, he gazed around.

In wistful silence, eyed those walls decay'd, Between whose chinks the lively lizard play'd;

The moss-clad timbers, loose and lapsed awry, Threatening ere long in wider wreck to lie; The fractured roof, through which the sunbeams shone,

With rank unflowering verdure overgrown;
The prostrate fragments of the wicker-door,
And reptile-traces on the damp green floor.
This mournful spectacle while Javan view'd,
Life's earliest scenes and trials were renew'd;
O'er his dark mind the light of years gone by
Gleam'd, like the meteors of a northern sky.
He moved his lips, but strove in vain to speak,
A few slow tears stray'd down his cold wan
check,

Till from his breast a sigh convulsive sprung, And "O my Mother!" trembled from his tongue.

dear name Touch'd every kind affection into flame: Despondency assumed a milder form, A ray of comfort darted through the storm ; "O God! be merciful to me!"-He said, Arose, and straight to Enoch's dwelling sped.

Enoch, who sate, to taste the freshening breeze. Beneath the shadow of his cottage-trees. Beheld the youth approaching; and his eye, Instructed by the light of prophecy, Knew from afar, beneath the stranger's air, The orphan object of his tenderest care; Forth, with a father's joy, the holy man To meet the poor returning pilgrim ran, Fell on his neck, and kiss'd him, wept, and

cried. "My Son! my Son!"-but Javan shrunk aside; The Patriarch raised, embraced him, oft

withdrew His head to gaze, then wept and clasp'd anew.

The mourner bow'd with agony of shame, Clung round his knees, and call'd upon his name.

"Father! behold a supplicant in me, A sinner in the sight of heaven and thee; Yet for thy former love, may Javan live; O, for the mother's sake, the son forgive !-The meanest office, and the lowest seat, In Enoch's house be mine, at Enoch's feet."

"Come to my home, my bosom, and my rest, Not as a stranger, and way-faring guest; My bread of peace, my cup of blessings share, Child of my faith! and answer to my prayer! Oh I have wept through many a night for thee,

And watch'd through many a day this day to see.

Crown'd is the hope of my desiring heart, I am resign'd and ready to depart: With joy I hail my course of nature run, Since I have seen thy face, my son! my son!"

So saying, Enoch led to his abode The trembling penitent, along the road That through the garden's gay inclosure wound;

'Midst fruits and flowers the Patriarch's spouse they found, Plucking the purple clusters from the vine, To crown the cup of unfermented wine. She came to meet them ;-but in strange

surmise Stopt, and on Javan fix'd her earnest eyes; He kneel'd to greet her hand with wonted grace

Ah! then she knew him!-as he bow'd his

That name, though but a murmur, that His mother's features in a glimps of

And the son's image rush'd upon her though Pale she recoil'd with momentary fight As if a spirit had ris'n before her sight Returning, with a heart too full to s She pour'd a flood of tears upon his cha Then laugh'd for gladness,-but her lau was wild;

-"Where hast thou been, my own, orphan child? Child of my soul! bequeath'd in death ton By her who had no other wealth than the She cried, and with a Mother's love cared The Youth, who wept in silence on her break

This hasty tumult of affection o'er, They pass'd within the hospitable door; There on a grassy couch, with joy o'eros Pensive with awe, with veneration dumb Javan reclined, while kneeling at his set The humble Patriarch wash'd the travelled feet.

Quickly the spouse her plenteous table With homely viands, milk and fruits

bread.

Ere long the guest, grown innocently laid With simple eloquence his story told; His sins, his follies, frankly were reveald And nothing but his nameless love conceald -While thus, he cried, I proved the world a snare,

Pleasure a serpent, Fame a cloud in air; While with the sons of men my footstep

My home, my heart was with the Sons of God.

Went not my spirit with thee, Enoch said: When from the Mother's grave the Orpha fled ?

Others believed thee slain by beasts of blood Or self-devoted to the strangling fland, (Too plainly in thy grief-bewilder'd mira By every eye, a breaking heart was seen: I mourn'd in secret thine apostacy,

Nor ceased to intercede with Heaven for thee.

Strong was my faith, in dreams or waking thought.

Oft as thine image o'er my mind was brought I deem'd thee living by this conscious sign The deep communion of my soul with thise. This day a voice, that thrill'd my bread with fear

(Methought 'twas Adam's) whisper'd it mine car.

-Enoch! ere thrice the morning meet the sun,

Thy joy shall be fulfill'd, thy rest begun-While yet those tones were murmuring inair, I turn'd to look, but saw no speaker there Thought I not then of thee, my long-lost joy Leapt not my heart abroad to meet my hoy! and while still I sate beneath the tree, olving what the signal meant to me, ied thee coming, and with eager feet the returning fugitive to greet: less the welcome art thou, since I know his high warning, that from earth I go; ays are number'd; peace on thine attend! trial comes,—be faithful to the end.

live the years of Adam! cried the youth; seem thy words to breathe prophetic truth:

while I roam'd the world, a transient guest,

a sun-rise to the ocean of the west, and that sin, where'er the foot of man are's primeval wilderness o'er-ran, track'd his steps, and through advancing Time

d the deluded race from crime to crime, wrath and strife, in fratricidal war, er'd the force of nations from afar, eal and suffer Death's unheeded blow, the curse on Adam were too slow. now an host, like locusts on their way, desolate the earth, and dim the day, by a Giant-King, whose arm hath broke otest realms to wear his iron yoke, er o'er Eden, resolute to close final triumph o'er his latest foes; eble band, that in their covert lie, cowering doves beneath the falcon's

eye.
easy and ignoble conquest won,
e yet remains one fouler deed undone.
have I heard the tyrant, in his ire,
ite this glen to massacre and fire,
swear to root, from Earth's dishonour'd

last least relic of the faithful race; action he hopes, on God's terrestrial

ule the nether universe alone.
refore, O Sire! when evening shuts
the sky,

with thy kindred, from destruction fly; to the south unpeopled wilds of wood the dark borders of Euphrates' flood; e shall the Patriarchs find secure repose, Eden rest, forsaken of her fors.

Javan's speech the Matron's check grew pale,

courage, not her faith, began to fail; s youngest daughter she; the silent tear

tear tess'd her patience, but betray'd her fear,

fear.
answer'd Enoch, with a smile serene,
shed celestial beauty o'er his mien:
is mine earthly habitation, here
it till my Redeemer shall appear;
h and the face of man I dare not shun,
is my refuge, and His will be done.

The Matron check'd her uncomplaining sigh,

And wiped the drop that trembled in her eye. Javan with shame and self-abasement blush'd, But every care at Enoch's smile was hush'd: He felt the power of truth; his heart o'erflow'd.

And in his look sublime devotion glow'd, Westward the Patriarch turn'd his tranquil face;

The Sun, said he, hath well nigh run his

I to the yearly sacrifice repair,

Our Brethren meet me at the place of prayer.

I follow; O my Father! I am thine; Thy God, thy people, and thine altar mine! Exclaim'd the youth, on highest thoughts intent,

And forth with Enoch through the valley went.

Deep was that valley, girt with rock and

In rural groups the scatter'd hamlets stood; Tents, arbours, cottages, adorn'd the scene, Gardens and fields, and shepherds' walks between;

Through all, a streamlet, from its mountainsource,

Seen but by stealth, pursued its willowy course.

When first the mingling sons of God and

The demon-sacrifice of war began, Self-exiled here, the family of Seth Renounced a world of violence and death, Faithful alone amidst the faithless found, And innocent while murder cursed the ground. Here, in retirement from profane mankind, They worshipt God with purity of mind, Fed their small flocks, and till'd their narrow soil.

Like parent Adam, with submissive toil,

—Adam, whose eyes their pious hands had
closed,

Whose bones beneath their quiet turf reposed. No glen like this, unstain'd with human blood,

Could youthful Nature boast before the flood; Far less shall Earth, now hastening to decay, A scene of sweeter loneliness display, Where nought was heard but sounds of peace and love,

Nor seen but woods around and heaven above.

Yet not in cold and unconcern'd content, Their years in that delicious range were spent; Oft from their haunts the fervent Patriarchs broke.

In strong affection to their kindred spoke,

With tears and prayers reproved their growing crimes, The Sire of men transcended all man

Or told the impending judgments of the times. In vain; the world despised the warning word, With scorn belied it, or with mockery heard, Forbade the zealous monitors to roam, And stoned, or chased them to their forest-

There, from the depth of solitude, their sighs

Pleaded with heaven in ceaseless sacrifice, And long did righteous heaven the guilty spare,

Won by the holy violence of prayer.

Yet sharper pangs of unavailing woe, Those Sires in secrecy were doom'd to know; Oft by the world's alluring snares misled, Their youth from that sequester'd valley fled, Join'd the wild herd, increased the godless crew.

And left the virtuous remnant weak and few.

## CANTO IV.

Taus through the valley while they held their walk.

Enoch of former days began to talk.

Thou knowst our place of sacrifice and

prayer,
Javan! for thou wert wont to worship there:
Built by our father's venerable hands,
On the same spot our ancient altar stands,
Where, driven from Eden's hallow'd groves,

An home on earth's unconsecrated ground; Whence too, his pilgrimage of trial o'er, He reach'd the rest which sin can break no more.

he found

Oft hast thou heard our elder Patriarchs tell How Adam once by disobedience fell; Would that my tongue were gifted to display The terror and the glory of that day, When seized and stricken by the hand of Death,

The first transgressor yielded up his breath! Nigh threescore years, with interchanging light,

The host of heaven have measured day and night,

Since we beheld the ground, from which he rose.

On his returning dust in silence close.

With him his noblest sons might not compare.

In godlike feature and majestic air;

Not out of weakness rose his gradual frame,

Perfect from his Creator's hand he came;

And as in form excelling, so in mini-The Sire of men transcended all makes. A soul was in his eye, and in his spen A dialect of heaven no art could read; For oft of old to him, the evening-less Had borne the voice of God among them Angels were wont their songs with his

And talk with him as their familiar fea But deep remorse for that my sterious an Whose dire contagion through clapsic to Diffused the curse of death beyond cor-Had wrought such self-abasement is him. That he, whose honours were approxi-

Was yet the meekest man beneath the From sin, as from the serpent that benever's early innocence, he shrunk afrail Vice he rebuked with so austers a from the seem'd to bring an instant juigns down:

Yet while he chid, companctions tean was

And yearning tenderness dissolve his lex. The guilt of all his race became his sur. He suffer'd as if he had sinn'd alone. Within our glen to filial love endeard, Abroad for wisdom, truth and justice feet. He walk'd so humbly in the sight of all. The vilest ne'er reproach'd him with his la Children were his delight;—they ran toned His soothing hand, and class his heavel feet:

While 'midst their fearless sports suprantiblest,

He grew in heart a child among the research to a Parent, nought beneath the dy Touch'd him so quickly as an infast's resolve from its smile of happiness he caught its flash of rage sent horror through is thought.

His smitten conscience felt as fierce a part.

As if he fell from innocence again.

One morn I track'd him on his lonely ver. Pale as the gleam of slow-awakening days. With feeble step he climb'd you crass?

Thence fix'd on distant Paradise his sight He gazed awhile in silent thought profound. Then falling prostrate on the dewy ground. He pour'd his spirit in a flood of prayer, Bewail'd his ancient crime with self-despair. And claim'd the pledge of reconciling grace. The promised Seed, the Saviour of his race. Wrestling with God, as Nature's vigour fail'd,

His faith grew stronger and his plea prevail. The prayer from agony to rapture rose, And sweet as angel-accents fell the close. I stood to greet him; when he raised his head.

Divine expression o'er his visage spread, His presence was so saintly to behold, He seem'd in sinless Paradise grown ald.

. .

round,

Renews the anguish of that mortal wound On me inflicted, when the Serpent's tongue My Spouse with his beguiling falsehood stung.

Though years of grace through centuries have pass'd,

Since my transgression, this may be my last; Infirmities without, and fears within, Foretell the consummating stroke of sin; The hour, the place, the form to me unknown. But God, who lent me life, will claim his own: Then, lest I sink as suddenly in death, As quicken'd into being by his breath, Once more I climb'd these rocks with weary pace,

And but once more, to view my native place, To bid you garden of delight farewell, The earthly Paradise from which I fell. This mantle, Enoch! which I yearly wear To mark the day of penitence and prayer,-These skins, the covering of my first offence, When, conscious of departed innocence, Naked and trembling from my Judge I fled, A hand of mercy o'er my vileness spread ;-Enoch! this mantle thus vouchsafed to me, At my dismission I bequeath to thee; Wear it in sad memorial on this day, And yearly at mine earliest altar slay A lamb immaculate, whose blood be spilt In sign of wrath removed and cancell'd guilt; So be the sins of all my race confest, So on their heads may peace and pardon rest! -Thus spake our Sire, and down the steep descent

With strengthen'd heart, and fearless footstep went:

O Javan! when we parted at his door, I loved him as I never loved before.

Ere noon, returning to his bower, I found Our father labouring in his harvest-ground, (For yet he till'd a little plot of soil, Patient and pleased with voluntary toil;) But oh how changed from him, whose morning-eye

Outshone the star, that told the sun was nigh! Loose in his feeble grasp the sickle shook; I mark'd the ghastly dolour of his look, And ran to help him; but his latest strength Fail'd ;- prone upon his sheaves he fell at length:

I strove to raise him; sight and sense were fled.

Nerveless his limbs, and backward sway'd his head.

Seth pasa'd; I call'd him, and we bore our Sire To neighbouring shades from noon's afflictive fire:

Ere long he 'woke to feeling, with a sigh, And half unclosed his hesitating eye; Strangely and timidly he peer'd around. Like men in dreams whom sudden lights confound:

This day, said he, in Time's star-lighted | "Is this a new Creation? Have I pass'd The bitterness of death?"-He look'd aghast, Then sorrowful; \_"No; men and trees appear; Tis not a new Creation,-pain is here From Sin's dominion is there no release? Lord! let thy Servant now depart in peace." -Hurried remembrance crowding o'er his sonl.

> He knew us; tears of consternation stole Down his pale cheeks: - "Seth!-Enoch! Where is Eve?

> How could the spouse her dying consort leave?"

Eve look'd that moment from their cottage-door

In quest of Adam, where he toil'd before; He was not there; she call'd him by his name;

Sweet to his ear the well-known accents came :

Here am I, answer'd he, in tone so weak, That we who held him scarcely heard him speak ;

But, resolutely bent to rise, in vain He struggled till he swoon'd away with pain. Eve call'd again, and turning tow'rds the shade

Helpless as infancy, beheld him laid; She sprang, as smitten with a mortal wound, Forward, and cast herself upon the ground At Adam's feet: half-rising in despair. Him from our arms she wildly strove to

tear: Repell'd by gentle violence, she press'd His powerless hand to her convulsive breast, And kneeling, bending o'er him, full of fears, Warm on his bosom shower'd her silent tears. Light to his eyes at that refreshment came, They open'd on her in a transient flame; -And art thou here, my Life! my Love!

he cried. Faithful in death to this congenial side? Thus let me bind thee to my breaking heart, One dear, one bitter moment, ere we part. -Leave me not, Adam! leave me not below; With thee I tarry, or with thee I go;-She said, and yielding to his faint embrace, Clung round his neck, and wept upon his face. Alarming recollection soon return'd, His fever'd frame with growing anguish

burn'd: Ah! then, as Nature's tenderest impulse wrought,

With fond solicitude of love she sought To sooth his limbs upon their grassy bed, And make the pillow easy to his head; She wiped his reeking temples with her hair; She shook the leaves to stir the sleeping air; Moisten'd his lips with kisses: with her breath

Vainly essay'd to quell the fire of Death, That ran and revell'd through his swollen

With quicker pulses and severer pains.

The sun, in summer-majesty on high, Darted his fierce effulgence down the sky; Yet dimm'd and blunted were the dazzling

His orb expanded through a dreary haze, And, circled with a red portentous zone, He look'd in sickly horror from his throne; The vital air was still; the torrid heat Oppress'd our hearts, that labour'd hard to beat.

When higher noon had shrunk the lessening shade,

Thence to his home our father we convey'd, And stretch'd him, pillow'd with his latest sheaves,

On a fresh couch of green and fragrant leaves.

Here, though his sufferings through the glen were known, We chose to watch his dying-bed alone,

We chose to watch his dying-bed alone, Eve, Seth, and I,——In vain he sigh'd for rest, And oft his meek complainings thus express'd: "Blow on me, Wind! I faint with heat! O bring

Delicious water from the deepest spring; Your sunless shadows o'er my limbs diffuse, Ye Cedars! wash me cold with midnightdews.

-Cheer me, my friends! with looks of kindness cheer;

Whisper a word of comfort in mine ear; Those sorrowing faces fill my soul with gloom;

This silence is the silence of the tomb.
Thither I hasten; help me on my way;
O sing to sooth me, and to strengthen pray!"
We sang to sooth him,—hopeless was the
song;

We pray'd to strengthen him,—he grew not strong.

In vain from every herb, and fruit, and flower,

Of cordial sweetness, or of healing power, We press'd the virtue; no terrestrial balm Nature's dissolving agony could calm. Thus as the day declined, the fell disease Eclipsed the light of life by slow degrees: Yet while his pangs grew sharper, more

More self-collected, grew the sufferer's mind; Patient of heart, though rack'd at every pore, The righteous penalty of sin he bore; Not his the fortitude that mocks at pains, But that which feels them most, and yet sustains.

resign'd,

—'Tis just, 'tis merciful, we heard him say; Yet wherefore hath He turn'd his face away? I see Him not; I hear Him not; I call; My God! my God! support me, or I fall.

The sun went down, amidst an angry glare Of flushing clouds, that crimson'd all the air; The winds brake loose; the forest-boughs were torn.

And dark aloof the eddying foliage borne;

Cattle to shelter scudded in affright;
The florid Evening vanish'd into night.
Then burst the hurricane upon the vale.
In peals of thunder and thick-velled his
Prone rushing rains with torrents when
the land.

Our cot amidst a river seem'd to start; Around its base the foamy-created strong Flash'd through the darkness to the light ning's gleam.

With monstrous throes an earthquakehom the ground,

The rocks were rent, the mountains trenk

Never since Nature into being same, Had such mysterious motion shook herfras We thought, ingulpht in floods, or unpla

The world itself would perish with our So

Amidst this war of elements, within More dreadful grew the sacrifice of six. Whose victim on his bed of torture by. Breathing the slow remains of life awy-rewhile, victorious faith sublimer row Beneath the pressure of collected wors: But now his spirit waver'd, went and carries the loose vapour of departing flams. Till at the point, when comfort seem'd to For ever in his fix'd unclosing eye, Bright through the smouldering askes the man.

The saint brake forth, and Adam thus begs

"O ye, that shudder at this awful strib. This wrestling agony of Death and Life. Think not that He, on whom my soul is the Will leave me thus forsaken to the last; Nature's infirmity alone you see; My chains are breaking, I shall soon be free

My chains are breaking, I shall soon be for Though firm in God the Spirit holds be trust,

The flesh is frail, and trembles into dust Horror and anguish seize me;—'tis the host Of darkness, and I mourn beneath its power. The Tempter plies me with his direct at I feel the Serpent coiling round my heart; He stirs the wound he once inflicted them. Instils the deadening poison of despair, Belies the truth of God's delaying grace, And bids me curse my Maker to his face—I will not curse Him, though his grant delay:

I will not cease to trust Him, though he say. Full on his promised mercy I rely, For God hath spoken,—God, who cannot is.—Thou, of my faith the Author and the East Mine early, late, and everlasting Friend! The joy, that once thy presence gave, resister I am summon'd hence, and seen no more Down to the dust returns this carthly fram. Receive my Spirit, Lord! from whom it came Rebuke the Tempter, shew thy power to save O let thy glory light me to the grave.

That these, who witness my departing breath,

May learn to triumph in the grasp of Death."

He closed his eyelids with a tranquil

And seem'd to rest in silent prayer awhile: Around his couch with filial awe we kneel'd, When suddenly a light from heaven reveal'd A Spirit, that stood within the unopen'd

The sword of God in his right hand he bore; His countenance was lightning, and his vest Like snow at sun-rise on the mountain's crest; Yet so benignly beautiful his form,

His presence still'd the fury of the storm; At once the winds retire, the waters cease; His look was love, his salutation: Peace!

Our Mother first beheld him, sore amazed, But terror grew to transport, while she gazed: —'Tis He, the Prince of Seraphim, who drove Our banish'd feet from Eden's happy grove; Adam, my Life, my Spouse, awake! she cried;

Return to Paradise; behold thy Guide!
O let me follow in this dear embrace!—
She sunk, and on his bosom hid her face.
Adam look'd up; his visage changed its hue,
Transform'd into an Angel's at the view:
I come! he cried, with faith's full triumph
fired.

And in a sigh of ecstacy expired.

The light was vanish'd, and the vision fled;
We stood alone, the living with the dead;
The ruddy embers, glimmering round the

Display'd the corpse amidst the solemn gloom; But o'er the scene a holy calm reposed, The gate of heaven had open'd there, and closed.

Eve's faithful arm still clasp'd her lifeless Spouse;

Gently I shook it, from her trance to rouse; She gave no answer; motionless and cold, It fell like clay from my relaxing hold; Alarm'd, I lifted up the locks of gray That hid her cheek; her soul had pass'd away;

A beauteous corse she graced her partner's side,

Love bound their lives, and Death could not divide.

Trembling astonishment of grief we felt, Till Nature's sympathics began to melt; We wept in stillness through the long dark night;

-And oh how welcome was the morninglight!

## CANTO V.

And here, said Enoch, with dejected eye, Behold the grave, in which our Parents lie. They stopt, and o'er the turf-inclosure wept, Where, side by side, the First-Created slept: It seem'd as if a voice, with still small sound, Heard in their bosoms, issued from that mound:

"From earth we came, and we return'd to earth;

Descendants! spare the Dust that gave you birth:

Though Death, the pain for our transgression due,

By sad inheritance we left to you, O let our Children bless us in our grave, And Man forgive the wrong that God forgave!"

Thence to the altar Enoch turn'd his face, But Javan linger'd in that burying-place, A scene sequester'd from the hannts of men, The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen, Where weary pilgrims found their last repose:

The little heaps were ranged in comely rows, With walks between, by friends and kindred

Who dress'd with duteous hands each hallow'd sod:

No sculptured monument was taught to breathe

His praises, whom the worm devour'd beneath;

The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair, Equal in death, were undistinguish'd there; Yet not a hillock moulder'd near that spot, By one dishonour'd or by all forgot;

To some warm heart the poorest dust was dear,

From some kind eye the meanest claim'd a tear.

And oft the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a doleful gloom,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb,
But, white and red with intermingling
flowers.

The graves look'd beautiful in sun and showers.

Green myrtles fenced it, and beyond their bound,

Ran the clear rill with ever-murmuring

'Twas not a scene for Grief to nourish care, It breathed of hope, and moved the heart to prayer.

Why linger'd Javan in that lone retreat? The shrine of her that bare him drew his feet;

Trembling he sought it, fearing to behold A bed of thistles, or unsightly mould;

But lo! the turf, which his own hands had And warn'd Idolaters to lift their eye. piled,

With choicest flowers and richest verdure smiled;

By all the glen his mother's couch of rest, In his default, was visited and blest.

He kneel'd, he kiss'd it, full of love and woe;

His heart was where his treasure lay, below ; And long he tarried, ere, with heav'nward

He rose, and hasten'd to the sacrifice.

Already on a neighbouring mount, that stood

Apart amidst the valley, girt with wood, Whose open summit, rising o'er the trees, Caught the cool fragrance of the eveningbreeze,

The patriarchal worshippers were met, The Lamb was brought, the wood in order set

On Adam's rustic altar, moss-o'ergrown, An unwrought mass of earth-embedded stone, Long known and hallow'd, where, for man's offence,

The Earth first drank the blood of innocence, When God himself ordain'd the typic rite To Eden's Exiles, resting on their flight. Foremost, amidst the group, was Enoch seen, Known by his humble port, and heavenly mien:

On him the Priest's mysterious office lay, For 'twas the eve of Man's transgression-day. And him had Adam, with expiring breath, Ordain'd to offer yearly, from his death, A victim on that mountain, whence the skies Had first inhaled the fumes of sacrifice. In Adam's coat of skins array'd he stands, Spreading to heaven his supplicating hands, Ere from his robe the deadly steel he drew To smite the victim, sporting in his view. Behind him Seth, in majesty confest, The World's great Elder, tower'd above the

rest. Serenely shone his sweet and solemn eye, Like the sun reigning in the western sky; Though nine slow centuries by stealth had shed

Grey hairs, the crown of glory, on his head, In hardy health he rear'd his front sublime, Like the green Aloe in perennial prime, When full of years it shoots forth all its bloom,

And glads the forest through the inmost gloom;

So, in the blossom of a good old age, Flourish'd amidst his sons that peerless Sage.

Around him, in august succession, stood The Fathers of the World before the Flood: -Enos; who taught mankind, on solemn days. In sacred groves, to meet for prayer and praise,

From sun and stars, to Him who made to

-Canaan and Malaliel; of whom alone, Their age, of all that once they wen, known;

Jared; who full of hope beyond the im Hallow'd his offspring from the Mother

And heaven received the Son that Pum

He walk'd with God, and oversteptthegun -A mighty pilgrim in the vale of tun-Born to the troubles of a thousand you Methusalah, whose feet unhalting ras To the last circle of the life of man; -Lamech; from infancy inured to toil, To wring slow blessings from the accord soil.

Ere yet to dress his vineyards, reap his on And comfort him in care, was Noah box. Who in a later age, by signal grace, Survived to renovate the human race; Both worlds, by sad reversion, were his to, The Orphan of the old, the Father of theur

These, with their families, on eitherhad Aliens and exiles in their native land, The few, who loved their Maker from the youth.

And worshipt God in spirit and in truth; These stood with Enoch :- All had fix'd their

On him, and on the Lamb of sacrifice, For now with trembling hand he shed the blood.

And placed the slaughter'd victim on the wood;

Then kneeling, as the sun went down, he hil His hand upon the hallow'd pyre and pray ! "Maker of heavenand earth ! supremen'eral That live, and move, and breathe, on The we call:

Our Father sinn'd and suffer'd-we, who has Our Father's image, his transgression share: Humbled for his offences, and our own, Thou, who art holy, wise, and just along Accept, with free confession of our guilt, This victim slain, this blood devoutly spill, While through the veil of sacrifice we see Thy mercy smiling, and look up to Three O grant forgiveness; power and grace and thine:

God of salvation! cause thy face to shim; Hear us in heaven! fulfil our souls' desire God of our Father, answer now with fire!"

He rose; no light from heaven around him shope.

No fire descended from the eternal throne; Cold on the pile the offer'd victim lay, Amidst the stillness of expiring day : The eyes of all, that watch'd in vain to view The wonted sign, distractedly withdrew.

Fear clipt their breath, their doubling pulses | The feeble fly; with me the valiant stay: raised,

And each by stealth upon his neighbour gazed;

From heart to heart a strange contagion ran,

A shuddering instinct crowded man to man; Even Seth with secret consternation shook, And cast on Enoch an imploring look.

Enoch, in whose sublime, unearthly mien, No change of hue, no cloud of care was seen, Full on the mute assembly turn'd his face, Clear as the sun prepared to run his race; He spoke; his words, with awful warning fraught,

Rallied and fix'd the scatter'd powers of thought.

"Men, Brethren, Fathers! wherefore do ye fear!

Hath God departed from us?-God is here; Present in every heart, with sovereign power, He tries, he proves his people in this hour; Naked as light to his all-searching eye, The thoughts that wrong, the doubts that

tempt Him lie; Yet slow to anger, merciful as just, He knows our frame, remembers we are

dust, And spares our weakness. - In his truth believe.

Hope against hope, and ask till ye receive. What, though no flame on Adam's altar burn, No signal of acceptance yet return,

God is not man, who to our Father sware, All times, in every place, to answer prayer; He cannot change; though heaven and earth decay,

The word of God shall never pass away.

"But mark the season :- from the rising

Westward, the race of Cain the world o'errun:

Their Monarch, mightiest of the Sons of Men. Hath sworn destruction to the Patriarchs' glen;

Hither he hastens; carnage strews his path: -Who will await the Giant in his wrath? Or who will take the wings of silent night, And seek deliverance from his sword by flight?

Thus saith the Lord :- Ye weak of faith and heart!

Who dare not trust the living God, depart; The Angel of his presence leads your way, Your lives are safe, and given you as a prey But ye, who, unappall'd at earthly harm, Lean on the strength of his almighty arm, Prepared for life or death, with firm accord,
—Stand still, and see the glory of the Lord."

A pause, a dreary pause ensued: - then cried The holy man,-"On either hand divide;

Choose now your portion; whom will ye obey.

God or your fears? His counsel, or your own ?"

-"The Lord; the Lord; for HE is God ALONE !"

Exclaim'd at once, with consentaneous choice, The whole Assembly, heart, and soul, and voice.

Then light from heaven with sudden beauty came

Pure on the altar blazed the unkindled flame, And upwards to their glorious source return'd The sacred fires in which the victim burn'd; While through the evening-gloom, to distant eyes,

Morn o'er the Patriarchs' mountains seem'd to rise.

Awe-struck the Congregation kneel'd around

And worshipt with their faces to the ground; The peace of God, beyond expression sweet, Fill'd every spirit humbled at his feet, And love, joy, wonder, deeply mingling there.

Drew from the heart unutterable prayer.

They rose ;—as if his soul had pass'd away, Prostrate before the altar Enoch lay, Entranced so deeply, all believed him dead: At length he breathed, he moved, he raised his head;

To heaven in ecstasy he turn'd his eyes; -With such a look the dead in Christ shall rise,

When the last trumpet calls them from the dust.

To join the resurrection of the Just :-Yea, and from earthly grossness so refined, (As if the soul had left the flesh behind, Yet wore a mortal semblance,) upright stood The great Evangelist before the flood; On him the vision of the Almighty broke, And future times were present while he spoke.

"The Saints shall suffer, righteousness shall fail.

O'er all the world iniquity prevail; Giants, in fierce contempt of man and God, Shall rule the nations with an iron rod; On every mountain Idol-Groves shall rise, And darken heaven with human sacrifice, But God the Avenger comes,-a judgmentday,

A flood, shall sweep his enemies away. How few, whose eyes shall then have seen the aun,

One righteons family, and only one,-Saved from that wreck of Nature, shall behold

The new Creation rising from the old!

"O, that the World of wickedness, destroy'd, Might lie for ever without form and void! Or, that the Earth, to innocence restored, Might flourish as the garden of the Lord! It will not be:- among the sons of men, The Giant-Spirit shall go forth again, From clime to clime shall kindle murderous

And spread the plagues of Sin from age to age; Yet shall the God of mercy, from above, Extend the golden sceptre of his love And win the rebels to his righteous sway, Till every mouth confess, and heart obey. Amidst the vision of ascending years, What mighty Chief, what Conqueror ap-

pears; His garments roll'd in blood, his eyes of flame,

And on his thigh the unutterable name? -'Tis I, that bring deliverance: strong to

I pluck'd the prey from death, and spoil'd the Grave .-

Wherefore, O Warrior ! are thy garments red, Like those whose feet amidst the vintage tread?

I trod the Wine-Press of the field alone; I look'd around for succour; there was none;

Therefore my wrath sustain'd me while I fought,

And mine own arm my Saints' salvation wrought .-

Thus may thine arm for evermore prevail; Thus may thy foes, O Lord! for ever fail; Captive by thee Captivity be led; Seed of the Woman! bruise the serpent's

head; Redeemer! promised since the world began, Bow the high heavens, and condescend to

"Hail to the Day - spring; dawning from afar.

Bright in the east I see his natal star; Prisoners of hope! lift up your joyful eyes; Welcome the King of Glory from the skies: Who is the King of Glory?—Mark his birth; In deep humility he stoops to earth, Assumes a Servant's form, a Pilgrim's lot, Comes to his own, his own receive him not, Though Angel-Choirs his peaceful advent greet.

And Gentile-Sages worship at his feet.

"Fair as that sovereign Plant, whose scions shoot

With healing verdure, and immortal fruit, The Tree of Life, beside the stream that

The fields of Paradise with gladdening waves; Behold him rise from infancy to youth, The Father's Image, full of grace and truth; On him alone, in righteous vengeance felt

Tried, tempted, proved in secret, till hour,

When, girt with meekness, but array'ly

Forth in the spirit of the Lord, at legt Like the sun shining in meridian streng He goes :- to preach good tidings to the To heal the wounds that nature rangetes To bind the broken-hearted; to control Disease and Death; to raise the sinking's Unbar the dungeon, set the captive fm. Proclaim the joyous year of liberty, And from the depth of undiscover'd and Bring life and immortality to light.

"How beauteous on the mountains are

Thy form how comely, and thy voice he sweet.

Son of the Highest!-Who can tell thy The Deaf shall hear it while the Dumb claim;

Now bid the Blind behold their Sain light,

The Lame go forth rejoicing in thy might Cleanse with a touch you kneeling Lye

Cheer this pale Penitent, forgive her in O, for that Mother's faith, her Dangton

Restore the Maniac to a Father's proper Pity the tears those mournful Sisters and And be the RESURRECTION OF THE DES!

"What scene is this ?- Amidst involve gloom,

The moonlight lingers on a lonely tomb No noise disturbs the garden's hallest bound,

But the Watch walking on their midnight round :

Ah! who lies here, with marr'd and bland

less mieu, In whom no form or comeliness is seen: His livid limbs with nails and scourges ton His side transpierced, his temples wreather with thorn !

'Tis He, the Man of Sorrows! He who im Our sins and chastisement: - His toils O'er:

On earth erewhile a suffering life he lot. Here hath he found a place to lay his head; Rank'd with transgressors he resign'd his breath,

But with the rich he made his bed in death Sweet is the grave, where Angels watch

Sweet is the grave, and sanctified his sleet Rest, oh my spirit! by this martyr'd form This wreck that sunk beneath the almight storm,

When floods of wrath, that weigh'd the world to hell.

While men derided, demons urged his woes, From Enoch's cottage, in the cool gray hour, And God forsook him, -till the awful close; He wander'd forth to Zillah's woodland-Then, in triumphant agony, he cried,

-'Tis finish'd !- bow'd his sacred head, and died.

Death, as he struck that noblest victim, found His sting was lost for ever in the wound; The Grave, that holds his corse, her richest

Shall yield him back, victorious, to the skies. He lives :- ye bars of steel! ye gates of brass! Give way, and let the King of Glory pass; He lives ;- ye golden portals of the spheres! Open, the Sun of Righteousness appears. But, ah! my Spirit faints beneath the blaze. That breaks, and brightens o'er the latter days

When every tongue his trophies shall proclaim,

And every knee shall worship at his name; For He shall reign with undivided power, To Earth's last bounds, to Nature's final hour. "Tis done:-again the conquering Chief ap-

In the dread vision of dissolving years; His vesture dipt in blood, his eyes of flame, The Word or God his everlasting name; Throned in mid-heaven, with clouds of glory spread

He sits in judgment on the quick and dead: Strong to deliver; Saints! your songs prepare; Rush from your tombs to meet him in the air:

But terrible in vengeance: Sinners! bow Your haughty heads, the grave protects not

He, who alone in mortal conflict trod The mighty Wine-Press of the wrath of God, Shall fill the cup of trembling to his foes, The anmingled cup of inexhausted woes; The proud shall drink it in that dreadful day. While Earth dissolves, and Heaven is roll'd away."

Here ceased the Prophet:-From the altar broke

The last dim wreaths of fire-illumined smoke; Darkness had fall'n around; but o'er the streams

The Moon, new-ris'n, diffused her brightening beams;

Homeward, with tears, the Worshippers return'd.

Yet while they wept, their hearts within them burn'd.

#### CANTO VI.

SPENT with the toils of that eventful day, All night in dreamless slumber Javan lay : But early springing from his bed of leaves,

bower;

There, in his former covert, on the ground, The frame of his forsaken harp he found; He smote the boss; the convex orb, unstrung, Instant with sweet reverberation rung : The minstrel smiled, at that sonorous stroke, To find the spell of harmony unbroke;

Trickling with dew, he bore it to the cell; There, as with leaves he dried the sculptured shell,

He thought of Zillah, and resolved too late To plead his constancy, and know his fate.

She from the hour, when, in a Pilgrim's guise,

Javan return'd, a stranger to her eyes, Not to her heart,-from anguish knew no rest.

Love, pride, resentment, struggling in her breast.

All day she strove to hide her misery, In vain; - a Mother's eye is quick to see, Slow to rebuke a Daughter's bashful fears, And Zillah's Mother only chid with tears: Night came, but Javan came not with the night;

Light vanish'd, Hope departed with the light;

Her lonely couch conceal'd her sleepless woes.

But with the morning-star the marden rose. The soft refreshing breeze, the orient beams, The dew, the mist unrolling from the streams.

The light, the joy, the music of the hour, Stole on her spirit with resistless power, With healing sweetness sooth'd her fever'd brain.

And woke the pulse of tenderness again. Thus while she wander'd, with unconscious feet.

Absent in thought she reach'd her sylvan scat:

The youth descried her not amidst the wood, Till, like a vision, at his side she stood. Their eyes encounter'd; both at once exclaim'd.

Javan! and Zillah !- each the other named ; Those sounds were life or death to either heart;

He rose; she turn'd in terror to depart; He caught her hand :- O do not, do not flee! -It was a moment of eternity And now or never must be plight his vow.

Win or abandon her for ever now.

"Stay ;-hear me, Zillah !- every power above.

Heaven, Earth, Thyself, bear witness to my

Thee have I loved from earliest infancy. Waked by the songs of swallows on the caves, I Loved with supreme affection only thee.

Long in these shades my timid passion grew, But soon thine eyes the dream of follyla Through every change, in every trial true; I loved thee through the world in dumb despair,

Loved thec, that I might love no other Fair; Guilty, yet faithful still, to thee I fly, Receive me, love me, Zillah! or I die."

Thus Javan's lips, so long in silence seal'd, With sudden vehemence his soul reveal'd; Zillah meanwhile recover'd power to speak While deadly paleness overcast her cheek: -"Say not, I love thee !- Witness every tree Around this bower, thy cruel scorn of me! Could Javan love me through the world, yet | O Zillah! while I sought my Maker se leave

Her whom he loved, for hopeless years, to grieve?

Returning, could be find her here alone, Yet pass her by, unknowing, as unknown? All day was she forsaken, or forgot? Did Javan seek her at her Father's cot? That cot of old so much his soul's delight, His Mother's seem'd not fairer in his sight: No; Javan mecks me; none could love so well.

So long, so painfully, -and never tell."

Love owns no law, rejoin'd the pleading Youth.

Except obedience to eternal truth; Deep streams are silent; from the generous breast

The dearest feelings are the last confest: Erewhile I strove in vain to break my peace, Now I could talk of love and never cease: -Still had my trembling passion been conceal'd;

Still but in parables by stealth reveal'd, Had not thine instantaneous presence wrung, By swift surprise, the secret from my tongue. Yet hath Affection language of her own, And mine in every thing but words was shewn:

In childhood, as the bird of nature free, My song was gladness, when I sung to thee: In youth, whene'er I mourn'd a bosom-flame, And praised a maiden whom I durst not name.

Couldst thou not then my hidden thought divine?

Didst thou not feel that I was wholly thine? When for vain glory I forsook thee here, Dear as thou wert, unutterably dear, From virtue, truth, and innocence estranged, To thee, thee only, was my heart unchanged; And as I loved without a hope before, Without a hope I loved thee yet the more. At length, when, weary of the ways of men, Refuge I sought in this maternal glen. Thy sweet remembrance drew me from afar, And Zillah's beauty was my leading star. Here when I found thee fear itself grew bold, Methought my tale of love already told;

And I from bliss, as they from in

My heart, my tongue, were chill'don stone.

I durst not speak thy name, nor put OWB.

When thou wert vanish'd, hurraraiding Seized me, my sins uprose before my Like fiends they rush'd upon me; bal

Wrung from expiring Faith a broken po Strength came; the path to Enochie les I trod;

He saw me, met me, led me back to Ga And flesh and spirit fail'd before his let. Thy tempting image from my lend

It was no season then for earthly lose.

For earthly love it is no season per. Exclaim'd the Maiden with repreachful but And eyes through tears of tenderness is

And voice, half peace, half anger, in its to Freely thy past unkindness I forgive Content to perish here, so Javan live; Thy Tyrant's menace to our tribe we kee The Patriarchs never seek, nor shur ale Thou, while thou mayst, from swift a

I and my father's house resolve to dis-

With thee and with thy father's how to bear

Death or captivity, is Javan's prayer; Remorse for ever be the recreant's lat: If I forsake thee now, I love thee net Thus while he vow'd, a gentle answer specific To Zillah's lips, but died upon her tery. Trembling she turn'd, and hasten'd to rock

Beyond those woods, that hid her folks flock.

Whose bleatings reach'd her ear, with less complaint

Of her delay; she loosed them from restrict Then bounding headlong forth, with at glee.

They roam'd in all the joy of liberty. Javan beside her walk'd as in a dream Nor more of love renew'd the fruitless the

Forthwith from home, to home, through out the glen. The friends whom once he knew he amak

again; Each hail'd the Stranger welcome at in board,

As lost but found, as dead to life restard From Eden's camp no tidings came; the day In awful expectation pass'd away.

At eve his harp the fond Enthusiast strung, On Adam's mount, and to the Patriarchs sung;

While youth and age, and cager throng, admire

aThe mingling music of the voice and lyre.

"I love thee, Twilight! as thy shadows roll,

The calm of evening steals upon my soul Sublimely tender, solemnly serene,

Still as the hour, enchanting as the scene.

I love thee, Twilight! for thy gleams impart

Their dear, their dying influence to my

When o'er the harp of thought thy passing wind

Awakens all the music of the mind, And joy and sorrow, as the spirit burns, And hope and memory sweep the chords by turns;

While Contemplation, on seraphic wings, Mounts with the flame of sacrifice, and sings.

Twilight! I love thee; let thy glooms in-

Till every feeling, every pulse is peace; Slow from the sky the light of day declines, Clearer within the dawn of glory shines, Revealing, in the hour of Nature's rest, A world of wonders in the Poet's breast: Deeper, oh Twilight! then thy shadows roll, An awful vision opens on my soul.

"On such an evening, so divinely calm, The woods all melody, the breezes bulm, Down in a vale, where lucid waters stray'd, And mountain-cedars stretch'd their downward shade,

Jubal, the Prince of Song (in youth un-

Retired to commune with his harp alone; For still he nursed it, like a secret thought, Long cherish'd and to late perfection

wrought,—
And still with cunning hand, and curious car,
Enrich'd, ennobled, and enlarged its sphere,
Till he had compass'd, in that magic round,
A soul of harmony, a heaven of sound.
Then sang the Minstrel, in his laurel-bower,
Of Nature's origin, and Music's power.

— He spake, and it was done; — Eternal Night, At God's command, awaken'd into light; He call'd the elements, Earth, Ocean, Air, He call'd them when they were not, and they were:

He look'd through space, and kindling o'er the sky.

Sun, moon, and stars came forth to meet his eye:

His spirit moved upon the desert earth, And sudden life through all things swarm'd to birth;

Man from the dust he raised to rule the whole;

He breathed, and man became a living soul: Through Eden's groves the Lord of Naturo trod.

Upright and pure, the image of his God. Thus were the heavens and all their host display'd,

In wisdom thus were earth's foundations laid; The glorious scene a holy subbath closed, Amidst his works the Omnipotent reposed: And while he view'd, and bless'd them from his seat.

All worlds, all beings, worshipt at his feet: The morning-stars in choral concert sang, The rolling deep with hallelujahs rang, Adoring Angels from their orbs rejoice, The voice of music was Creation's voice.

"Alone along the Lyre of Nature sigh'd The master-chord, to which no chord replied; For Man, while bliss and beauty reign'd

For Man alone, no fellowship was found. No fond companion, in whose dearer breast, His heart, repining in his own, might rest; For, born to love, the heart delights to roam.

A kindred bosom is its happiest home.
On earth's green lap, the Father of mankind.
In mild dejection, thoughtfully reclined;
Soft o'er his eyes a scaling slumber crept,
And Fancy soothed him while Reflection
slept.

Then God—who thus would make his counselknown,

Counsel that will'd not Man to dwell alone, Created Woman with a smile of grace. And left the smile that made her on her face. The Patriarch's eyelids open'd on his bride, —The morn of beauty risen from his side! He gazed with new-born rapture on her charms,

And Love's first whispers won her to his

Then, tuned through all the chords supreme-

Exulting Nature found her lyre complete, And from the key of each harmonious sphere, Struck music worthy of her Maker's ear,

"Here Jubal paused; for grim before him lay,

Couch'd like a Lion watching for his prey, With blood-red eye of fascinating fire, Fix'd, like the gazing Serpent's on the lyre, An awful form, that through the gloom appear'd,

Half brute, half human; whose terrific beard, And heary flakes of long dishevell'd hair, Like cagle's plumage, ruffled by the air, Veil'd a sad wreck of grandeur and of grace,

Limbs worn and wounded, a majestic face,

Deep-plough'd by Time, and ghastly pale Through many a maze of melody the with woes,

That goaded till remorse to madness rose; Hannted by phantoms, he had fled his home, With savage beasts in solitude to roam; Wild as the waves, and wandering as the wind.

No art could tame him, and no chains could bind:

Already seven disastrous years had shed Mildew and blast on his unshelter'd head; His brain was smitten by the sun at noon, His heart was wither'd by the cold nightmoon.

"Twas Cain, the sire of nations:-Jubal knew

His kindred looks, and tremblingly withdrew;

He, darting like the blaze of sudden fire, Leap'd o'er the space between, and grasp'd the lyre:

Sooner with life the struggling Bard would part,

And ere the fiend could tear it from his heart. He hurl'd his hand, with one tremendous stroke,

O'er all the strings; whence in a whirlwind broke

Such tones of terror, dissonance, despair, As till that hour had never jarr'd in air. Astonish'd into marble at the shock, Backward stood Cain, unconscious as a rock, Cold, breathless, motionless through all his

frame: But soon his visage quicken'd into flame, When Jubal's hand the crashing jargon changed

To melting harmony, and nimbly ranged From chord to chord, ascending sweet and clear,

Then rolling down in thunder on the ear; With power the pulse of anguish to restrain, And charm the evil spirit from the brain.

"Slowly recovering from that trance profound.

Bewilder'd, touch'd, transported with the sound.

Cain view'd himself, the bard, the earth, the sky

While wonder flash'd and faded in his eye, And reason, by alternate frenzy crost, Now seem'd restored, and now for ever lost. So shines the Moon, by glimpses, through her shrouds,

When windy Darkness rides upon the clouds, Till through the blue, screne, and silent night.

She reigns in full tranquillity of light. Jubal, with eager hope, beheld the chace Of strange emotions hurrying o'er his face, And waked his noblest numbers, to controul The tide and tempest of the Maniac's soul;

They rose like incense, they distill'dli Pour'd through the sufferer's breaste balm.

And soothed remembrance till remor

Till Cain forsook the solitary wild. Led by the Minstrel like a weaned O! had you seen him to his home re How young and old ran forth to me Lord;

How friends and kindred on his p fall.

Weeping aloud, while Cain outwer all:

But hush! - thenceforward when re

Lower'd on his brow, and sadden'd spair,

The Lyre of Jubal, with divinest a Repell'd the Demon, and revived hi Thus Song, the breath of heaven, has to bind

In chains of harmony the mightiest Thus Music's empire in the soul beg The first-born Poet ruled the first-born

While Javan sung, the shadows fells The moving glow-worm brighten'd

He ceased: the mute Assembly rose is Delight and wonder were chastised with That heavenly harmony, unheard be Awoke the feeling :- Who shall hear i The sun had set in glory on their sig For them in vain might morn rests

Though self-devoted, through each frame.

At thought of Death, a cold sick shad

Nature's infirmity ;-but faith was g The flame that lifts the sacrifice to h Through doubt and darkness then, I the skies.

Eternal prospects open'd on their cy Already seem'd the immortal Spirit fr And Death was swallow'd up in viet

### CANTO VII.

THE flocks and herds throughout the

No human cyclid there in alumber c None, save the Infant's on the Me breast;

With arms of love caressing and cares She, while her elder offspring roun clung,

Each eye intent on hers, and mate

The voice of Death in every murmur heard, | Whose silvery foliage glisten'd in the beam, And felt his touch in every limb that stirr'd.

At midnight, down the forest-hills, a train Of eager warriors, from the host of Cain Burst on the stillness of the scene :- they spread

In bands, to clutch the victims ere they fled; Of flight unmindful, at their summons, rose Those victims, meekly yielding to their foes; Though Woman wept to leave her home behind,

The weak were comforted, the strong resign'd, And ere the moon, descending o'er the vale, Grew, at the bright approach of morning,

pale, Collected thus, the patriarchal clan, With strengthen'd confidence, their march began,

Since not in ashes were their dwellings laid. And Death, though threaten'd still, was still delay'd.

Struck with their fearless innocence, they saw

Their fierce assailants check'd with sacred awe;

The foe became a phalanx of defence, And brought them, like a guard of Angels, thence.

A vista-path, that through the forest led, (By Javan shunn'd when from the camp he fled)

The Pilgrims track'd, till on the mountain's height

They met the sun, new-ris'n, in glorious light;

Empurpled mists along the landscape roll'd, And all the orient flamed with clouds of gold.

Here, while they halted, on their knees they raise To God the sacrifice of prayer and praise: -Glory to Thee, for every blessing shed, In days of peace, on our protected head; Glory to Thee, for fortitude to bear The wrath of man, rejoicing o'er despair; Glory to Thee, whatever ill befall, For faith on thy victorious name to call; Thine own eternal purposes fulfil; We come, O God! to suffer all thy will.

Refresh'd and rested, on their course they went,

Ere the clouds melted from the firmament; Odours abroad the winds of morning breathe, And fresh with dew the herbage sprang beneath:

Down from the hills, that gently sloped away To the broad river shining into day, They pass'd; along the brink the path they

And floating shadows fringed the checquer'd stream.

Adjacent rose a myrtle-planted mound, Whose spiry top a granite fragment crown'd; Tinctured with many-colour'd moss, the stone,

Rich as a cloud of summer-evening, shone Amidst encircling verdure, that array'd The beauteous hillock with a cope of shade.

Javan! said Enoch, on this spot began The fatal curse ;-man perish'd here by man; The earliest death a son of Adam died Was murder, and that murder fratricide! Here Abel fell, a corse along this shore; Here Cain's recoiling footsteps reck'd with gore:

Horror upraised his locks, unloosed his knees; He heard a voice; he hid among the trees: -Where is thy Brother ?- From the whirlwind came

The voice of God, amidst enfolding flame: -Am I my Brother's keeper?-hoarse and low,

Cain mutter'd from the copse, -that I should know ?

-What hast thou done?-For vengeance to the skies,

Lo! from the dust the blood of Abel cries; Curst from the earth that drank his blood, with toil

Thine hand shall plough in vain her barren soil;

An exile and a wanderer thou shalt be; A Brother's eye shall never look on thee .-

The shuddering culprit answer'd in despair, -Greater the punishment than flesh can bear. -Yet shalt thou bear it; on thy brow reveal'd,

Thus be thy sentence and thy safeguard seal'd.

Silently, swiftly as the lightning's blast, A hand of fire athwart his temples pasa'd: He ran, as in the terror of a dream, To quench his burning anguish in the stream; But bending o'er the brink, the swelling

Back to the eye his branded visage gave; As soon on murder'd Abel durat he look; Yet power to fly his palsied limbs foorsook; There turn'd to stone for his presumptuous crime,

wave

A monument of wrath to latest time, Might Cain have stood; but Mercy raised his head

In prayer for help,-his strength return'd,he fled.

That mound of myrtles, o'er their favourite child.

Where high aloof o'erarching willows wept, Eve planted, and the hand of Adam piled:

You mossy stone, above his ashes raised, His altar once, with Abel's offering blazed, When God well pleased beheld the flames arisc,

And smiled acceptance on the sacrifice.

Enoch to Javan, walking at his side, Thus held discourse apart: the youth replied: "Relieved from toil, though Cain is gone to rest.

And the turf flowers on his disburthen'd breast.

Amongst his race the murdering spirit reigns, But riots fiercest in the Giants' veins.

-Sprung from false leagues, when monstrous love combined

The sons of God and daughters of mankind, Self-styled the progeny of heaven and earth, Eden first gave the world's oppressors birth; Thence far away, beneath the rising moon, Or where the shadow vanishes at noon, The adulterous Mothers from the Sires withdrew:

-Nurst in luxuriant climes their offspring grew;

Till, as in stature o'er mankind they tower'd, And Giant - strength all mortal strength o'erpower'd,

To heaven the proud blasphemers raised their eyes

And scorn'd the tardy vengeance of the skies; On earth invincible, they sternly broke Love's willing bonds, and Nature's kindred yoke,

Mad for dominion, with remorseless sway, Compell'd their reptile-brethren to obey, And doom'd their human herds, with thankless toil.

Like brutes, to grow and perish on the soil, Their sole inheritance, through lingering

The bread of misery and the cup of tears, The tasks of oxen, with the hire of slaves, Dishonour'd lives, and desecrated graves.

"When war, that self-inflicted scourge of

His boldest crime and bitterest curse, -began; As lions fierce, as forest-cedars tall,

And terrible as torrents, in their fall, Headlong from rocks, through vales and vineyards hurl'd,

These men of prey laid waste the eastern world.

They taught their tributary hordes to wield The sword, red-flaming, through the deathstrown field,

With strenuous arm the uprooted rock to throw,

Glance the light arrow from the bounding

Whirl the broad shield to meet the darted stroke.

Then eye from eye with fell suspicion In kindred breasts unnatural barrel b Brother met brother in the lists of a The son lay lurking for the father's With rabid instinct, men who never Each other's face before, each other All tribes, all nations learn'd the in And every hand was arm'd to pierer a Nor man alone the Giants' might so -The Camel, wean'd from quiet s Grazed round their camps, or slow the road,

Midst marching legions, bore the seri With flying forelock and dishevell's They caught the wild Steed pruse the plain,

For war or pastime rein'd his fiery f Fleet as the wind he stretch'd a COUPSE.

Or loudly neighing at the trumpet's With hoofs of thunder smote the b round.

The enormous Elephant obey'd their And, tamed to cruelty with direct of Roar'd for the battle, when he felt th And his proud Lord his sinewy neck be Through crashing ranks resistless

And writhed his trunk, and bathed hi in gore.

"Thus while the Giants trampled and foes Amongst their tribe, a mighty chieful His birth mysterious, but tradition What strange events his infancy before

"A Goatherd fed his flock on many a Where Eden's rivers swell the southers A melancholy man, who dwelt alm Yet far abroad his evil fame was know The first of woman born, that might pr To wake the dead bones mouldering tomb.

And, from the gulph of uncreated nin Call phantoms of futurity to light. Twas said his voice could stay the flood.

Eclipse the sun, and turn the moon to l Roll back the planets on their golden And from the firmament unfix the star Spirits of fire and air, of sea and land Came at his call, and flew at his com His spells so potent, that his changing Open'd or shut the gates of life and de O'er nature's powers he claim'd sup

And held communion with all Nature's The name and place of every herb he l Its healing balsam, or pernicious dewa The meanest reptile, and the noblest h Of ocean's caverns, or the living earth, Obey'd his mandate:-Lord of all the And stand to combat, like the unyielding oak. Man more than all his hidden art coufstringed to his face, consulted, and revered | His childhood's story, often told, had fin oracles,-detested him and fear'd.

Once by the river, in a waking dream, He stood to watch the ever-running stream, n which, reflected upward to his eyes, de giddily look'd down upon the skies, for thus he feign'd in his ecstatic mood, Fo summon divination from the flood. dis steady view a floating object cross'd; His eye pursued it till the sight was lost. An outcast Infant in a fragile bark! The river whirl'd the willow-woven ark Down tow'rds the deep; the tide returning

bore The little voyager unharm'd to shore: Him in his cradle-ship securely bound With swathing skins at eve the Goatherd found.

Nurst by that foster-sire austere and rude, Midst rocks and glens, in savage solitude, Among the kids, the rescued foundling grew, Nutrition from whose shaggy dams he drew, Till baby-carls his broader temples crown'd, And torrid suns his flexile limbs embrown'd: Then as he sprang from green to florid age, And rose to giant-stature, stage by stage, He roam'd the vallies with his browsing flock, And leapt in joy of youth from rock to rock, Climb'd the sharp precipice's steepest breast, To seize the eagle brooding on her nest, And rent his way through matted woods, to tear

The skulking panther from his hidden lair. A trodden serpent, horrible and vast, Sprang on the heedless rover as he pass'd; Limb lock'd o'er limb, with many a straitening fold

Of orbs inextricably involved, he roll'd On earth in vengeance, broke the twisted toils,

Strangled the hissing fiend, and wore the spoils.

With hardy exercise, and cruel art, To nerve the frame, and petrify the heart, The wizard train'd his pupil, from a span, To thrice the bulk and majesty of man. His limbs were sinewy strength; command-

ing grace And dauntless spirit sparkled in his face; H s arm could pluck the lion from his prey, And hold the horn'd rhinoceros at bay His feet o'er highest hills pursue the hind, Or tire the ostrich buoyant on the wind.

"Yet 'twas the stripling's chief delight to brave

The river's wrath, and wrestle with the wave: When torrent-rains had swoln the furious tide.

Light on the foamy surge he loved to ride; When calm and clear the stream was wont to flow,

wrought

Sublimest hopes in his aspiring thought. Once on a cedar, from its mountain-throne Pluckt by the tempest, forth he sail'd alone, And reach'd the gulph ;-with eye of eager fire,

And flushing cheek, he watch'd the shores retire,

Till sky and water wide around were spread ; -Straight to the sun he thought his voyage led.

With shouts of transport hail'd its setting light,

And follow'd all the long and lonely night; But ere the morning-star expired, he found His stranded bark once more on earthly ground.

Tears, wrung from secret shame, suffused his eyes,

When in the east he saw the sun arise: Pride quickly check'd them :- young ambition burn'd

For bolder enterprize, as he return'd.

"Through snares and deaths pursuing fame and power,

He scorn'd his flock from that adventurous hour,

And, leagued with monsters of congenial birth,

Began to scourge and subjugate the earth. Meanwhile the sons of Cain, who till'd the soil,

By noble arts had learn'd to lighten toil: Wisely their scatter'd knowledge he combined;

Yet had an hundred years matured his mind.

Ere with the strength that laid the forest low,

And skill that made the iron-farnace glow, His genius launch'd the keel, and sway'd the helm,

(His throne and sceptre on the watry realm) While from the tent of his expanded sail, He eyed the heavens and flew before the gale, The first of men, whose courage knew to guide

The bounding vessel through the refluent tide

Then swore the Giant, in his pride of soul, To range the universe from pole to pole, Rule the remotest nations with his pod, To live a Hero, and to die a God.

"This is the king that wars in Eden; -now Fulfill'd at length he deems his early vow; His foot hath overrun the world,-his hand Smitten to dust the pride of every land: The Patriarchs last, beneath his impious rod, He dooms to perish or abjure their God. -O God of truth! rebuke the Tyrant's rage, Fearless he dived to search the caves below. And save the remnant of thine heritage.

Whos Javan consect, they stood upon the Sny, shall the Heave a height,

Where first he rested on his lonely flight, Whence to the stered mountain far away, The land of Eden in perspective lay. Two moon;—they tarried there till milder hours

Weke with light airs the breath of eveningflowers.

### CANTO VIIL

Tunns is a living spirit in the Lyre,
A breath of music, and a soul of fire;
It speaks a language, to the world unknown;
It speaks that language to the Bard alone;
While warbled symphonics entrance his care,
That Spirit's voice in every tone he hears;
The his the mystic meaning to rehearse,
To utter oracles in glowing verse,
Heroic themes from age to age prolong,
And make the dead in nature live in song.
Though graven rocks the Warrior's deeds
prockim,

And mountains, hown to statues, wear his

Though, shrined in adamant, his relice lie Boneath a pyramid, that scales the sky; All that the hand hath fashion'd shall decay; All that the eye admires shall pass away; The mouldering rocks, the Hero's hope shall fail.

Earthquakes shall heave the mountains to the vale.

The shrine of Adamant betray its trust, And the proud Pyramid resolve to dust; The Lyre alone immortal fame secures, For Song alone through Nature's change endures;—

Transfused like life, from breast to breast it glows,

From Sire to Son by sure succession flows, Speeds its unceasing flight from clime to clime, Outstripping Death upon the wings of Time.

"Soul of the Lyre! whose magic power can raise

Inspiring visions of departed days;—
Or, with the glimpses of mysterious rhyme,
Dawn on the dreams of unawaken'd Time;
Soul of the Lyre! instruct thy bard to sing
The latest triumph of the Giant-King.
Who sees this day his orb of glory fill'd:
—In what creative numbers shall I build,
With what exalted strains of music crown,
His everlasting pillar of renown?
Though, like the Rainbow, by a wondrous
birth,

He sprang to light, the joy of heaven and earth; Though, like the Rainbow,—for he cannot die.—

His form shall pass unseen into the sky;

Say, shall the Horte share the cont Vanish from earth, ingliciously for No! the Divinity that rules the ha And clothes those lips with elequant Commands the Song to rise in grants.

And light the world for overwilk!

Thus on a mountain's venetally Where trees, cooved with Creside Their many-twisted branches, gt

Mature below, their tops in dry do A Bard of Jubal's lineage provide. Then stay'd awhile the repture

A shout of herrible applause, that The echoing hills and answering as Burst from the Giants,—where in it state,

Flush'd with new wine, around the flory sate:

A Chieftain each, who, on his bits Had led an host of measurer men to a And now from recent fight on Edit Where fell their foce, in heighten

Victoriously return'd, beneath the They rest from toll, carousing at a

Adjacent, where the mountain's | breast

Open'd in airy grandeur to the west Huge piles of fragrant Cedars, on the As altars blazed, while victime bled To Gods, whose worship vanish'd v flood,

—Divinities of brass, and stone, as By Man himself in his own image: The fond Creator to the Creature p And he, who from the forest or the Hew'd the rough mass, adored the block;

Then seem'd his flocks ignoble in he His choicest herds too mean for see He pour'd his brethen's blood upon the And pass'd his sons to Demons three fire.

Exalted o'er the vassal Chiefs, bel Their Sovereign, cast in Nature's m mould;

Beneath an oak, whose woven beng play'd

A verdant canopy of light and shad.
Throned on a rock the Giant-King a
In the full manhood of five hundred
His robe, the spoils of Lions, by hi
Dragg'd from their dens, or slain i
or fight;

His raven-locks, unblanch'd by wi

Amply dishevell'd o'er his brow sal

His dark eyes, flush'd with restless radiance, Then had mankind been spared, in aftergleam

Like broken moonlight rippling on the stream. Grandeur of soul, which nothing might

And nothing satisfy if less than all, Had stamp'd upon his air, his form, his face,

The character of calm and awful grace; But direst cruelty, by guile represt, Lurk'd in the dark volcano of his breast, In silence brooding, like she secret power, That springs the earthquake at the midnighthour.

From Eden's summit, with obdurate pride, Red from afar, the battle-scene he eved, Where late he crush'd, with one remorseless blow.

The remnant of his last and noblest foe; At hand he view'd the trophies of his toils, Herds, flocks, and steeds, the world's collected spoils;

Below, his legions march'd in war-array, Unstain'd with blood in that unequal fray: -An hundred tribes, whose sons their arms had borne,

Without contention, from the field at morn, Their bands dividing, when the fight was won.

Darken'd the region tow'rds the slanting sun, Like clouds, whose shadows o'er the land-

scape sail,
-While to their camp, that fill'd the northern vale.

A waving sea of tents, immensely spread, The trumpet summon'd, and the banners led. With these a train of captives, sad and slow,

Moved to a death of shame, or life of woe, A death on altars hateful to the skies, Or life in chains, a slower sacrifice.

Fair smiled the face of Nature; - all serene And lovely, Evening tranquillized the scene; The furies of the fight were gone to rest, The cloudless sun grew broader down the west.

The hills beneath him melted from the sight, Receding through the heaven of purple light; Along the plain the maze of rivers roll'd, And verdant shadows gleam'd in waves of gold.

Thus while the Tyrant cast his haughty

O'er the broad landscape and incumbent sky, His heart exulting whisper'd-"All is mine And heard a voice from all things answer: "Thine."

Such was the matchless Chief, whose name

of yore.
Fill'd the wide world;—his name is known no more:

O that for ever from the rolls of fame, Like his, had perish'd ev'ry Conqueror's

Their greatest sufferings and their greatest

The Hero scourges not his Age alone, His curse to late posterity is known: He slays his thousands with his living breath, His tens of thousands by his fame in death. Achilles quench'd not all his wrath on Greece. Through Homer's song its miseries never cease;

Like Phoebus' shafts, the bright contagion brings

Plagues on the people for the feuds of Kings. Twas not in vain the son of Philip sigh'd For worlds to conquer, -o'er the western tide, His Spirit, in the Spaniard's form, o'erthrew Realms, that the Macedonian never knew. The steel of Brutus struck not Caesar dead; Caesar in other lands hath rear'd his head, And fought, of friends and foes, on many a plain.

His millions, captured, fugitive, and slain; Yet seldom suffer'd, where his Country died, A Roman vengeance for his parricide.

The sun was sunk; the sacrificial pyres From smouldering ashes breathed their last blue fires;

The smiling Star, that lights the world to rest.

Walk'd in the rosy gardens of the west, Like Eve crewhile, through Eden's blooming bowers,

A lovelier star amidst a heaven of flowers. Now in the freshness of the falling shade, Again the Minstrel to the Monarch play'd. "Where is the Youth renown'd? - the Youth whose voice

Was wont to make the listening Camp rejoice, When to his harp, in many a peerless strain, He sang the wonders of the Giant's reign: O where is Javan?"-Thus the Bard renew'd His lay, and with a Rival's transport view'd The cloud of sudden anger, that o'ercame The Tyrant's countenance, at Javan's name; Javan, whose song was once his soul's delight, Now doom'd a traitor recreant by his flight. The envious Minstrel smiled; then boldly ran His prelude o'er the chords, and thus began.

"Twas on the morn that faithless Javan fled.

To yonder plain the King of nations led His countless hosts, and stretch'd their wide

Along the woods, within whose shelter lay The sons of Eden:-these, with secret pride, In ambush thus the Invincible defied:

-Girt with the forest, wherefore should we fear ?

The Giant's sword shall never reach us here: Behind, the River rolls its deep defence; The Giant's hand shall never pluck us hence. Vain boast of fools! who to that hand prepare | Then with a shout that rent the cris For their own lives the inevitable snare: His legions smote the standards of the wood, And with their prostrate strength controll'd Right through the scorehing wilden the flood :

Lopt off their boughs, and jointed beam to beam.

The pines and oaks were launch'd upon the

An hundred rafts .- Yet still within a zone Of tangled coppices,-a waste, o'ergrown With briars and thorns, the dauntless victims

Scorn to surrender, and prepare to die. The second sun went down; the Monarch's plan

Was perfected; the dire assault began.

"Marshall'd by twilight, his obedient bands Engirt the wood, with torches in their hands; The signal given, they shoot them through the air;

The blazing brands in rapid vollies glare, Descending through the gloom with spangled light.

As if the stars were falling through the night. Along the wither'd grass the wild-fire flew, Higher and hotter with obstruction grew; The green wood hiss'd; from crackling thickets broke

Light glancing flame, and heavy rolling smoke ;

Till all the breath of forest seem'd to rise In raging conflagration to the skies. Fresh o'er our heads the winds propitious blow,

But roll the fierce combustion on the foc. Awhile they paused, of every hope bereft, Choice of destruction all their refuge left; If from the flames they fled, behind them lay The river roaring to receive his prey; If through the stream they sought the

farther strand. Our rafts were moor'd to meet them ere they land:

With triple death environ'd thus they stood, Till nearer peril drove them to the flood. Safe on a hill, where sweetest moonlight slept,

As o'er the changing scene my watch I kept, I heard their shricks of agony; I hear Those shricks still ring in my tormented ear; I saw them leap the gulph with headlong fright;

O that mine eyes could now forget that sight! They sank in multitude; but, prompt to save, Our warriors snatch'd the stragglers from the wave,

And on their rafts a noble harvest bore Of rescued heroes, captive, to the shore.

"One little troop their lessening ground maintain'd Till space to perish in alone remain'd;

More like the shout of victory that Wedged in a solid phulanz, man by m

Where half-extinct the smouldering glow'd.

And levell'd copses strew'd the over Unharm'd as spirits while they we

Their lighted features flared like a brass:

Around the flames in writhing spread,

Thwarted their path, or mingled sir head;

Beneath their feet the fires to sales! But in their wake with mounting fury Our host recoil'd from that amazi Scarcely the King himself restrains flight;

He, with his Chiefs, in brazen arm Unmoved, to meet the maniacs from the Dark as a thunder-cloud their phalm But split like lightning into form of a To taste the breath of heaven, their gar blazed;

Then blind, distracted, weaponless, y With dreadful valour, on their for

The Giants met them midway on the Twas but a struggle of a moment; They fell; their relies, to the flames ret As offerings to the immortal Gods burn'd:

And never did the light of morning Upon the clouds of such a sacrifice

Abruptly here the Minstrel ceased in And every face was turn'd upon the l He, while the stoutest hearts recoil'd

And Giants trembled their own deeds to Unmoved and unrelenting, in his min Deeds of more impious enterprize des A dire conception labour'd in his less His eye was sternly pointed to the w Where stood the Mount of Paradise of Whose guarded top, since Man's pro tuous cris

By noon, a dusky cloud appear'd to n But blazed a beacon through nocturnal As Aetna, view'd from ocean far away Slumbers in blue revolving smoke by Till darkness, with terrific splendour. The eternal fires that crest the eternal of So where the Chernbim in vision turn Their flaming swords, the anumit le or burn'd.

And now conspicuous through the twi gleom,

The glancing beams the distant hills ill And, as the shadows deepen o'er the gra Scatter a red and wavering lustre rou

Awhile the Monarch, fearlessly amazed, ith jealous anger on the glory gazed; ready had his arm in battle hurl'd is thunders round the subjugated world; ord of the nether Universe, his pride fas rein'd, while Paradise his power defied. In upland Isle, by meeting streams embraced,

BETT

clower'd to heaven amidst a sandy waste; elow, impenetrable woods display'd epths of mysterious solitude and shade; bove, with adamantine bulwarks crown'd, rimeval rocks in hoary masses frown'd; 'er all were seen the Cherubim of light, like pillar'd flames amidst the falling night; o high it rose, so bright the mountain shone.

t seem'd the footstool of Jehovah's throne.

The Giant panted with intense desire Fo scale those heights, and storm the walls of fire:

His ardent soul in ecstacy of thought, Even now with Michael and his Angels fought.

And saw the Scraphim, like meteors driven Before his banners through the gates of heaven,

While he secure the glorious garden trod, And sway'd his sceptre from the Mount of God.

When suddenly the Bard had ceased to sing,

While all the Chieftains gazed upon their King,

Whose changing looks a rising storm bespoke,

Ere from his lips the dread explosion broke, The trumpets sounded, and before his face Were led the captives of the Patriarchs' race, —A lovely and a venerable band

Of young and old, amidst their foes they stand;

Unawed they see the fiery trial near; They fear'd their God, and knew no other fear.

To light the dusky scene, resplendent fires, Of pine and cedar, blazed in lofty pyres; While from the cast the moon with doubtful gleams

Now tipt the hills, now glanced athwart the streams;

Till, darting through the clouds her beauteous eye,

She open'd all the temple of the sky.
The Giants, closing in a narrower ring,
By turns survey'd the prisoners and the King.
Javan stood forth;—to all the youth was
known.

And every eye was fixed on him alone.

### CANTO IX.

A GLEAM of joy, at that expected sight, Shot o'er the Monarch's brow with baleful light;

"Behold," thought he, "the great decisive

Ere morn, these Sons of God shall prove my power:

Offer'd by me, their blood shall be the price Of Demon-aid to conquer Paradise." Thus while he threaten'd, Javan caught his view,

And instantly his visage changed its hue; Inflamed with rage past utterance, he frown'd, He gnash'd his teeth, and wildly glared around.

As one who saw a spectre in the air,
And durst not look upon it, nor forbear;
Still on the youth, his eye, wherever cast,
Abhorrently return'd, and fix'd at last:
"Slaves! smite the Traitor; be his limbs
consign'd

To flames, his ashes scatter'd to the wind."
He cried in tone so vehement, so loud,
Instinctively recoil'd the shuddering crowd;
And ere the guards to seize their victim
rush'd,

The Youth was pleading, every breath was

Pale, but undauntedly, he faced his focs; Warm as he spoke his kindling spirit rose; Well pleased, on him the Patriarch-fathers smiled.

And every Mother loved him as her child.

"Monarch! to thee no traitor, here I stand; These are my brethren, this my native land; My native land, by sword and fire consumed, My brethren, captive, and to death foredoom'd; To these indeed a Rebel in my youth, A fugitive apostate from the truth,

Too late repentant, I confess my crime, And mourn o'er lost irrevocable time. —When from thy camp by conscience urged

to flee,
I plann'd no wrong, I laid no snare for thee:
Did I provoke these Sons of Innocence,
Against thine arms, to rise in vain defence?
No; I conjured them, ere this threaten'd
hour,

In sheltering forcets to escape thy power;
Firm in their rectitude, they scorn'd to fly;
Thy foes they were not.—they resolved to die.
Yet think not thou, amidst thy warlike hands.
They lie beyond redemption in thine hands;
The God in whom they trust may help them
still,

They know he can deliver, and HE WILLs Whether by life, or death, afflicts them not, On his decree, not thine, they rest their lot. For me, unworthy with the Just to share Death or deliverance, this is Javan's prayer: Mercy, O God! to these in life be shewn, I die rejoicing, if I die alone."

"Thou shalt not die alone;" a voice replied, Javan, in wonder, pity, and delight, A well-known voice—'twas Zillah at his side; Almost forgot his being, at the sight. She, while he spake, with eagerness to hear, That bending form, those suppliments Step after step, unconsciously drew near; Her bosom with severe compunction wrung, Pleased or alarm'd, on every word she hung. He turn'd his face; - with agonizing air, In all the desolation of despair, She stood; her hands to heaven uplift and

Then suddenly unloosed, his arm she grasp'd, And thus, in wild apostrophes of woe, Vented her grief while tears refused to flow.

"O I have wrong'd thee, Javan!-Let us be Esponsed in death :- No, I will die for thee. -Tyrant! behold thy victim; on my head Be all the bitterness of vengeance shed, But spare the Innocent; let Javan live, Whose crime was love:-Can Javan too

forgive Love's lightest, fondest weakness, maidenshame,

-It was not pride,-that hid my bosomflame?

And wilt thou mourn the poor transgressor's death. Who says, I love thee, with her latest

breath? And when thou thinkst of days and years

gone by, Will thoughts of Zillah sometimes swell thine eye?

If ever thou hast cherish'd in thine heart Visions of hope, in which I bore a part; If ever thou hast long'd with me to share One home-born joy, one home-endearing

If thou didst ever love me ; - speak the word, Which late with feign'd indifferency I heard; Tell me, thou lovest me still ;-haste, Javan, mark.

How high those ruffians pile the faggots,hark,

How the flames crackle, -see, how fierce they glare,

Like fiery serpents hissing through the air; Farewell; I fear them not-Now seize me, bind

These willing limbs,-ye cannot touch the mind:

Unawed, I stand on Nature's failing brink: -Nay, look not on me, Javan, lest I shrink; Give me thy prayers, but turn away thine

That I may lift my soul to heaven, and die."

Thus Zillah raved in passionate distress, Till frenzy soften'd into tenderness; Sorrow and Love, with intermingling grace, Terror and beauty, lighten'd o'er her face; Her voice, her eye, in every soul was felt, And Giant-hearts were moved, unwont to melt.

The strange illusions of a Lover's im And while she clung upon his arm, led His limbs, his lips, as by enchantment, h He dare not touch her, lest the charm of

He dare not move, lest he himself d wake.

But when she ceased to speak and k hear.

The silence startled him ; -cold, shim fear

Crept o'er his nerves;in thought les his eye

Back on the world, and heaved a bitters Thus from life's aweetest pleasures is torn.

Just when he seem'd to new existence be And cease to feel, when feeling ceased wi A fever of protracted misery.

And cease to love, when Love no more pain;

Twas but a pang of transient weakness «Vain

Are all thy sorrows," faulteringly he a "Already I am number'd with the dead; But long and blissfully may Zillah live! -And canst thou Javan's cruel scorn form And wilt thou mourn the poor transgress death.

Who says, I love thee, with his latest breatl And when thou thinkst of days and you gone by.

Will thoughts of Javan sometimes are thine eye Y

Ah! while I wither'd in thy chilling from Twas easy then to lay life's burthendows: When singly sentenced to these flames, at mind

Gloried in leaving all I loved behind; How hast thou triumph'd o'er me in this best! One look has crush'd my soul's collected

Thy scorn I might endure, thy pride dety But oh thy kindness makes it hard to die! "Then we will die together."\_"Zillah! at Thou shalt not perish, let me, let me go; Behold thy Parents! calm thy father's fearth.
Thy mother weeps; canst thou realst be tears ?"

"Away with folly!" in tremendons test. Exclaim'd a voice, more horrid than the grown Of famish'd tyger leaping on his prey; —Cronch'd at the Monarch's feet the Speaker lav:

But starting up, in his ferocious mien That Monarch's ancient foster-sire was The Goatherd,-he who snatch'd him from the flood,

The Sorcerer, who hursed him up to bleed;

Tho, still his evil Genius, felly bent n one bold purpose, went where'er he

"hat purpose, long in his own bosom scal'd, tipe for fulfilment now, he thus reveal'd. "ull in the midst he rush'd; alarm'd, aghast, wiants and Captives trembled as he pass'd, m'or scarcely seem'd he of the sons of earth; Inchronicled the hour that gave him birth; Chough shrunk his cheek, his temples deeply plough'd,

teen was his vulture-eye, his strength unbow'd:

Swarthy his features; venerably grey His beard dishevell'd o'er his bosom lay: Bald was his front; but, white as snow

His ample locks were scatter'd to the wind; Naked he stood, save round his loins a zone Of shagged fur, and o'er his shoulders thrown A serpent's skin, that cross'd his breast, and round

His body thrice in glittering volumes wound.

thought

In every muscle of his visage wrought. His eye, as if his eye could see the air, Was fix'd; up-writhing rose his horrent hair; His limbs grew dislocate, convulsed his frame:

Deep from his chest mysterious noises came, Now purring, hissing, barking, then they swell'd

To hideous dissonance; he shriek'd, he yell'd, As if the Legion-fiend his soul possess'd, And a whole hell were worrying in his breast;

Then down he dash'd himself on earth, and roll'd

In agony, till powerless, stiff, and cold. With face upturn'd to heaven, and arms outspread,

A ghastly spectacle, he lay as dead; The living too stood round, like forms of death.

And every pulse was hush'd and every breath.

Meanwhile the wind arose, the clouds were driven

In watry masses through the waste of heaven, The groaning woods foretold a tempest nigh, And silent lightnings skirmish'd in the sky.

Ere long the Wizard started from the

Giddily reel'd, and look'd bewilder'd round, Till on the King he fix'd his hideous gaze; Then rapt with ecstacy and broad amaze, He kneel'd in adoration, humbly bow'd His face upon his hands, and cried aloud; Yet so remote and strange his accents fell, They seem'd the voice of an Invisible:

"Hail! King and Conqueror, of the peopled carth,

And more than King and Conqueror! Know thy birth;

Thou art a ray of uncreated fire, The Sun himself is thy celestial Sire; The Moon thy Mother, who to me consign'd Her babe in secrecy, to bless mankind. These eyes have watch'd thee rising, year

More great, more glorious in thine high career.

As the young Engle plies his growing wings In bounded flights, and sails in wider rings, Till to the fountain of meridian day, Full-plumed and perfected he sours away: Thus have I mark'd thee, since thy course

begun, Still upward tending to thy Sire, the Sun:

Now midway meet him; from you flaming height. Chace the vain phantoms of Cherubic light;

There build a tower, whose spiral top shall

Circle o'er circle, lessening to the skies: All gazed with horror: - deep unutter'd The Stars, thy brethren, in their spheres shall stand

To hail thee welcome to thy native land; The moon shall clasp thee in her glad em-

The Sun behold his image in thy face, And call thee, as his offspring and his heir, His throne, his empire, and his orb to share."

Rising and turning his terrific head, That chill'd beholders, thus the Enchanter said:

"Prepare, prepare the piles of sacrifice, The power that rules on earth shall rule the skies:

Hither, oh Chiefs! the captive Patriarchs bring. And pour their blood an offering to your King ; He, like his Sire, the Sun, in transient clouds, His veil'd Divinity from mortals shrouds, Too pure to shine till these his foes are slain, And conquer'd Paradise hath crown'd his

Haste, heap the fallen cedars on the pyres, And give the victims living to the fires; Shall He, in whom they vainly trust, withstand

Your Sovereign's wrath, or pluck them from his hand?

We dare him ;- if He saves his Servants now, To Him let every knee in Nuture bow, For HE is GOD"-at that most awful name, A spasm of horror wither'd up his frame; Even as he stood and look'd,-he looks, he stands.

With heaven-defying front, and clenched hands.

And lips half-open'd, eager from his breast To blot the blasphemy, by force represt; For not in feign'd abstraction, as before, He practised foul deceit by damned lore,

A freet was on his nerves, and in his voice A fire, consuming with infernal pains; Conscious, though metionices his limbs were grown; Alive to suffering, but alive in stone.

In silent expectation, sere amazed,
The King and Chieftains on the Sercerer
gazed;
Awhile no sound was heard, save through
the wind deep-thundering, and the dashing
floods:

floods:
At length, with solemn step, amidst the scene,

Where that false prophet show'd his frantic mion, Where lurid flames from green-wood altars

burn'd, Enoch steed forth;—on him all eyes were

turn'd,
O'er his dim form and saintly visage fell
The light that glared upon that priest of
hell.

Unatterably awful was his look; Through every joint the Giant-Monarch shook;

Shook, like Belshazzar, in his festive hall, When the hand wrote his judgment on the wall;

Shook, like Eliphax, with dissolving fright, In thoughts amidst the visions of the night, When as the spirit pass'd before his face, Nor limb, nor lineament his eye could trace; A form of mystery, that chill'd his blood, Close at his couch in living terror stood, And death-like silence, till a voice, more drear.

More dreadful than the silence reach'd his car:

Thus from surrounding darkness Enoch brake, And thus the Giant trembled while he spake.

### CANTO X.

"THE Lord is jealous:-He. who reigns on

high,
Upholds the earth, and spreads abroad the
sky;
His voice the Moon and Stars by night obey,
He sends the Sun, his Servant, forth by day:
From Him all beings came, on Him depend,
To Him return, their Author, Sovereigu,
End.
Who shall destroy when he would save?

or stand,
When he destroys, the stroke of his right
hand?

With none his name and power will He divide,

For HE is GOD, and there is none beside.

"The Proud shall perish: - marth his air In impotence of malice and despair. What frenzy fires the bold blap

He looks the curses which he came
An hand hath touch'd him that he we
Touch'd, and for ever crush'd him
pride:

Yet shall he live, despised as fear'd The great deceiver shall deceive as Children shall pluck the beard of his

Palsied the holdest hands, the stoutes His vaunted wisdom fools shall be

When muttering spells, a spectrd A driveling Idiot, he shall fasily From house to house, and never fall

The Wisurd heard his contens, main'd A moment longer; from his traces we He plunged into the woods;—the thin Turn'd, and took up his parable at

"The Proud shall perish:—Means thy deam;
Thy bones shall lack the shelter of Not in the battle-field thine eyes at Slain upon thousands of thy slaught Not on the throne of empire, nor to Of weary Nature, thou chall bow the Death lurks in ambush; Death, we make

Shall pluck thee from thy pinnacle At eve, rejoicing o'er thy finish'd to Thy soul shall deem the universely. The dawn shall see thy carcase can The wolves, at sunrise, alumber on the Cut from the living, whither dost to Hades is moved to meet thee from The Kings thy sword had slain, the Dead.

Start from their thrones at thy des

They ask in scorn:—'Destroyer! is in Art thou,—thou too,—become like on Torn from the feast of music, wine, and The worms thy covering, and thy covering.

Howart thou fall'n from thine etherial Son of the morning! sunk in endless Howart thou fall'n, who saidst, in a soul.

I will ascend above the starry pole, Thence rule the adoring nations wi nod,

And set my throne above the Mount of Spilt in the dust, thy blood pollat ground;
Sought by the eyes that feer'd the

Sought by the eyes that fear'd the not found;

y Chieftains pause, they turn thy relics One wilderness of water rolls in view And heaven and ocean wear one turbic

en pass thee by,-for thou art known no

ail to thine advent! Potentate, in hell,
fear'd, unflatter'd, undistinguish'd dwell;
earth thy fierce ambition knew no rest,
worm, a flame for ever in thy breast;
ere feel the rage of unconsuming fire.
tense, eternal, impotent desire;
ere lie, the deathless worm's unwasting prey,
chains of darkness till the judgment-day.

"Thus while the dead thy fearful welcome sing,

by living slaves bewail their vanish'd Kinghen, though thy reign with infamy expire, ulfill'd in death shall be thy vain desire; 'he traitors, recking with thy blood, shall swear,

'hey saw their sovereign ravish'd through the air,

and point thy star, revolving o'er the night, a baleful comet with portentous light, Midst clouds and storms, denouncing from afar

Camine and havock, postilence and war.
Cemples, not tombs, thy monuments shall be, and altars blaze on hills and groves to thee;
A pyramid shall consecrate thy crimes,
Thy name and honours to succeeding times;
There shall thine image hold the highest
place

among the Gods of man's revolted race!

"That race shall perish :- Men and Giants,

Thy kindred and thy worshippers shall fall. The babe, whose life with yesterday began, May spring to youth, and ripen into man, But ere his locks are tinged with fading

This world of sinners shall be swept away. Ichovah lifts his standard to the skies, Swift at the signal winds and vapours rise; The sun in sackcloth veils his face at noon,—The stars are quench'd, and turn'd to blood the moon.

Heaven's fountains open, clouds dissolving roll In mingled cataracts from pole to pole. Earth's central sluices burst, the hills uptorn, In rapid whirlpools down the gulph are borne; The voice, that taught the Deep his bounds

Thus far, oh Sea! nor farther shalt thou go,— Sends forth the floods, commission'd to deyour,

With boundless licence and resistless power; They own no impulse but the tempest's sway, Nor find a limit but the light of day.

"The Vision opens:-sunk beneath the wave, The Guilty share an universal grave;

One wilderness of water rolls in view, And heaven and ocean wear one turbid hue; Still stream unbroken torrents from the skies.

Higher beneath the inundations rise;
A lurid twilight glares athwart the scene,
Low thunders peal, faint lightnings flash
between.

—Methinks I see a distant vessel ride, A lonely object on the shoreless tide; Within whose ark the Innocent have found Safety, while stay'd Destruction ravens round; Thus, in the hour of vengeance, God, who knows

His servants, spares them, while he smitea his focs.

"Eastward I turn; - o'er all the deluged lands,

Unshaken yet, a mighty mountain stands, Where Seth, of old, his flock to pasture led, And watch'd the stars at midnight, from its head;

An Island now, its dark majestic form Scowls through the thickest ravage of the storm;

While on its top, the monument of fame, Built by thy murderers to adorn thy name, Defices the shock;—a thousand cubits high, The sloping Pyramid ascends the sky. Thither, their latest refuge in distress, Like hunted wolves, the rallying Giants press; Round the broad base of that stupendous tower.

The shuddering fugitives collect their power, Cling to the dizzy cliff, o'er ocean bend. And howl with terror as the deeps ascend. The mountain's strong foundations still endure.

The heights repel the surge.—Awhile secure, And cheer'd with frantic hope, thy votaries climb

The fabric, rising step by step sublime. Beyond the clouds they see the summit glow In heaven's pure daylight, o'er the gloom below;

There too thy worshipt Image shines like fire, In the full glory of thy fabled sire. They hail the omen, and with heart and voice,

They hall the omen, and with heart and voice, Call on thy name, and in thy smile rejoice; False omen! on thy name in vain they call; Fools in their joy;—a moment and they fall. Rent by an earthquake of the buried plain, And shaken by the whole disrupted main, The mountain trembles on its failing base, It slides, it stoops, it rushes from its place; From all the Giants bursts one drowning cry; Hark! 'tis thy name—they curse it as they die;

Sheer to the lowest gulph the pile is hurl'd, The last sad wreck of a devoted world.

"So fall transgressors:-Tyrant now fulfil Thy secret purposes, thine utmost will; Here crown thy triumphs:-life or death decree,

The weakest here disdains thy power and thee.'

Thus when the Patriarch ceased, and every

Still listen'd in suspense of hope and fear, Sublime, ineffable, angelic grace Beam'd in his meek and venerable face; And sudden glory, streaming round his head, O'er all his robes with lambent lustre spread;

His earthly features grew divinely bright, His essence seem'd transforming into light. Brief silence, like the pause between the flash.

At midnight, and the following thundercrash.

Ensued :- Anon, with universal cry The Giants rush'd upon the prophet-Die! The king leapt foremost from his throne;he drew

His battle-sword, as on his mark he flew; With aim unerring, and tempestuous sound, The blade descended deep along the ground; The foe was fled, and, self-o'erwhelm'd, his strength

Hurl'd to the earth his Atlantean length; But ere his Chiefs could stretch the helping arm,

He sprang upon his feet in pale alarm; Headlong and blind with rage he search'd around,

But Enoch walk'd with God and was not found.

Yet where the Captives stood, in holy awe, Rapt on the wings of Cherubim, they saw Their sainted Sire ascending through the night;

He turn'd his face to bless them in his flight, Then vanish'd :- Javan caught the Prophet's

And snatch'd his mantle falling from the Meanwhile had startled all their slaves sky;

O'er him the Spirit of the Prophet came, Like rushing wind awakening hidden flame: Where is the God of Enoch now? he cried: Captives, come forth! Despisers shrink aside. He spake, and bursting through the Giantthrong.

Smote with the mantle as he moved along; A Power invisible their rage controul'd, Hither and thither as he turn'd they roll'd; Unawed, unharm'd the ransom'd Prisoners

pass'd Through ranks of foes astonied and aghast: Close in the youth's conducting steps they trod:

-So Israel march'd when Moses raised his rod.

And led their host, enfranchised, through the wave.

The people's safeguard, the pursuers' grave

Thus from the wolves this little flock vo torn,

And, sheltering in the mountain-caves il morn.

They join'd to sing, in strains of full delick Songs of deliverance through the dree night.

The Giants' frenzy, when they lost the

No tongue of man or angel might paring First on their Idol-Gods their vengu turn'd,

Those Gods on their own altar-piles the burn'd :

Then, at their Sovereign's mandate, allie forth

To rouse their host to combat, from the north :

Eager to risk their uttermost emprise. Perish ere morn, or reign in Paradise Now the slow tempest, that so long he lower'd.

Keen in their faces alcet and hallstone shower'd:

The winds blew loud, the waters rau'l around.

An earthquake rock'd the agonizing grow Red in the west the burning Mount, army't With tenfold terror by incumbent shade, (For moon and stars were rapt in dunnel gloom)

Glared like a torch amidst Creation's tomb So Sinai's rocks were kindled when they fell Their Maker's footstep, and began to well: Darkness was his pavilion, whence Heccom Hid in the brightness of descending the While storm, and whirlwind, and the true pet's blast.

Proclaim'd his law in thunder, as he pass't

The Giants reach'd their camp:-the night's alarms

arms;

They grasp'd their weapons as from sleep they sprang.
From tent to tent the brazen clangor reas:

The hail, the earthquake, the mysterion light

Unnerved their strength, o'erwhelm'd thes with affright.

"Warriors! to battle; - summon all year powers;

Warriors! to conquest ;-Paradise is ours; Exclaim'd their Monarch ;- not an arm wal raised.

In vacancy of thought, like men amased, And lost amidst confounding dreams, they stood.

With palsied eyes, and horror-frezen block The Giants' rage to instant madness great The King and Chiefs on their own legions flew.

Denouncing vengeance; - then had all the | Then, reckless of the harvest of their toils,

Been heap'd with myriads by their leaders slain,

But ere a sword could fall,-by whirlwinds driven,

In mighty volumes, through the vault of heaven.

From Eden's summit, o'er the camp accurst, The darting fires with noon-day-splendour burst;

And fearful grew the scene above, below, With sights of mystery, and sounds of woe.

The embattled Cherubim appear'd on high, And coursers, wing'd with lightning, swept the sky

Chariots, whose wheels with living instinct roll'd,

Spirits of unimaginable mould,

Powers, such as dwell in heaven's serenest light,

Too pure, too terrible for mortal sight, From depth of midnight suddenly reveal'd, In arms, against the Giants took the field. On such an host Elisha's Servant gazed, When all the mountain round the Prophet blazed:

With such an host, when war in heaven was wrought, Michael against the Prince of Darkness fought.

Roused by the trumpet, that shall wake the dead.

The torpid foe in consternation fled; The Giants headlong in the uproar ran. The King himself the foremost of the van, Nor e'er his rushing squadrons led to fight With swifter onset, than he led that flight. Homeward the panic-stricken legions flew; Their arms, their vestments from their limbs

they threw; O'er shields and helms the reinless Camel strode,

And gold and purple strew'd the desert road. When through the Assyrian army, like a blast.

At midnight, the destroying Angel pass'd, The Tyrant that defied the living God, Precipitately thus his steps retrod; Even by the way he came, to his own land, Return'd, to perish by his offspring's hand. So fled the Giant-Monarch ;-but unknown The hand that smote his life ;-he died alone ; Amidst the tumult treacherously slain; At morn his Chieftains sought their Lord in By Giant-tyranny no more opprest, vain.

Their camp, their captives, all their treasured spoils, Renew'd their flight o'er eastern hills afar, With life alone escaping from that war, In which their King had hail'd his realm

complete, The world's last province bow'd beneath his feet.

As when the waters of the flood declined, Rolling tumultuously before the wind, The proud waves shrunk from low to lower

And high the hills and higher raised their heads,

Till Ocean lay, enchased with rock and strand, As in the hollow of the Almighty's hand, While earth with wrecks magnificent was strew'd,

And stillness reign'd o'er Nature's solitude: -Thus in a storm of horror and dismay, All night the Giant-army sped away; Thus on a lonely, sad, and silent scene, The morning rose in majesty serene.

Early and joyful, o'er the dewy grass, Straight to their glen the ransom'd Patriarchs pass;

As doves released their parent-dwelling find, They fly for life, nor cast a look behind; And when they reach'd the dear sequester'd spot,

Enoch alone of all their train was not. With them the Bard, who from the world withdrew.

Javan, from folly and ambition flew. Though poor his lot, within that narrow bound.

Friendship, and home, and faithful love he found ;

There did his wanderings and afflictions cease,

His youth was penitence, his age was peace.

Meanwhile the scatter'd tribes of Eden's

Plain
Turn'd to their desolated fields again, And join'd their brethren, captives once in fight.

But left to freedom in that dreadful flight: Thenceforth redeem'd from War's unnumber'd woes,

Rich with the spoils of their retreated foes, The people flourish'd, and the land had rest.

### MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

#### THE TIME-PIECE.

Wno is He, so swiftly flying, His career no eye can see? Who are They, so early dying, From their birth they cease to be? Time:—behold his pictured face! Moments:—can you count their race?

Though, with aspect deep-dissembling, Here he feigns unconscious sleep, Round and round this circle trembling, Day and night his symbols creep, While unseen, through earth and sky, His unwearying pinions ply.

Hark! what petty pulses, beating, Spring new moments into light; Every pulse, its stroke repeating, Sends its moment back to night; Yet not one of all the train Comes uncall'd, or flits in vain.

In the highest realms of glory, Spirits trace, before the throne, On eternal scrolls, the story Of each little moment flown; Every deed, and word, and thought, Through the whole creation wrought.

Were the volume of a minute Thus to mortal sight unroll'd, More of sin and sorrow in it, More of man, might we behold, Than on History's broadest page In the reliques of an age.

Who could bear the revelation? Who abide the sudden test? With instinctive consternation, Hands would cover every breast, Londest tongues at once be hush'd, Pride in all its writhings crush'd.

Who, with leer malign exploring, On his neighbour's shame durst look? Would not each, intensely poring On that record in the book, Which his inmost soul reveal'd, Wish its leaves for ever seal'd?

Seal'd they are for years, and ages, Till,—the earth's last circuit run, Empire changed through all its stages, Risen and set the latest sun,— On the sea and on the land, Shall a midnight-angel stand:— Stand;—and, while the abyses tremble, Swear that Time shall be no more: Quick and Dead shall then assemble Men and Demons range before That tremendous judgment-seat Where both worlds at issue meet.

Time himself, with all his legions, Days, Months, Years, since Nature's him Shall revive,—and from all regions, Singling out the sons of earth, With their glory or disgrace, Charge their spenders face to face.

Every moment of my being Then shall pass before mine eyes: God, all-searching! God, all-seeing! Oh! appease them, ere they rise; Warn'd I fly, I fly to Thee: God, be merciful to me!

### INCOGNITA

WRITTEN AT LEAMINGTON, IN 1817, ON THE ST. THE PICTURE OF AN UNKNOWN LADS.

IMAGE of one, who lived of yore!
Hail to that lovely mien,
Once quick and conscious;—now no man
On Land or Ocean seen!
Were all earths breathing forms to puss
Before me in Agrippa's glass,
Many as fair as Thou might be,
But oh, not one, not one like Thee.

Thou art no Child of Fancy; Thou
The very look dost wear,
That gave enchantment to a brow,
Wreathed with luxuriant hair;
Lips of the morn embathed in dow,
And eyes of evening's starry blue;
Of all who ever enjoy'd the sun
Thou art the image of but one.

And who was she, in virgin prime,
And May of Womanhood,
Whose roses here, unpluck'd by time,
In shadowy tints have stood;
While many a winter's withering blast
Hath over the dark cold chamber pass'd.
In which her once resplendent form
Slumber'd to dust beneath the storm?

Of gentle blood; upon her birth
Consenting Planets smiled.
And she had seen those days of mirth
That frolic round the child;
To bridal bloom her strength had sprung,
Behold her beautiful and young!
Lives there a record which had told
That she was wedded, widow'd, old?

How long her date, 'twere vain to guess!
The pencil's cunning art
Can but a single glance express,
One motion of the heart;
A smile, a blush,—a transient grace
Of air, and attitude, and face:
One passion's changing colour mix
One moment's flight for ages fix.

Her joys and griefs alike in vain,
Would fancy here recall;
Her throbs of ecstasy or pain
Lull'd in oblivion all;
With her, methinks, life's little hour
Pass'd like the fragrance of a flower,
That leaves upon the vernal wind
Sweetness we ne'cr again may find.

Where dwelt she?—Ask yon aged tree,
Whose boughs embower the lawn,
Whether the birds' wild minstrelsy
Awoke her here at dawn?
Whether beneath its youthful shade,
At noon, in infancy she play'd?—
If from the oak no answer come,
Of her all oracles are dumb.

The dead are like the stars by day;
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
But not extinct, they hold their way
In glory through the sky:
Spirits from bondage thus set free,
Vanish amidst immensity,
Where human thought, like human sight,
Fails to pursue their trackless flight.

Somewhere within created space
Could I explore that round,
In bliss, or woe, there is a place,
Where she might still be found;
And oh! unless these eyes deceive,
I may, I must, I will believe,
That she, whose charms so meekly glow,
Is what she only seem'd below;—

An Angel in that glorious realm,
Where God himself is King:
But awe and fear, that overwhelm
Presumption, check my wing;
Nor dare Imagination look
Upon the symbols of that book,
Wherein Eternity enrolls
The judgments of departed souls.

Of Her, of whom these pictured lines
A faint resemblance form;
Fair as the second rainbow shines
Aloof amid the storm;
Of her, this shadow of a shade,
Like its original must fade,
And She, forgotten when unseen,
Shall be as if she ne'er had been.

Ah! then, perchance, this dreaming strain,
Of all that ever I sung,
A lorn memorial may remain,
When silent lies my tongue;
When shot the meteor of my fame,
Lost the vain echo of my name,
This leaf, this fallen leaf, may be
The only trace of her and me.

With One who lived of old my song
In lowly cadence rose;
To One who is unborn belong
The accents of its close;
Ages to come, with courteous ear,
Some youth my warning voice may hear;
And voices from the dead should be
The warnings of eternity.

When these weak lines thy presence greet,
Reader! if I am blest,
Again, as spirits, may we meet
In glory and in rest:
If not,—and I have lost my way,
Here part we;—go not Thou astray;
No tomb, no verse my story tell!
Once, and for ever, fare Thee well.

### THE GRAVE.

THERE is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary Pilgrims found, They softly lie and sweetly sleep Low in the ground.

The storm that wrecks the winter-sky No more disturbs their deep repose, Than summer-evening's latest sigh That shuts the rose.

I long to lay this painful head And aching heart beneath the soil, To slumber in that dreamless bed From all my toil.

For Misery stole me at my birth, And cast me helpless on the wild: I perish;—O my Mother Earth! Take home thy Child!

On thy dear lap these limbs reclined, Shall gently moulder into thee; Nor leave one wretched trace behind Resembling me. Hark!-a strange sound affrights mine ear, Seek the true treasure, seldom found. My pulse,-my brain runs wild,-I rave; 

The GRAVE, that never spake before, Hath found at length a tongue to chide: O listen!-I will speak no more:-Be silent, Pride!

Art thou a WRETCH of hope forlorn, The victim of consuming care? Is thy distracted conscience torn By fell despair?

Do foul misdeeds of former times Wring with remorse thy guilty breast? And ghosts of unforgiven crimes Murder thy rest?

Lash'd by the furies of the mind, From Wrath and Vengeance wouldst thou flee ?

Ah! think not, hope not, Fool! to find A friend in me.

By all the terrors of the tomb, Beyond the power of tongue to tell! By the dread secrets of my womb! By Death and Hell!

I charge thee LIVE!-repent and pray; In dust thine infamy deplore; There yet is mercy ;-go thy way, And sin no more.

Art thou a MOURNER?-Hast thou known The joy of innocent delights, Endearing days for ever flown, And tranquil nights?

O LIVE !-- and deeply cherish still The sweet remembrance of the past: Rely on Heaven's unchanging will For peace at last.

Art thou a WANDERER ?- Hast thou seen O'crwhelming tempests drown thy bark? A shipwreck'd sufferer bast thou been, Misfortune's mark?

Though long of winds and waves the sport, Condemn'd in wretchedness to roam, LIVE!-thou shalt reach a sheltering port, A quiet home.

To FRIENDSHIP didst thou trust thy fame, And was thy friend a deadly foe, Who stole into thy breast, to aim A surer blow?

LIVE !- and repine not o'er his loss, A loss unworthy to be told: Thou hast mistaken sordid dross For friendship's gold.

Of power the fiercest griefs to calm, And soothe the bosom's deepest wound With heavenly balm.

Did WOMAN'S charms thy youth beguile.

And did the Fair One faithless prove? Hath she betray'd thee with a smile. And sold thy love?

LIVE! 'Twas a false bewildering fire: Too often Love's insidious dart Thrills the fond soul with wild desire. But kills the heart.

Thou yet shalt know, how sweet, how drag To gaze on listening Beauty's eye! To ask,—and pause in hope and fear Till she reply.

A nobler flame shall warm thy breast, A brighter maiden faithful prove; Thy youth, thine age, shall yet be blest In woman's love.

Whate'er thy lot,-Whoe'er thou be,-Confess thy folly,-kiss the rod, And in thy chastening sorrows see The hand of GOD.

A bruised reed he will not break; Afflictions all his children feel; He wounds them for his mercy's sake, He wounds to heal!

Humbled beneath his mighty hand, Prostrate his Providence adore : 'Tis done !- Arise! HE bids thee stand, To fall no more.

Now, Traveller in the vale of tears! To realms of everlasting light, Through Time's dark wilderness of years. Pursue thy flight.

There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary Pilgrims found: And while the mouldering ashes aleep Low in the ground;

The Soul, of origin divine, GOD'S glorious image, freed from clay, In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine A star of day!

The SUN is but a spark of fire. A transient meteor in the aky; The SOUL, immortal as its Sire. SHALL NEVER DIE."

#### A FIELD-FLOWER.

nding one in full bloom, on christmas-day, 1803.

s is a flower, a little flower, silver crest and golden eye, welcomes every changing hour, reathers every sky.

prouder beauties of the field y but quick succession shine, after race their honours yield, flourish and decline.

his small flower, to Nature dear, o moons and stars their courses run, thes the whole circle of the year, anion of the sun.

iles upon the lap of May, iltry August spreads its charms, is pale October on his way, wines December's arms.

ourple heath and golden broom, oory mountains catch the gale, lawns the lily sheds perfume, violet in the vale.

his bold floweret climbs the hill, in the forest, haunts the glen, on the margin of the rill, round the fox's den.

in the garden's cultured round ares the sweet carnation's bed; blooms on consecrated ground mour of the dead.

tambkin crops its crimson gem, wild-bee murmurs on its breast, blue-fly bends its pensile stem, t o'er the sky-lark's nest.

Flora's page:—in every place, cry season fresh and fair, ens with perennial grace, blossoms every where.

aste and woodland, rock and plain, umble buds unheeded rise; Rose has but a summer-reign, DAISY never dies.

### THE COMMON LOT.

in the flight of ages past, e lived a man:—and WHO was HE? ortal! howe'er thy lot be cast, Man resembled Thee. Unknown the region of his birth, The land in which he died unknown: His name has perish'd from the earth, This truth survives alone:—

That joy, and grief, and hope and fear, Alternate triumph'd in his breast; His bliss and wee,—a smile, a tear! —Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb, The changing spirits' rise and fall; We know that these were felt by him, For these are felt by all.

He suffer'd,—but his pangs are o'er; Enjoy'd,—but his delights are fled; Had friends,—his friends are now no more; And foes,—his foes are dead.

He loved,—but whom he loved, the grave Hath lost in its unconscious womb: O she was fair!—but nought could save Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen; Encounter'd all that troubles thee: He was—whatever thou hast been; He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night, Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main, Erewhile his portion, life and light, To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye. That once their shades and glory threw, Have left in yonder silent sky No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race, Their ruins, since the world began, Of HIM afford no other trace Than this,—THERE LIVED A MAN!

#### THE OLD MAN'S SONG.

Shall Man of frail fruition boast?
Shall life be counted dear,
Oft but a moment, and, at most,
A momentary year?

There was a time,—that time is past,— When, Youth! I bloom'd like thee; A time will come,—'tis coming fast, When thou shalt fade like me:—

Like me through varying seasons range, And past enjoyments mourn;— The fairest, sweetest Spring shall change To Winter in its turn. In infancy, my vernal prime,
When life itself was new,
Amusement pluck'd the wings of Time,
Yet swifter still he flew.

Summer my youth succeeded soon, My sun ascended high, And Pleasure held the reins till noon, But Grief drove down the sky.

Like Autumn, rich in ripening corn, Came manhood's soher reign; My harvest-moon scarce fill'd her horn, When she began to wane.

Close follow'd age, infirm old age, The winter of my year; When shall I fall before his rage, To rise beyond his sphere!

I long to cast the chains away,
That hold my soul a slave,
To burst these dungeon-walls of clay,
Enfranchised from the grave.

Life lies in embryo,—never free Till Nature yields her breath; Till Time becomes Eternity, And Man is born in Death.

### THE MOLE-HILL.

TELL me, thou dust beneath my feet,
Thou dust that once hadst breath!
Tell me how many mortals meet
In this small hill of death?

The Mole, that scoops with curious toil
Her subterranean bed,
Thinks not she ploughs a human soil,
And mines among the dead.

But, O! where'er she turns the ground My kindred earth I see; Once every atom of this mound Lived, breathed, and felt, like me.

Like me these elder-born of clay Enjoy'd the cheerful light, Bore the brief burden of a day, And went to rest at night.

Far in the regions of the morn, The rising sun surveys Palmyra's palaces forlorn, Empurpled with his rays.

The spirits of the desert dwell Where eastern grandeur shone, And vultures scream, hyaenas yell Round Beauty's mouldering throne. There the pale pilgrim, as he stands, Sees, from the broken wall, The shadow tottering on the sands, Ere the loose fragment fall.

Destruction joys, amid those scenes, To watch the sport of Fate, While Time between the pillars leass, And bows them with his weight.

But towers and temples crush'd by Tim Stupendous wrecks! appear To me less mournfully sublime Than the poor Mole-hill here.

Through all this hillock's crumbling man.
Once the warm life-blood ran;
Here thine original behold,
And here thy ruins, Man!

Methinks this dust yet heaves with brea Ten thousand pulses beat; Tell me,—in this small hill of death, How many mortals meet?

By wafting winds and flooding rains, From ocean, earth and sky, Collected here, the frail remains Of slumbering millions lie.

What scene of terror and amaze
Breaks through the twilight-gloom?
What hand invisible displays
The secret of the tomb?

All ages and all nations rise,
And every grain of earth
Beneath my feet, before mine eyes,
Is startled into birth.

Like gliding mists the shadowy forms
Through the deep valley spread,
And like descending clouds in storms
Lower round the mountain's head.

O'er the wide champaign while they pure Their footsteps yield no sound,

Nor shake from the light-trembling grad A dew-drop to the ground.

Among the undistinguish'd hosts, My wondering eyes explore Awful, sublime, terrific ghosts, Heroes and kings of yore:—

Tyrants, the comets of their kind, Whose withering influence ran Through all the promise of the mind, And smote and mildew'd man:—

Sages, the Pleiades of earth,
Whose genial aspects smiled,
And flowers and fruitage sprang to birth
O'er all the human wild.

loomy ruffian, gash'd and gored, he, whose fatal skill the plough-share to a sword, taught the art to kill.

I him skulks a shade, bereft ondly-worshipp'd fame; ilt the Pyramids, but left stone to tell his name.

s the chief, with visage dark empests when they roar? est who push'd his daring bark ond the timid shore.

gh storms of death and seas of graves steer'd with stedfast eye; th was on the desert waves, compass in the sky.

outh who lifts his graceful hand, ck the unshapen block, cauty leap'd, at his command, enus from the rock.

ling with ecstacy of thought, old the Grecian maid, love's enchanting impulse taught race a slumberer's shade.

are the thefts of love;—she stole image while he lay, d the shadow to a soul, breathed that soul through clay.

stening nymph, who looks behind, a countenance of fire, midnight-music in the wind, framed the Acolian lyre.

il!—The Sire of Song appears, Muse's eldest-born; iy-lark in the dawn of years, poet of the morn.

m the depth of cavern'd woods, cechoed to his voice, countains, valleys, winds, and floods, earth and heaven rejoice.

h charm'd to meckness, while he sung, wild beasts round him ran, as the triumph of his tongue, med the heart of man.

rough the mist of twilight-times ghost of Cyrns walks; him, red with glorious crimes, son of Ammon stalks.

ess Hannibal, in pride worn, fix'd hatred, lowers; —'tis Brutus at his side, erless grandeur towers. With moonlight-softness Helen's charms
Dissolve the spectred gloom,
The leading star of Greece in arms,
Portending Ilion's doom.

But Homer;—see the bard arise;
And hark!—he strikes the lyre;
The Dardan warriors lift their eyes,
The Argive Chiefs respire.

And while his music rolls along,
The towers of Troy sublime,
Raised by the magic breath of song,
Mock the destroyer Time.

For still around the eternal walls
The storms of battle rage:
And Hector conquers, Hector falls,
Bewept in every age.

Genius of Homer! were it mine To track thy fiery car, And in thy sunset-course to shine A radiant evening-star,—

What theme, what laurel might the Muse Reclaim from ages fled? What realm-restoring hero chuse To summon from the dead?

Yonder his shadow flits away:— Thou shalt not thus depart; Stay, thou transcendant spirit, stay, And tell me who thou art!

'Tis Alfred:—In the rolls of Fame, And on a midnight-page, Blazes his broad refulgent name, The watch-light of his age.

A Danish winter, from the north, Howl'd o'er the British wild, But Alfred, like the spring, brake forth, And all the desert smiled.

Back to the deep he roll'd the waves, By mad invasion hurl'd; His voice was liberty to slaves, Defiance to the world.

And still that voice o'er land and sea Shall Albion's focs appal; The race of Alfred will be free; Hear it, and tremble Gaul!

But lo! the phantoms fade in flight,
Like fears that cross the mind,
Like meteors gleaming through the night,
Like thunders on the wind.

The vision of the tomb is past; Beyond it, who can tell In what mysterious region cast Immortal spirits dwell? I know not, but I soon shall know, When life's sore conflicts cease, When this desponding heart lies low, And I shall rest in peace.

For see, on Death's bewildering wave, The rainbow Hope arise, A bridge of glory o'er the grave, That bends beyond the skies.

From earth to heaven it swells and shines,
The pledge of bliss to man;
Time with eternity combines,
And grasps them in a span.

#### BOLEHILL TREES.

Now peace to his ashes who planted yon trees,
That welcome my wandering eye!
In lofty luxuriance they wave with the breeze,
And resemble a grove in the sky;
On the brow of the mountain, uncultured
and bleak,
They flourish in grandeur sublime,
Adorning its bald and majestical peak,
Like the lock on the forehead of Time.

A land-mark they rise; — to the stranger forloru,
All night on the wild heath delay'd,
'Tis rapture to spy the young beauties of Morn
Unveiling behind their dark shade:
The homeward-bound husbandman joys to behold,
On the line of the gray evening-scene,
Their branches yet gleaming with purple and gold,
And the sunset expiring between.

The maidens that gather the fruits of the moor,

While weary and fainting they roam,
Through the blue dazzling distance of noonlight explore
The trees that remind them of home:
The children that range in the valley suspend
Their sports and in ecstasy gaze,
When they see the broad moon from the summit ascend,
And their school-house and grove in a blaze.

O! sweet to my soul is that beautifulg Awakening remembrance most dear; When lonely in anguish and exile I row Wherever its glories appear. It gladdens my spirit, it sooths from a With tranquil and tender delight, It shines through my heart, like a la beaming star Alone in the desert of night.

It tells me of moments of innocent his
For ever and ever gone o'er;
Like the light of a smile, like the bin
a kiss,
They were,—but they will be no m
Yet wherefore of pleasures departed comp
That leave such endearment behind?
Though the sun of their sweetness be

In the main, Their twilight still rests on the mind

Then peace to his ashes who planted to trees!

Supreme o'er the landscape they rise. With simple and lovely magnificence plant and lovely magnificence plant and landscape they rise. Nor marble, nor brass, could emblaze fame.

Like his own sylvan trophies, that In graceful memorial, and whisper his magnificant.

And scatter their leaves on his grave

Ah! thus when I sleep in the desolate a May the laurels I planted endure. On the mountain of high immortality he 'Midst lightning and tempest secure! Then ages unborn shall their verdure also And nations sit under their shade, While my spirit, in secret, shall move my lyre, Aloft in their branches display'd.

Hence, dream of vain glory!—the lights
of dew,
That glows in the violet's eye,
In the splendour of morn to a fugitive v
May rival a star of the sky;
But the violet is pluck'd, and the dewis flown,
The star unextinguish'd shall shine;
Then mine he the lawels of victor also

Then mine be the laurels of virtue alon And the glories of Paradise mine.

### XTRACTS FROM THE PELICAN-ISLAND.

perations pass so swiftly by me, ers were moments in their flight,

and hours es of crowded centuries reveal'd: me, Life, Death, the world's great actors, wrought

amazing changes:-these I sing. and sea, were all the universe; one blue, interminable arch, a breeze, a wing, a cloud; the sun ie firmament, but in the deep d; where the circle of the sea, with calmness, seemed to lie he hollow of a lower heaven. spirit in the midst of these, ear, thought; existence was enjoy-

ment; s an element of life, and air ning of my incorporeal form,mpalpable to mortal touch, tile as fragrance from the flower, in the woodlands. What the soul e itself at pleasure, that I was; n feeling and imagination, new lessons still, as nature wrought ters in my presence. All I saw, am when he walk'd in Paradise,) nd named by secret intuition. ectator, sufferer, each in turn, explored, reflected. Now I sail'd, I soared; anon expanding, seem'd into immensity, yet bound space too narrow for desire; t, the mind perpetual themes must

task, power impel, and hope allure. silent sun were here alone, ompanions; high and bright he held e; I gazed with admiration on him,communion ended; and I sigh'd, less unutterable sigh'd, nyself a wanderer without sim, amid splendid desolation, er with infinity surrounded.

at high noon, amidst a sultry calm, around for comfort, I descried. e green horizon's utmost verge, of cloud; to me a glad discovery, new image sprang a new idea, n of thoughts to come, that could not die.

vapour rapidly expanded, and thickening till it hid the sun, w a starless night upon the sea. tremblingly. I watch'd the end. am'd the lightning, follow'd by no peal;

BT I lived through ages, and beheld Dreary and hollow means foretold a gale; Nor long the issue tarried; then the wind Unprison'd blew its trumpet loud and shrill; Out flash'd the lightnings gloriously; the rain

Came down like music, and the full-toned thunder

Roll'd in grand harmony throughout high heaven:

Till ocean, breaking from his black supineness, Drown'd in his own stupendous uproar all The voices of the storm beside; meanwhile A war of mountains raged upon his surface, Mountains each other swallowing, and again New Alps and Andes, from unfathom'd valleys Upstarting, join'd the battle; like those sons Of earth,-giants, rebounding as new-born From every fall on their unwearied mother. I glow'd with all the rapture of the strife: Beneath was one wild whirl of foaming surges;

Above the array of lightnings, like the swords

Of cherubim, wide brandish'd, to repel Aggression from heaven's gates; their flaming strokes

Quench'd momentarily in the vast abyss. The voice of Him who walks upon the wind, And sets his throne upon the floods, rebuked The headlong tempest in its mid-career, And turn'd its horrors to magnificence. The evening-sun broke through the embattled clouds,

And threw round sky and sea, as by enchantment,

A radiant girdle, binding them to peace, In the full rainbow's harmony of beams; No brilliant fragment, but one sevenfold circle,

That spann'd the horizon, meted out the heavens,

And underarch'd the ocean.

Next morn, in mockery of a storm, the

And waters skirmish'd; bubble-armies fought Millions of battles on the crested surges, And where they fell, all covered with their

glory. Traced in white foam on the cerulean main Paths, like the milky-way among the stars.

Ages again, with silent revolution, Brought morn and even, noon and night, with all

The old vicinsitudes of Nature's aspect: Rains in their season fertilised the ground. Winds sow'd the seeds of every kind of plant On its peculiar soil; while suns matured What winds had sown, and rains in season water'd.

Providing nourishment for all that lived: Man's generations came and went like these, The grass and flowers that wither where they spring;

The brutes that perish wholly where they fall.

Thus while I mused on these in long succession,

And all remain'd as all had been before, I cried, as I was wont, though none did listen, —Tis sweet sometimes to speak and be the hearer:

For he is twice himself who can converse With his own thoughts, as with a living throng Of fellow-travellers in solitude;

Of fellow-travellers in solitude;
And mine too long had been my sole companions;

-"What is this mystery of human life? In rude or civilised society,

Alike, a pilgrim's progress through this world To that which is to come, by the same stages; With infinite diversity of fortune To each distinct adventurer by the way!

Life is the transmigration of a soul Through various bodies, various states of being;

New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each; In nothing, save in consciousness, the same. Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age, Are alway moving onward, alway losing Themselves in one another, lost at length, Like undulations, on the strand of death—The sage of threescore years and ten looks back.—

With many a pang of lingering tenderness, And many a shuddering conscience-fit,—on what

He bath been, is not, cannot be again; Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think What he is now, but cannot long continue, And what he must be through uncounted

The Child;—we know no more of happy childhood

Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld; And all our dreams of its felicity Are incoherent as its own crude visions: We but begin to live from that fine point

We but begin to live from that fine point Which memory dwells on, with the morningstar,

The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing, Or the first daisy that we ever pluck'd, When thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and flowers,

Pure brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume. Thenceforward, mark the metamorphoses!

-The Boy, the Girl; -when all was joy,

hope, promise;
Yet who would be a Boy, a Girl again,
To bear the yoke, to long for liberty.
And dream of what will never come to pass?

-The Youth, the Maiden ;-living but h

Yet learning soon that life hath other us.
And joys less rapturous, but more enlarge.

The Woman; -- in her offspring multiplet
A tree of life, whose glory is her hunde
Beneath whose shadow, she (both restal

Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,
That they may be the pleasure of behilfs
—The Man;—as father of a progeny,
Whose birth requires his death to make the

Yet in whose lives he feels his resurred And grows immortal in his children's children. Then the gray Elder;—leaning on his tof. And bow'd beneath a weight of years, in steal

Upon him with the secrecy of sleep.
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of an None with such subtilty benumbs the free Till he forgets sensation, and lies down Dead in the lap of his primeval mother: She throws a shroud of turf and fewo

Then calls the worms, and hids then be their office:

—Man giveth up the ghost,—and she is He?"

I saw those changes realised before me; Saw them recurring in perpetual line. The line unbroken, while the thread ras a. Failing at this extreme, at that renew L-Like buds, leaves, blossoms, fruits on hera and trees:

Like mites, flies, reptiles; birds, and hents

Of every length of period here,—all metal And all resolved into those elements Whence they had emanated, whence the drew

Their sustenance, and which their wrels

To generate and foster other forms
As like themselves as were the lights of
heaven,

For ever moving in screne succession.— Not like those lights unquenchable by ties. But ever changing, like the clouds that came. Who can tell whence? and go, who can tell whither?

Thus the swift series of man's race clapsed. As for no higher destiny created. Than aught beneath them, — from the elephant

Down to the worm, thence to the zoophyte. That link which binds Prometheus to his red. The living fibre to insensate matter.

They were not, then they were; the unberg.

They were, then were not; they had lived and died.



# ROBERT SOUTHEY.

## MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

#### HYMN TO THE PENATES.

YET one Song more! one high and solemn strain,

Ere, Phoebus! on thy temple's ruin'd wall I hang the silent harp: there may its strings, When the rude tempest shakes the aged pile, Make melancholy music. One Song more! Penazes! hear me! for to you I hymn The votive lay; whether, as sages deem, Ye dwell in the inmost Heaven, the Counselland.

Of JOVE; or if, SUPREME OF DEITIES, All things are yours, and in your holy train Jove proudly ranks, and Juno, white-arm'd Queen,

And, wisest of Immortals, the dread Maid ATHENIAN PALLAS. Venerable Powers, Hearken your hymn of praise! Though from your rites

Estranged, and exiled from your altars long, I have not ceased to love you, HOUSEHOLD Gops!

In many a long and melancholy hour
Of solitude and sorrow, hath my heart
With earnest longings pray'd to rest at length
Beside your hallow'd hearth—for Prace is
there!

Yes, I have loved you long! I call on you Yourselves to witness with what holy joy, Shunning the common herd of human kind, I have retired to watch your lonely fires And commune with myself. Delightful hours, That gave mysterious pleasure, made me

Mine inmost heart, its weakness and its strength,

Taught me to cherish with devoutest care Its strange unworldly feelings, taught me too The best of lessons—to respect myself. Nor have I ever ceased to reverence you, Domestic Drittes! from the first dawn Of reason, through the adventurous paths of youth

Even to this better day, when on mine ear The uproar of contending nations sounds But like the passing wind, and wakes no pulse

To tumult. When a child—(and still I love To dwell with fondness on my childish years) When first a little one, I left my home, I can remember the first grief I felt, And the first painful smile that clothed my front

With feelings not its own: sadly at night I sat me down beside a stranger's hearth; And when the lingering hour of rest was come,

First wet with tears my pillow. As I grew In years and knowledge, and the course of Time

Develop'd the young feelings of my heart, When most I loved in solitude to rove Amid the woodland-gloom; or where the

Darken'd old Avon's stream, in the ivied cave Recluse to sit and brood the future song,—Yet not then less, Penates, loved I then Your altars; not the less at evening-hour Delighted by the well-trimm'd fire to sit, Absorb'd in many a dear deceitful dream Of visionary joys; deceitful dreams,—And yet not vain; for, painting purest bliss; They form'd to Fancy's mould her votary's heart.

By Cherwell's sedgy side, and in the meada Where Isis in her calm clear stream reflects The willow's bending boughs, at early dawn, In the noon-tide-hour, and when the nightmist rose.

I have remember'd you: and when the noise Of lewd Intemperance on my lonely ear Burst with loud tumult, as recluse I sate. Pondering on loftiest themes of man redeem'd From servitude, and vice and wretchedness, I blest you, Household Gods! because I loved

Your peaceful altars and serener rites. Nor did I cease to reverence you, when

Amid the jarring crowd, an unfit man To mingle with the world; still, still my heart Sigh'd for your sanctuary, and inly pined; And, loathing human converse, I have stray'd Where o'er the sea-beach chilly howl'd the And felt their holy influence; nor impure Of thought, or ever with polluted hands, Touch'd they without a prayer the NAIAD's spring;

Yet was their influence transient; such brief

Inspiring as the thunder's long loud peal Strikes to the feeble spirit. Household Gods, Not such your empire! in your votaries' breasts

No momentary impulse ye awake; Nor fleeting, like their local energies, The deep devotion that your fanes impart. O ye whom You're has wilder'd on your way, Or Vice with fair-mask'd foulness, or the lure

Of Fame that calls ye to her crowded paths With Folly's rattle, to your Household-Gods

Return; for not in Vice's gay abodes, Not in the unquiet unsafe halls of Fame Doth Happiness abide! O ye who weep Much for the many miseries of Mankind, More for their vices; ye whose honest eyes Frown on Oppression, - ye whose honest hearts

Beat high when Freedom sounds her dread But love him, Household Gods! for aların;

O ye who quit the path of peaceful life Crusading for mankind—a spaniel-race That lick the hand that beats them, or tear all

Alike in phrensy; to your Household Gods Return, for by their altars Virtue dwells, And HAPPINESS with her; for by their fires TRANQUILLITY, in no unsocial mood, Sits silent, listening to the pattering shower; For, so Suspicion sleep not at the gate Of WISDOM, FALSEHOOD shall not enter there.

As on the height of some huge emin

Have sicken'd of the world.

When he would weep to hear of wi And wonder at the tale; when for

He felt a brother's pity, to the op A good man's honest anger. His q Betray'd each rising feeling; ever Leapt to his tongue. When fir

He mingled, by himself he judged And loved and trusted them, to

And took them to his bosom. False Her unsuspecting victim, fair of fr And lovely as Apega's sculptured i Like that false image raught his w

And gored his open breast. The re-Encircling, stung the fool who foste His mother was SIMPLICITY, his sir BENEVOLENCE; in earlier days he b His father's name; the world who

him Call him MISANTHROPY. I may n

In the same school.-PENATES! som Who say, that not in the immost h dwell.

Gazing with eye remote on all the Of man, his GUARDIAN GODS; wise

A dearer interest to the human ra Links you, yourselves the Spinits

No mortal eye may pierce the world.

No light of human reason penetrat The depth where Truth lies hid.

to the human soul such kindred joy, vering o'er its earthly haunts it feels, with the breeze it wantons round the brow

e beloved on earth; or when at night cams it comes, and brings with it the Days

fors that are no more. Or when, per-

power permitted to alleviate ill it the sufferer for the coming woe, strange presage the SPIRIT breathes, and fills

reast with ominous fear, and disciplines orrow, pours into the afflicted heart alm of resignation, and inspires heavenly hope. Even as a child delights

sit day by day the favourite plant and has sown, to mark its gradual growth.

to the blessed spirit, in innocence our affections, like a little child, twill it be to hover o'er the friends ed; then sweetest, if, as Duty prompts, earthly care we in their breasts have

eeds of Truth and Virtue, holy flowers, se odour reacheth Heaven. When my sick heart

with hope long delayed, than which no care

hs on the spirit heavier;) from itself the best comfort, often have I deem'd thou didst witness every inmost thought,

nn! my dear dead friend! For not in

rly summon'd on thy heavenly course! thy brief sojourn here: me didst thou leave

strengthen'd step to follow the right

we shall meet again. Meantime I sooth deep regret of Nature, with belief, muxp! that thine eye's celestial ken ides me now, marking with no mean joy movements of the heart that loved thee well!

ch feelings Nature prompts, and hence your rites, stic Gods arose. When for his son ceaseless grief Syrophanes bewail'd, rning his age left childless, and his wealth

t for an alien, he with obstinate eye on the imaged marble of the dead t, pampering sorrow. Thither from his

wrath,
fe asylum, fled the offending slave,
garlanded the statue, and implored
young lost lord to save: Remembrance
then

m'd the father, and he loved to see

The votive wreath renew'd, and the rich

Curl from the costly censer slow and sweet. From Egypt soon the sorrow-soothing rites Divulging spread; before your idol-forms By every hearth the blinded Pagan knelt, Pouring his prayers to these, and offering there

Vain sacrifice or impious, and sometimes With human blood your sanctuary defiled: Till the first Brutus, tyrant-conquering chief,

Arose; he first the impious rites put down, He fitliest, who for FREEDOM lived and died, The friend of humankind. Then did your

Frequent recur and blameless; and when came The solemn festival, whose happiest rites Emblem'd Equative, the holiest truth! Crown'd with gay garlands were your statues seen.

To you the fragrant censer smoked, to you The rich libation flow'd: vain sacrifice For nor the poppy-wreath nor fruits nor wine

Ye ask, Penares! nor the ultar cleansed With many a mystic form, ye ask the heart Made pure, and by domestic Peace and Love Hallow'd to you. Hearken your bymn of praise,

Penates! to your shrines I come for rest, There only to be found. Often at eve, Amid my wanderings I have seen far off The lonely light that spake of comfort there; It told my heart of many a joy of home, And my poor heart was sad. When I have guzed

From some high eminence on goodly vales And cots and villages embower'd below, The thought would rise that all to me was strange

Amid the scene so fair, nor one small spot Where my tired mind might rest, and call it home.

There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit. Often has my heart
Ached for that quiet haven!—haven'd now,
I think of those in this world's wilderness
Who wander on and find no home of rest
Till to the grave they go! them Poverty,
Hollow-eyed fiend, the child of Wealth and
Power,

Bad offspring of worse parents, aye afflicts, Cankering with her foul mildews the chill'd heart;

Them Waxt with scorpion-scourge drives to the den

Of GUILT; -- them SLAUGHTER for the price of death

Throws to her raven-brood. Oh, not on

GOD OF ETERNAL JUSTICE! not on them Let fall thy thunder!—Housenous Detries! Then only shall be Happiness on earth When man shall feel your sacred power, and Whose streamer to the gentle breeze Long floating flutter'd light,

Your tranquil joys; then shall the city stand A huge void sepulchre, and rising fair Amid the ruins of the palace-pile The olive grow, there shall the TREE OF PEACE Strike its roots deep and flourish. This the

state Shall bless the race redeem'd of Man, when WEALTH

And Power and all their hideous progeny Shall sink annihilate, and all mankind Live in the equal brotherhood of love. Heart-calming hope, and sure! for hitherward

Tend all the tumults of the troubled world, Its woes, its wisdom, and its wickedness Alike: so He hath will'd, whose will is just.

Meantime, all hoping and expecting all In patient faith, to you, Domestic Gods! I come, studious of other lore than song, Of my past years the solace and support: Yet shall my heart remember the past years With honest pride, trusting that not in vain Lives the pure song of LIBERTY and TRUTH.

### RUDIGER.

Divers Princes and Noblemen being assembled in a beautiful and fair Palace, which was situate upon the river Rhine, they beheld a boat or small barge make toward the shore, drawn by a Swan in a silver chain, the one end fastened about her neck, the other to the vessel; and in it an unknown soldier, a man of a comely personage and graceful presence, who stept upon the shore; which done, the boat guided by the Swan left him, and floated down the river. This man fell afterward in league with a fair gentlewoman, married her, and by her had many children. After some years, the same Swan came with the same barge unto the same place; the woldier entering into it, was carried thence the way he came, left wife, children, and family, and was never seen amongst them after.

Now who can judge this to be other than one of those spirits that are named Incubi? says Thomas Heywood. I have adopted his story, but not his solution, making the anknown soldier not an evil spirit, but one who had purchased happiness of a malevolent being, by the promised sacrifice of his first-born child.

BRIGHT on the mountain's heathy slope The day's last splendours shine, And rich with many a radiant hue, Gleam gaily on the Rhine.

And many a one from Waldhurst's walls Along the river stroll'd, As ruffling o'er the pleasant stream The evening-gales came cold.

So as they stray'd a swan they saw Sail stately up and strong, And by a silver chain he drew A little boat along.

Beneath whose crimson capo There lay reclined a knight.

With arching crest and swelling bead On sail'd the stately swan, And lightly up the parting tide The little boat came on.

And onward to the shore they drew. Where having left the knight. The little boat adown the stream Fell soon beyond the sight.

Was never a Knight in Waldhurst's will Could with this stranger vie. Was never a youth at aught esteem's When Rudiger was by.

Was never a Maid in Waldhurst's wall Might match with Margaret. Her cheek was fair, her eyes were dank Her silken locks like jet.

And many a rich and noble youth Had strove to win the fair. But never a rich and noble youth Could rival Rudiger.

At every tilt and tourney he Still bore away the prize. For knightly feats superior still And knightly courtesies.

His gallant feats, his looks, his love. Soon won the willing fair; And soon did Margaret become The wife of Rudiger.

Like morning-dreams of happiness Fast roll'd the months away; For he was kind and she was kind And who so blest as they?

Yet Rudiger would sometimes sit Absorb'd in silent thought, And his dark downward eye would seen With anxious meaning fraught

But soon he raised his looks again, And smiled his cares away, And 'mid the hall of gaiety Was none like him so gay.

And onward roll'd the waning months, The hour appointed came, And Margaret her Rudiger Hail'd with a father's name.

But silently did Rudiger The little infant see; And darkly on the babe he guzed,-A gloomy man was he.

when to bless the little babe he holy Father came, cleanse the stains of sin away a Christ's redeeming name;

en did the cheek of Rudiger ssume a death-pale hue, I on his clammy forchead stood The cold convulsive dew;

faltering in his speech he bade he Priest the rites delay, he could, to right health restored, injoy the festive day.

en o'er the many-tinted sky le saw the day decline, called upon his Margaret o walk beside the Rhine;

ad we will take the little babe, or soft the breeze that blows, I the mild murmurs of the stream Vill lull him to repose."

so together forth they went, he evening-breeze was mild, Rudiger upon his arm illow'd the little child.

many a one from Waldhurst's walls long the banks did roam, soon the evening-wind came cold, and all betook them home.

Rudiger in silent mood long the banks would roam, aught could Margaret prevail to turn his footsteps home.

turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger! he rising mists behold, evening-wind is damp and chill, he little babe is cold!"

w hush thee, hush thee, Margaret, he mists will do no harm, from the wind the little babe ies shelter'd on my arm."

turn thee, turn thee, Rudiger, thy onward wilt thou roam? moon is up, the night is cold, ad we are far from home."

answer'd not; for now he saw swan come sailing strong, by a silver chain he drew little boat along.

shore they came, and to the boat ast leapt he with the child, in leapt Margaret—breathless now, and pale with fear and wild. With arching crest and swelling breast On sail'd the stately swan, And lightly down the rapid tide The little boat went on.

The full-orb'd moon, that beam'd around Pale splendour through the night, Cast through the crimson canopy A dim-discolour'd light.

And swiftly down the hurrying stream In silence still they sail, And the long streamer fluttering fast Flapp'd to the heavy gale.

And he was mute in sullen thought, And she was mute with fear, Nor sound but of the parting tide Broke on the listening ear.

The little babe began to cry,
Then Margaret raised her head,
And with a quick and hollow voice
"Give me the child!" she said.

"Now hush thee, hush thee, Margaret, Nor my poor heart distress! I do but pay perforce the price Of former happiness.

And hush thee too, my little babe!
Thy cries so feeble cease;
Lie still, lie still;—a little while
And thou shalt be at peace."

So as he spake to land they drew, And swift he stept on shore, And him behind did Margaret Close follow evermore.

It was a place all desolate, Nor house nor tree was there; And there a rocky mountain rose, Barren, and bleak, and bare.

And at its base a cavern yawn'd, No eye its depth might view, For in the moon-beam shining round That darkness darker grew.

Cold horror crept through Margaret's blood, Her heart it paused with fear, When Rudiger approach'd the cave, And cried: "Lo I am here!"

A deep sepulchral sound the cave Return'd: "Lo I am here!" And black from out the cavern-gloom Two-giant-arms appear.

And Rudiger approach'd, and held
The little infant nigh;
Then Margaret shrick'd, and gather'd then
New powers from agony.

And round the baby fast and close Her trembling arms she folds, And with a strong convulsive grasp The little infant holds.

"Now help me, Jesus!" loud she cries, And loud on God she calls; Then from the grasp of Rudiger The little infant falls.

And loud he shrick'd, for now his frame The huge black arms clasp'd round, And dragg'd the wretched Rudiger Adown the dark profound.

#### DONICA.

In Finland there is a Castle which is called the New Rock, moated about with a river of unsounded depth, the water black, and the fish therein very distasteful to the palate. In this are spectres often seen, which foreshow either the death of the Governor, or of some prime officer belonging to the place; and most commonly it appeareth in the shape of a harper, sweetly singing and dallying and playing under the water. It is reported of one Donica, that after she was dead, the Devil walked in her body for the space of two years, so that none suspected but she was still alive; for she did both speak and eat, though very sparingly; only she had a deep paleness on her countenance, which was the only sign of death. At length a Magician coming by where she was then in the company of many other virgins, as soon as he beheld her he said: Fair Maids, why keep you company with this dead Virgin, whom you suppose to be alive? when, taking away the magic charm which was tied under her arm, the body fell down lifeless and without motion.

The following Ballad is founded on these stories. They are to be found in the notes to The Hierarchies of the Blessed Angels; a Poem by Thomas Heywood, printed in folio by Adam Islip, 1635.

HIGH on a rock whose castled shade Darken'd the lake below, In ancient strength majestic stood The towers of Arlinkow.

The fisher in the lake below Durst never cast his net, Nor ever swallow in its waves Her passing wing would wet.

The cattle from its ominous banks In wild alarm would run, Though parch'd with thirst, and faint beneath The summer's scorching sun.

For sometimes when no passing breeze The long lank sedges waved, All white with foam and heaving high Its deafening billows raved;

And when the tempest from its have The rooted pine would shake, The powerless storm unruffling week Across the calm dead lake.

And ever then when death drew ner The house of Arlinkow, Its dark unfathom'd waters sent Strange music from below.

The Lord of Arlinkow was old, One only child had he, Donica was the maiden's name, As fair as fair might be.

A bloom as bright as opening man Flush'd o'er her clear white chest; The music of her voice was mild. Her full dark eyes were meek.

Far was her beauty known, for uso So fair could Finland boast; Her parents loved the maiden much, Young EBERHARD loved ber must

Together did they hope to tread The pleasant path of life, For now the day drew near to make Donica Eberhard's wife.

The eve was fair and mild the air, Along the lake they stray; The eastern hill reflected bright The tints of fading day.

And brightly o'er the water stream's The liquid radiance wide: Donica's little dog ran on And gamboll'd at her side.

Youth, health, and love bloom'd on bere Her full dark eyes express In many a glance to Eberhard Her soul's meek tenderness.

Nor sound was heard, nor passing ga Sigh'd through the long lank sedge. The air was hush'd, no little wave Dimpled the water's edge.

Sudden the unfathom'd lake sent ford Its music from beneath. And slowly o'er the waters sail'd The solemn sounds of death.

As those deep sounds of death arms.

Donica's cheek grew pale.

And in the arms of Eberhard The lifeless maiden fell.

Loudly the youth in terror shriek'd, And loud he call'd for aid, And with a wild and eager look Gazed on the lifeless maid.

soon again did better thoughts Eberhard arise, he with trembling hope beheld e maiden raise her eyes.

on his arm reclined she moved ith feeble pace and slow, soon with strength recover'd reach'd he towers of Arlinkow.

never to Donica's cheek turn'd the lively hue; cheeks were deathy white and wan, er lips a livid blue.

eyes so bright and black of yore ere now more black and bright, beam'd strange lustre in her face deadly wan and white:

dog that gamboll'd by her side, ad loved with her to stray, at his alter'd mistress howl'd, nd fled in fear away.

did the faithful Eberhard ot love the maid the less; gazed with sorrow, but he gazed ith deeper tenderness.

when he found her health unharm'd. e would not brook delay, press'd the not unwilling maid o fix the bridal day.

when at length it came, with joy e hail'd the bridal day, onward to the house of God hey went their willing way.

when they at the altar stood, d heard the sacred rite, hallow'd tapers dimly stream'd pale sulphureous light.

when the Youth with holy warmth er hand in his did hold. den he felt Donica's hand row deadly damp and cold.

loudly did he shrick, for lo! Spirit met his view, Eberhard in the angel-form is own Donica knew.

t instant from her earthly frame owling the Daemon fled, at the side of Eberhard he livid form fell dead.

#### MARY.

#### THE MAID OF THE INN.

The subject of the following ballad was related to me, when a school-boy, as a fact which had happened in the north of England. Either Furnes or Kirkstall-Abbey (I forgot which) was named as the scene. It seems, howover, to have been founded upon a story related in Dr. Plot's History of Staffordshire. "Amongst the unusual accidents," says this amusing author, "that have attended the female sex in the course of their lives, I think I may also reckon the narrow escapes they have made from death. Whereof I met with one mentioned with admiration by every body at Leek, that happened not far off at the Black Meer of Morridge which, though famous for nothing for which it is commonly reputed so (as that it is bottomless, no cattle will drink of it, or birds fly over or settle upon it, all which I found false;) yet is so, for the signal deliverance of a poor woman, enticed thither in a dismal stormy night, by a bloody rufftan, who had first gotten her with child, and intended in this remote inhospitable place to have dispatched her by drowning. The same night (Providence so ordering it) there were several persons of inferior rank drinking in an ale-house at Leek, whereof one having been out, and observing the darkness and other ill circumstances of the weather, coming in again, and in-house at Leek, whereof one having been out, and observing the darkness and other ill circumstances of the weather, coming in again, and is-house her weather, coming in again, and is-house her weather, coming in again, and the heart of his companione, that he were a stout man indeed that would venture to go to the Black Meer of Morridge in such a night as that: to which one of them replying, that for a crown or some such sum he would undertake it, the rest joining their purse, said he should have which he was to leave there as a testimony of his performance. At length coming near the Meer, he heard the lamentable cries of this distressed woman, heeging for mercy, which at first put him to a stand; but being a man of great resolution and som

Wao is yonder poor Mantac, whose wildlyfix'd eyes

Seem a heart overcharged to express? She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs: She never complains, but her silence implies The composure of settled distress.

No pity she looks for, no alms does she seek ; Nor for raiment nor food doth she care: Through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak

On that wither'd breast, and her weatherworn cheek

Hath the hue of a mortal despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, nor distant the day, Poor Mary the Maniac bath been; The Traveller remembers who journey'd this way No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay, As Mary the Maid of the Inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the gnests with O'er the path so well known still proc delight the Maid

As she welcomed them in with a smile; Her heart was a stranger to childish affright. And Mary would walk by the Abbey at night When the wind whistled down the dark aisle.

She loved, and young Richard had settled the day,

And she hoped to be happy for life: But Richard was idle and worthless, and they Who knew him would pity poor Mary and

That she was too good for his wife.

Twas in autumn, and stormy and dark was the night, And fast were the windows and door.

Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,

And smoking in silence, with tranguil delight

And smoking in silence, with tranquil delight They listen'd to hear the wind roar.

Tis pleasant, cried one, seated by the fire-side
To hear the wind whistle without.
What a night for the Abbey! his comrade
replied,
Methinks a man's courage would now be
well tried

Who should wander the ruins about.

I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear

The hoarse ivy shake over my head; And could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear, Some ugly old Abbot's grim spirit appear, For this wind might awaken the dead!

I'll wager a dinner, the other one cried, That Mary would venture there now. Then wager and lose! with a sneer he replied, I'll warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side, And faint if she saw a white cow.

Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?
His companion exclaim'd with a smile;
I shall win,—for I know she will venture
there now.

And earn a new bonnet by bringing a bough From the elder that grows in the aisle.

With fearless good-humour did Mary comply.

And her way to the Abbey she bent;
The nightit was dark, and the wind it was high,
And as hollowly howling it swept through
the sky,

She shiver'd with cold as she went.

Where the Abbey rose dim on the Through the gate-way she enter'd, a not afraid,

Yet the ruins were lonely and wild, as shade Seem'd to deepen the gloom of the

All around her was silent, save whe rude blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile.
Over weed-cover'd fragments she for

And arrived at the innermost ruin at I Where the elder-tree grew in the a

Well-pleased did ahe reach it, and q drew near, And hastily gather'd the bough; When the sound of a voice seem'd t on her ear, She paused, and she listen'd all est hear, And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy sheet her head, her head, She listen'd—nought else could she The wind fell, her heart sunk in her with dread.

For she heard in the ruins distinct tread

Of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathles fear.

She crept to conceal herself there:
That instant the moon o'er a dark
shone clear.
And she saw in the moon-light two re

appear.
And between them a corpse did they

Then Mary could feel her heart-blood c cold!

Again the rough wind hurried by.—
It blew off the hat of the one, and, he
Even close to the feet of poor Ma
roll'd,.—

She felt, and expected to die.

Curse the hat! he exclaims; nay com till we hide

The dead body, his comrade replies. She beholds them in safety pass on by side,

She seizes the hat, fear her courage support And fast through the Abbey she flie

an with wild speed, she rush'd in at He listen'd and he heard the wind the door, gazed horribly eager around, her limbs could support their faint burthen no more, chausted and breathless she sunk on the floor, ole to utter a sound.

et her pale lips could the story impart. a moment the hat met her view;yes from that object convulsively start. what a cold horror then thrill'd through her heart the name of her Richard she knew!

hard by, gibbet is now to be seen ons you still from the road may espy, aveller beholds them and thinks with a sigh oor Mary, the Maid of the Inn.

## JASPAR.

was poor, and vice and want made his heart like stone; spar look'd with envious eyes iches not his own.

inder bent abroad he went ard the close of day, iter'd on the lonely road atient for his prey.

veller came. he loiter'd long, often look'd around, used and listen'd eagerly atch some coming sound.

e him down beside the stream t cross'd the lonely way, a scene might well have charm'd evil thoughts away:

e beneath a willow-tree ich east a trembling shade, entle river full in front ttle island made;

pleasantly the moon-beam shone n the poplar-trees; shadow on the stream below 'd slowly to the breeze.

That waved the willow-tree; He heard the waters flow along. And murmur quietly.

He listen'd for the traveller's tread. The nightingale sung sweet,-He started up, for now he heard The sound of coming feet;

He started up and graspt a stake, And waited for his prey; There came a lonely traveller, And Jaspar crost his way.

But Jaspar's threats and curses fail'd The traveller to appal, He would not lightly yield the purse Which held his little all.

the old Abbey stands, on the common Awhile he struggled, but he strove With Jaspar's strength in vain; Beneath his blows he fell and groan'd, And never spake again.

> Jaspar raised up the murder'd man, And plunged him in the flood, And in the running water then He cleansed his hands from blood.

The waters closed around the corpse, And cleansed his hands from gore, The willow waved, the stream flow'd on, And murmur'd as before.

There was no human eye had seen The blood the murderer spilt, And Jaspar's conscience never knew The avenging goad of guilt.

And soon the ruffian had consumed The gold he gain'd so ill, And years of secret guilt pass'd on, And he was needy still.

One eve beside the alchouse-fire He sate as it befell, When in there came a labouring man Whom Jaspar knew full well.

He sate him down by Jaspar's side A melancholy man, For, spite of honest toil, the world Went hard with Jonathan.

His toil a little earn'd, and he With little was content; But sickness on his wife had fallen, And all he had was spent.

Then with his wife and little ones He shared the scanty meal, And saw their looks of wretchedness. And felt what wretches feel.

That very morn the Landlord's power Had seized the little left, And now the sufferer found himself Of every thing bereft.

He leant his head upon his hand, His elbow on his knee, And so by Jaspar's side he sate, And not a word said he.

Nay-why so downcast? Jaspar cried, Come, cheer up, Jonathan! Drink, neighbour, drink! 'twill warm thy heart-

Come! come! take courage, man!

He took the cup that Jaspar gave, And down he drain'd it quick; I have a wife, said Jonathan, And she is deadly sick.

She has no bed to lie upon,
I saw them take her bed—
And I have children—would to God
That they and I were dead!

Our Landlord he goes home to-night And he will sleep in peace— I would that I were in my grave, For there all troubles cease.

In vain I pray'd him to forbear, Though wealth enough has he! God be to him as merciless As he has been to me!

When Jaspar saw the poor man's soul
On all his ills intent,
He plied him with the heartening cup,
And with him forth he went.

This landlord on his homeward road 'Twere easy now to meet.

The road is lonesome, Jonathan!—
And vengeance, man! is sweet.

He listen'd to the tempter's voice, The thought it made him start; . His head was hot, and wretchedness Had harden'd now his heart.

Along the lonely road they went
And waited for their prey,
They sate them down beside the stream
That cross'd the lonely way.

They sate them down beside the stream, And never a word they said, They sate and listen'd silently To hear the traveller's tread.

The night was calm, the night was dark, No star was in the sky, The wind it waved the willow-boughs, The stream flow'd quietly. The night was calm, the air was still. Sweet sung the nightingale; The soul of Jonathan was sooth's, His heart began to fail.

"Tis weary waiting here, he crief, And now the hour is late;— Methinks he will not come to-night, No longer let us wait.

Have patience, man! the ruffian sid, A little we may wait, But longer shall his wife expect Her husband at the gate.

Then Jonathan grew sick at heart,
My conscience yet is clear!
Jaspar—it is not yet too late—
I will not linger here.

How now! cried Jaspar; why, I thouh Thy conscience was asleep. No more such qualms, the night is dri. The river here is deep.

What matters that, said Jonathan, Whose blood began to freeze, When there is One above whose eye The deeds of darkness sees!

We are safe enough, said Jaspar then.
If that be all thy fear!
Nor eye below, nor eye above,
Can pierce the darkness here.

That instant as the murderer spake
There came a sudden light;
Strong as the mid-day-sun it show,
Though all around was night;

It hung upon the willow-tree,
It hung upon the flood,
It gave to view the poplar-isle,
And all the scene of blood.

The traveller who journies there,
He surely hath espied
A madman who has made his home
Upon the river's side.

His cheek is pale, his eye is wild, His look bespeaks despair; For Jaspar since that hour has made His home unshelter'd there.

And fearful are his dreams at night, And dread to him the day; He thinks upon his untold crime, And never dares to pray.

The summer-suns, the winter-storms.
O'er him unheeded roll,
For heavy is the weight of blood
Upon the maniac's soul!

#### LORD WILLIAM.

No eye beheld when William plunged Young Edmund in the stream, No human car but William's heard Young Edmund's drowning scream.

Submissive all the vassals own'd The murderer for their Lord, And he, as rightful heir, possess'd The house of Erlingford.

The ancient house of Erlingford Stood in a fair domain, And Severn's ample waters near Roll'd through the fertile plain.

And often the way-faring man Would love to linger there, Forgetful of his onward road, To gaze on scenes so fair.

But never could Lord William dare To gaze on Severn's stream; In every wind that swept its waves He heard young Edmund scream.

In vain, at midnight's silent hour, Sleep closed the murderer's eyes, In every dream the murderer saw Young Edmund's form arise.

In vain by restless conscience driven
Lord William left his home,
Far from the scenes that saw his guilt,
In pilgrimage to roam.

To other climes the pilgrim fled, But could not fly despair; He sought his home again, but peace Was still a stranger there.

Slow were all passing hours, yet swift The months appear'd to roll; And now the day return'd that shook With terror William's soul.

A day that William never felt Return without dismay, For well had conscience kalendar'd Young Edmund's dying day.

A fearful day was that! the rains Fell fast with tempest-roar, And the sweln tide of Severn spread Far on the level shore.

In vain Lord William sought the feast, In vain he qualf'd the bowl, And strove with noisy mirth to drown The anguish of his soul;

The tempest, as its sudden swell
In gusty howlings came,
With cold and death-like feelings seem'd
To thrill his shuddering frame.

Reluctant now, as night came on, His lonely couch he prest; And wearied out, he sunk to sleep,— To sleep—but not to rest.

Beside that couch his brother's form, Lord Edmund, seem'd to stand, Such and so pale as when in death He grasp'd his brother's hand;

Such and so pale his face as when With faint and faultering tongue, To William's care, a dying charge, He left his orphan-son.

"I bade thee with a father's love
My orphan Edmund guard—
Well, William, hast thou kept thy charge!
Now take thy due reward."

He started up, each limb convulsed With agonizing fear: He only heard the storm of night,— 'Twas music to his ear.

When lo! the voice of loud alarm
His inmost soul appals:
What ho! Lord William, rise in haste!
The water saps thy walls!

He rose in haste, beneath the walls
He saw the flood appear;
It hemm'd him round, 'twas midnight now,
No human aid was near.

He heard the shout of joy, for now A boat approach'd the wall, And eager to the welcome aid They crowd for safety all.

My boat is small, the boatman cried, 'Twill bear but one away; Come in, Lord William, and do ye In God's protection stay.

Strange feeling fill'd them at his voice, Even in that hour of woe, That, save their Lord, there was not one Who wish'd with him to go.

But William leapt into the boat,
His terror was so sore;
Thou shalt have half my gold, he cried,
Haste—haste to yonder shore.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat Went light along the stream; Sudden Lord William heard a cry Like Edmund's drowning scream.

The boatman paused: Methought I heard A child's distressful cry! 'Twas but the howling wind of night, Lord William made reply. Haste, haste-ply swift and strong the oar! A soldier with his knapsark an Haste-haste across the stream! Again Lord William heard a cry Like Edmund's drowning scream.

I heard a child's distressful voice, The boatman cried again. Nay hasten on-the night is dark-And we should search in vain.

O God! Lord William, dost thou know How dreadful 'tis to die? And canst thou without pitying hear A child's expiring cry?

How horrible it is to sink Beneath the closing stream, To stretch the powerless arms in vain, In vain for help to scream!

The shrick again was heard: it came More deep, more piercing loud; That instant o'er the flood the moon Shone through a broken cloud;

And near them they beheld a child, Upon a crag he stood, A little crag, and all around Was spread the rising flood.

The boatman plied the oar, the boat Approach'd his resting-place; The moon-beam shone upon the child, And show'd how pale his face.

Now reach thine hand! the boatman cried, Lord William, reach and save! The child stretch'd forth his little hands To grasp the hand he gave.

Then William shriek'd; the hand he touch'd Was cold and damp and dead! He felt young Edmund in his arms A heavier weight than lead.

The boat sunk down, the murderer sunk Beneath the avenging stream, He rose, he shrick'd,-no human car Heard William's drowning scream.

#### THE CROSS-ROADS.

THERE was an old man breaking stones To mend the turnpike-way; He sate him down beside a brook, And out his bread and cheese he took, For now it was mid-day.

He leant his back against a post, His feet the brook ran by; And there were water-cresses growing, And pleasant was the water's flowing. For he was hot and dry.

Came travelling o'er the dow The sun was strong and he wa And he of the old man enquire How far to Bristol town?

Half an hour's walk for a you By lanes and fields and stiles But you the foot-path do not k And if along the road you go Why then 'tis three good m

The soldier took his knapsack For he was hot and dry; And out his bread and cheese h And he sat down beside the br To dine in company.

Old friend! in faith, the soldier I envy you almost; My shoulders have been sorely And I should like to sit and re My back against that post

In such a sweltering day as the A knapsack is the devil! And if on t'other side I sat. It would not only spoil our cha But make me seem uncivil.

The old man laugh'd and moved It were a great-arm'd chair! But this may help a man at m And yet it was a cursed deed That ever brought it there.

There's a poor girl lies buried Beneath this very place, The earth upon her corpse is The stake is driven into her bre And a stone is on her face.

The soldier had but just leant ! And now he half rose up. There's sure no harm in dining My friend? and yet, to be sine I should not like to sup.

God rest her! she is still enoug Who sleeps beneath my feet The old man cried .- No harm She ever did herself, though a She lies where four roads me

I have past by about that hour When men are not most bra It did not make my courage fail Sing sweetly on her grave.

I have past by about that hour When Ghosts their freedom ! But there was here no ghastly And quietly the glow-worm's li Was shining on her grave.

s one who like a Christian lies eath the church-tree's shade; her go a long mile round oass at evening through the ground erein that man is laid.

s one who in the church-yard lies whom the bell did toll; s in consecrated ground, r all the wealth in Bristol town ould not be with his soul!

ce a house below the hill ch the winds and the rains destroy? then a farm where he did dwell, remember it full well n I was a growing boy.

te was a poor parish-girl came up from the west; service hard she ran away, that house in evil day taken in to rest.

an he was a wicked man, an evil life he led; nade his face grow deadly white, s gray eyes were large and light, in anger they grew red.

an was bad, the mother worse, fruit of evil stem; d make your hair to stand on-end could tell to you, my friend, things that were told of them!

wee an out-house standing by ?
walls alone remain;
a stable then, but now
ssy roof has fallen through
outed by the rain.

or girl she had served with them e half-a-year or more, she was found hung up one day, s a corpse and cold as clay, nd that stable-door!

wild and lonesome place, nut or house is near; one meet a murderer there alone vain to scream, and the dying groun ld never reach mortal ear.

ere were strange reports about; still the Coroner found the by her own hand had died, ould buried be by the way-side not in Christian ground.

as the very place he chose, where these four roads met; was one among the throng ither follow'd them along, all never the sight forget! They carried her upon a board In the clothes in which she died; I saw the cap blow off her head, Her face was of a dark dark red, Her eyes were starting wide:

I think they could not have been closed, So widely did they strain. I never saw a ghastlier sight, And it often made me wake at night, For I saw it in dreams again.

They laid her here where four roads meet, Beneath this very place. The earth upon her corpse was prest, This stake is driven into her breast, And a stone is on her face.

#### GOD'S JUDGMENT ON A BISHOP.

The summer and autumn had been so wet,
That in winter the corn was growing yet,
'Twas a piteous sight to see all around
The grain lie rotting on the ground.

Every day the starving poor Crowded around Bishop Hatto's door, For he had a plentiful last-year's store, And all the neighbourhood could tell His granaries were furnish'd well.

At last Bishop Hatto appointed a day
To quiet the poor without delay,
He bade them to his great Barn repair,
And they should have food for the winter
there.

Rejoiced such tidings good to hear, The poor folk flock'd from far and near; The great Barn was full as it could hold Of women and children, and young and old.

Then when he saw it could hold no more, Bishop Hatto he made fast the door; And while for mercy on Christ they call, He set fire to the Barn and burnt them all.

l'faith 'tis an excellent bonfire! quoth he, And the country is greatly obliged to me, For ridding it in these times forlorn Of Rats that only consume the corn.

So then to his palace returned he, And he sat down to supper merrily, And he slept that night like an innocent man, But Bishop Hatto never slept again.

In the morning as he enter'd the hall, Where his picture hung against the wall, A sweat like death all over him came, For the Rats had caten it out of the frame, As he look'd there came a man from his farm, He had a countenance white with alarm: My Lord, I open'd your granaries this morn, And the Rats had eaten all your corn.

Another came running presently, And he was pale as pale could be, Fly! my Lord Bishop, fly, quoth he, Ten thousand Rats are coming this way,-The Lord forgive you for yesterday!

I'll go to my tower in the Rhine, replied he, Tis the safest place in Germany, The walls are high and the shores are steep And the stream is strong and the water deep.

Bishop Hatto fearfully hasten'd away, And he crost the Rhine without delay And reach'd his tower, and barr'd with care All the windows, doors, and loop-holes there.

He laid him down and closed his eyes; But soon a scream made him arise, He started, and saw two eyes of flame On his pillow, from whence the screaming came.

He listen'd and look'd ;-it was only the cat; But the Bishop he grew more fearful for that, For she sat screaming, and with fear At the Army of Rats that were drawing near.

For they have swam over the river so deep, And they have climb'd the shores so steep, And now by thousands up they crawl To the holes and windows in the wall.

Down on his knees the Bishop fell, And faster and faster his beads did he tell, As louder and louder drawing near The saw of their teeth without he could hear.

And in at the windows and in at the door, And through the walls by thousands they pour, And down from the ceiling and up through the floor, From the right and the left, from behind

and before, From within and without, from above and below.

And all at once to the Bishop they go.

They have whetted their teeth against the stones, And now they pick the Bishop's bones, They gnaw'd the flesh from every limb, For they were sent to do judgment on him!

## KING CHARLEMAIN.

François Petrarque, fort renommé entre les Polen Italiens, discourant en une spistre son verge de France et de l'Allemagne, nous racont que passant par la ville d'Air, il apprit de quelque Prestres une histoire prodigieuse qu'ils tessien de main en main pour tres véritable. Qui suis que Charles le Grand, apres avoir conques plusieurs pays, s'esperdit de telle façon en le mour d'une simple femme, que mettant tout les neur et reputation en arriere, il oublis as seulement les affaires de son royaume, ma aussi le soin de sa propre personne, an grasi desplaisir de chacun estant seulement cultad a courtiser ceste dame: laquelle par bonheu commença à s'aliter d'une grosse malade, qu'un apporta la mort. Dont les Princes et gran Seigneurs furent fort resjouis, esperans que pe ceste mort, Charles reprendroit comme desse et ses esprits et les affaires du royaume en andutontesfois il se trouva tellement infatue de cest amour, qu'encores cherissoit-il ce cadavre, l'enbrassant, baisant, accolant de la mesme façon que devant, et au lieu de prester l'oreille au laptions qui lui survenoient, il l'entretessa te mille bayes, comme s'il eust ceté plein de fac ce corps commençoit deja nou sequement a missentir, mais aussi se tournoit en putrefacte, reneantmoins n'y avoit ancun de ses favoris pu luy en osast parler; dont advint que l'Arcèvesque Turpin mieux advisé que les autres, pur pensa que telle chose ne pouvoit estre advens sans quelque sorcellerie. Au moyen de que espiant un jour l'heure que le Roy s'estoi a-senté de la chambre, commença de fouiller le ceston de voir une carcasse ainsi puante. Prequoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un prist senté de la chambre, commença de fouiller le ceston de voir une carcasse ainsi puante. Prequoy, comme s'il se fust resveillé d'un prist senté de la chambre, commença de fouiller le ceste folie, il tourna tous ses pensemens un l'Archevesque porteur de cest anneau, se pevant estre de là en avant sans lui, et le some en tous les endroits. Quoy voyant ce sare Prisé et caignant que cest anneau FrançoisPetrarque, fort renommé entre les Politi

Ir was strange that he loved her, for your was gone by.

And the bloom of her beauty was fled; Twas the glance of the harlot that glant

And all but the Monarch could plainly in

From whence came her white and bernt

Yet he thought with Agatha name mircompare,

And he gloried in wearing her chain; The court was a desert if she were there.

To him she alone among women mest Such dotage possess'd Charlemain.

The soldier, the statesman, the courtier, Now merriment, joyannee, and feasting the maid.

Alike the proud leman detest; And the good old Archbishop who ceased to upbraid,

Shook his grey head in sorrow, and silently pray'd

That he soon might consign her to rest.

A joy ill-dissembled soon gladdens them all, For Agatha sickens and dies, And now they are ready with bier and with

pall, The tapers gleam gloomy amid the high hall,

And the strains of the requiem arise.

But Charlemain he sent them in anger away, For she should not be buried, he said ; And despite of all counsel, for many a day, Where array'd in her costly apparel she lay, The monarch would sit by the dead.

The cares of the kingdom demand him in vain.

And the army cry out for their Lord; The Lombards, the fierce misbelievers of Spain,

Now ravage the realms of the proud Charlemain.

And still he unsheathes not the sword.

The Soldiers they clamour, the Monks bend in prayer

In the quiet retreats of the cell; The Physicians to counsel together repair, They pause and they ponder, at last they declare

That his senses are bound by a spell.

With relics protected, and confident grown, And telling devoutly his beads,

The Archbishop prepares him, and when it was known,

That the King for awhile left the body alone, To look for the spell he proceeds.

Now careful he searches with tremulous

For the spell that bewitches the King; And under the tongue for security placed, Its margin with mystical characters traced, At length he discovers a ring.

Rejoicing he seized it and hastened away, The Monarch re-entered the room, The enchantment was ended, and suddenly

He bade the attendants no longer delay, But bear her with speed to the tomb. Enlivened the palace of Aix;

And now by his heralds did King Charlemain Invite to his palace the courtier-train To hold a high festival day.

And anxiously now for the festival day The highly-born maidens prepare; And now, all apparell'd in costly array, Exulting they come to the palace of Aix, Young and aged, the brave and the fair.

Oh! happy the Damsel who 'mid her com-

For a moment engaged the King's eye! Now glowing with hopes and now fever'd with fears

Each maid or triumphant, or jealous, appears, As noticed by him, or past by.

And now as the evening approach'd, to the

In anxious suspense they advance; Each hoped the King's choice on her beauties might fall.

When lo! to the utter confusion of all He ask'd the Archbishop to dance.

The damsels they laugh and the barons they stare,

'Twas mirth and astonishment all; And the Archbishop started and mutter'd a prayer.

And, wroth at receiving such mockery there, Withdrew him in haste from the hall.

The moon dimpled over the water with light As he wander'd along the lake-side; When lo! where beside him the King met his sight:

Oh turn thee, Archbishop, my joy and delight, Oh turn thee, my charmer, he cried;

Oh come where the feast and the dance and the song

Invite thee to mirth and to love; Or at this happy moment away from the throng

To the shade of you wood let us hasten along.

The moon never pierces that grove.

Amazement and anger the Prelate possest, With terror his accents he heard, Then Charlemain warmly and eagerly prest The Archbishop's old wither'd hand to his

breast. And kiss'd his old gray grizzle beard.

80

Let us well then these fortunate moments | The Old Dragon's imps as they fied through

Cried the Monarch with passionate tone: Come away then, dear charmer, -my angel, my joy,

Nay struggle not now, - 'tis in vain to be coy, And remember that we are alone.

Blessed Mary, protect me! the Archbishop cried:

What madness is come to the King! In vain to escape from the Monarch he tried, When luckily he on his finger espied The glitter of Agatha's ring.

Overjoy'd, the old Prelate remember'd the And far in the lake flung the ring; The waters closed round it, and, wondrous to tell. Released from the cursed enchantment of hell,

His reason return'd to the King.

But he built him a palace there close by the bay, And there did he 'stablish his reign; And the traveller who will, may behold at this day A monument still in the ruins of Aix Of the spell that possess'd Charlemain.

#### THE PIOUS PAINTER.

THERE once was a Painter in Catholic days, Like JoB who eschewed all evil. Still on his Madonnas the curious may gaze With applause and with pleasure, but chiefly his praise And delight was in painting the Devil.

They were Angels, compared to the Devils Happy man! he is sure the resemblance and he drew, Who besieged poor St. Anthony's cell; Such burning hot eyes, such a furnace-like hue! And round them a sulphurous vapour he threw That their breath seem'd of brimstone to smell.

And now had the artist a picture begun, 'Twas over the Virgin's church door; She stood on the Dragon embracing her Son, Many Devils already the artist had done, But this must out-do all before.

At seeing it paused on the wing ; For he had the likeness so just to a hair That they came as Apollyon himself had been there

To pay their respects to their King.

Every child at beholding it shiver'd with dread.

And scream'd as he turn'd away quick Not an old woman saw it, but, raising her bend, Dropt a bead, made a cross on her wrinkles and said,

Lord keep me from ugly Old Nick!

What the Painter so earnestly thought a by day

He sometimes would dream of by night; But once he was startled as sleeping he lay: 'Twas no fancy, no dream, he could plainly

survey That the Devil himself was in sight.

You rascally dauber! old Beelzebub erics, Take heed how you wrong me again! Though your caricatures for myself I despi Make me handsomer now in the multitude's

Or see if I threaten in vain!

Now the Painter was bold, and religious beside,

And on faith he had certain reliance. So carefully he the grim countenance and And thank'd him for sitting, with Cathair pride.

And sturdily bade him defiance.

Betimes in the morning the Painter area. He is ready as soon as 'tis light. Every look, every line, every feature is knows.

'Tis fresh in his eye, to his labour he goe And he has the old Wicked One quite.

fail;

The tip of the nose is red-hot, There's his grin and his fangs, his skin coverd with scale,

And that the identical curl of his tuil,-Not a mark, not a claw, is forgot.

He looks and retouches again with delight 'Tis a portrait compleat to his mind! He touches again, and again gluts his sight; He looks round for applause, and he see with affright

The Original standing behind.

Fool! Idiot! old Beelzebub grinn'd as he He is come to her eyes, eyes so bright and spoke

And stampt on the scaffold in ire. The Painter grew pale, for he knew it no joke,

Twas a terrible height, and the scaffolding broke,

The Devil could wish it no higher.

Help-help me! O Mary! he cried in alarm, As the scaffold sunk under his feet. From the canvass the Virgin extended her arm,

She caught the good Painter, she saved him from harm,

There were hundreds who saw in the street.

The Old Dragon fled when the wonder he spied,

And cursed his own fruitless endeavour; While the Painter call'd after his rage to deride,

Shook his pallet and brushes in triumph and cried,

I'll paint thee more ugly than ever!

## 11.

THE Painter so pious all praise had acquired For defying the malice of Hell; The monks the unerring resemblance admired;

Not a Lady lived near but her portrait desired From one who succeeded so well.

One there was to be painted the number

Of features most fair to behold; The country around of fair Marguerite rung,

Marguerite she was lovely and lively and young.

Her husband was ugly and old.

O Painter avoid her! O Painter take care! For Satan is watchful for you! Take heed lest you fall in the Wicked One's

The net is made ready, O Painter beware Of Satan and Marguerite too.

She seats herself now, now she lifts up her head,

On the artist she fixes her eyes; The colours are ready, the canvass is spread, He lays on the white, and he lays on the red.

And the features of beauty arise.

so blue!

There's a look which he cannot express;-His colours are dull to their quick-sparkling hue;

More and more on the Lady he fixes his view, On the canvass he looks less and less.

In vain he retouches, her eyes sparkle more, And that look which fair Marguerite gave! Many Devils the Artist had painted of yore, But he never had tried a live Angel before,-St Anthony, help him and save!

He yielded, alas! for the truth must be told, To the Woman, the Tempter, and Fate. It was settled the Lady so fair to behold, Should clope from her husband so ugly and

With the Painter so pious of late!

Now Satan exults in his vengeance compleat, To the Husband he makes the scheme known;

Night comes and the lovers impatiently meet, Together they fly, they are seized in the street,

And in prison the Painter is thrown.

With Repentance, his only companion, he lies.

And a dismal companion is she! On a sudden he saw the Old Scrpent arise: Now, you villainous dauber! Sir Beelzebub

You are paid for your insults to me!

But my tender heart you may easily move If to what I propose you agree; That picture, - be just! the resemblance

improve, Make a handsomer portrait, your chains I'll

remove, And you shall this instant be free.

Overjoy'd, the conditions so easy he hears, I'll make you quite bandsome! he said. He said, and his chain on the Devil appears; Released from his prison, released from his fears.

The Painter is snug in his bed.

At morn he arises, composes his look, And proceeds to his work as before; The people beheld him, the culprit they took:

They thought that the Painter his prison had broke,

And to prison they led him once more.

They open the dangeon; -behold in his place | Henry! I never now behold In the corner old Beelzebub lay. He smirks and he smiles and he leers with a grace,

That the Painter might catch all the charms of his face, Then vanish'd in lightning away.

Quoth the Painter: I trust you'll suspect me no more,

Since you find my assertions were true. But I'll alter the picture above the Churchdoor,

For I never saw Satan so closely before, And I must give the Devil his due.

#### KING HENRY V. AND THE HERMIT OF DREUX.

While Henry V. lay at the slege of Dreux, an honest Hermit, unknown to him, came and told him the great evils he brought on Christendom by his unjust ambition, who usurped the kingdom of France, against all manner of right, and contrary to the will of God; wherefore in his holy name he threatened him with a severe and adden punishment, if he desisted not from his enterprise. Henry took this exhortation either as an idle whimsey, or a suggestion of the Dauphin's, and was but the more confirmed in his design. But the blow soon followed the threatening; for within some few months after, he was smitten with a strange and incurable disease.

HE past unquestion'd through the camp, Their heads the soldiers bent In silent reverence, or begg'd A blessing as he went; And so the Hermit past along And reach'd the royal tent.

King Henry sate in his tent alone, The map before him lay; Fresh conquests he was planning there To grace the future day.

King Henry lifted up his eyes The intruder to behold; With reverence he the Hermit saw, For the holy man was old, His look was gentle as a Saint's And yet his eye was bold.

Repent thee, Henry, of the wrongs Which thou hast done this land! O King, repent in time, for know The judgment is at hand.

I have past forty years of peace Beside the river Blaise, But what a weight of woe hast thou Laid on my latter days!

I used to see along the stream The white sail sailing down, That wafted food in better times To yonder peaceful town.

The white sail sailing down, Famine, Disease, and Death, and Thou Destroy that wretched town-

I used to hear the traveller's voice As here he past along, Or maiden as she loiter'd home Singing her even-song.

No traveller's voice may now be heard, In fear he hastens by, But I have heard the village-maid In vain for succour cry.

I used to see the youths row down And watch the dripping oar, As pleasantly their viol's tones Came softened to the shore.

King Henry, many a blacken'd corpse I now see floating down! Thou bloody man! repent in time And leave this leaguer'd town.

I shall go on, King Henry cried, And conquer this good land! Seest thou not, Hermit, that the Lord Hath given it to my hand?

The Hermit heard King Henry speak, And angrily look'd down,-His face was gentle, and for that More solemn was his frown.

What if no miracle from heaven The murderer's arm controul. Think you for that the weight of bles Lies lighter on his soul?

Thou conqueror King, repent in time. Or dread the coming woe! For, Henry, thou hast heard the threa And soon shalt feel the blow!

King Henry forced a careless smile, As the Hermit went his way; But Henry soon remember'd him Upon his dying day.

#### A BALLAD.

OF A YOUNG MAN THAT WOULD BEAD UNLAW BOOKS, AND HOW HE WAS PUNISHED.

VERY PITHY AND PROPITABLE.

Connectes Agrippa went out one day. His Study he lock'd ere he went away And he gave the key of the door to

And charged her to keep it lock'd on her

And if any one ask my Study to see, I charge you trust them not with the key; Whoever may beg, and entreat, and implore, On your life let nobody enter that door.

There lived a young man in the house, who in vain

Access to that Study had sought to obtain; And be begg'd and pray'd the books to see, Till the foolish woman gave him the key.

On the Study-table a book there lay, Which Agrippa himself had been reading

that day, The letters were written with blood within, And the leaves were made of dead men's skin.

And these horrible leaves of magic between Were the ugliest pictures that ever were seen, The likeness of things so foul to behold, That what they were is not fit to be told.

The young man, he began to read He knew not what, but he would proceed, When there was heard a sound at the door Which as he read on grew more and more.

And more and more the knocking grew, The young man knew not what to do; But trembling in fear he sat within, Till the door was broke, and the Devil came in.

Two hideous horns on his head he had got, Like iron heated nine times red-hot; The breath of his nostrils was brimstone-blue, And his tail like a fiery serpent grew.

What wouldst thou with me? the Wicked One cried, But not a word the young man replied; Every hair on his head was standing upright,

And his limbs like a palsy shook with affright. What wouldst thou with me? cried the Author of ill,

But the wretched young man was silent still; Not a word had his lips the power to say, And his marrow seem'd to be melting away.

What wouldst thou with me? the third time he cries, And a flash of lightning came from his eyes, And he lifted his griffin-claw in the air, And the young man had not strength for a prayer.

His eyes red fire and fury dart As out he tore the young man's heart; He grinn'd a horrible grin at his prey, And in a clap of thunder vanish'd away.

#### THE MORAL.

Henceforth let all young men take heed How in a Conjuror's books they read.

#### ST. ROMUALD.

Les Catalans ayant appris que St. Romuald vouloit quitter leurs pays, en furent tres affligez; ils délibérèrent sur les moyens de l'en empêcher, et le seul qu'ils imaginèrent comme le plus sûr, fut de le tuer, ain de profiter dumoins de ses reliques et des guerisons et autres miracles qu'elles opéreroient aprés sa mort. La devotion que les Catalans avoient pour lui, ne plut point du tout a St. Romuald; il usa de stratageme et leur échappa. Sr. Foix essais hist, sur Paris. St. Foix, who is often more amusing than trustworthy, has fathered the story upon the Spaniards, though it belongs to his own countrymen, the circumstance having happened when Romuald was a monk of the Convent of St. Michael in Aquitaine.

ONE day, it matters not to know How many hundred years ago, A Frenchman stopt at an inn-door: The Landlord came to welcome him, and chat Of this and that,

For he had seen the Traveller there before.

Doth holy Romuald dwell Still in his cell?

The Traveller ask'd, or is the old man dead ? No; he has left his loving flock, and we So good a Christian never more shall see, TheLandlord answer'd, and he shook his head.

Ah, Sir! we knew his worth If ever there did live a Saint on earth! Why, Sir, he always used to wear a shirt For thirty days, all seasons, day and night: Good man, he knew it was not right For dust and ashes to fall out with dirt; And then he only hung it out in the rain, And put it on again. There has been perilous work With him and the devil there in yonder cell; For Satan used to maul him like a Turk. There they would sometimes fight All through a winter's night, From sun-set until morn, He with a cross, the Devil with his horn; The Devil spitting fire with might and main Enough to make St. Michael half afraid; He splashing holy water till he made His red hide hiss again, And the hot vapour fill'd the smoking cell. This was so common that his face became All black and yellow with the brimstone-flame, And then he smelt,-Oh Lord! how he did smell!

Then, Sir! to see how he would mortify The Flesh! If any one had dainty fare, Good man, he would come there, And look at all the delicate things, and cry, O Belly, Belly! You would be gormandizing now I know; But it shall not be so;—

Home to your bread and water-home I tell ye!

But, quoth the Traveller, wherefore did he Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hatch leave His sensual eye had gloated on her den

A flock that knew his saintly worth so well? Why, said the Landlord, Sir, it so befell He heard unluckily of our intent To do him a great honour; and, you know, He was not covetons of fame below, And so by stealth one night away he went.

What might this honour be? the Traveller cried.

Why, Sir, the Host replied, We thought perhaps that he might one day leave us;

And then should strangers have
The good man's grave,
A loss like that would naturally grieve us,
For he'll be made a Saint of to be sure.
Therefore we thought it prudent to secure
His relics while we might;
And so we meant to strangle him one night.

#### THE ROSE.

NAY, EDITH! spare the Rose; -- perhaps it lives,

And feels the noon-tide sun, and drinks refresh'd

The dews of night; let not thy gentle hand Tear its life-strings asunder, and destroy The sense of being!—Why that infidel smile? Come, I will bribe thee to be merciful; And thou shalt have a tale of other days, For I am skill'd in legendary lore, So thou wilt let it live. There was a time Ere this, the freshest, sweetest flower that

Bedeck'd the bowers of earth. Thou hast not heard

How first by miracle its fragrant leaves Spread to the sun their blushing loveliness.

There dwelt at Bethlehem a Jewish maid, And Zillah was her name, so passing fair That all Judea spake the virgin's praise. He who had seen her eyes' dark radiance How it reveal'd her soul, and what a soul Beam'd in the mild effulgence, woe was he, For not in solitude, for not in crowds, Might he escape remembrance, nor avoid Her imaged form which followed every where.

And fill'd the heart, and fix'd the absent eye. Woe was he, for her bosom own'd no love Save the strong ardours of religious zeal, For Zillah on her God had center'd all Her spirit's deep affections. So for her Her tribes-men sigh'd in vain, yet reverenced The obdurate virtue that destroy'd their hopes.

One man there was, a vain and wretched man,

Who saw, desired, despair'd, and hatch His sensual eye had gloated on her cled Even till the flush of angry modesty Gave it new charms, and made himps the more.

She loath'd the man, for Hamuel's eyeu bold.

And the strong workings of brute will be Had moulded his broad features; and a fear'd

The bitterness of wounded vanity
That with a fiendish hue would overed
His faint and lying smile. Norvain herin
For Hamuel vow'd revenge, and haid a pl
Against her virgin fame. He apread aled
Whispers that travel fast, and ill report
Which soon obtain belief; how Zillahim
When in the temple heaven-ward it a

Did swim with rapturous zeal; but the

Who had beheld the enthusiast's meter glance

With other feelings fill'd;—that 'twas a to Of easy sort to play the saint by day Before the public eye, but that all eye Were closed at night;—that Zillah's to was foul.

Yea forfeit to the law. Shame—shame to the That he should trust so easily the torre Which stabs another's fame! The ill result was heard, repeated, and believed.

For Hamuel by his damned artifice Produced such semblances of guilt, the Mai Was judged to shameful death. Without the walls

There was a barren field; a place abbard. For it was there where wretched criminal Received their death; and there they had the stake,

And piled the fuel round, which should consume

The injured Maid, abandon'd, as it seems.

By God and man. The assembled Bethlemins
Beheld the scene, and when they say is

Maid

Bound to the stake, with what calm helius She lifted up her patient looks to Heave. They doubted of her guilt. With old thoughts

Stood Hamuel near the pile; him savage of Led thitherward, but now within his bed Unwonted feelings stirr'd, and the first per Of wakening guilt, anticipating Hell. The eye of Zillah as it glanced around Fell on the murderer once, and rested the A moment; like a dagger did it pierce. And struck into his soul a cureless was Conscience! thou God within us! not is the

Of triumph dost thou spare the guilty wretch,

Not in the hour of infamy and death Forsake the virtuous! They draw near the stake,—

lo! the torch!-hold, hold your erring | The ascent was steep, the rock was high, hands! | The Moors they durst not venture nigh, quench the rising flames !- they rise ! they spread! y reach the suffering Maid! oh God protect innocent one! They rose, they spread, they raged;-breath of God went forth; the ascending fire ath its influence bent, and all its flames ne long lightning-flash concentrating, ed and blasted Hamuel,-him alone. k!-what a fearful scream the multitude r forth!-and yet more miracles! the stake

s out, and spreads its light green leaves, and bowers

innocent Maid, and Roses bloom around, first beheld since Paradise was lost, fill with Eden odours all the air.

# THE LOVER'S ROCK.

Maiden through the favouring night n Granada took her flight, bade her father's house farewell, fled away with Manuel.

Moorish maid might hope to vie h Laila's cheek or Laila's eye, maiden loved with purer truth, ver loved a lovelier youth.

ear they fled across the plain, father's wrath, the captive's chain, ope to Murcia on they flee, Peace, and Love, and Liberty.

now they reach the mountain's height, she was weary with her flight, laid her head on Manuel's breast, pleasant was the maiden's rest.

while she slept, the passing gale ed the maiden's flowing veil, father, as he crost the height, the veil so long and white.

ng Manuel started from his sleep, aw them hastening up the steep, Laila shrick'd, and desperate now y climb'd the precipice's brow.

y saw him raise his angry hand, follow with his armed band, y saw them climbing up the steep, heard his curses loud and deep.

n Manuel's heart grew wild with woe, loosen'd stones and roll'd below. oosen'd crags, for Manuel strove life, and liberty, and love.

The fugitives stood safely there. They stood in safety and despair.

The Moorish chief unmoved could see His daughter bend the suppliant knee; He heard his child for pardon plead. And swore the offenders both should bleed.

He bade the archers bend the bow, And make the Christian fall below. He bade the archers aim the dart, And pierce the Maid's apostate heart.

The archers aim'd their arrows there, She clasp'd young Manuel in despair, Death, Manuel, shall set us free! Then leap below and die with me.

He clasp'd her close and cried farewell, In one another's arms they fell; They leapt adown the craggy side, In one another's arms they died.

And side by side they there are laid, The Christian youth and Moorish maid, But never Cross was planted there, Because they perish'd for despair.

Yet every Murcian maid can tell Where Laila lies who loved so well, And every youth who passes there Says for Manuel's soul a prayer.

# GARCI FERRANDEZ.

In an evil day and an hour of woe Did Garci Ferrandez wed! He wedded the Lady Argentine, He loved the Lady Argentine, The Lady Argentine hath fled; In an evil day and an hour of woe She hath left the husband who loved her so. To go to Count Aymerique's bed.

Garci Ferrandez was brave and young. The comeliest of the land; There was never a knight of Leon in fight Who could meet the force of his matchless might,

There was never a foe in the infidel band Who against his dreadful sword could stand; And yet Count Garci's strong right hand Was shapely, and soft, and white; As white and as soft as a lady's hand Was the hand of the beautiful knight.

In an evil day and an hour of woe To Garci's Hall did Count Aymerique go; In an evil day and a luckless night
From Garci's Hall did he take his flight,
And bear with him that lady bright,
That lady false, his bale and bane.
There was feasting and joy in Count Aymerique's bower,

When he with triumph, and poinp, and pride, Brought home the adultress like a bride: His daughter only sate in her tower, She sate in her lonely tower alone, And for her dead mother she made her moan. Methinks, said she, my father for me Might have brought a bridegroom home. A stepmother he brings hither instead, Count Aymerique will not his daughter should wed,

But he brings home a Leman for his own bed. So thoughts of good and thoughts of ill Were working thus in Abba's will; And Argentine with evil intent Ever to work her woe was bent; That still she sate in her tower alone, And in that melancholy gloom, When for her mother she made her moan, She wish'd her father too in the tomb.

She watches the pilgrims and poor who wait For daily food at her father's gate.

I would some knight were there, thought she, Disguised in pilgrim-weeds for me!

For Aymerique's blessing I would not stay, Nor he nor his Leman should say me nay, But I with him would wend away.

She watches her handmaid the pittance deal, They took their dole and went away; But yonder is one who lingers still

As though he had something in his will, Some secret which he fain would say; And close to the portal she sees him go, He talks with her handmaid in accents low; Oh then she thought that time went slow, And long were the minutes that she must wait Till her handmaid came from the castle-gate.

From the castle-gate her handmaid came, And told her that a knight was there. Who sought to speak with Abba the fair, Count Aymerique's beautiful daughter and heir.

She bade the stranger to her bower; His stature was tall, his features bold; A goodlier form might never maid At tilt or tourney hope to see; And though in pilgrim-weeds arrayed, Yet noble in his weeds was he, And his arms in them enfold As they were robes of royalty.

He told his name to the damsel fair, He said that vengeance led him there; Now aid me, lady dear, quoth he, To smite the adultress in her pride; Your wrongs and mine avenged shall be, And I will take you for my bride.
He pledged the word of a true knight,
From out the weeds his hand he drew.
She took the hand that Garci gave,
And then she knew the tale was true,
For she saw the warrior's hand so whi
And she knew the fame of the bear
Knight.

'Tis the hour of noon,
The bell of the convent hath done,
And the Sexts are begun;
The Count and his Leman are gone to
meat.

They look to their pages, and lo! they Where Abba, a stranger so long before The ewer, and bason, and napkin bere; She came and knelt on her bended knew. And first to her father ministred she; Count Aymerique look'd on his daag down.

He look'd on her then without a free

And next to the Lady Argentine
Humbly she went and knelt;
The Lady Argentine the while
A haughty wonder felt;
Her face put on an evil smile;
I little thought that I should see
The Lady Abba kneel to me
In service of love and courtesy!
Count Aymerique, the Leman cried,
Is she weary of her solitude,
Or hath she quell'd her pride?

Abba no angry word replied,
She only raised her eyes and cried:
Let not the Lady Argentine
Be wroth at ministry of mine!
She look'd at Aymerique and sigh'd.
My father will not frown, I ween,
That Abba again at his board should be.
Then Aymerique raised her from her k
And kiss'd her eyes, and bade her be
The daughter she was wont to be.

The wine hath warm'd Count Aymerique That mood his crafty daughter knew. She came and kiss'd her father's check. And stroked his beard with gentle has And winning eye and action bland. As she in childhood used to do. A boon! Count Aymerique, quoth she If I have found favour in thy sight. Let me sleep at my father's feet to nic Grant this, quoth she, so I shall see That you will let your Abba be The daughter she was wont to be. With asking eye did Abba speak, Her voice was soft and sweet; The wine had warm'd Count Aymeriq And when the hour of rest was cour, She lay at her father's feet.

ymerique's arms the Leman lay, talk was of the distant day, they from Garci fled away e silent hour of night; then amid their wanton play mock'd the beautiful Knight. far away his castle lay, weary road of many a day travel long, they said, to him, em'd, was small delight, he belike was loth with blood tain his hands so white.

little thought that Garci then d every scornful word! little thought the avenging hand on the avenging sword! less, unpenitent, unblest, out a prayer they sunk to rest, adulterer on the Leman's breast.

Abba, listening still in fear, ear the breathing long and slow, ngth the appointed signal gave, Garci rose and struck the blow. blow sufficed for Aymerique,nade no moan, he utter'd no groan; his death-start waken'd Argentine, by the chamber-lamp she saw bloody falchion shine! raised for help her in-drawn breath, her shriek of fear was her shriek of death.

evil day and an hour of woe Garci Ferrandez wed! wicked wife has he sent to her grave, hath taken a worse to his bed.

## KING RAMIRO.

GREEN grew the alder-trees, and close To the water-side by St. Joam da Foz. rom the castle of Gaya the warden sees The water and the alder-trees; And only these the warden sees, No danger near doth Gaya fear, o danger nigh doth the warden spy; He sees not where the gallies lie

Under the alders silently. the gallies with green are cover'd o'er, y have erept by night along the shore, nd they lie at anchor, now it is morn, waiting the sound of Ramiro's horn.

In traveller's weeds Ramiro sate By the fountain at the castle-gate; under the weeds was his breast-plate, the sword he had tried in so many fights,

From the gate Aldonza's damsel came To fill her pitcher at the spring, And she saw, but she knew not, her master, the king.

In the Moorish tongue Ramiro spake, And begg'd a draught for mercy's sake, That he his burning thirst might slake; For worn by a long malady, Not strength enow, he said, had he To lift it from the spring. She gave her pitcher to the king, And from his mouth he dropt a ring Which he had with Aldonza broken; So in the water from the spring Queen Aldonza found the token.

With that she bade her damsel bring Secretly the stranger in. What brings thee hither, Ramiro? she cried: The love of you, the king replied. Nay! nay! it is not so! quoth she, Ramiro, say not this to me! I know your Moorish concubine Hath now the love which once was mine. If you had loved me as you say, You would never have stolen Ortiga away; If you had never loved another, I had not been here in Gaya to-day The wife of Ortiga's brother! But hide thee here, a step I hear,-King Alboazar draweth near.

In her alcove she bade him hide: King Albonzar, my lord, she cried, What wouldst thou do, if at this hour King Ramiro were in thy power? This I would do, the Moor replied. I would hew him limb from limb, As he, I know, would deal by me, So I would deal by him. Alboazar! Queen Aldonza said, Lo! here I give him to thy will; In you alcove thou hast thy foe, Now thy vengeance then fulfil!

With that upspake the Christian king: O! Alboazar deal by me As I would surely deal with thee, If I were you, and you were me! Like a friend you guested me many a day, Like a foe I stole your sister away; The sin was great, and I felt its weight, All joy by day the thought opprest, And all night long it troubled my rest; Till I could not bear the burthen of care, But told my confessor in despair. And he, my sinful soul to save This penance for atonement gave; That I before you should appear And yield myself your prisoner here, If my repentance was sincere, the horn whose sound would ring around, That I might by a public death
And be known so well by his knights. Breathe shamefully out my latest breath.

King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I and I were you;
I would give you a roasted capon first,
And a skinful of wine to quench your thirst,
And after that I would grant you the thing

Which you came to me petitioning.

Now this, oh King, is what I crave,
That I my sinful soul may save:
Let me be led to your bull-ring,
And call your sons and daughters all,
And assemble the people both great and

And let me be set upon a stone,
That by all the multitude I may be known,
And bid me then this horn to blow,
And I will blow a blast so strong,
And wind the horn so loud and long
That the breath in my body at last shall be

And I shall drop dead in sight of the throng. Thus your revenge, oh King, will be brave, Granting the boon which I come to crave, And the people a holy-day-sport will have,

And I my precious soul shall save;
For this is the penance my confessor gave.
King Alboazar, this I would do,
If you were I, and I were you.

This man repents his sin, be sure!
To Queen Aldonza said the Moor,
He hath stolen my sister away from me,
I have taken from him his wife;
Shame then would it be when he comes to me,
And I his true repentance see,
If I for vengeance should take his life.

O Alboazar! then quoth she,
Weak of heart as weak can be!
Full of revenge and wiles is he.
Look at those eyes beneath that brow,
I know Ramiro better than thou!
Kill him, for thou hast him now,
He must die, be sure, or thou.
Hast thou not heard the history
How, to the throne that he might rise,
He pluck'd out his brother Ordono's eyes?
And dost not remember his prowess in fight,
How often he met thee and put thee to flight,
And plunder'd thy country for many a day;
And how many Moors he has slain in the
strife,

And how many more he has carried away? How he came to show friendship—and thou didst believe him?

How he ravish'd thy sister, and wouldst thou forgive him?

And hast thou forgotten that I am his wife, And that now by thy side, I lie like a bride, The worst shame that can ever a Christian betide?

And cruel it were when you see his despair, If vainly you thought in compassion to spare, And refused him the boon he comes hither For no other way his poor soul can be a Then by doing the penance his confessor;

As Queen Aldonza thus replies,
The Moor upon her fixed his eye.
And he said in his heart, unhappy is
Who putteth his trust in a want.
Thou art King Ramiro's wedded vil
And thus wouldst thou take away his
What cause have I to confide in the
I will put this woman away from m
These were the thoughts that past is
breast.

But he call'd to mind Ramiro's migh And he fear'd to meet him hereafter in a And he granted the king's request

So he gave him a roasted capon first.

And a skinful of wine to quench his th

And he call'd for his sons and daughten

And assembled the people both great

small:

And to the bull-ring he led the king And he set him there upon a stone. That by all the multitude he might be had And he bade him blow through his habilast.

As long as his breath and his life should

Oh then his horn Ramiro wound: The walls rebound the pealing sound. That far and wide rings echoing rom Louder and louder Ramiro blows.

And farther the blast and farther government of the state of the state

And they rush among the Moorish the And slaughter their infidel fors.

Then his good sword Ramiro drev Upon the Moorish king he flew. And he gave him one blow which cleft i through.

They killed his sons and his daughtent Every Moorish soul they slew; Not one escaped of the infidel crew; Neither old nor young, nor babe nor moth And they left not one stone upon another

They carried the wicked Queen about And they took counsel what to do to be They tied a mill-stone round her next. And overboard in the sea they threw he She had water enow in the sea I true But glad would Queen Aldonza be. Of one drop of water from that salt sea. To cool her where she is now.

to crave;

#### BISHOP BRUNO.

Bisnor Bruno awoke in the dead midnight, And he heard his heart beat loud with affright:

He dreamt he had rung the palace-bell, And the sound it gave was his passing knell.

Bishop Bruno smiled at his fears so vain, He turned to sleep and he dreamt again; He rung at the palace-gate once more, And Death was the porter that open'd the door.

He started up at the fearful dream, And he heard at his window the screech-owl scream!

Bishop Bruno slept no more that night,-Oh! glad was he when he saw the day-light!

Now he goes forth in proud array, For he with the Emperor dines to-day; There was not a Baron in Germany That went with a nobler train than he.

Before and behind his soldiers ride, The people throng'd to see their pride; They bow'd the head, and the knee they bent, But nobody blest him as he went.

So he went on stately and proud, When he heard a voice that cried aloud: Ho! ho! Bishop Bruno! you travel with glee,-

But I would have you know, you travel to me!

Hehind and before and on either side, He look'd, but nobody he espied; And the Bishop at that grew cold with fear, For he heard the words distinct and clear.

And when he rung at the palace-bell, He almost expected to hear his knell; And when the porter turn'd the key, He almost expected Death to see.

But soon the Bishop recover'd his glee, For the Emperor welcom'd him royally; And now the tables were spread, and there Were choicest wines and dainty fare.

And now the Bishop had blest the meat, When a voice was heard as he sat in his sent .-

With the Emperor now you are dining in glee, But know, Bishop Bruno! you sup with me!

The Bishop then grew pale with affright, And suddenly lost his appetite; All the wine and dainty cheer Could not comfort his heart so sick with fear.

But by little and little recovered he, For the wine went flowing merrily, And he forgot his former dread, And his cheeks again grew rosy-red.

When he sat down to the royal fare Bishop Bruno was the saddest man there; But when the masquers enter'd the ball, He was the merriest man of all.

Then from amid the masquers' crowd There went a voice hollow and loud,-You have past the day, Bishop Bruno, in glee! But you must pass the night with me!

His check grows pale, and his eye-balls glare, And stiff round his tonsure bristles his hair; With that there came one from the masquers' band

And took the Bishop by the hand.

The bony hand suspended his breath, His marrow grew cold at the touch of Death; On saints in vain he attempted to call, Bishop Bruno fell dead in the palace-hall.

## A TRUE BALLAD OF ST. ANTIDIUS, THE POPE, AND THE DEVIL.

Ir is Antidius the Bishop Who now at even-tide Taking the air and saying a prayer, Walks by the river-side.

The Devil had business that evening, And he upon earth would go; For it was in the month of August, And the weather was close below.

He had his books to settle, And up to earth he hied, To do it there in the evening-air, All by the river-side.

His imps came flying around him, Of his affairs to tell; From the north, and the south, and the east, and the west: They brought him the news that he liked best, Of the things they had done, and the souls they had won,

And how they sped well in the service of Hell.

There came a devil posting in Returned from his employ, Seven years had he been gone from Hell, And now he came grinning for joy.

Seven years, quoth he, of trouble and toil Have I labour'd the Pope to win; And I to-day have caught him, He bath done the deadly sin. And then he took the Devil's book, And wrote the deed therein.

Oh, then King Beelzebub for joy, He drew his mouth so wide, You might have seen his iron teeth, Four and forty from side to side.

He wagg'd his ears, he twisted his tail, He knew not for joy what to do, In his hoofs and his horns, in his heels and his corns,

It tickled him all through.

The Bishop who beheld all this, Straight how to act bethought him; He leapt upon the Devil's back, And by the horns he caught him.

And he said a Pater-noster
As fast as he could say,
And made a cross on the Devil's head,
And bade him to Rome away.

Without bridle, or saddle, or whip, or spur, Away they go like the wind, The beads of the Bishop are hanging before, And the tail of the Devil behind.

They met a Witch and she hail'd them As soon as she came within call; Ave Maria! the Bishop exclaimed, It frightened her broom-stick and she got a fall.

He ran against a shooting star, So fast for fear did he sail, And he singed the beard of the Bishop Against a Comet's tail.

And he pass'd between the horns of the Moon, With Antidius on his back; And there was an eclipse that night, Which was not in the Almanack.

The Bishop just as they set out, To tell his beads begun; And he was by the bed of the Pope Before the string was done.

The Pope fell down upon his knees, In terror and confusion, And he confess'd the deadly sin And he had absolution.

And all the Popes in bliss that be, Sung oh be joyful! then; And all the Popes in bale that be, They howl'd for envy then; For they before kept jubilee, Expecting his good company, Down in the Devil's den.

But what was this the Pope had done To bind his soul to hell? Ah! that is the mystery of this wonderful history,

And I wish that I could tell.

But would you know to hell you must say. You can easily find the way, It is a broad and a well-known road. That is travell'd by night and by day.

And you must look in the Devil's book; You will find one debt that was never paided If you search the leaves throughout; And that is the mystery of this wonderful bis-

And the way to find it out.

# QUEEN ORRACA, AND THE FIVE MARTYRS OF MOROCCO.

The friars five have girt their loins, And taken staff in hand; And never shall those friars again Hear mass in Christian land.

They went to Queen Orraca,
To thank her and bless her then;
And Queen Orraca in tears
Knelt to the holy men.

Three things, Queen Orraca,
We prophecy to you:
Hear us, in the name of God!
For time will prove them true.

In Morocco we must martyr'd be: Christ hath vouchsafed it thus: We shall shed our blood for him Who shed his blood for us.

To Coimbra shall our bodies be brough; For such is the will divine; That Christians may behold und feel Blessings at our shrine.

And when unto that place of rest Our bodies shall draw nigh, Who sees us first, the King or you, That one that night must die.

Fare thee well, Queen Orraca;
For thy soul a mass we will say,
Every day while we do live,
And on thy dying day.

The friars they blest her, one by one, Where she knelt on her knee; And they departed to the land Of the Moors beyond the sea.

What news, oh King Alfonso!
What news of the friars five?
Have they preach'd to the Miramamolic
And are they still slive?

They have fought the fight, oh Queen!
They have run the race;
In robes of white they hold the palm
Before the throne of grace.

All naked in the sun and air
Their mangled bodies lie;
What Christian dared to bury them,
By the bloody Moors would die.

What news, oh King Alfonso!
Of the Martyrs five what news?
Doth the bloody Miramamolin
Their burial still refuse?

That on a dunghill they should rot, The bloody Moor decreed; That their dishonour'd bodies should The dogs and vultures feed:

But the thunder of God roll'd over them, And the lightning of God flash'd round; Nor thing impure, nor man impure, Could approach the holy ground.

A thousand miracles appall'd
The cruel Pagan's mind.
Our brother Pedro brings them here,
In Coimbra to be shrined.

Every altar in Coimbra
Is drest for the festival day;
All the people in Coimbra,
Are dight in their richest array.

Every bell in Coimbra
Doth merrily, merrily ring;
The clergy and the knights await,
To go forth with the Queen and the King.

Come forth, come forth, Queen Orraca! We make the procession stay. I beseech thee, King Alfonso, Go you alone to-day.

I have pain in my head this morning I am ill at heart also: Go without me, King Alfonso, For I am too sick to go.

The relics of the Martyrs five All maladies can cure; They will requite the charity You shew'd them once, be sure:

Come forth then, Queen Orraca! You make the procession stay: It were a scandal and a sin To abide at home to-day.

Upon her palfrey she is set,
And forward then they go;
And over the long bridge they pass,
And up the long hill wind slow.

Prick forward, King Alfonso,
And do not wait for me;
To meet them close by Coimbra,
It were discourtesy.

A little while I needs must wait,
Till this sore pain be gone:—
I will proceed the best I can,
But do you and your knights prick on.

The King and his knights prick'd up the hill Faster than before; The King and his knights have topt the hill, And now they are seen no more.

As the King and his knights went down the hill.

A wild boar crost the way;
Follow him! follow him! cried the King:
We have time by the Queen's delay!

A-hunting of the boar astray
Is King Alfonso gone:
Slowly, slowly, but straight the while,
Queen Orraca is coming on.

And winding now the train appears
Between the olive-trees:
Queen Orraca alighted then,
And fell upon her knees.

The friars of Alanquer came first,
And next the relics past;—
Queen Orraca look'd to see
The King and his knights come last.

She heard the horses tramp behind:
At that she turn'd her face:
King Alfonso and his knights came up
All panting from the chase.

Have pity upon my poor soul, Holy Martyrs five! cried she: Holy Mary, Mother of God, Virgin, pray for me!

That day in Coimbra, Many a heart was gay; But the heaviest heart in Coimbra, Was that poor Queen's that day.

The festival is over,
The sun hath sunk in the west;
All the people in Coimbra
Have betaken themselves to rest.

Queen Orraca's father confessor At midnight is awake; Kneeling at the Martyrs' shrine, And praying for her sake.

Just at the midnight-hour, when all Was still as still could be, Into the church of Santa Cruz, Came a saintly company: All in robes of russet gray,
Poorly were they dight;
Each one girdled with a cord,
Like a friar minorite.

But from those robes of russet grey, There flow'd a heavenly light; For each one was the blessed soul Of a friar minorite.

Brighter than their brethren,
Among the beautiful band,
Five there were, who each did bear
A palm-branch in his hand.

He who led the brethren,
A living man was he;
And yet he shone the brightest
Of all the company.

Before the steps of the altar,
Each one bow'd his head;
And then with solemn voice they sung
The service of the dead.

And who are ye, ye blessed saints?
The father confessor said;
And for what happy soul sing ye
The service of the dead?

These are the souls of our brethren in bliss, The Martyrs five are we; And this is our father Francisco, Among us bodily.

We are come hither to perform Our promise to the Queen; Go thou to King Alfonso, And say what thou hast seen.

There was loud knocking at the door,
As the heavenly vision fled;
And the porter called to the confessor,
To tell him the Queen was dead.

#### A BALLAD,

SHEWING HOW AN OLD WOMAN RODE DOUBLE, AND WHO RODE REPORE HER.

A. D. 852. Circa dies istos, mulier quaedam malefica, in villa quae Berkeleia dicitur degens, guae amatrix ac petulantiae, flagitiis modum usque in senium et auguriis non ponens, usque ad mortem impudica permansit. Hæc die quadam cum sederet at prandium, sornicula quam pro deliciis pascebat nescio quid garrire cæpit, quo audito, mulieris cultellus de manu excidit, simul et facies pallescere coepit, et emisso rugitu, hodie, inquit, ascipiam grande incommodum, hodieque ad sulcum ultimum meum pervenit aratrum. Quo dicto, nuncius doloris intravit; muliere vero percunctata ad quid veniret, affero, inquit, tibi filii tul obitum et totius familiæ ejus ex subita ruina interitum. Hoc quoque dolore mulier permota, lecto protinus decubuit graviter infirmata; senticasque morbum subrepere ad vitalia, liberos

quos habuit superstites, monachum tibiles monacham, per epistolam invitavit; advenim antem voce singultiente alloquinar. En impo pueri, meo miserabili into daemonicis uratibus inservivi; ego amnium vitiorum em ego illecebrarum omnium ini magista la tamen mihi inter hace mala spes vertra teipnis, qua meam solidaret animam desperataz; expectabam propuguatores contra damona tores contra saevissimos hostes. Nue ein quoniam ad finem vitae perveni, rege ta quoniam ad finem vitae perveni, rege ta quoniam ad finem vitae perveni, rege ta materna ubera, ut mea tentatis alievam menta. Insuite me defunctam is coris aca deinde in sarcophago lapides supposis, eculumque ferro et plumbo constriugit, atoma lapidem tribus catenis ferreis et furimini u cumdantes, clericos quinquaginta palmara utorea, et tot per tres dies presbyteres more celebratores applicate, qui feroces lenimes versariorum incursus. Ita si tribus nuotoou cura jacuero, quarta die me infodise hum humque est ut præceperat illis. Sed, pras binil preces, nil lacrymar, nil demum valeras tenae. Primis enim duabus noctibus, can apsallentium corpori assistebant, adenda pallentium corpori assistebant, adenda et statura eminentior, januas Reclesia inviolento concussas in fragmenta dejecti thorunt elerici cum laicis, metu steteruat nacapilli, et psalmorum concentus defeci. Incergo gestu ut videbatura arroganti ad espeke accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum laquine surgere imperavit. Qua respondente, qual quiret pro vinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit et statura eminentior, januas Reclesia inviolento concussas in fragmenta dejecti. thorunt elerici cum laicis, metu steteruat ancapilli, et psalmorum concentus defeci. Incergo gestu ut videbatura arroganti ad espeke accedens, et nomen mulieris modicum inquita et statura eminentior, januas Reclesia inquita provinculis, jam malo tuo, inquit et si et protinus catenam qua caterora de

THE Raven croaked as she sate at here.

And the Old Woman knew what he are and she grew pale at the Raven's tak.

And sicken'd and went to her bed.

Now fetch me my children, and fetch des with speed, The Old Woman of Berkeley said,

The Old Woman of Berkeley said. The monk my son, and my daughter these Bid them hasten or I shall be dead.

The monk her son, and her daughter the so Their way to Berkeley went. And they have brought with pinus than The holy sacrament.

door, Twas fearful her shricks to hear,

Now take the sacrament away, For mercy, my children dear!

Her lip it trembled with agony, The sweat ran down her brow, I have tortures in store for evermore, Oh! spare me, my children, now!

Away they sent the sacrament, The fit it left her weak, She look'd at her children with ghastly eyes, And faintly struggled to speak.

All kinds of sin I have rioted in, And the judgment now must be, But I secured my children's souls, Oh, pray, my children, for me!

I have suck'd the breath of sleeping babes, The fiends have been my slaves

I have 'nointed myself with infants' fat, And feasted on rifled graves.

And the Devil will fetch me now in fire, My witchcrafts to atone; And I who have rifled the dead man's grave Shall never have rest in my own.

Bless, I entreat, my winding sheet, My children, I beg of you! And with holy water sprinkle my shroud, And sprinkle my coffin too!

And let me be chain'd in my coffin of stone, And fasten it strong, I implore, With iron bars, and with three chains Chain it to the church-floor.

And bless the chains and sprinkle them, And let fifty priests stand round, Who night and day the mass may say, Where I lie on the ground.

And see that fifty choristers Beside the bier attend me, And day and night by the taper's light With holy hymns defend me.

Let the church-bells all both great and small, Be toll'd by night and day, To drive from thence the fiends who come To bear my body away.

And ever have the church-door barr'd After the even-song; And I beseech you, children dear, Let the bars and bolts be strong.

And let this be three days and nights My wretched corpse to save, Keep me so long from the flendish throng, And then I may rest in my grave.

The Old Woman shrick'd as they enter'd her | The Old Woman of Berkeley laid her down, And her eyes grew deadly dim, Short came her breath and the struggle of death Did loosen every limb,

> They blest the old woman's winding sheet With rites and prayers due, With holy water they sprinkled her shroud, And they sprinkled her coffin too.

> And they chain'd her in her coffin of stone, And with iron barr'd it down. And in the church with three strong chains They chain'd it to the ground.

And they blest the chains and sprinkled them, And fifty priests stood round, By night and day the mass to say Where she lay on the ground.

And fifty sacred choristers Beside the bier attend her Who day and night by the taper's light Should with holy hymns defend her.

To see the priests and choristers It was a goodly sight, Each holding, as it were a staff, A taper burning bright.

And the church-bells all both great and small, Did toll so loud and long, And they have barr'd the church-door hard, After the even-song.

And the first night the tapers' light Burnt steadily and clear, But they without a hideous rout Of angry fiends could hear;

A hideous roar at the church-door Like a long thunder-peal, And the priests they pray'd, and the choristers sung Louder in fearful zeal.

Loud toll'd the bell, the priests pray'd well, The tapers they hurnt bright, The monk her son, and her daughter the nun, They told their beads all night.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew From the voice of the morning away; Then undisturb'd the choristers sing, And the fifty priests they pray; As they had sung and pray'd all night. They pray'd and sung all day.

The second night the tapers' light Burnt dismally and blue, And every one saw his neighbour's face Lake a dead man's face to view.

And yells and cries without arise That the stoutest heart might shock, And a deafening roaring like a cataract And all the church with his presented pouring Over a mountain-rock.

The monk and nun they told their beads As fast as they could tell, And aye as louder grew the noise The faster went the bell.

Louder and louder the choristers sung As they trembled more and more, And the priests as they pray'd to heaven for aid. They smote their breasts full sore.

The cock he crew, the fiends they flew From the voice of the morning away; Then undisturb'd the choristers sing, And the fifty priests they pray; As they had sung and pray'd all night They pray'd and sung all day.

The third night came, and the tapers' flame A hideous stench did make, And they burnt as though they had been dipt In the burning brimstone-lake.

And the loud commotion, like the rushing of ocean,

Grew momently more and more, And strokes as of a battering ram, Did skake the strong church-door.

The bellmen they, for very fear, Could toll the bell no longer, And still as louder grew the strokes, Their fear it grew the stronger.

The monk and nun forgot their beads, They fell on the ground in dismay, There was not a single saint in heaven To whom they did not pray.

And the choristers' song, which late was so strong, Falter'd with consternation. For the church did rock as an earthquakeshock Uplifted its foundation.

And a sound was heard like the trumpet's blast. That shall one day wake the dead,

The strong church-door could bear no more, And the bolts and the bars they fled.

And the tapers' light was extinguish'd quite, And the choristers faintly sung, And the priests dismay'd panted and pray'd And on all Saints in Heaven for aid They call'd with trembling tongue.

And in He came with eyes of flame, The Devil to fetch the dead, Like a fiery furnace red.

He laid his hand on the iron chains, And like flax they moulder'd asund And the coffin-lid, which was barr'd wi He burst with his voice of thunder.

And he bade the Old Woman of Berkeley And come with her master away, And the cold sweat stood on the cold corpsc. At the voice she was forced to obey

She rose on her feet in her winding the Her dead flesh quiver'd with fea And a groan like that which the Old Wi gave

Never did mortal hear.

She follow'd the fiend to the church-de There stood a black horse there; His breath was red like furnace-smole His eyes like a meteor's glare.

The fiend he flung her on the horse, And he leapt up before, And away like the lightning's speed went. And she was seen no more.

They saw her no more, but her erio shricks For four miles round they could b And children at rest at their mothers's

Started and screamed with fear.

#### ST. GUALBERTO.

ADDRESSED TO

THE work is done, the fabric is comp Distinct the Traveller sees its distant Yet ere his steps attain the sacred as Must toil for many a league and many ar Elate the Abbot sees the pile and kn Stateliest of convents now, his new M rose.

Long were the tale that told Muscera's Its columns cluster'd strength and laft How many a saint bedeck'd its sen

What intersecting arches graced its Its towers how high, its massy wal strong.

These fairly to describe were sure a song.

ground,

ttle store of charity, I ween, assing pilgrim at Moscera found; ften there the mendicant was seen ess to turn him from the convent-door, is so costly work still kept the brethren poor.

all is perfect, and from every side flock to view the fabric, young and old, now can tell Rodulfo's secret pride, on the sabbath-day his eyes behold nultitudes that crowd his chapel-floor, sure to serve their God, to see Moscera more.

need it that Gualberto pass'd that way, sainted for a life of holy deeds. used the new-rear'd convent to survey, whilst o'er all its bulk his eye proceeds, ws, as one whose holier feelings deem ill so proud a pile did humble monks beseem.

musing as he stood, Rodulfo saw, orth he came to greet the holy guest; e was known as one who held the law nedict, and each severe behest ly kept with such religious care, Heaven had oft vouchsafed its wonders to his prayer.

brother, welcome! thus Rodulfo cries, th it glads me to behold you here; Sualberto! and mine aged eyes ot deceive me: yet full many a year slipt away, since last you bade farewell your host and my uncomfortable cell.

but a sorry welcome then you found, uch as suited ill a guest so dear; ile was ruinous old, the base unsound; ds me more to bid you welcome here, ou can call to mind our former state! brother, pass with me the new Moscera's gate.

ake the cheerful Abbot, but no smile swering joy relax'd Gualberto's brow; ised his hand and pointed to the pile: ra better pleased me then, than now! ace this, befitting kingly pride! holiness, my friend, in palace-pomp abide?

eries Rodulfo, 'tis a stately place! omp becomes the house of worship well.

cowl not round with so severe a face! carthly kings in seats of grandeur dwell,

while the fane rose slowly from the Where art exhausted decks the sumptuens hall,

Can poor and sordid huts beseem the Lord of all?

And ye have rear'd these stately towers on high

To serve your God? the monk severe replied. It rose from zeal and earnest piety.

And prompted by no worldly thoughts beside ?

Abbot, to him who prays with soul sincere In humble hermit-cell, God will incline his ear.

Rodulfo! while this haughty building rose, Still was the pilgrim welcome at your door? D d charity relieve the orphans' woes? Cloathed ye the naked? did ye feed the poor? He who with alms most succours the distrest, Proud Abbot, know, he serves his heavenly Father best.

Did they in sumptuous palaces go dwell Who first abandon'd all to serve the Lord? Their place of worship was the desart-cell, Wild fruits and berries spread their frugal board.

And if a brook, like this, ran murmuring by, They blest their gracious God, and thought it luxury.

Then anger darken'd in Rodulfo's face; Enough of preaching! sharply he replied, Thou art grown envious;-'tis a common

Humility is made the cloak of pride. Proud of our home's magnificence are we, But thou art far more proud in rags and beggary.

With that Gualberto cried in fervent tone: O, Father, hear me! if this splendid pile Was for thine honour rear'd, and thine alone, Bless it, oh Father, with thy fostering smile! Still may it stand, and never evil know, Long as beside its walls the eternal stream shall flow.

But, Lord, if vain and worldly-minded men Have wasted here the wealth, which thou hast lent.

To pamper worldly pride; frown on it then! Soon be thy vengeance manifestly sent! Let yonder brook that flows so calm beside, Now from its base sweep down the unholy house of pride!

He said,-and lo the brook no longer flows! The waters pause, and now they swell on high;

High and more high the mass of water grows; The affrighted brethren from Moscera fly,

the mountain-bulk e'ertops the convent-wall.

mountain-bulk, with thundering sound! a pile the vengeance falls! now rushes to the ground,

to he columns now, its high arch'd walls.

beneath the onward-rolling tide, them its base swept down the unboly house of pride.

rto's reasons built on truth, e ike Moscera's base unsound? e I know, that glad am I, in sooth, le only play'd his pranks on foreign ground; or had he turn'd the stream on England too, menk had spoilt full many a goodly view.

sbury's arch had never met my sight, Nor Battle's vast and venerable pile; I had not traversed then with such delight The hellow'd rains of our Alfred's isle, Where many a pilgrim's curse is well bestow'd On these who rob its walls to mend the turnpike-road.

Wells would have fallen, dear George, our country's pride; And Canning's stately church been rear'd in vain,

Nor had the traveller Ely's tower descried, Which when thou seest far o'er the fenny plain,

Dear George, I counsel thee to turn that way, Its ancient beauties sure will well reward delay.

And we should never then have heard, I think, At evening-hour, great Tom's tremendous

knell. The fountain-streams that now in Christ-Church stink.

Had Niagara'd o'er the quadrangle; But, as 'twas beauty that deserved the flood, I ween, dear George, thy own old Pompey might have stood.

Then had not Westminster, the house of God, Served for a concert-room, or signal-post; Old Thames, obedient to the father's nod, Had swept down Greenwich, England's noblest boast;

And, eager to destroy the unholy walls. Fleet-ditch had roll'd up hill to overwhelm St. Paul's.

Solute and on their God they call, George, dost thou deem the legendary Of Romish saints a useless medley s Of lies, that he flings time away who And wouldst thou rather bid me puzz Matter and Mind and all the eternal Plunged headlong down the dark and for less profoun

> Now do I bless the man who underp These monks and martyrs to biograp And love to ponder o'er his ponderon The mingle-mangle mass of truth as Where Angels now, now Beelzebuls And blind and honest zeal, and holy sincere.

All is not very truth, and yet 'twere The fabling Priests for fabling to al What if a monk, from better theme de Some pious subject for a tale should How some good man the flesh an o'ercame,

His taste methinks, and not his con were to blan

In after-years, what he, good Ch wrote, As we write novels to instruct our ye Went travelling on, its origin forgo Till at the length it past for gospel-t A fair account! and shouldst thou li

plea. Thank thou thy valued friend, dear G who taught

All is not false which seems at first a Fernan Antolinez a Spanish knight, Knelt at the mass, when lo! the troops h Before the expected hour began the f Though courage, duty, honour, sun there. He chose to forfeit all, not leave unf prayer.

But while devoutly thus the unarm'd Waits till the holy service should be Even then the foremost in the furiou Was he behold to bathe his sword it First in the van his plumes were seen t And Spain to him decreed the glory of ti

The truth is told, and all at once ex His guardian angel Heaven had deit send;

And thus the tale is handed down to Now if our good Sir Fernan had a fo Who in the hour of danger served his Dear George, the tale is true, and miracle.

best delight;

thou the legendary lore despise Gualberto yet again I write, first impell'd he sought the convent-cell; mple tale it is, but one that pleased me well.

une had smiled upon Gualberto's birth, heir of Valdespesa's rich domain. ally child, he grew in years and worth well repaid a father's anxious pain. had his sire in battle forced success, for his valour known, and known for haughtiness.

sanced that one in kindred near allied slain by his hereditary foe; h by his sorrow moved and more by pride, father vow'd that blood for blood should flow,

from his youth Gualberto had been taught

t with unceasing hate should just revenge be sought.

did they wait; at length the tidings came through a lone and unfrequented way, would Anselmo-such the murderer's name,-

on his journey home, an easy prey. cried the father, meet him in the wood! young Gualberto went, and laid in wait for blood.

n now the youth was at the forest-shade ved, it drew toward the close of day; lmo haply might be long delay'd, he, already wearied with his way. ath an ancient oak his limbs reclined, thoughts of near revenge alone possess'd his mind.

sunk the glorious sun, a roscate light ad o'er the forest from his lingering rays; glowing clouds upon Gualberto's sight en'd in shade,-he could not chuse but gaze;

now a placid grayness clad the heaven, where the west retain'd the last green light of even.

breathed the grateful air, and fresher now

fragrance of the Autumnal leaves arose; passing gale scarce moved the o'erhanging bough,

not a sound disturb'd the deep repose

not one who scan with scornful eyes Save when a falling leaf came fluttering by. dreams which make the enthusiast's Save the near brooklet's stream that murmur'd quietly.

> Is there who has not felt the deep delight, The hush of soul, that scenes like these impart?

> The heart they will not soften is not right, And young Gualberto was not hard of heart. Yet sure he thinks revenge becomes him well, When from a neighbouring church he heard the vesper-bell.

The Catholic who hears that vesper-bell, Howe'er employ'd, must send a prayer to Heaven.

In foreign lands I liked the custom well, For with the calm and sober thoughts of

It well accords; and wert thou journeying there,

It would not hurt thee, George, to join that vesper-prayer.

Gualberto had been duly taught to hold Each pious duty with religious care, And,-for the young man's feelings were not cold,

He never yet had mist his vesper-prayer. But strange misgivings now his heart invade, And when the vesper-bell had ceased he had not pray'd.

And wherefore was it that he had not pray'd? The sudden doubt arose within his mind, And many a former precept then he weigh'd, The words of Him who died to save mankind; How 'twas the meek who should inherit heaven.

And man must man forgive, if he would be forgiven.

Troubled at heart, almost he felt a hope, That yet some chance his victim might delay So as he mused, adown the neighbouring slope

He saw a lonely traveller on his way; And now he knows the man so much abhorr'd,

His holier thoughts are gone, he bares the murderous sword

"The house of Valdespesa gives the blow! Go! and our vengeance to our kinsman tell!"-Despair and terror seized the unarm'd foe, And prostrate at the young man's knees he fell, And stopt his hand and cried, oh, do not take

A wretched sinner's life! mercy for Jesus' sake!

At that most blessed name, as at a spell, Conscience, the God within him, smote his heart.

His hand, for murder raised, unharming fell; He felt cold sweat-drops on his forehead start;

A moment mute in holy horror stood, Then cried: "Joy, joy, my God! I have not shed his blood!"

He raised Anselmo up, and bade him live, And bless, for both preserved, that holy name;

And pray'd the astonish'd foeman to forgive The bloody purpose led by which he came. Then to the neighbouring church he sped

His over-burden'd soul before his God to lay.

He ran with breathless speed,—he reach'd the door, With rapid throbs his feverish pulses swell,— He came to crave for pardon, to adore For grace vouchsafed; before the cross he fell,

And raised his swimming eyes, and thought that there He saw the imaged Christ smile favouring on his prayer.

A blest illusion! from that very night
The monk's austerest life devout he led;
And still he felt the enthusiast's deep delight,
Seraphic visions floated round his head;
The joys of heaven foretasted fill'd his soul,
And still the good man's name adorns the
sainted roll.

### TO A SPIDER.

SPIDER! thou needst not run in fear about
To shun my curious eyes;
I won't humanely crush thy bowels out
Lest thou shouldst eat the flies;
Nor will I roast thee with a damn'd delight
Thy strange instinctive fortitude to see,
For there is one who might
One day roast me.

Thou art welcome to a Rhymer sore perplext,
The subject of his verse:
There's many a one who on a better text
Perhaps might comment worse.
Then shrink not, old Free-Mason, from my
view,
But quietly like me spin out the line;
Do thou thy work pursue:
As I will mine.

Weaver of snares, thou emblemest the
Of Satan, Sire of lies;
Hell's huge black Spider, for making
His toils, as thou for files.
When Betty's busy eye runs rand the
Woe to that nice geometry, if are
But where is he whose brown
The earth shall clean?

Spider! of old thy filmsy webs were is
And 'twas a likeness true,
To emblem laws in which the wai
caught,
But which the strong break thus
And if a victim in thy toils is ta'n.
Like some poor client is that we his
I'll warrant thee thou'lt drain

His life-blood dry.

And care on earth employ'd?
Such are young hopes and Love's ddg
dreams

So easily destroyed!
So does the Statesman, whilst the Are
sleep,
Self deem'd secure, his wiles in some

Soon shall Destruction sweep His work away.

Thou busy labourer! one resemblance
Shall yet the verse prolong.
For, Spider, thou art, like the Pert,
Whom thou hast help'd in sorg.
Both busily our needful food to wis.
We work, as Nature taught, without
pains.
Thy bowels thou dost spin

I spin my brains.

# THE DEATH OF WALLACE

Joy, joy in London now!
He goes, the rebel Wallace goes to de
At length the traitor meets the tra
doom,
Joy, joy in London now!

He on a sledge is drawn,
His strong right arm unweapond a
chains.
And garlanded around his helmless be
The laurel-wreath of scorn.

They throng to view him now
Who in the field had fied before his e
Who at the name of Walface ones
pale
And faulter'd out a prayer.

Yes! they can meet his eye,
That only beams with patient courage now;
Yes! they can gaze upon those manly limbs,
Defenceless now and bound.

And that eye did not shrink
As he beheld the pomp of infamy;
Nor did one rebel feeling shake those limbs
When the last moment came.

What though suspended sense Was by their damned cruelty revived, What though ingenious vengeance lengthen'd

To feel protracted death;

What though the hangman's hand Graspt in his living breast the heaving heart, In the last agony, the last sick pang, Wallace had comfort still.

He call'd to mind his deeds
Done for his country in the embattled field;
He thought of that good cause for which
he died,

And that was joy in death!

Go, Edward, triumph now! Cambria is fallen, and Scotland's strength is crush'd;

In Wallace, on Liewellyn's mangled limbs The fowls of Heaven have fed.

Unrivalled, unopposed, 30, Edward, full of glory to thy grave! The weight of patriot blood upon thy soul, Go, Edward, to thy God!

# THE HOLLY-TREE.

O READER! hast thou ever stood to see The Holly-Tree?
The eye that contemplates it well perceives Its glossy leaves
Order'd by an intelligence so wise
As might confound the Atheist's sophistries.

Below, a circling fence, its leaves are seen Wrinkled and keen;

No grazing cattle through their prickly round Can reach to wound;

But as they grow where nothing is to fear, Smooth and unarm'd the pointless leaves appear.

love to view these things with curious eyes, And moralize:

And in this wisdom of the Holly-Tree Can emblems see

Wherewith perchance to make a pleasant

Inc which may profit in the aftertime.

Thus, though abroad perchance I might appear

Harsh and austere,
To those who on my leisure would intrude
Reserved and rude,

Gentle at home amid my friends I'd be Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And should my youth, as youth is apt 1 know,

Some harshness show, All vain asperities I day by day Would wear away,

Till the smooth temper of my age should be Like the high leaves upon the Holly-Tree.

And as when all the summer-trees are seen So bright and green,

The Holly-leaves their fadeless hues display
Less bright than they;
But when the bare and wintry woods we see,

What then so chearful as the Holly-Tree?

So serious should my youth appear among
The thoughtless throng,
So would I seem amid the young and gay
More grave than they,

That in my age as chearful I might be As the green winter of the Holly-Tree.

#### EXTRACT FROM MADOC.

There, in the eye
Of light and in the face of day, the rites
Began. Upon the Stone of Covenant
The sheathed sword was laid; the Master
then

Upraised his voice, and cried: Let them who seek

The high degree and sacred privilege Of Bardic science, and of Cimbric lore, Here to the Bards of Britain make their claim!

Thus having said, the Master bade the youths Approach the place of peace, and merit there The Bard's most honourable name. With that,

Heirs and transmittors of the ancient light, The youths advanced; they heard the Cim-

bric lore,
From earliest days preserved; they struck
their harps,
And each in due succession raised the song.

Last of the aspirants, as of greener years, Young Caradoc advanced; his lip as yet Scarce darkened with its down, his flaxen locks

Wreathed in contracting ringlets waving low;

Brightened his large blue eyes, and kindled Have they their home, where central now maintain

With that same passion that inflamed his check;

Yet in his cheek there was the sickliness Which thought and feeling leave, wearing away

The hue of youth. Inclining on his harp, He, while his comrades in probation song Approved their claim, stood hearkening, as it seemed,

And yet like unintelligible sounds
He heard the symphony and voice attuned;
Even in such feelings as, all undefined,
Come with the flow of waters to the soul,
Or with the motions of the moonlight-sky.
But when his bidding came, he at the call
Arising from that dreamy mood, advanced,
Threw back his mantle, and began the lay.

Where are the sons of Gavran? where his tribe.

The faithful? Following their beloved Chief, They the Green Islands of the Ocean sought; Nor human tongue hath told, nor human ear, Since from the silver shores they went their

Hath heard their fortunes. In his crystal Ark, Whither sailed Merlin with his band of Bards,

Old Merlin, master of the mystic lore? Belike his crystal Ark, instinct with life, Obedient to the mighty Master, reached The Land of the Departed; there, belike, They in the clime of immortality, Themselves immortal, drink the gales of bliss.

Which o'er Flathinnis breathe eternal spring, Blending whatever odours make the gale Of evening sweet, whatever melody Charms the wood-traveller. In their high-

There, with the Chiefs of other days, feel they

The mingled joy pervade them?—Or beneath The mid-sea waters, did that crystal Ark Down to the secret depths of Ocean plunge Its fated crew? Dwell they in coral bowers With Mermaid loves, teaching their para-

The songs that stir the sea, or make the winds

Hush, and the waves be still? In fields of joy

Perpetual summer, where one emerals Through the green element for ever f

Twice have the sons of Britain left herd As the fledged englets quit their native Twice over ocean have her fearless of For ever sailed away. Again they le Their vessels to the deep.—Who a the bark?

The son of Owen, the beloved Prize Who never for injustice reared his a Respect his enterprize, ye ocean-wan Ye Winds of Heaven, waft Madoc on his The Waves of Ocean, and the Win

Became his ministers, and Madee for The world he sought. Who seeks the

Who mounts the vessel for the war

He who hath felt the throb of pridt, is Our old illustrious annals; who was it To lisp the fame of Arthur, to reven Great Caratach's unconquered seal, as That gallant chief his countryman, where the Writer of Britain from her chally of To drive the Roman robber. He was this country, and who feels his country, and who feels his country.

Whose bones amid a land of services Could never rest in peace; who if he His children slaves, would feel a per heaven.—

He mounts the bark, to seck for libe

Who seeks the better land? The wn

Whose joys are blasted all, whose in

Who hath no hope, to whom all cha

To whom remembered pleasures strikes
Which only guilt should know; \_he of
the bark!

The Bard will mount the bark of basis
The harp of Cambria shall, in other
Remind the Cambrian of his father's is
The Bard will seek the land of libert
The world of peace.—O Prince, rem

Bard!

# JAMES HOGG.

# THE QUEEN'S WAKE.

## INTRODUCTION.

st, ye winter-clouds that lower, on your folds the piercing shower; the tower and leafless tree, winds of adversity; ghts, your chilling influence shed, less heart, and houseless head, h or fury I disdain, at my Mountain-Lyre again.

to my heart, my only stay!
on of a happier day!
It of Heaven, thou pledge of good,
the mountain and the wood!
hought, when first I tried
by lone Saint Mary's side,
a deep untrodden den,
thee in the braken glen,
hought that idle toy
'er become my only joy!

den's youthful smiles had wove my heart the toils of love, rst thy magic wires I rung, he breeze thy numbers flung, rid tear played in mine eye; ed, wept, and wondered why. as the thrilling eestasy: not if 'twas love or thee.

ed not my heart, when youth had flown, and would fade, or fortune frown; leasure, love, and mirth were past, ou shouldst prove my all at last! by conceit and lordly pride, my soothing harp aside; tyward fortune strove a while; I in a world of self and guile. sought the braken hill; t musing by the rill; sensations all were gone, thou wert left alone. st thou in the moorland lain, lcome to my heart again!

shall round thy border play;

No more the brake-flowers, o'er thee piled, Shall mar thy tones and measures wild: Harp of the Forest, thou shalt be Fair as the bud on forest-tree! Sweet be thy strains, as those that swell In Ettrick's green and fairy dell; Soft as the breeze of falling even, And purer than the dews of heaven.

Of minstrel-honours, now no more; Of bards who sung in days of yore; Of gallant chiefs, in courtly guise; Of ladies' smiles, of ladies' eyes; Of royal feast and obsequies; When Caledon, with look severe, Saw Beauty's hand her sceptre bear,— By cliff and haunted wild I'll sing, Responsive to thy dulcet string.

When wanes the circling year awny, When scarcely smiles the doubtful day, Fair daughter of Dunedin, say, Hast thou not heard, at midnight deep, Soft music on thy slumbers creep? At such a time, if careless thrown Thy slender form on couch of down, Hast thou not felt, to nature true, The tear steal from thine eye so blue? If then thy guiltless bosom strove In blissful dreams of conscious love, And even shrunk from proffer bland Of lover's visionary hand, On such ecstatic dream when brake The music of the midnight Wake, Hast thou not weened thyself on high, List'ning to angels' melody, 'Scaped from a world of cares away, To dream of love and bliss for aye?

The dream dispelled, the music gone, Hast thou not, sighing, all alone, Proffered thy vows to Heaven, and then Blest the sweet Wake, and slept again?

Then list, ye maidens, to my lay, Though old the tale, and past the day; Those Wakes, now played by minstrels poor, At midnight's darkest, chillest hour, Those humble Wakes, now scorned by all, Were first begun in courtly hall, When royal Mary, blithe of mood, Kept holiday at Holyrood.

Scotland, involved in factious broils, Groaned deep beneath her woes and toils, And looked o'er meadow, dale and lea, For many a day her Queen to see; Hoping that then her woes would cease, And all her valleys smile in peace. The Spring was past, the Summer gone; Still vacant stood the Scottish throne; But scarce had Autumn's mellow hand Waved her rich banner o'er the land, When rang the shouts, from tower and tree, That Scotland's Queen was on the sea. Swift spread the news o'er down and dale, Swift as the lively autumn-gale; Away, away, it echoed still, O'er many a moor and Highland hill, Till rang each glen and verdant plain, From Cheviot to the northern main.

Each bard attuned the loyal lay, And for Dunedin hied away; Each harp was strung in woodland-bower, In praise of beauty's bonniest flower. The chiefs forsook their ladies fair; The priest his beads and books of prayer; The farmer left his harvest-day, The shepherd all his flocks to stray; The forester forsook the wood And hasted on to Holyrood.

After a youth, by woes o'ercast, After a thousand sorrows past, The lovely Mary once again Set foot upon her native plain; Kneeled on the pier with modest grace, And turned to heaven her beauteous face. Twas then the caps in air were blended, A thousand thousand shouts ascended; Shivered the breeze around the throng; Gray barrier-cliffs the peals prolong; And every tongue gave thanks to Heaven, That Mary to their hopes was given.

Her comely form and graceful mien, Bespoke the Lady and the Queen: The woes of one so fair and young, Moved every heart and every tongue. Driven from her home, a helpless child, To brave the winds and billows wild; An exile bred in realms afar, Amid commotion, broil, and war: In one short year her hopes all crossed,-A parent, husband, kingdom lost! And all ere eighteen years had shed Their honours o'er her royal head. For such a Queen, the Stuarts' heir, A Queen so courteous, young, and fair, Who would not every fee defy!

As she drew nigh the Abbey-stile.

Who would not stand! who would not die! She halted, reined, and bent the white

Light on her airy steed she spring Around with golden tassels hung. No chieftain there rode half so free. Or half so light and gracefully. How sweet to see her ringlets ple Wide waving in the southland gale Which through the broom-wood bla

To fan her cheeks of rosy hue! Whene'er it heaved her bosom's some What beauties in her form were seen And when her courser's mane it was A thousand silver bells were rung. A sight so fair, on Scottish plain, A Scot shall never see again.

When Mary turned her wondering or On rocks that seemed to prop the dis On palace, park, and battled pile; On lake, on river, sea, and isle; O'er woods and meadows bathed in the To distant mountains wild and blas; She thought the isle, that gave lark The sweetest, wildest land on carth

Slowly she ambled on her way Amid her lords and ladies gay. Priest, abbot, layman, all were then, And presbyter with look severe: There rode the lords of France and Of England, Flanders, and Lorrain, While serried thousands round then From shore of Leith to Hulyrood.

Though Mary's heart was light was To find a home so wild and fair; To see a gathered nation by, And rays of joy from every eye; Though frequent shouts the welling Though courtiers bowed and ladie An absent look they oft could trace Deep settled on her comely face. Was it the thought that all alose She must support a rocking threat!
That Caledonia's rugged land
Might scorn a Lady's weak communication. And the Red Lion's haughty eye Scowl at a maiden's feet to lie?

No; 'twas the notes of Scottish .... Soft pealing from the countless three So mellowed came the distant swell, That on her ravished ear it fell Like dew of heaven, at evening-class On forest-flower or woodland-rose For Mary's heart, to nature true, The powers of song and music keep But all the choral measures bland, Of anthems sung in southern land. Appeared an uscless pile of art, Unfit to sway or melt the heart, Compared with that which fleated by Her simple native melody.

eard the Caledonian lyre forth its notes of Runic fire; arcely caught the ravished Queen instrel's song that flowed between; iced upon the strain she hung, thus the gray-haired minstrel sung;

dy dear, fair is thy noon, an is like the inconstant moon: ight she smiled o'er lawn and lea; moon will change, and so will he.

ime, dear Lady, 's a passing shower; leauty is but a fading flower; a thy young bosom, and maiden eye, e shower must fall, and the floweret die.

at ails my Queen? said good Argyle, fades upon her cheek the smile? cears your steed too fierce and high? s your golden seat awry?

no, my Lord! this noble steed, men's calm and generous breed, orne me over hill and plain, as the dun-deer of the Seine, ach wild and simple lay, d from the harp of minstrel gray, very sense away it stole, wayed a while my raptured sonly, my Lord, (for you must know strains along your valleys flow ll the hoards of Highland lore) ever song so sweet before?—

olied the Earl, as round he flung,—
e the strain that minstrel sung!
yal Dame, if once you heard
Scottish lay from Highland bard,
might you say, in raptures meet,
ng was ever half so sweet!
ves the arm of warrior wight
eds of more than mortal might;
make the maid, in all her charms,
reeping in her lover's arms;
I charm the mermaid from the deep;
mountain-oaks to bend and weep;
I every heart with horrors dire,
hape the breeze to forms of fire,
poured from green-wood-bower at
even.

I draw the spirits down from heaven; all the fays that baunt the wood, mee around in frantic mood, me their mimic harps so boon the the cliff and midnight-moon.

res, my Queen! if once you heard Scottish lay from Highland bard, might you say, in raptures meet, my was ever half so sweet.—

een Mary lighted in the court; n Mary joined the evening's sport; Yet, though at table all were seen To wonder at her air and mien; Though courtiers fawned and ladies sung, Still in her ear the accents rung,— Watch thy young bosom, and maiden eye, For the shower must fall, and the floweret dic. These words prophetic seemed to be Foreboding woe and misery; And much she wished to prove, ere long, The wond'rous powers of Scottish song.

When next to ride the Queen was bound, To view the city's ample round, On high amid the gathered crowd, A herald thus proclaimed aloud:—

"Peace, peace to Scotland's wasted vales, To her dark heaths and Highland dales; To her brave sons of warlike mood, To all her daughters fair and good; Peace o'er her ruined vales shall pour, Like beam of heaven behind the shower. Let every harp and echo ring; Let maidens smile and poets sing: For love and peace entwined shall sleep, Calm as the moon-beam on the deep By waving wood and wandering rill, On purple heath and Highland hill. The soul of warrior stern to charm, And bigotry and rage disarm, Our Queen commands, that every bard Due honours have, and high regard. If, to his song of rolling fire, He join the Caledonian lyre, And skill in legendary lore, Still higher shall his honour soar. For all the arts beneath the heaven, That man has found, or God has given, None draws the soul so sweet away. As music's melting mystic lay; Slight emblem of the bliss above, It sooths the spirit all to love. To cherish this attractive art, To lull the passions, mend the heart, And break the moping zealot's chains, Hear what our lovely Queen ordains.

"Each Caledonian bard must seek
Her courtly halls on Christmas-week,
That then the Royal Wake may be
Cheered by their thrilling minstrelsy.
No ribaldry the Queen must hear,
No song unmeet for maiden's ear,
No jest, nor adulation bland,
But legends of our native land;
And he whom most the court regards,
High be his honours and rewards.
Let every Scottish bard give ear,
Let every Scottish bard appear;
He then before the court must stand,
In native garb, with harp in hand.
At home no minstrel dare to tarry:
High the behest.—God save Queen Mary!"

Little recked they, that idle throng, Of music's power or minstrel's song; But crowding their young Queen around, Whose stately courser pawed the ground, Her beauty more their wonder swayed, Than all the noisy herald said; Judging the proffer all in sport, And idle whim of idle court. But many a bard preferred his prayer; For many a Scottish bard was there. Quaked each fond heart with raptures strong, Each thought upon his harp and song; And turning home without delay, Conned his wild strain by mountain gray.

Each glen was sought for tales of old,
Of luckless love, of warrior bold,
Of ravished maid, or stolen child
By freakish fairy of the wild;
Of sheeted ghost, that had revealed
Dark deeds of guilt, from man concealed;
Of boding dreams, of wandering spright,
Ofdead-lights glimmering through the night;
Yea, every tale of ruth or weir,
Could waken pity, love, or fear,
Were decked anew, with anxious pain,
And sung to native airs again.

Alas! those lays of fire once more
Are wrecked 'mid heaps of monldering lore!
And feeble he who dares presume
That heavenly Wake-light to relume.
But, grieved the legendary lay
Should perish from our land for aye,
While sings the lark above the wold,
And all his flocks rest in the fold,
Fondly he strikes, beside the pen,
The harp of Yarrow's braken glen.

December came; his aspect stern Glared deadly o'er the mountain-cairn; A polar sheet was round him flung, And ice-spears at his girdle hung; O'er frigid field, and drifted cone, He strode undaunted and alone; Or, throned amid the Grampians gray, Kept thaws and suns of heaven at bay.

Not stern December's fierce controul Could quench the flame of minstrel's soul: Little recked they, our bards of old, Of Autumn's showers, or Winter's cold. Sound slept they on the nighted hill, Lulled by the winds or babbling rill: Curtained within the winter-cloud; The heath their couch, the sky their shroud. Yet theirs the strains that touch the heart, Bold, rapid, wild, and void of art.

Unlike the bards, whose milky lays Delight in these degenerate days: Their crystal spring, and heather brown, Is changed to wine and couch of down; Effeminate as lady gay,— Such as the bard, so is his lay!

But then was seen, from every ne, Through drifting snows and rathing in Each Caledonian minstrel true, Dressed in his plaid and bonnet blue. With harp across his shoulders dur. And music marmuring round his tags Forcing his way, in raptures high, To Holyrood, his skill to try.

Ah! when at home the songs they when gaping rustics stood and gard. Each bard believed, with ready will. Unmatched his song, unmatched his all But when the royal halls appeared. Each aspect changed, each bosom for And when in court of Holyrood Filed harps and bards around him and His eye emitted cheerless ray, His hope, his spirit sunk away: There stood the minstrel, but his mid Seemed left in native glen behind.

Unknown to men of sordid heart, What joys the poet's bopes impart; Unknown, how his high soul is ten By cold neglect, or canting scorn: That meteor-torch of mental light A breath can quench, or kindle high Oft has that mind, which braved emethes that mind, which braved emethes the summer-toil, the winter-blast, Fallen victim to a frown at last. Easy the boon he asks of thee; O! spare his heart in courtesy!

There rolled each bard his antime Or strode his adversary by: No cause was there for names to est. Each minstrel's plaid bespoke his du: And the blunt borderer's plain army-The bonnet broad and blanket gray. Bard sought of bard a look to steal; Eyes measured each from head to be Much wonder rose, that men so fand, Men save with rapture never namel. Looked only so, they could not tell-Like other men, and scarce so well. Though keen the blast, and long the w When twilight closed that dubines dy When round the table all were set, Small heart had they to talk or est; Red look askance, blunt whisper low, Awkward remark, uncourtly how, Were all that past in that bright three That group of genuine sons of song-

One did the honours of the beard, Who seemed a courtier or a lard: Strange his array and speech withal, Gael deemed him southern—southern, Courteous his mien, his accents weak, Lady in manner as in make: nd the board a whisper ran, at same gay and simpering man trel was, of wond'rous fame, om a distant region came, the prize beyond the sea green shores of Italy.

vine was served, and, sooth to say,
by it stole away.
did they drain the allotted store,
ndering skinkers dun for more;
vanished swifter than the first,—
cened they the poets' thirst.

is that ruddy juice they drained, is were cleared, the speech regained; ent sparks of fancy glowed, abundant torrent flowed of humour, social glee, usic, mirth, and revely.

when a jest had thrilled the crowd, sen the laugh was long and loud, a squire with summons smart.— is the knell that pierced the heart!— urtawaits;" he bowed—was gone,—da sat changed to busts of stone. ye heard the green-wood dell, n of June, one warbled swell, the thunder from on high, ished the woodland-melody! our bards shrunk at the view they wished, and what they knew.

numbers given, she lots were cast, the names of first and last; the dazzling hall were led instrels less alive than dead.

such a scene entranced the view. t of poet never knew. not the flash of golden gear, ze of silver chandelier; otland's chiefs of noble air, exling rows of ladies fair; one enthroned the rest above, was the Queen of grace and love! he form, and fair the breast liant golden zones invest, the vexed rubics blench in death, yon lips and balmy breath. gems of every dye m above you beaming eye; cks outvie the dawning's glow, idowed on a wreath of snow.

ne rapt bard had thought alone
ms by mankind never known,
ins, pure as opening day,
m of the flower of May;
amed of beings free from stain,
lens of the emerald main,
dames in grove at even,
is in the walks of heaven:

But, nor in earth, the sen, nor sky, In fairy-dream, nor fancy's eye, Vision his soul had ever seen Like Marx Stuart, Scotland's Queen.

# NIGHT THE FIRST.

HUSHED WAS the Court—the courtiers gazed—Each eye was bent, each soul amazed,
To see that group of genuine worth,
Those far-famed minstrels of the north.
So motley wild their garments seemed;
Their eyes, where tints of madness gleamed,
Fired with impatience every breast,
And expectation stood confest.

Short was the pause; the stranger youth, The gandy minstrel of the south, Whose glossy eye and lady-form Had never braved the northern storm, Stepped lightly forth,—kneeled three times low.—

And then, with many a smile and bow, Mounted the form amid the ring, And rung his harp's responsive string. Though true the chords, and mellow-toned, Long, long he twisted, long he conned; Well pleased to hear his name they knew; 'Tis Rizzio! round in whispers flew.

Valet with Parma's knight he came, An angler in the tides of fame; And oft had tried, with anxious pain, Respect of Scotland's Queen to gain. Too well his eye; with searching art, Perceived her fond, her wareless heart; And though unskilled in Scottish song, Her notice he had wooed so long. With pain by night, and care by day, He framed this fervid, flowery lay.—

## MALCOLM OF LORN.

THE PIRST BARD'S SONG.

Came ye by Ora's verdant steep That smiles the restless ocean over? Heard ye a suffering maiden weep?

Heard ye her name a faithful lover?
Saw ye an aged matron stand
O'er you green grave above the strand,
Bent like the trunk of withered tree,
Or you old thorn that sips the sea;
Fixed her dim eye, her face as pale
As the mists that o'er her flew?

Her joy is fled like the flower of the vale, Her hope like the morning-dew! That matron was lately as proud of her stay, As the mightiest monarch of sceptre or sway. O list to the tale! 'tis a tale of soft sorrow, Of Malcolm of Lorn, and young Ann of Glea-

Ora

The sun is sweet at early morn, Just blushing from the ocean's bosom; The rose that decks the woodland-thorn

Is fairest in its opening blossom; Sweeter than opening rose in dew, Than vernal flowers of richest hue. Than fragrant birch or weeping willow, Than red sun resting on the billow; Sweeter than aught to mortals given

The heart and soul to prove; Sweeter than aught beneath the heaven,

The joys of early love! Never did maiden, and manly youth, Love with such fervor, and love with such truth;

Or pleasures and virtues alternately borrow, As Malcolm of Lorn, and fair Ann of Glen-Ora.

The day is come, the dreaded day, Must part two loving hearts for ever; The ship lies rocking in the bay. The boat comes rippling up the river; Oh happy has the gloaming's eye In green Glen-Ora's bosom seen them! But soon shall lands and nations lie,

And angry oceans roll between them. Yes, they must part, for ever part, Chill falls the truth on either heart; For honor, titles, wealth, and state, In distant lands her sire await. The maid must with her sire away,

She cannot stay behind; Straight to the south the pennons play, And steady is the wind.

Shall Malcolm relinquish the home of his youth,

And sail with his love to the lands of the south?

Ah! no! for his father is gone to the tomb-

One parent survives in her desolate home! No child but her Malcolm to cheer her lone way;

Break not her fond heart, gentle Malcolm, O, stay!

The boat impatient leans ashore, Her prow sleeps on a sandy pillow; The rower leans upon his oar, Already bent to brush the billow.

O! Malcolm, view you melting eyes, With tears you stainless roses steeping! O! Malcolm, list thy mother's sighs;

She's leaning o'er her staff and weeping; Thy Anna's heart is bound to thine, And must that gentle heart repine! Quick from the shore the boat must fly; Her soul is speaking through her eye; Think of thy joys in Ora's shade;

From Anna canst thou sever? Think of the vows thou often hast made, To love the dear maiden for ever.

And canst thou forego such beauty and Such maiden honor and spotless truth?

A last embrace, a parting kiss, Her love deserves ;-then be then A mother's joys are thine alone Friendship may fade, and fortune

Deceitful to thy heart; But never can a mother's love From her own offspring part That tender form, now bent and

Forbid it !- He yields; to the boath

Haste, Malcolm, aboard, and reverts

That trembling voice, in murus

For pity, Malcolm, turn, and take A last farewell of her that bee

She says no word to mar thy bli

Comes not to blast the hopes bel

BYC.

Shall quickly sink to her native of Then who shall watch her partiag And shed a tear o'er her couch of Who follow the dust to its long, is And lay that head in an honored to

Oft hast thou, to her bosom pre For many a day about been be Oft hushed and cradled on her be

And canst thou leave that break O'er all thy ails her heart has his Oft has she watched beside thy Oft prayed for thee in dell at en Beneath the pitying stars of heav Ah! Malcolm, ne'er was parent y

So tender, so benign! Never was maid so loved, so swe Nor soul so rent as thine!

He looked to the boat-slow she be the shore He saw his loved Anna all speechles But, grasped by a cold and a trembi

He clung to his parent, and sun

The boat across the tide flew fact And left a silver curve behind; Loud sung the sailor from the s Spreading his sails before the v The stately ship, adown the bay,

A corslet framed of heaving And flurred on high the slender Till rainbows gleamed around he How strained was Malcolm's water You fleeting vision to descry But, ah! her virgin form so fair, Soon vanished in the liquid air. Away to Ora's headland steep

The youth retired the while, And saw the unpitying vessel sweet Around you Highland isle. His heart and his mind with that we

gone; His sorrow was deep, and despti mean. When, lifting his eyes from the green

deep, He prayed the Almighty his Anna !

er the crested cliffs of Lorn urlew conned her wild bravura; , in pall of purple borne, astening down the steeps of Jura: wing ocean heaved her breast, andering lover's glances under: wed his radiant form, imprest in a wavy world of wonder. the ocean's dyes at even, varied as the bow of heaven; ntless isles so dusky blue, lley of the gray curlew, ght on Malcolm's spirit shed; glory all was gone! joy was fled, his hope was dead, is heart forsaken and lone. bird sought her roofless rest, a her brood with her downy breast; her home, on the margin dun. r weeps o'er her duteous son.

e boat alone is seen the lovely dappled main, tly sinks the waves between, vaults their heaving breasts again; owy sail, and rower's sweep, the tide she seems to fly: ars she on you headland steep, neither house nor home is nigh? vision from the deep ings ashore and scales the steep, r stays its ardent haste k upon young Malcolm's breast! re that breast so lowly laid, ught with deepest sorrow! own, his darling maid, Anna of Glen-Ora!lcolm! part we ne'er again! er saw thy bosom's pain; y grief from thee to sever; and Glen-Ora, are thine for ever!"-

aze of joy, through clouds of woe, erce upon his heart did fall; the shaft had left the bow, power of man could not recall! of love could Malcolm speak; ptured kiss his lips impart; bedewed his shivering cheek, se the grasp that held his heart. s essayed one kind embracehey enclose her? never! never! set softly on his face, h! the eye was set for ever! ore than broken heart could brook: obs that breast !- How still that look! ver more! All! all is o'er!the wave on level shore; the dye of falling even, the silver verge of heaven; y ear the minstrel's lay,the comely youth away.

tir died soft in note of woe, ath nor whisper 'gan to flow From courtly circle; all was still As midnight on the lonely hill. So well that foreign minstrel's strain Had mimicked passion, wee, and pain, Seemed even the chilly hand of death Stealing away his mellow breath. So sighed—so stopped—so died his lay,—His spirit too seemed fled for aye.

Tis true, the gay attentive throng Admired, but loved not much, his song; Admired his wond'rous voice and skill. His harp that thrilled or wept at will. But that affected gandy rhyme, The querulous keys and changing chime, Scarce could the Highland chieftain brook: Disdain seemed kindling in his look, That song so vapid, artful, terse, Should e'er compete with Scottish verse.

But she, the fairest of the fair, Who sat enthroned in gilded chair, Well skilled in foreign minstrelsy And artful airs of Italy, Listened his song, with raptures wild, And on the happy minstrel smiled. Soon did the wily stranger's eye The notice most he wished espy, Then poured his numbers bold and free, Fired by the grace of majesty; And when his last notes died away. When sunk in well-feigned death he lay, When round the crowd began to ring, Thinking his spirit on the wing,-First of the dames she came along, Wept, sighed, and marvelled 'mid the throng. And when they raised him, it was said The beauteous sovereign deigned her aid; And in her hands, so soft and warm, Upheld the minstrel's hand and arm. Then oped his eye with rapture fired; He smiled, and, bowing oft, retired; Pleased he so soon had realized What more than gold or fame he prized.

Next in the list was Gardyn's name:
No sooner called than forth he came.
Stately he strode, nor bow made he,
Nor even a look of courtesy.
The simpering cringe, and fawning look,
Of him who late the lists forsook,
Roused his proud heart, and fired his eye,
That glowed with native dignity.

Full sixty years the bard had seen, Yet still his manly form and mien, His garb of ancient Caledon, Where lines of silk and scarlet shone And golden garters 'neath his knee, Announced no man of mean degree.

Upon his harp, of wond'rous frame, Was carved his lineage and his name. There stood the cross that name above, Fair emblem of almighty love; Beneath rose an embossment proud,— A Rose beneath a Thistle bowed.

Lightly upon the form he sprung, And his bold harp impetuous rung. Not one by one the chords he tried, But brushed them o'er from side to side, With either hand, so rapid, loud, Shook were the balls of Holyrood. Then in a mellow tone, and strong, He poured this wild and dreadful song.—

#### YOUNG KENNEDY.

THE SECOND BARD'S SONG.

When the gusts of October had rifled the thorn,

Had dappled the woodland, and umbered the plain,
In den of the mountain was Kennedy born;
There hushed by the tempest, baptized with the rain.

His cradle, a mat that swung light on the oak;
His couch, the sear mountain-fern, spread on the rock;
The white knobs of ice from the chilled nipple hung,
And loud winter-torrents his lullaby sung.

Unheeded he shivered, unheeded he cried; Soon died on the breeze of the forest his moan.

To his wailings, the weary wood-echo replied, His watcher, the wondering redbreast alone.

Oft gazed his young eye on the whirl of the storm,

And all the wild shades that the desert deform; From cleft in the correi, which thunders had riven, It oped on the pale fleeting billows of heaven.

The nursling of misery, young Kennedy learned His hunger, his thirst, and his passions to

With pity for others his heart never yearned,—

feed:

Their pain was his pleasure, their sorrow his meed.

His eye was the eagle's, the twilight his hue; His stature like pine of the hill where he grew;

His soul was the neal-fire, inhaled from his den,

And never knew fear, save for ghost of the glen.

His father a chief, for barbarity known, Proscribed, and by gallant Macdougal expelled: Where rolls the dark Teith throughts lev of flow,
The conqueror's menial he tolids field.
His master he loved not, obeyed wither Scarce smothered his hate, and his of soul;
When challenged, his eye and his would close.
His proud hosom nursing and prevence.

Matilda, ah! woe that the wild men Shed over thy maiden cheek, and to rae!

O! why was the sphere of thy love cyc Inlaid with the diamond, and ditting the wild from the child of his age, and the child prayer;

And thine was the heart that was good kind,

And light as the feather, that sponsit

To her home from the Lowlands to returned;
All fairwas her form, and untaisted by Young Kennedy saw her, his applied As fierce as the moor-flame in the wind.

Was it love? No; the ray his dark solk knew.

That spark which eternity burns to a 'Twas the flash of desire, kindled for revenge,

Which savages feel the brown date.

which savages feel the brown turn range.

Sweet woman! too well is thy backnown:
To often deep sorrow succeeds the smile;
Too oft, in a moment, thy peace overtime.
Fair butt of delusion, of passion, will.
What heart will not bleed for Matikke.
To art and to long perseverance a property why sings you scared blackbird in the

Why blushes the daisy deep in the wood?

Sweet woman! with virtue, thou'rt free thou'rt free Yield that, thou'rt a slave, and the of disdais:

No blossom of spring is beleaguered in Though brushed by the lightning the

Matilda is fallen! With tears in her She seeks her destroyer; but only it Matilda has fallen, and sorrow her a The flower of the valley is nipt in the head!

Escape to thy native Glengary forlorn: hy art thou at midnight away from thy bed? Why quakes thy big heart at the break of the morn?

hy chatters you magpie on gable so loud? hy flits you light vision in gossamer shroud? w came you white doves from the window

d hover on weariless wing to the sky?

n pie is the prophet of terror and death: D'er Abel's green arbour that omen was given.

n pale boding phantom, a messenger wraith; You doves two fair angels commissioned of Heaven.

e sun is in state, and the reapers in motion! by were they not called to their morning devotion?

by slumbers Macdougal so long in his bed? ! pale on his couch the old chieftain lies dead!

lough grateful the hope to the death-bed that flies.

That lovers and friends o'er our ashes will weep;

e soul, when released from her lingering ties,

In secret may see if their sorrows are deep. ho wept for the worthy Macdougal ?- Not one!

darling Matilda, who, two months agone, ould have mourned for her father in sorrow extreme.

lulged in a painful delectable dream.

st, why do the matrons, while dressing the dead, Sit silent, and look as if something they

knew ? by gaze on the features? Why move they

the head, And point at the bosom so dappled and blue? y, was there foul play ?- Then, why sleeps

the red thunder? ! hold, for Suspicion stands silent with wonder.

pe body's entombed, and the green turf laid over

stilda is wed to her dark Highland lover.

s, the new moon that stooped over green Aberfoyle,

And shed her light dews on a father's new

grave, held, in her wane, the gay wedding turmoil, And lighted the bride to her chamber at ever ne, blue was the heaven; and, o'er the wide scene.

vapoury ailver veil floated screne,

1. Kennedy, vengeance hangs over thine A fairy perspective, that bore from the eye Wood, mountain, and meadow, in distance to lie.

> The scene was so still, it was all like a vision; The lamp of the moon seemed as fading for

Twas awfully soft, without shade or elision; And nothing was heard but the rush of the river.

But why won't the bride-maidens walk on the lea.

Nor lovers steal out to the sycamore-tree? Why turn to the hall with those looks of confusion?

There's nothing abroad !- 'tis a dream ! - a delusion!

But why do the horses snort over their food, And cling to the manger in seeming dismay? What scares the old owlet afar to the wood? Why screams the blue heron, as hastening away?

Say, why is the dog hid so deep in his cover? Each window barred up, and the curtain drawn over?

Each white maiden-bosom still heaving so high.

And fixed on another each fear-speaking eye?

Tis all an illusion! the lamp let us trim! Come, rouse thee, old minstrel, to strains of renown:

The old cup is empty, fill round to the brim, And drink the young pair to their chamber just gone.

Ha! why is the cup from the lip ta'en away ? Why fixed every form like a statue of clay? Say, whence is that outcry of horrid despair? Haste, fly to the marriage-bed-chamber-

O! haste thee, Strath-Allan, Glen-Ogle, away, These outeries betoken wild horror and woe.

The dull ear of midnight is stunned with dis-

may; Glen-Ogle! Strath-Allan! fly swift as the roe.

'Mid darkness and death, on eternity's brim, You stood with Macdonald and Archibald the Grim:

Then why do you hesitate? why do you stand With claymore unsheathed, and red taper in hand?

The tumult is o'er; not a murmur nor groan: What footsteps so madly pace through the saloon?

Tis Kennedy, naked and ghastly, alone, Who hies him away by the light of the moon

All prostrate and bleeding, Matilda they found, The threshold her pillow, her couch the cold ground:

Her features distorted, her colour the clay, | The task I'm assigned, which I'lless Her feelings, her voice, and her reason away.

Ere morn they returned; but how well had they never!

They brought with them horror too deep to sustain.

Returned but to chasten, and vanish for ever, To harrow the bosom and fever the brain. List, list to her tale, youth, levity, beauty; O! sweet is the path of devotion and duty !-When pleasure smiles sweetest, dread danger and death,

And think of Matilda, the flower of the Teith.

#### THE BRIDE'S TALE

I had just laid me down, but no word could I pray!
I had pillowed my head, and drawn up

the bed-cover;

I thought of the grave where my loved father lay, So damp and so cold, with the grass grow-

ing over. I looked to my husband; but just as he came To enter my couch, it seemed all in a flame, A ghastly refulgence as bright as day-noon. Though shut was the chamber from eye of the moon.

Bestower of being! in pity, O! hide That sight from the eye of my spirit for ever:

That page from the volume of memory divide, Or memory and being eternally sever! My father approached; our bed-curtains he drew:

Ah! well the gray locks and pale features 1 knew:

I saw his fix'd eye-balls indignantly glow; Yet still in that look there were pity and woe.

O! hide thee, my daughter, he eagerly cried; O haste from the bed of that parricide lover! Embrace not thy husband, unfortunate bride. Thy red cup of misery already runs over He strangled thy father! thy guilt paved the way;

Thy heart yet is blameless. O fly while you may!

ŀ

Thy portion of life must calamity leaven; But fly while there's hope of forgiveness from Heaven.

And thou, fell destroyer of virtue and life! O! well mayst thou quake at thy terrible doom;

For body or soul, with barbarity rife. On earth is no refuge, in heaven no room. Has poured from age to age alors Fly whither thou wilt, I will follow thee still. Should perish from the lists of the To dens of the forest, or mists of the hill; And lose his only boon at name

But chase thee from earth to thy below.

The cave shall not cover, the clouds hade thee: At noon I will wither thy sight

frows: In gloom of the night I will lay me bei And pierce with this weapon thy

atome. Fast fled the despoiler with house dire.

Fast followed the spirit with n Away, and away, through the and And away, and away, by the light of in

To follow I tried, but sunk devist Alas! from that trance that level How wanders my mind! I shall me

Till God shall yon gates everled My poor brow is open, 'tis burning vi O kins it, sweet vision! O kin it Now give me thine hand; I will st! ! Away, on the morn's dappled wise with

O! shepherd of Braco, look well with The piles of Glen-Ardochy muse The rook and the raven converse

The beasts of the forest are bevin Shrill pipes the goes-hawk his dire to tell.

The gray mountain-falcon accords 13 yell:

Aloft on hold pinion the cagle is 🕶 To ring the alarm at the gates of the

Ah! shepherd, thy kids wander whi wood.

Thy lambs feed in peace of Bendin brow:

Then why is the hoary cliff shoot blood ?

And what the poor careas lies helow?

Oh, hie thee away to thy but at the !! And dig a lone grave on the topoly

But fly it for ever when falls is gloamies.

For there a grim phantom still ! roaming.

Gardyn with stately step withdrew While plaudits round the circle fe

Woe that the bard, whose thrilling

a song of wondrous power, wn in cot and green-wood bower, r swells the shepherd's reed w's banks and braces of Tweed; y a song of olden time, array, and air sublime, ong on time's dark whirlpool tossed, is saved, the bard is lost.

ve I weened, when these I sung it banks, while mind was young; the eve their strains I threw, has and maidens round me drew; ed in the lonely glen, the haunts and eyes of men: twe weened, with fondest sigh, t of the bard was nigh; the breeze on braken pile, ing o'er me with a smile. ancy still her dreams combine, it, too, might breathe on mine; used to see her songs the joy noor lonely shepherd-boy.

d, and I believe the tale,
by rhymes which still prevail,
c ardour, bold and free,
admired, and aye will be,
r been, or shortly stood,
hat Wake at Holyrood.
It many a bard of name,
c appeared and strove for fame,
I names, nor minstrel's tongue;
are known the lays they sung.

th was from a western shore, lls the dark and sullen Orr: it make, and doubtful mien, airs of proud disdain; led his raven locks and high, his visage, dark his eye, eed around on dames and men on's on the cliffs of Ken. Gan mendicant, whose wit at much, for all unfit, and read the character, or genius writ was there; pposed, from mien and frame, a he an exile came.

ollow voice, and harp ill strung, gling parody he sung, on to maid and matron gray, all the glens of Galloway; had he conned it there, pering and affected air. he Court, with sidelong bend, how the strain would end: ere that it grew so plain, rec from hooting could refrain; to others 'gan to say, d can come from Galloway?

r the man so indiscreet!

For self-sufficient sordid elf,
Whom none admires but he himself.
Unheard by him the scorner's tongue,
For still he capered and he sung,
With many an awkward gape the while,
And many a dark delighted smile,
Till round the throne the murmurs ran,
Till ladies blushed behind the fan;
And when the rustic ceased to sing,
A hiss of scorn ran round the ring.
Dark grinned the fool around the form,
With blood-shot eye, and face of storm;
Sprung from his seat with awkward leap,
And muttered curses dark and deep.

The sixth, too, from that country he, Where heath-cocks bay o'er western Dee; Where Summer spreads her purple screen O'er moors where greensward ne'er was seen; Nor shade, o'er all the prospect stern, Save crusted rock, or warrior's cairn.

Gentle his form, his manners meet,
His harp was soft, his voice was sweet;
He sung Lochryan's hapless maid,
In bloom of youth by love betrayed;
Turned from her lover's bower at last,
To brave the chilly midnight-blast;
And bitterer far, the pangs to prove
Of ruined fame, and slighted love;
A tender babe, her arms within,
Sobbing and shivering at the chin.
No lady's cheek in court was dry,
So softly poured the melody.

The eighth was from the Leven coast: The rest who sung that night are lost

Mounted the bard of Fife on high, Bushy his beard, and wild his eye: His cheek was furrowed by the gale, And his thin locks were long and pale. Full hardly passed he through the throng, Dragging on crutches, slow along, His feeble and unhealthy frame, And kindness welcomed as he came. His unpresuming aspect mild, Calm and benignant as a child, Yet spoke to all that viewed him nigh, That more was there than met the eye. Some wizard of the shore he seemed, Who through the scenes of life had dreamed Of spells that vital life benumb, Of formless spirits wandering dumb, Where aspens in the moon-beam quake, By mouldering pile, or mountain-lake. He deemed that fays and spectres wan Held converse with the thoughts of man; In dreams their future fates forefold, And spread the death-flame on the wold; Or flagged at eve each restless wing, In dells their vesper-hymns to sing.

Such was our bard, such were his lays; And long, by green Benarty's base, His wild weed-notes, from ivy-cave, Had waked the dawning from the wave. At evening-fall, in leacessee dale, He kept strange converse with the gale; Held worldly pomp in high devision, And wandered in a world of vision.

Of mountain-ask his harp was framed, The brason cherds all trombling flamed, As, in a rugged northern tengue, This mad uncurthly seeg he sung.

#### THE WITCH OF FIFE.

THE RIGHTN BARD'S SORG.

Quhare haif ye been, ye ill wemyae,
These three lang nightis fra hame?
Quhat garris the swelt drap fra yer brow,
Like clotis of the saut-sea facm?

It fearls me muckil ye haif seen
Quhat guid man never knew;
It fearls me muckil ye haif been
Quhare the gray cock never crew.

But the spell may crack, and the brydel breck, Then sherpe yer werde will be; Ye had better sleipe in yer bed at hame, Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me.—

Sit donne, sit doune, my leil auld man, Sit doune, and listin to me; I'll gar the hayre stand on yer crown, And the cauld sweit blind yer ee.

But tell nae wordis, my guid auld man, Tell never word again; Or deire shall be yer courtisye, And driche and sair yer pain.

The first leet night, quhan the new moon set, Quhan all was douffe and mirk, We saddled ouir naigis wi' the moon-fern leif, And rode fra Kilmerrin kirk.

Some horses ware of the brume-cow framit, And some of the greine bay tree; But mine was made of ane humloke schaw, And a stout stallion was he.

We raide the tod doune on the hill,
The martin on the law;
And we huntyd the hoolet out of brethe,
And forcit him doune to fa.—

Quhat guid was that, ye ill womyne? Quhat guid was that to thee? Ye wald better haif been in yer bed at hame, Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and me.—

And aye we raide, and se merily w Throw the merkist gloffs of the And we swam the floode, and we woode,

Till we cam to the Lonmond

And quhan we cam to the Lorent Se lythlye we lychtid doue; And we drank fra the hornis that The beer that was never brevio

Then up there raise are we ve Fra nethe the moss-gray star; His fece was wan like the collife For he nouthir had blude sor!

He set ane reid-pipe til his mul-And he playit se bonnilye. Till the gray curlew and the blad-To listen his melodye.

Itrang se sweit through the great That the nycht-winde lower to And it soupit along the Loch Lea And wakinit the white sea-mer

It rangse sweit through the great
Se sweitly butt and se shill,
That the wezilis laup out of the
holis,
And dancit on the mydnycht-

The corby craw cam gledgin and The era gede veeryng bye; And the troutis laup out of the Charmit with the melodye.

And aye we dancit on the greinl Till the dawn on the ocean gr Ne wonder I was a weary wych Quhan I cam hame to you.—

Quhat guid, quhat guid, my w wyfe, Quhat guid was that to thee? Ye wald better haif bein in yerb Wi' yer deire littil bairnis and

The second nycht, quhan the new O'er the roaryng sea we flew; The cockle-shell our trusty hard Our sails of the grein sea-rue

And the bauld windis blew, and flanchtic And the sea ran to the skie; And the thunner it growlit, and i howlit, As we gaed scouryng bye.

And aye we mountit the sea-grei Quhil we brushit thro' the cl hevin; Than sousit dounright like the ster Fra the liftis blue casement dr

tickil stood, and our bark was good, Away, away. ye ill womyne, pang was our pearily prowe; And ill deide met ye dee! pang was our pearily prowe; culdna speil the brow of the wavis, dilit them throu belowe.

the hail, as fast as the gale, as the mydaycht leme, the breiste of the burstyng swale, it i' the flotyng faem.

n to the Norraway shore we wan, ntyd our steedis of the wynde, plashit the floode, and we darnit the woode, left the shouir behynde.

e roe on the grein Lommond, ift is the couryng grew; deir dun can eithly run, the houndis and the hornis pursue.

her the roe, nor the rein-deir dun, ade nor the couryng grew, owr muntaine, muir, and dale, braw steedis they flew.

war deep, and the Doffrinis steep, raise to the sky is ec-bree; ahite was our rode, that was never trode, e snawis of eternity!

n we cam to the Lapland lone, ries war all in array; e genii of the north ipyng their holeday.

ock men and the weird wemyng, fays of the wood and the steip, phantom hunteris all war there, mermaidis of the deip.

washit us all with the witch-water, fra the muirland-dew, ir beauty blumit like the Lapland rose. ylde in the foreste grew .-

e lee, ye ill womyne, ns I heir ye lee! warst-faurd wyfe on the shoris of Fyfe ye comparit wi' thee .-

mermaidis sang and the woodlandis rang, tly swellit the quire; cliff a herpe they hang. ry tree a lyre.

hey sang, and the woodlandis rang, drank, and we drank se deip; in the armis of the warlock men, d us dune to sleip .-

Quhan ye hae pruvit se false to yer God, Ye can never pruve true to me .-

And there we learnit fra the fairy-foke, And fra our master true, The wordis that can beire us throu the air, And lokkis and barris undo.

Last nycht we met at Maisry's cot; Richt weil the wordis we knew; And we set a foot on the black cruik-shell, And out at the lum we flew.

And we flew owr hill, and we flew owr dale, And we flew owr firth and sea, Until we cam to merry Carlisle, Quhare we lightit on the lea.

We gaed to the vault beyound the towir, Quhare we enterit free as ay And we drank, and we drank of the bishopis wine Quhill we culde drynk ne mair .-

Gin that be true, my guid auld wyfe, Whilk thou hast tauld to me, Betide my death, betide my life, I'll beire thee companye.

Neist tyme ye gaung to merry Carlisle To drynk of the blude-reid wyne, Beshrew my heart, I'll fly with thee, If the deil should fly behynde.—

Ah! little do ye ken, my silly auld man, The daingeris we mann dree; Last nychte we drank of the bishopis wyne, Quhill near near taen war we.

Afore we wan to the Sandy Ford, The gor-cockis nichering flew; The lofty crest of Ettrick Pen Was wavit about with blue, And, flichtering throu the ayr, we fand The chill chill mornyng-dew.

As we flew owr the hillis of Braid, The sun raise fair and cleir; There gurly James, and his baronis braw, War out to hunt the deir.

Their bowis they drew, their arrowis flew, And piercit the ayr with speide, Qubill purpil fell the mornyng-dew With witch-blude rank and reide.

Littil do ye ken, my silly auld man, The daingeris we mann dree; Ne wonder I am a weary wycht Quhan I come hame to thee .-

But then, though dawning blasts were keen, Scotland's high dames you might have seen, Ere from the banquet-hall they rose, Shift their laced shoes and silken hose; Their broidered kirtles round them throw, And wade their way through wreaths of snow, Leaning on Lord or lover's arm, Cheerful and reckless of all harm. Vanished those hardy times outright; So is our ancient Scottish might.

Sweet be her home, admired her charms, Bliss to her couch in lover's arms, I bid in every minstrel's name, I bid to every lovely dame, That ever gave one hour away To cheer the bard or list his lay! To all who love the raptures high Of Scottish song and minstrelsy, Till next the night, in sable shroud, Shall wrap the halls of Holyrood, That rival minstrels' songs I borrow—I bid a hearty kind good-morrow.

# NIGHT THE SECOND.

Scance fled the dawning's dubious gray, So transient was that dismal day: The lurid vapours, dense and stern, Unpierced save by the crusted cairn, In tenfold shroud the heavens deform; While far within the brooding storm Travelled the sun in lonely blue, And noontide wore a twilight-hue.

The sprites that through the welkin wing, That light and shade alternate bring, That wrap the eve in dusky veil, And weave the morning's purple rail; From pendent clouds of deepest grain, Shed that dull twilight o'er the main. Each spire, each tower, and cliff sublime, Were hooded in the wreathy rime; And all, ere fell the murk of even, Were lost within the folds of heaven. It seemed as if the welkin's breast Had bowed upon the world to rest; As heaven and earth to close began, And seal the destiny of man.

The supper-bell at Court had rung;
The mass was said, the vesper sung;
In true devotion's sweetest mood,
Beauty had kneeled before the rood;
But all was done in secret guise,
Close from the zealot's searching eyes.

Then burst the bugle's lordly peal Along the earth's incumbent veil; Swam on the cloud and lingering shower; To festive hall and lady's bower;

And found its way, with not To rocks far curtained is to And waked their viewles less That sung the softened som

Upsprung the maid from her The matron from her siller on The abbot from his haly drie The chiefs and warriers from to For aye the bugle seemed he The Wake's begun! away, to

Fast poured they in, all the Till crowded was the grad of And scarce was left a little on In which the rival hards night first in the list that night him Was Farquhar, from the him of A gay and comely youth was And seemed of noble poligor. Well known to him Loch-Ariave Where oft, amid his roving on His shaft had pierced the pure And oft the dun deer's velve of That winged shaft had rathless Had struck the heath-cock when And he had dragged the soly From every Highland lake and

Amid those scenes the yearth Where nature's eye is stern and 'Mid forests dark, and ravers And mountains above mountain Whose hoary summits, tempor Uprear eternal snows to heave In Cumbria's dells he too had Raving like one in trance that Of things which Nature gave Of heavenly damsels born of Of pestilence and charnel der Of ships, and seas, and souls A moon-struck youth, by all The dreamer of the watery W His locks were fair as sunny His cheek was ruddy, bright His speech was like the musi Mixed with the cataract's swi His harpstrings sounded wild With fulling swell and lordly

Aloof from batale's fierce ab Prone his young mind to mus The cliffs and woods of dark ( He taught to chant in mystic For well he weened, by tarn a Kind viewless spirits wandered And fondly trowed the groups Listening his cliff-born melody On Leven's bard with scorn he His homely song he scarcedy I But proudly mounting on the f Thus sung The Spirit of the Si

#### GLEN-AVIN.

NINTH BARD'S SONG.

rizzly cliffs which guard rills of Highland Dee, 's horn was never heard, of the forest-bee;

nat dern and dreary lie, in rears his mighty form, moon in passing bye, above the thunder-storm-

preads her ample deep, cliffs that brush the wain; eyes eternal weep, suns and autumn-rain.

hymn was never sung; , save the plover's wail; -cagles breed their young, spirits ride the gale.

e once lingered there, rove some mystic scene; rn deep, and forest sere, ed November's boisterous reign.

e fell so stern and still, of nature seemed away; igh of mountain-rill rhed that solemn day.

seer, at break of morn, fahm glide o'er the fell; e new moon's silver horn, dancing in the dell;

spirits of the Glen, rm that Ossian knew; heard for living men, r more the light to view.

t dull forchoding day, at mortal could not hear; scared the erne away, the wild deer from his lair.

nagic ring he stood, aloft on gray Cairn-Gorm, ared that chilled his blood,— Spirit of the Storm.

like the spectre wan,
ig from the midnight-isle;
on the mighty plan
tower o'er the burning pile.

grisly were his eyes; e monu-cloud's silver gray; writhed snake, that lies ing o'er the milky way. He cried: Away! begone, begone! Half-naked, hoary, feeble form! How dar'st thou seek my realms alone, And brave the Angel of the Storm?—

And who art thou, the seer replied,
That bearst destruction on thy brow?
Whose eye no mortal can abide;
Dread Mountain-Spirit! what art thou?

"Within this desert, dank and lone, Since rolled the world a shoreles sea, I've held my elemental throne, The terror of thy race and thee.

I wrap the sun of heaven in blood, Veiling his orient beams of light; And hide the moon in sable shroud, Far in the alcove of the night.

I ride the red holt's rapid wing,
High on the sweeping whirlwind sail,
And list to hear my tempests sing
Around Glen-Avin's ample vale.

These everlasting hills are riven;
Their reverend heads are bald and gray;
The Greenland waves salute the heaven,
And quench the burning stars with spray.

Who was it reared those whelming waves?
Who scalped the brows of old Cairn-Gorm?
And scooped these ever-yawning caves?
'Twas I,—the Spirit of the Storm!

And hence shalt thou, for evermore,

Be doomed to ride the blast with me;
To shrick, amid the tempest's roar,

By fountain, ford, and forest-tree."—

The wizard cowered him to the earth, And orisons of dread began: Hence, Spirit of infernal birth! Thou enemy of God and man!

He waved his sceptre north away,
The arctic ring was rift usunder;
And through the heaven the startling bray
Burst louder than the loudest thunder.

The feathery clouds, condensed and curled, In columns swept the quaking glen; Destruction down the dale was hurled, O'er bleating flocks and wondering men.

The Grampians grouned beneath the storm; New mountains o'er the correis leaned; Ben-Nevis shook his shaggy form, And wondered what his Sovereign meaned.

Even far on Yarrow's fairy-dale,
The shepherd paused in dumb dismay;
There passing shricks adown the vale
Lured many a pitying hind away.

The Lowthers felt the tyrant's wrath;
Proud Hartfell quaked beneath his brand;
Doffed his plumed bonnet, which is And Cheviot heard the cries of death.
Guarding his loved Northumberland.

Cast o'er the crowd his falcon-ye.

But. O! as fell that fateful night.
What horrors Asin-wilds deform.
And choke the ghastly lingering light!
There whirled the vortex of the storm.

Ere morn the wind grew deadly still.

And dawning in the air updrew
From many a shelve and shining hill,
Her folding robe of fairy blue.

Then, what a smooth and wondrous scene Hung o'er Loch-Avin's lonely breast! Not top of tallest pine was seen. On which the dazzled eye could rest.

But mitred cliff, and created fell, In lucid curls her brows adorn. Aloft the radiant creacents swell, All pure as robes by angels worn.

Sound sleeps our seer, far from the day, Beneath you sleek and wreathed cone! His spirit steals, unmissed, away, And dreams across the desert lone.

Sound sleeps our seer! the tempests rave, And cold sheets o'er his bosom fling; The moldwarp digs his mossy grave; His requiem Avin engles sing.

Why howls the fox above you wreath That mocks the blazing summer-sun? Why croaks the sable bird of death, As hovering o'er you desert dun?

When circling years have past away, And Summer blooms in Avin-Glen, Why stands you peasant in dismay. Still gazing o'er the bloated den?

Green grows the grass! the bones are white!
Not bones of mountain stag they seem!
There hooted once the owl by night.
Above the dead-light's lambent beam!

See you lone cairn, so gray with age,
Above the base of proud Cairn Gorm:
There lies the dust of Avin's sage,
Who raised the Spirit of the Storm.

Yet still at eve, or midnight drear, When wintry winds begin to sweep, When passing shricks assail thine ear, Or murmurs by the mountain steep;

When from the dark and sedgy dells Come eldritch cries of wildered men. Or wind harp at thy window swells, ---Beware the sprite of Avin-Glen! Young Farquhar ceased, and rising a Doffed his plumed bonnet, when his And, flushed with conscious digner, Cast o'er the crowd his falconey. And found them all in silence deep. As listening for the tempest's sweep So well his tale of Avin's seer Suited the rigiour of the year: So high his strain, so bold his lyre. So fraught with rays of Celtic fro. They almost weened each hum that The Spirit of the northern blast.

The next was named -the very w Excited merriment around: But when the bard himself appeared The ladies smiled, the courtiers ac-For such a simple air and mien Before a court had never been. A clown he was, bred in the wiid. And late from native moors exiled. In hopes his mellow mountain-strain High favour from the great would! Poor wight! he never weened how k For poverty to earn regard! Dejection o'er his visage ran. His coat was bare. his colour was. His forest-doublet darned and tors. His shepherd-plaid all rent and wer: Yet dear the symbols to his eye. Memorials of a time gone bye.

The bard on Ettrick's mountain green Nature's bosom nursed had been. And oft had marked in forest lone. Her beauties on her mountain-thret. Had seen her deck the wild-wood tre. And star with snowy geems the leaf. In loveliest colours paint the plain. And sow the moor with purple grains. By golden mead and mountain short. Had viewed the Ettrick waving out. Where shadowy flocks of purest at Seemed grazing in a world below.

Instead of Ocean's billowy pride. Where monsters play and natice is: Oft had he viewed, as morning res. The bosom of the longer Lowes. Plowed far by many a downy keel Of wild-duck and of vagrant teal. Oft thrilled his heart at close of ever To see the dappled vales of heaven. With many a mountain, moor, and r Asleep upon the Saint Mary; The pilot swan majestic wind, With all his cygnet-fleet behind. So softly sail, and swiftly row, With sable oar and silken prow. Instead of war's unhallowed form. His eye had seen the thunder-storm Descend within the mountain's brim And shroud him in its chambers griss Then from its bowels burst amain The sheeted flame and sounding rain

by the bolts in thunder borne, leaven's own breast and mountain torn; wild roe from the forest driven; saks of ages peeled and riven; ading oceans whirl and boil, alsed by Nature's grand turmoil.

tead of arms or golden crest, arp with mimic flowers was drest; ad, in graceful streamers, fell briar-rose and the heather-bell; here, his learning deep to prove, ac Donum graved above.

To 'er her mellow notes he ran, is wild mountain-chant began, first was noted in his eye am of native energy.

#### OLD DAVID.

THE TENTE BARD'S SONG.

avid rose ere it was day, limbed old Wonfell's wizard-brae; ed round, with visage grim and sour, Ettrick-woods and Eskdale-moor. tlaw from the south he came, andlow was his father's name; ative land had used him ill, icotland bore him no good-will.

ed he stood, in sullen scorn,
rdless of the streaks of morn,
avid spied, on Wonfell cone,
ry-band come riding on.
elier troop was never seen;
steeds were white, their doublets green,
faces shone like opening morn,
doomed like roses on the thorn.
ery flowing mane was hung
er bell that lightly rung;
sound, borne on the breeze away,
t the mountaineer to pray.

avid crept close in the heath,
moved a limb, scarce drew a breath;
s the tinkling sound came nigh,
avid's heart beat wondrous high.
ought of riding on the wind;
ving hawk and hern behind;
ling lightly o'er the sea,
ssel-shell, to Germany;
rel-raids by dale and down;
hting torches at the moon;
rough the sounding spheres to sing,
on the fiery meteor's wing;
ncing 'neath the moonlight-sky;
eping in the dew-cup's eye,
hen he thought—O! dread to tell!—
hes the fairies paid to hell!

turned up a reverend eye, xed it on the morning-sky; ew a mighty One lived there, sometimes heard a warrior's prayerNo word, save one, could David say; Old David had not learned to pray.

Scarce will a Scotsman yet regard
What David saw, and what he heard.
He heard their horses snort and tread,
And every word the riders said;
While green portmanteaus, long and low,
Lay bended o'er each saddle-bow.
A lovely maiden rode between,
Whom David judged the Fairy Queen;
But strange! he heard her moans resound,
And saw her feet with fetters bound.

Fast spur they on through bush and brake;
To Ettrick-woods their course they take.
Old David followed still in view,
Till near the Lochilaw they drew;
There, in a deep and wondrous dell,
Where wandering sanbeam never fell,
Where moontide-breezes never blew,
From flowers to drink the morning-dew;
There, underneath the sylvan shade,
The fairies' spacious bower was made.
Its rampart was the tangling sloe,
The bending briar, and mistletoe;
And o'er its roof the crooked oak
Waved wildly from the frowning rock.

This wondrous bower, this haunted dell, The forest-shepherd shunned as hell! When sound of fairies' silver horn Came on the evening-breezes borne, Homeward he fled, nor made a stand, Thinking the spirits hard at hand. But when he heard the eldritch swell Of giggling laugh and bridle bell, Or saw the riders troop along, His orisons were loud and strong. His household-fare he yielded free To this mysterious company The fairest maid his cot within Resigned with awe and little din: True he might weep, but nothing say, For none durst say the fairies nay.

Old David hasted home that night,
A wondering and a wearied wight.
Seven sons he had, alert and keen,
Had all in border-battles been;
Had wielded brand, and bent the bow,
For those who sought their overthrow.
Their hearts were true, their arms were strong,
Their faulchions keen, their arrows long;
The race of fairies they denied—
No fairies kept the English side.

Our yeomen on their armour threw Their brands of steel and hows of yew, Long arrows at their backs they sling, Fledged from the Snowdon engle's wing, And boun' away brisk as the wind, The sire before, the sons behind.

That evening fell so sweetly still, So mild on lonely moor and hill, The little genii of the fell
Forsook the purple heather-hell,
And all their dripping beds of dew,
In wind-flower, thyme, and violet blue;
Aloft their viewless looms they heave,
And dew-webs round the helmets weave.
The waning moon her lustre threw
Pale round her throne of softened blue;
Her circuit round the southland-sky
Was languid, low, and quickly bye;
Leaning on cloud so faint and fair,
And cradled on the golden air,
Modest and pale as maiden bride,
She sunk upon the trembling tide.

What late in daylight proved a jest, Was now the doubt of every breast. That fairies were, was not disputed; But what they were was greatly doubted. Each argument was guarded well, With if, and should, and who can tell.

Sure He that made majestic man, And framed the world's stupendous plan; Who placed on high the steady pole, And sowed the stars that round it roll; And made that sky, so large and blue— Had power to make a fairy too.

The sooth to say, each valiant core Knew feelings never felt before. Oft had they darned the midnight-brake, Fearless of aught save bog and lake; But now the nod of sapling fir, The heath-cock's loud exulting whirr, The cry of hern from sedgy pool, Or airy bleeter's rolling howl, Came fraught with more dismaying dread Than warder's horn, or warrior's tread.

Just as the gloom of midnight fell
They reached the fairies' lonely dell.
O Heavens! that dell was dark as death!
Perhaps the pit-fall yawned beneath!
Perhaps that lane that winded low,
Led to a nether world of woe!
But stern necessity's controul
Resistless sways the human soul.

The bows are bent, the tinders smoke With fire by sword struck from the rock. Old David held the torch before; His right hand heaved a dread claymore, Whose Rippon edge he meant to try On the first fairy met his eye. Above his head his brand was raised; Above his head the taper blazed; A sterner or a ghastlier sight, Ne'er entered bower at dead of night. Below each lifted arm was seen The barbed point of arrow keen, Which waited but the twang of how To fly like lightning on the foe. Slow move they on, with steady eye, Resolved to conquer or to die.

At length they spied a massive beDeep in a nook, unseen before;
And by it slept, on wicker chair.
A sprite of drendful form and sir.
His grisly beard flowed round his the
Like shaggy hair of mountain-goa;
His open jaws and visage grim,
His half-shut eye so deadly dim,
Made David's blood to's bosom mak
And his gray hair his helmet brush
He squared, and made his faulchies
Around his back from head to helt;
Then, rising tiptoe, struck amainDown fell the sleeper's head in twar
And springing blood, in veil of smale
Whizzed high against the bending a

By Heaven! said George, with joined Father, if all the fairies there Are of the same materials made, Let them beware the Rippon blade! A ghastly smile was seen to play O'er David's visage, stern and gray! He hoped, and feared; but not if Knew whether he fought with spritter

The massy door they next unlack. That oped to hall beneath the rock. In which new wonders met the eye: The room was ample, rude, and high the arches caverned, dark, and head on Nature's rifted columns horne; Of moulding rude the embrasare, And all the wild entablature; And far o'er roof and architrare, The ivy's ringlets bend and ware. In each abrupt recess was seen A couch of heath and rushes great. While every alcove's sombre has Was gemmed with drops of middle.

Why stand our heroes still as deal, Nor muscle move, nor heave a head See how the sire his torch has love And bends recumbent o'er his sweet! The arcubalister has thrown His threatening, thirsty arrows down Struck in one moment, all the band Entranced like moveless statues stall Enchantment sure arrests the speat, And stints the warrior's bold career!

List, list, what mellow angel-sound Distils from yonder gloom professed! 'Tis not the note of gathering shell. Of fairy-horn, nor silver bell! No, 'tis the lute's mellifluons swell. Mixed with a maiden's voice as clear. The flitting bats flock round to hear!

So wildly o'er the vault it rung.
That song, if in the green-wood satt Would draw the fays of wood and place To kiss the lips that poured the start The lofty pine would listening least The wild birch wave ber tresses green

ks, that rose the dawn to greet, feless at the singer's feet. was old, the measure slow, ords were plain, but words of woe.

ed the strain; the warriors stand, ted lance, nor lifted brand, ening bend, in hopes again r that sweetly plaintive strain. ne! and each uplifts his eye, ed from dream of cestasy.

oops young Owen's gilded crest?
ave those groans from Owen's breast?
kinsmen's eyes in rapture speak,
eals the tear o'er Owen's cheek?
elting song, that song of pain,
ng to Owen's favourite strain;
rds were new, but that sweet lay
ven heard in happier day.

ess they on; in close-set row
the lab'rinth far and low,
the cave's extremest bound,
i in sca-green silk, they found
cauteous dames, all fair and young;
who late so sweetly sung,
uing o'er a silver lute,
th despair, with terror mute.

back her auburn locks she threw, sed her eyes so lovely blue, like the woodland-rose in dew! ok was soft as morning-flower, ld as sunbeam through the shower. vid gazed, and weened the while, a suffering angel smile; I he had heard a scraph sing, unds of a celestial string. en young Owen met her view, ricked, and to his bosom flew : t before, in Moodlaw bowers. wo had passed the evening hours. s the loveliest mountain-maid er by grove or riv'let strayed: eburn's child, the fairest flower ver bloomed in Eskdale-moor; she the sire that morn had seen, dged to be the Fairy Queen; she who framed the artless lay opt the warriors on their way.

o her lover's breast she clung, and his neck enraptured hung idear Owen! haste and tell, cansed you dare this lonely dell, ek your maid, at midnight still, the howels of the hill? It this dark and drear abode, deserted but my God, have reft the life he gave, at midnight's murkest hour, rom my father's stately tower,

And never thought again to view The sun or sky's ethereal blue; But since the first of Border-men Has found me in this dismal den, I to his arms for shelter fly, With him to live, or with him die.

How glowed brave Owen's manly face! While in that lady's kind embrace! Warm tears of joy his utterance staid—O, my loved Ann! was all he said. Though well they loved, her high estate Caused Owen aye aloof to wait; And watch her bower, beside the rill, When twilight rocked the breezes still, And waked the music of the grove. To hymn the vesper-song of love. Then underneath the green-wood bough, Oft had they breathed the tender vow.

With Ann of Raeburn here they found The flowers of all the Border round; From whom the strangest tale they hear, That e'er astounded warrior's ear. 'Twould make even Superstition blush, And all her tales of spirits hush.

That night the spoilers ranged the vale, By Dryhope towers, and Meggat-dale; Ah! little trowed the fraudful train, They ne'er should see their wealth again! Their lemans, and their mighty store, For which they nightly toils had bore Full twenty autumn-moons and more, They little deemed, when morning dawned, To meet the deadly Rippon brand; And only find, at their return, In their loved cave an early urn. Ill suits it simple bard to tell Of bloody work that there befell: He lists not deeds of death to sing, Of splintered spear, and twanging string. Of piercing arrow's purpled wing, How faulchions flash, and helmets ring. Not one of all that prowling band, So long the terror of the land, Not one escaped their deeds to tell; All in the winding lab'rinth fell.-The spoil was from the cave conveyed, Where in a heap the dead were laid; The outer cave our yeomen fill, And left them in the hollow hill.

But still that dell, and bourn beneath,
The forest-shepherd dreads as death.
Not there at evening dares he stray,
Though love impatient points the way;
Though throbs his heart the maid to see
That's waiting by the trysting tree.
Even the old sire, so reverend gray,
Ere turns the scale of night and day.
Oft breathes the short and ardent prayer,
That Heaven may guard his footsteps there;
His eyes, meantime, so dim with dread,
Scarce ken the turf his foot must tread.

For still 'tis told, and still believed,
That there the spirits were deceived,
And maidens from their grasp retrieved:
That this they still preserve in mind,
And watch, when sighs the midnight-wind,
To reck their rage on humankind.

Old David, for this doughty raid, Was keeper of the forest made; A trooper he of gallant fame, And first of all the Laidlaw name.

E'er since, in Ettrick's glens so green, Epirits, though there, are seldom seen; And fears of elf, and fairy-raid, Ettrick like a moraing-dream decayed. The bare-foot maid, of rosy hue, Dares from the heath-flower brush the dew, To meet her love in moonlight still, By flowery den or tinkling rill; And well dares she till midnight stay, Alseng the coils of fragrant hay.

True, some weak shepherds, gone astray, As fell the dusk of Hallow-day,
Have heard the tinkling sound aloof,
And gentle tread of horse's hoof;
And flying swifter than the wind,
Left all their scattered flocks behind.
True, when the evening-tales are told,
When winter-nights are dark and cold,
The boy dares not to barn repair,
Alone, to say his evening-prayer;
Nor dare the maiden ope the door,
Unless her lover walk before;
Then well can counterfeit the fright,
If star-beam on the water light;
And to his breast in terror cling,
For such a dread and dangerous thing!

O, Ettrick! shelter of my youth!
Thou sweetest glen of all the south!
Thy fairy-tales, and songs of yore,
Shall never fire my bosom more;
Thy winding glades, and mountains wild,
The scenes that pleased me when a child,
Each verdant vale, and flowery lea,
Still in my midnight-dreams I see;
And waking oft, I sigh for thee;
Thy hapless bard, though forced to roam,
Afar from thee without a home,
Still there his glowing breast shall turn,
Till thy green bosom fold his urn:
Then, underneath thy mountain-stone,
Shall sleep unnoticed and unknown,

When ceased the shepherd's simple lay, With careless mien he lounged away; No bow he deigned, nor anxious looked How the gay throng their minstrel brooked: No doubt within his bosom grew. That to his skill the prize was due.

Well might he hope. for while Louder and lender handits run; And when he comed his number Pair Reyalty approved and said Long had the bard, with hope is Sung to the low, the gay the gay the for the hand dared, at flatters To tune his harp in translation But nor his notes of southing as Nor scalens word of bard recent linerent in such mean degree. But when the smile of Sorreiga Attested genuine nature there. Throbbed high with rapture of And all his merit stood confest.

Different the next the head a Warrior he was, is battle mains When Lennex, on the down of a O'orthrew Maconnel and Arrive Unable more the swert to wish with dark Clan-Alpine in the few Or rouse the dun deer from her of With fierce Macfarlane and his He strove to carn a And fondly nursed the sacred has Warm was his heart, and hold he will fancies in his moody bein Gambelled, unbridged, and unbeau Lured by a shador decoyed by as

In tender age, when mind was
As standing by his nurse's knee.
He heard a tale, so passing strat
Of injured spirit's cool revenue,
It chilled his heart with blasting
Which never more that beam is
When passion's flush had fied his
And gray hairs told that youth
Still quaked his heart at bush or
As wandering in the gloom alone

Where foxes roam, and eaglest And dark woods round Ben-Lome Once on a night, a night of dreat He held convention with the deal Brought warnings to the house of And tidings from a world heman

Loud blew the blast—the cred
The way was long, the ministed of the mountain's side was dern will
Darkened with pine, and ribbed will
Blue billows round its buse were
Its top was steeped in waves of the
The wood, the wind, the billows
All spoke in language of their own
But too well to our ministed know
Wearied, bewildered, in anaze,
Hymning in heart the Virgin's pro
A cross he framed, of birchen book
And 'neath that cross he laid him
Hid by the heath, and Highland p
His old harp in his bosom laid.

the winds that wandered by, her breast their lullaby, illed the tones his bosom through, er, holier, poured his vow!

ep was his—he raised his eye, if dangerous place was nigh. lumned rocks, abrupt and rude, r his gateless solitude: fled sloe, and tangling brier, d freak or entrance here; er oped a little path, owed, deep, and dark as death. g, he groped around his lair ntain-ash, but none was there. with forms, his terror grew; he watched, for well he knew, hat dark and devious dell gering ghost or sprite must dwell: trowed, so it befell.

ers were wrapt in curtain gray, of midnight died away: st the hour of solemn dread. ilk the spirits of the dead: he leaves with gentle motion, his chilled soul in deep devotion. fowl's wake was heard no more: o forgot to brush the shore vas the bleat, on moor and hill; tering clouds of heaven stood still.

heart could bear, what eye could meet. ts in their lone retreat ! gain the darksome dell; on the minstrel's vision fell ing and unwonted light, wed the phantoms to his sight.

irst a slender female form, he moon in winter-storm; f sweet simplicity her breast as pale as she, she sung its lullaby. dle-song of the phantom's child, was soothing, holy, and wild! that song can ill be sung ind bard, or Lowland tongue.

### SPECTRE'S CRADLE-SONG.

bonny babe! hush, and be still! er's arms shall shield thee from ill. I borne thee in sorrow and pain, the breeze of the world again. shall moisten thy brow so meek, reeze of midnight fan thy cheek, shall we rest in the bow of the hill; bonny babe! bush, and be still! have I travelled, in weakness and woe

d above and the world below. r was cruel, but thou wert fair.

I sinned, I sorrowed, I died for thee; Smile, my bonny babe! smile on me!

See you thick clouds of murky hue; You star that peeps from its window blue; Above you clouds, that wander far, Away, above you little star, There's a home of peace that shall soon be thine,

And there shalt thou see thy Father and mine. The flowers of the world shall bud and decay, The trees of the forest be weeded away : But there shalt thou bloom for ever and aye. The time will come, I shall follow thee; But long, long hence that time shall be: O weep not thou for thy mother's ill; Hush, my bonny babe! hush, and be still!

Slow moved she on with dignity, Nor bush, nor brake, nor rock, nor tree, Her footsteps staid-o'er cliff so bold, Where scarce the roe her foot could hold, Stately she wandered, firm and free, Singing her softened lullaby.

Three naked phantoms next came on; They beckened low, passed, and were gone. Then came a troop of sheeted dead, With shade of chieftain at their head; And with our bard, in brake forlorn, Held converse till the break of morn-Their ghostly rites, their looks, their mould, Or words to man, he never told; But much he learned of mystery, Of what was past, and what should be. Thenceforth he troubles oft divined, And scarcely held his perfect mind; Yet still the song, admired when young, He loved, and that in Court he sung.

#### THE FATE OF MACGREGOR.

THE ELEVENTH BARD'S SONG.

Macgregor, Macgregor, remember our foemen; The moon rises broad from the brow of Ben-Lomond ; The class are impatient, and chide thy delay; Arise! let us bound to Glen-Lyon away .-

Stern scowled the Macgregor, then silent and sullen, He turned his red eye to the braes of Strathfillan: Go, Malcolm, to sleep, let the clans be dismissed; The Campbells this night for Macgregor must rest .-

Macgregor, Macgregor, our scouts have been was soft, and it fell in the snare: Three days, round the hills of MeNab and Glen-Lyon ;

Of riding and running such tidings they bear, We must meet them at home else they'll quickly be here.—

The Campbell may come, as his promises
bind him;
And haughty M'Nah, with his giants behind

And haughty M'Nab, with his giants behind him;

This night I am bound to relinquish the fray, And do what it freezes my vitals to say.
Forgive me,dear brother, this horror of mind;
Thou knowest in the strife I was never behind,
Nor ever receded a foot from the van,
Or blenched at the ire or the prowess of man:
But I've sworn by the cross, by my God,
and my all,

As eath which I cannot, and dare not recall— Ere the ahadows of midnight fall east from the pile,

To meet with a spirit this night in Glea-Gyle.

Last night, in my chamber, all thoughtful and lone,

I called to remembrance some deeds I had done,

When entered a lady, with visage so wan, And looks, such as never were fastened on man. I knew her, oh brother! I knew her too well! Of that once fair dame such a tale I could tell As would thrill thy bold heart; but how long she remained,

So racked was my spirit, my bosom so pained, I knew not—but ages seemed short to the while.

Though proffer the Highlands, nay, all the green isle,

With length of existence no man can enjoy, The same to endure, the dread proffer I'd fly! The thrice-threatened pangs of last night to forego.

Macgregor would dive to the mansion below.

Despairing and mad, to futurity blind,

The present to shun, and some respite to find, I swore, ere the shadow fell east from the pile, To meet her alone by the brook of Glen-Gyle. She told me, and turned my chilled heart to a stone.

The glory and name of Macgregor were gone: That the pine, which for ages had shed a bright halo

Afar on the mountains of Highland Glen-Falo, Should wither and fall ere the turn of you moon.

Smit through by the canker of hated Colquhoun;

That a feast on Macgregors each day should be common,

For years, to the eagles of Lennox and Lomond.

A parting embrace, in one moment, she gave: Her breath was a furnace, her bosom the grave!

Then flitting clusive, she said, with a frown, The mighty Macgregor shall yet be my own!—

Macgregor, thy funcies are vill a fi
The dreams of the night have dissisted mind.

Come, buckle thy paneply—maked—
See, brother, how backed are by and shid!

Ay, that was M-Nuh, is the highly pride,
When the liens of Deckart steel his side.

This night the proud chief his punchall rue;
Rice, brother, these chiaks is his bleet will;

Thy functaics frightful shall fit or the when loud with thy bugle Glasly.

Like glimpse of the moon throught of the sight Macgregor's red cyc shed one sprint It faded — it darkened — he shalles sighed—No! not for the universe! lew he a Away went Macgregor, but wested To watch the dread realessess, I has gon.

They eared the broad Loussest, of serverse, And deep in her become, hew awfulst O'er mountains inverted the bis curied, And rocked them on skies of a liverted.

All silent they went, for the in approaches.
The moon the blue zenith already we ing;
No foot was abroad on the forest of No sound but the lullaby sung by a Young Malcolm at distance coached.

bling the will Macgregor stood lone by the broad of the bro

Gyle. Few minutes had passed, ere they 4 the street A skiff sailing light, where a seem : Her sail was the web of the gu loom. The glow-worm her wakelight, the her been; A dim rayless beam was her provi mast. Like wold-fire, at midnight, that g the waste. Though rough was the river with: cancade. No torrent, no rock, her velocity

She wimpled the water to weather And heaved as if borne on the water to be weather to be well as if borne on the water to be well as if borne on the water to be well as the borne of the borne well as the borne water to be well as the borne water

the glen; deer of Gairtney abandoned his den, iting away, over river and isle, e turned his eye to the brook of Glen-Gyle.

fled in terror; the eagle awoke pering he dozed on the shelve of the rock:

ed, to hide in the moon-beam he flew ewed the night-heaven till lost in the blue.

alcolm beheld the pale lady approach, eftain salute her, and shrink from her touch.

the Macgregor kneel down on the plain,

ng for something he could not obtain; ed him indignant, derided his stay. re him on board, set her sail, and away.

fast the red bark down the river did glide, er ran Malcolm adown by its side; or! Macgregor! he bitterly cried; or! Macgregor! the echoes replied. k at the lady, but, strange though it seem.

rd only fell on the rocks and the stream: groans from the boat, that ascended

amain, roans from a bosom in horror and

pain. ched the dark lake, and bore lightly away-

or is vanished for ever and aye!

is glance of morning-sun, of Lomond's lay is done. t the swain, from path of dew. the golden orb to view, ad and yellow from the main, arce a shadow lines the plain; ows he then the gathering cloud his noontide glories shroud,-le of morn before the rain, the minstrel's mounting strain. inexperienced hind, s not coming rains and wind, con of the dawning hour, s the blink before the shower, ed, 'mid his open grain, nd him pour the sudden raind the still attentive throng. osed at once Macfarlane's song.

was it-when he 'gan to tell e stern, and barge of hell; d more loud, the minstrel sung : d more loud, the chords he rung;

ature was roused in the bounds of Wild grew his looks, for well he knew The scene was dread, the tale was true; And ere Loch-Ketturine's wave was won. Faltered his voice, his breath was done. He raised his brown hand to his brow, To veil his eye's enraptured glow; Flung back his locks of silver gray, Lifted his crutch, and limped away.

> The Bard of Clyde stepped next in view : Tall was his form, his harp was new; Brightened his dark eye as he sung; A stammer fluttered on his tongue; A captain in the wars was he, And sprung of noble pedigree!

### EARL WALTER.

THE TWELFTH BARD'S SONG.

What makes Earl Walter pace the wood In the wan light of the moon? Why altered is Earl Walter's mood So strangely, and so soon?-

It is his lot to fight a knight Whom man could never tame, To-morrow, in his Sovereign's sight. Or bear perpetual shame .-

Go warn the Clyde, go warn the Ayr, Go warn them suddenly, If none will fight for Earl Walter. Some one may fight for me .-

Now hold your tongue, my daughter dear, Now hold your tongue for shame! For never shall my son Walter Disgrace his father's name.

Shall ladies tell, and minstrels sing. How lord of Scottish blood By proxy fought before his King? No, never! by the rood!-

Earl Walter rose ere it was day, For battle made him bonn'; Earl Walter mounted his bonny gray, And rode to Stirling town.

Old Hamilton from the tower came down: Go saddle a steed for me, And I'll away to Stirling town, This deadly bout to see.

Mine eye is dim, my locks are gray, My cheek is furred and wan ; Ab, me! but I have seen the day I feared not single man!

Bring me my steed, said Hamilton; Darcie his vaunts may rue; Whoever slays my only son Must fight the father too.

Whoever fights my noble son May foin the best he can; Whoever braves Wat Hamilton, Shall know he braves a man.—

And there was riding in belt and brand, And running o'er holt and lea! For all the lords of fair Scotland Came there the fight to see.

And squire, and groom, and baron bold, Trooping in thousands came, And many a hind, and warrior old, And many a lovely dame.

When good Earl Walter rode the ring, Upon his mettled gray, There was none so ready as our good King To bid that Earl good day.

For one so gallant and so young, Oh! many a heart beat high; And no fair eye in all the throng, Nor rosy cheek, was dry.

But up then spoke the King's daughter, Fair Margaret was her name— If we should lose brave Earl Walter My sire is sore to blame.

Forbid the fight, my liege, I pray, Upon my bended knee.— Daughter, I'm loth to say you nay; It cannot, must not be.—

Proclaim it round, the princess cried: Proclaim it suddenly; If none will fight for Earl Walter, Some one may fight for me.

In Douglas-dale I have a tower,
With many a holm and hill,
I'll give them all, and ten times more,
To him will Darcie kill.—

But up then spoke old Hamilton, And doffed his bonnet blue; In his sunk eye the tear-drop shone, And his gray locks o'er it flew:—

Cease, cease, thou lovely royal maid, Small cause hast thou for pain; Wat Hamilton shall have no aid 'Gainst lord of France or Spain.

I love my boy; but should he fly, Or other for him fight, Heaven grant that first his parent's eye May set in endless night.—

Young Margaret blushed, her weeping staid, And quietly looked on: Now Margaret was the fairest maid On whom the daylight shone. Her eye was like the star of le That blinks across the evenin The locks that waved that eye Like light clouds curling ros

When Darcie entered in the rin A shudder round the circle fi Like men who from a serpent s They startled at the view.

His look so fierce, his crest so His belts and bands of gold. And the glances of his charger's Were dreadful to behold.

But when he saw Earl Walter's So rosy and so young, He frowned, and sneered with has And round disdainful flung.

"What, dost thou turn my skill And break thy jests on me? Thinkst thou I sought the Scot To play with boys like thee?

Fond youth, go home and learn For pity, get thee gone; Tilt with the girls and boys of And boust of what thou'st de

If Darcie's spear but touch thy It flies thy body through; If Darcie's sword come o'er thy It cleaves thy heart in two."

"I came not here to vaunt, Dare I came not here to scold; It ill befits a knight like thee Such proud discourse to hold.

To-morrow boast, amid the the Of deeds which thou hast don To-day restrain thy saucy toags Rude blusterer, come on!"

Rip went the spurs in either ate To different posts they sprung Quivered each spear o'er charges Forward each warrior hung.

The horn blew once—the horn bl Oh! many a heart beat high! 'Twas silence all!—the horn ble Dazzled was every eye.

Hast thou not seen, from hearer The eagle swift descend? Hast thou not seen the sheeted if The lowering darkness rend?

Not faster glides the cagle gray Adown the yielding wind: Not faster bears the bolt away, Leaving the storm behind; lew the warriors on their way, h full suspended breath; lew the warriors on their way as the field of death.

ce the shock, so loud the clang, gleams of fire were seen; ocks and towers of Stirling rung, the red blood fell between.

Valter's gray was borne aside, I Darcie's black held on. rer alack, fair Margaret cried: brave Earl Walter's gone! ver alack, the King replied, t ever the deed was done!—

Valter's broken corslet doffed, urned with lightened eye; ancing spear he raised aloft, seemed to threat the sky.

Darcie's spear, aimed at his breast, parried dext'rously; caught him rudely by the wrist, ng: Warrior, come with me!—

Darcie drew, Lord Darcie threw; threw and drew in vain; Darcie drew, Lord Darcie threw, spurred his black amain.

came Lord Darcie, casque and brand I rattled on the clay; came Earl Walter, hand in hand, head to head they lay.

barcie's steed turned to his lord, trembling stood behind; I Earl Walter's dapple scoured fleeter than the wind; op, nor stay, nor gate, nor ford, d make her look behind.

olt, o'er hill, o'er slope and slack, sought her native stall; ked not Darcie's doughty black, Darcie's spear at all.

to thy ways, Earl Walter cried:
a better may not be;
st my life with weapon tried,
never again with thee.

p. Lord Darcie, sey thy brand, fling thy mail away; of to foot, and hand to hand, I now decide the day.—

I, so done; their helms they flung, r doublets linked and sheen; uberk, armlet, cuirass, rung niscuons on the green. Now, Darcie! now thy drended name, That oft has chilled a foe, Thy hard-earned honours, and thy fame, Depend on every blow.

Sharp be thine eye, and firm thy hand; Thy heart unmoved remain; For never was the Scottish brand Upreared, and reared in vain.—

Now do thy best, young Hamilton, Rewarded shalt thou be; Thy King, thy country, and thy kin, 'All, all depend on thee.

Thy father's heart yearns for his son, The ladies' cheeks grow wan; Wat Hamilton! Wat Hamilton! Now prove thyself a man!

What makes Lord Darcie shift and dance So fast around the plain? What makes Lord Darcie strike and lance As passion fired his brain?

Lay on, lay on, said Hamilton;
Thou bearst thee boist'rously;
If thou shouldst pelt till day be done,
Thy weapon I defy.

What makes Lord Darcie shift and wear So fast around the plain? Why are Lord Darcie's hollands fair All striped with crimson grain?—

The first blow that Earl Walter made, He clove his whiskered chin. Beshrew thy heart, Lord Darcie said, Ye sharply do begin!

The next blow that Earl Walter made, Quite through the gare it ran. Now, by my faith, Lord Darcie said, That 's stricken like a man.

The third blow that Earl Walter made, It pierced his lordly side. Now, by my troth, Lord Darcie said, Thy marks are ill to bide.

Lord Darcie's sword he forced a-hight, And tripped him on the plain. O, ever alack, then cried the knight, I ne'er shall rise again!

When good Earl Walter saw he grew So pale, and lay so low, Away his brace of swords he threw, And raised his fainting foe.

Then rang the list with shouts of joy, Lond and more loud they grew, And many a honnet to the sky And many a coif they threw. The tear stood in the father's eye,—
He wiped his aged brow,—
Give me thy hand, my gallant boy!
I knew thee not till now.

My liege, my King, this is my son Whom I present to thee; Nor would I change Wat Hamilton For all the lads I see!

Welcome, my friend and warrior old!
This gallant son of thine
Is much too good for baron bold,
He must be son of mine!

For he shall wed my daughter dear, The flower of fair Scotland; The badge of honour he shall wear, And sit at my right hand.

And he shall have the lands of Kyle, And royal bounds of Clyde; And he shall have all Arran's Isle To dower his royal bride.

The princess smiled, and sore was flushed, O, but her heart was fain! And aye her cheek of beauty blushed Like rose-bud in the rain.

From this the Hamiltons of Clyde Their royal lineage draw; And thus was won the fairest bride That Scotland ever saw!

When ceased the lay, the plaudits rung, Not for the bard, or song he sung; But every eye with pleasure shone, And cast its smiles on one alone—
That one was princely Hamilton!
And well the gallant chief approved
The bard who sung of sire beloved,
And pleased were all the court to see
The minstrel hailed so courteously.

Again is every courtier's gaze
Speaking suspense, and deep amaze;
The bard was stately, dark and stern.—
'Twas Drummond from the moors of Ern.
Tall was his frame, his forehead high,
Still and mysterious was his eye;
His look was like a winter-day,
When storms and winds have sunk away.
Well versed was he in holy lore;
In cloistered dome the cowl he wore,
But, wearied with the eternal strain
Of formal breviats, cold and vain.
He wooed, in depth of Highland dale,
The silver spring and mountain-gale.

In gray Glen-Ample's forest deep, Hid from the rains and tempests' sweep, In bosom of an aged wood His solitary cottage stood. Its walls were bastioned, dark, and Dark was its roof of filmot-fern, And dark the vista down the linn, But all was love and peace within. Religion, man's first friend and beat. Was in that home a constant goest. There, sweetly, every morn and ere Warm orisons were poured to Heard And every cliff Glen-Ample knew, And green-wood on her banks that In answer to his bounding string. Had learned the hymns of Heaves is With many a song of mystic lore, Rude as when sung in days of yore.

His were the snowy flocks that in Adown Glen-Airtney's forest-glade; And his the goat, and chesnut hind. Where proud Ben-Vorlich cleaves the There oft, when suns of summer that The bard would sit, and muse alost. Of innocence, expelled by man; Of nature's fair and wondrous plan; Of the eternal throne sublime; Of visions seen in ancient time; Till his rapt soul would leave her bar In visiouary worlds to roam. Then would the mists that wanderd Seem hovering spirits to his eye; Then would the breeze's whistling as Soft lulling in the cavern deep. Seem to the enthusiast's dreaming on The words of spirits whispered non-

Loathed his firm soul the measured And florid films of modern rhyme; No other lays became his tongue But those his rude forefathers sure. And when, by wandering minstrel we The mandate of his queen he learned So much he prized the ancient strain. High hopes had he the prize to gain With modest, yet majestic mice. He tuned his harp of solemn strain: O list the tale, ye fair and young. A lay so strange was never sung!

## KILMENY.

THE THIRTEENTH BARD'S SOME

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duncira's men.
Nor the rosy monk of the isle to see
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing.
And pu' the cress-flower round the searlet hypp and the hindherry
And the nut that hang frace the hare
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could
But lang may her minny look wer th
And lang may she seek i' the green

Lang the laird of Duncira blame. And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come When many a day had come and fled, When grief grew calm, and hope was dead, When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung, When the bedesman had prayed, and the deadbell rung,

Late, late in a gloamin when all was still, When the fringe was red on the westlin hill, I'he wood was sere, the moon i' the wane; I'he reek o' the cot hung over the plain, Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane; When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme, Late, late in the gloamin Kilmeny came hame!

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been? Lang hae we sought baith holt and den; By linn, by ford, and green-wood tree, Ket you are halesome and fair to see. Where gat you that joup o' the lily scheen? That bonny snood of the birk sae green? And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?

Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been ?"

Cilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not
declare:

Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew;

But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung, and the airs of heaven played round her tongue.

When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen.

And a land where sin had never been;
A land of love, and a land of light,
Withouten sun, or moon, or night:
Where the river swa'd a living stream,
And the light a pure celestial beam:
The land of vision it would seem,
A still, an everlasting dream.

n yon green-wood there is a waik, And in that waik there is a wene, And in that wene there is a maike, I'hat neither has flesh, blood, nor bane; And down in yon green-wood he walks his

lane.
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowerets gay;
But the air was soft and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep.
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Fill waked by the hymns of a far countrye.

She 'wakened on couch of the silk sac slim, All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim; And lovely beings round were rife, Who erst had travelled mortal life; And aye they smiled, and 'gan to speer, What spirit has brought this mortal here?— Lang have I journeyed the world wide,
A meek and reverent fere replied;
Baith night and day I have watched the fair,
Eident a thousand years and mair.
Yes, I have watched o'er ilk degree,
Wherever blooms femenitye;
But sinless virgin, free of stain
In mind and body, fand I nane.
Never, since the banquet of time,
Found I a virgin in her prime,
Till late this bonny maiden I saw
As spotless as the morning-snaw:
Full twenty years she has lived as free
As the spirits that sojourn this countrye:
I have brought her away frae the snares of

That sin or death she never may ken .-

They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,

They kissed her cheek, and they kemed her hair,

And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying: Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!
Women are freed of the littand scorn:
O, blessed be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
Many a lang year in sorrow and pain,
Many a lang year through the world we've
gane,

Commissioned to watch fair womankind, For it's they who nurice the immortal mind. We have watched their steps as the dawning shone,

And deep in the green-wood walks alone;
By lily-bower and silken bed,
The viewless tears have o'er them shed;
Have soothed their ardent minds to sleep,
Or left the couch of love to weep.
We have seen! we have seen! but the time
must come,

And the angels will weep at the day of doom!

O, would the fairest of mortal kind Aye keep the holy truths in mind, That kindred spirits their motions see, Who watch their ways with anxious ec, And grieve for the guilt of humanitye! O, sweet to Heaven the maiden's prayer, And the sigh that heaves a bosom sae fair! And dear to Heaven the words of truth, And the praise of virtue frae beauty's mouth! And dear to the viewless forms of air, The minds that kyth as the body fair! O, bonny Kilmeny! free frae stain, If ever you seek the world again, That world of sin, of sorrow and fear, O, tell of the joys that are waiting here; And tell of the signs you shall shortly see Of the times that are now, and the time that shall be .-

They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away, And she walked in the light of a sunless day The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light:
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven, when they saw
her lie

In the stream of life that wandered bye.

And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where; but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her car like a dream of the morn:
O! blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gouden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them travelling
the air.

But lang, lang after baith night and day, When the sun and the world have elyed away; When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,

Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!-

They bore her away, she wist not how, For she felt not arm nor rest below; But so swift they wained her through the light.

'Twas like the motion of sound or sight;
They seemed to split the gales of air,
And yet nor gale nor breeze was there.
Unnumbered groves below them grew,
They came, they past, and backward flew,
Like floods of blossoms gliding on,
In moment seen, in moment gone.
O, never vales to mortal view
Appeared like those o'er which they flew!
That land to human spirits given,
The lowermost vales of the storied heaven;
From thence they can view the world below,
And heaven's blue gates with sapphires glow,
More glory yet unmeet to know.

They bore her far to a mountain green, To see what mortal never had seen; And they seated her high on a purple sward, And bade her heed what she saw and heard, And note the changes the spirits wrought, For now she lived in the land of thought. She looked, and she saw nor sun nor skies, But a crystal dome of a thousand dies: She looked, and she saw nae land aright, But an endless whirl of glory and light: And radiant beings went and came Far swifter than wind, or the linked flame. She hid her een frae the dazzling view; She looked again, and the scene was new.

She saw a sun on a summer-sky,
And clouds of amber sailing bye;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray;

And that land had valleys and har And marled seas, and a thousand is Its fields were speckled, its forests And its lakes were all of the dazzling Like magic mirrors, where slumber The sun and the sky and the clouds Which heaved and trembled, and

On every shore they seemed to be be For there they were seen on their to plain

A thousand times and a thousand in In winding lake and placid firth, Little peaceful heavens in the boson of

Kilmeny sighed and seemed to grien For she found her heart to that is cleave;

She saw the corn wave on the vale. She saw the deer run down the die. She saw the plaid and the broad do And the brows that the badge of feeder And she thought she had seen the land

She saw a lady sit on a throne, The fairest that ever the sun should A lion licked her hand of milk, And she held him in a leish of silk; And a leifu' maiden stood at her law With a silver wand and melting es: Her sovereign shield till love stole in And poisoned all the fount within

Then a gruff untoward bedes-man of And hundit the lion on his dame; And the guardian maid wi' the dame. She dropped a tear, and left her law And she saw till the queen frace the Till the bonniest flower of the world lay A coffin was set on a distant plain. And she saw the red blood fall like then bonny Kilmeny's heart grew a And she turned away, and could look

Then the gruff grim carle girned and And they trampled him down, but i

And he baited the lion to deeds of war Till he lapped the blood to the kingles. And weening his head was danger to When crowned with the rose and dear the gowled at the carle, and chardles. To feed wi' the deer on the mountain the gowled at the garle, and he gowled at the garle, and he gowled at the garle, and he gowled at the garle.

But his mark was set, and his aring Kilmeny a while her een withdres: She looked again, and the scene was

She saw below her fair unfurled One half of all the glowing world. Where oceans rolled, and rivers and To bound the aims of sinful man. She saw a people, fierce and fell. Burst frae their bounds like fierds grew and the eagle flew, ked on her ravening crew, and towers were rapt in a blaze, ader it roared o'er the lands and the seas.

they wailed, and the red blood

ran,
atened an end to the race of man:
ned, nor stood in awe,
by the lion's deadly paw.
e eagle swinked for life,
led up a mortal strife;
north, or flew she south,
the gowl of the lion's mouth.
ted wing and waefu' maen,
ought her eiry again;
y she cower in her bloody nest,
ng sleek her wounded breast,
ey another flight,
the norland lion's might.

the sights Kilmeny saw, ssing nature's law, voice wad sink away, ag of his harp wad cease to play. till the sorrows of man were bye, love and harmony; s of heaven fell calmly away, tes of snaw on a winter-day.

ny begged again to see the had left in her own countrye, the place where she had been, ties that lay in the land unscen; to living maidens fair, f Heaven, the spirits' care, ose minds unmeled remain in beauty when time is gane.

t music, soft and deep,
Kilmeny sound asleep;
he awakened, she lay her lane,
with flowers in the green-wood
wene.

lang years had come and fled; was calm, and hope was dead; e was remembered Kilmeny's name,

a gloamin Kilmeny came hame! beauty was fair to see, steadfast was her ce! bard may never declare, as no pride nor passion there; desire of maiden's een face could never be seen. was the lily flower, ek the moss-rose in the shower; ce like the distant melodye, along the twilight-sea. ed to raike the lanely glen, afar frae the haunts of men; mns unheard to sing. flowers, and drink the spring. er her peaceful form appeared, asts of the hill were cheered;

The wolf played blythly round the field, The lordly byson lowed and kneeled; The dun deer wooed with manner bland, And cowered anenth her lily hand. And when at even the woodlands rung, When hymns of other worlds she sung In cestasy of sweet devotion, O, then the glen was all in motion! The wild beasts of the forest came, Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame, And goved around, charmed and amazed; Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed, And murmured and looked with anxious pain For something the mystery to explain. The buzzard came with the throstle-cock; The corby left her houf in the rock; The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew ; The hind came tripping o'er the dew; The wolf and the kid their raike began, And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran:

The hawk and the hern attour them hung, And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;

And all in a peaceful ring were hurled: It was like an eve in a sinless world!

When a month and a day had come and gane,

Kilmeny sought the green-wood wene;
There laid her down on the leaves sae green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen.
But oh, the words that fell from her mouth,
Were words of wonder, and words of truth!
But all the land were in fear and dread,
For they kendna whether she was living or
dead.

It wasna her hame, and she couldna remain, She left this world of sorrow and pain, And returned to the land of thought again.

He ceased; and all with kind concern Blessed in their hearts the bard of Ern.

By that the chill and piercing air,
The pallid hue of ladies fair,
The hidden yawn, and drumbly eye,
Loudly announced the morning nigh:
Beckoned the Queen with courteous smile,
And breathless silence gazed the while:—

I hold it best, my lords, she said,
For knight, for dame, and lovely maid,
At wassail, wake, or revel-hall,
To part before the senses pall.
Sweet though the draught of pleasure be,
Why should we drain it to the lee?
Though here the minstrel's fancy play,
Light as the breeze of summer-day;
Though there in solemn cadence flow,
Smooth as the night-wind o'er the snow;
Now bound away with rolling sweep,
Like tempest o'er the raving deep;

High on the morning's golden screen, Or casemate of the rainbow lean;-Such beauties were in vain prolonged, The soul is cloyed, the minstrel wronged. Loud is the morning-blast and chill, The snow-drift speeds along the hill; Let ladies of the storm beware, And knights of ladies take a care; From lanes and alleys guard them well, Where lurking ghost or sprite may dwell; But most avoid the dazzling flare, And spirit of the morning-air; Hide from their eyes that hideous form, The ruthless angel of the storm. I wish, for every gallant's sake-That none may rue our Royal Wake-I wish what most his heart approves, And every lady what she loves,-Sweet be her sleep on bed of down, And pleasing be her dreams till noon. And when you hear the bugle's strain, I hope to see you all again .-

Whether the Queen to fear inclined, Or spoke to cheer the minstrel's mind, Certes, she spoke with meaning leer, And ladies smiled her words to hear. Yet, though the dawn of morning shone, No lady from that night-wake gone, Not even the queen, durst sleep alone. And scarce had Sleep, with throb and sigh, O'er breast of snow, and moistened eye. Outspread his shadowy canopy, When every fervid female mind, Or sailed with witches on the wind, In Carlisle drank the potent wine, Or floated on the foamy brinc. Some strove the land of thought to win, Impelled by hope, withstood by sin; And some with angry spirit stood By lonely stream, or pathless wood. And oft was heard the broken sigh. The half-formed prayer, and smothered cry: So much the minds of old and young Were moved by what the minstrels sung. What Lady Gordon did or said Could not be learned from lady's maid, And Huntly swore and shook his head: But she and all her buskined train Appeared not at the Wake again.

# NIGHT THE THIRD.

The storm had ceased to shroud the hill; The morning's breath was pure and chill; And when the sun rose from the main. No eye the glory could sustain. The icicles so dazzling bright; The spreading wold so smooth and white; The cloudless sky, the air so sheen. That roes on Pentland's top were seen;

And Grampian mountains, frow Seemed frozen 'mid the norther The frame was braced, the min To feat, or brisk hilarity.

The sun, far on his southern Glowed in stern majesty alone: Twas like the loved, the toils That dawns on mountains west When the furred Indian hunter Far up his Appalachian wastes To range the savage haunts. a In his dark home the sulles be And ere that noon-day-sun had Right on the banks of Dudding Heavens! what a scene of nois And busy brisk anxiety! There age and youth their past On the smooth ice that chains The Highland-chief, the Bork In waving plumes, and baldrid Join in the bloodless friendly w The sounding stone to hurl afs The hair-breadth aim, the place The rap, the shout, the ardour Till drowsy day her curtain de

The youth on cramps of polyoined in the race, the curve, the With arms outstretched, and to Like lightning o'er the lake they and castward far their impulse Like angels journeying o'er the lake angels journeying o'er the

When night her spangled flat Wide o'er a wan and sheeted w In keen debate homeward they l For well they knew the Wake

By mountain sheer, and colum How solemn was that evening-f The air was calm, the stars we The hoar-frost flightered down But oft the listening groups ste For spirits talked along the hill The fairy-tribes had gone to w In southland climes beneath th By shady woods, and waters al And vales of overlasting green. To sing of Scotia's woodlands t Where human face had never a The ghost had left the haunted The wayward bogle fled the cl The darksome pool of crisp and Was now no more the kelpie's But polar spirits sure had sprea O'er hills which native fays ha For all along, from cliff and tr On Arthur's hill, and Salisbur Came voices floating down the From viewless shades that ling The words were fraught with I Voices of men they could not ! Youths turned their faces to th With beating heart, and bender tains walked with hastened tread, at their hearts should how to dread: ed the spirits of the hill Scotland boded ill.

p his baldrick drew, ing-star was still in view, d the Pleiads cleared the main, s reyoked his golden wain, m the palace-turrets rang 's note with warning clang; er, each spire, in music spake, bles, to Queen Mary's Wake. ed lace, and robe of white, eful emblem of her youth, ss heart, and maiden truth. on decked her candid frame broach, and silk of flame; Earl and Baron bold in clasp and loop of gold. last night of hope and fear, ls could sing, or Sovereign hear; ere rose the Christmas-sun, d prize was lost and won.

ed that night who foremost came enrolled, nor known his name: he was of manly mold, lamb, as lion bold; iir face, and forehead high, ith intrusive modesty.

aid, by bank of southland-stream youth in soothing dream; he loved, and wont to stray wilds and woods away, to brooks that gurgled bye 's form and maiden's eye; en this dream of youth was past, he shade his harp he cast; fe his cares beguiled, was true, and fortune smiled, the Royal Wake began, came the foremost man, matchless bard approved, he strains he once had loved.

ghts had passed, the bards had sung ry's Harp from ceiling hung, was graved her lovely mold, h crowns and flowers of gold; a gem of dazzling dye a that prize to minstrel's eye.

nth had heard each minstrel's strain, ag northern bard would gain, youthful skill was moved, mself, but friends he loved.

## MARY SCOTT.

THE POURTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

Lord Pringle's steed neighs in the stall, His panoply is irksome grown, His plumed helm hangs in the hall, His broad claymore is berry-brown.

No more his bugle's evening-peal Bids vassal arm and yeoman ride, To drive the deer of Otterdale, Or forny on the border-side.

Instead of hoop and battle-knell,
Of warrior's song, and revel free,
Is heard the lute's voluptuous swell
Within the halls of Torwoodlee.

Sick lies his heart without relief;
"Tis love that breeds the warrior's wee,
For daughter of a froward chief,
A freebooter, his mortal foe.

But oh, that maiden's form of grace, And eye of love, to him were dear! The smile that dimpled on her face Was deadlier than the border-spear.

That form was not the poplar's stem.
That smile the dawning's purple line;
Nor was that eye the dazzling gem
That glows adown the Indian mine.

But would you praise the poplar pale,
Or morn in wreath of roses drest;
The fairest flower that wooes the vale,
Or down that clothes the solan's breast;

A thousand times beyond, above, What rapt enthusiast ever saw; Compare them to that mould of love— Young Mary Scott of Tushilaw!

The war-flame glows on Ettrick Pen.

Bounds forth the foray swift as wind,
And Tushilaw and all his men

Have left their homes afar behind.

O lady, lady, learn thy creed,
And mark the watch-dog's boisterous din;
The Abbot comes with book and bead—
O haste, and let the father in!

And, lady, mark his locks so gray,
His beard so long, and colour wan;
O he has mourned for many a day,
And sorrowed o'er the sins of man!

And yet so stately is his micn,
His step so firm, and breast so bold;
His brawny leg and form, I ween,
Are wondrous for a man so old.

Short was his greeting, short and low,
His blessing short as prayer could be;
But oft he sighed, and boded woe,
And spoke of sin and misery.

To shrift, to shrift, now ladies all, Your prayers and Ave Marias learn; Haste, trembling, to the vesper-hall, For ah! the priest is dark and stern.

Short was the task of lady old,
Short as confession well could be;
The Abbot's orisons were cold,
His absolutions frank and free.

Go, Mary Scott, thy spirit meek Lay open to the searcher's sye; And let the tear bedew thy cheek, Thy sins are of a crimson dye.

For many a lover thou hast slain, And many yet lie sick for thee— Young Gilmanscleuch and Deloraine, And Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee.

Tell every wish thy bosom near,
No other sin, dear maid, hast thou;
And well the Abbot loves to hear
Thy plights of love and simple vow.

"Why stays my Mary Scott so long?
What guilt can youth and beauty wail?
Of fervent thought and passion strong,
Heavens! what a sickening tedious tale!"

O lady, cease; the maiden's mind,
Though pure as morning's cloudless beam,
A crime in every wish can find,
In noontide-glance, and midnight-dream.

To woman's heart when fair and free, Her sins seem great and manifold; When sunk in guilt and misery, No crime can then her soul behold.

'Tis sweet to see the opening flower Spread its fair bosom to the sun; 'Tis sweet to hear in vernal bower The thrush's earliest hymn begun:

But sweeter far the prayer that wrings
The tear from maiden's beaming eye;
And sweeter far the hymn she sings
In grateful holy ecstasy.

The mass was said, but cold and dry
That mass to Heaven the Father sent;
With book, and bead, and rosary,
The Abbot to his chamber went.

The watch-dog rests with folded eye Beneath the portal's gray festoon; The wildered Ettrick wanders bye, Loud murmuring to the careless moon. The warder lists with hope mi a Far distant shout of frey logal The cricket tunes his tiny red, And harps behind the culomb

Why does the warder bent his hand silent stand the encount we The cricket stops his little red, The sound of gentle step to he

O many a wight from Bords in Has reaved the drewsy wada: And many a daughter his such When parents trowed her shap

The Abbot's bed is well down as The Abbot's bed is soft and hi The Abbot's bed is cold as kni-For why ?—the Abbot is set h

Was that the blast of bugie, but Far on the night-wind, waves 'Tis nothing but the shophers's That keeps the watch on Cast

What means the warder's most in The moon is west, 'tis near the I thought I heard the warrier's 'Tis time the Abbet were see

The bittern mounts the menings And rings the aky with quared The watch-dog sallies from his h And bays the wind and settings

'Tis not the breeze, nor bitten's Has roused the guarder from h' Along the bank, in belt and mail Come Tushilaw and all his ma

The Abbot, from his casement, so The forest-chieftain's proud and He heard the voice of Tushiku—
The Abbot's heart grew cell so

"Haste, maidens, call my lady for That room may for my warrier And bid my daughter come and a The cup of joy with them and:

Say we have fought and won thei Havelowered our haughty form And we have driven the richest? That ever lowed by Ettrick-sid

To hear a tale of vanquished for His lady came right cheerfully And Mary Scott, like morning-re Stood blushing at her father's h

Fast flowed the warrior's ruthles And aye the red cup passed be But Mary Scott grew lily pale, And trembled like the aspen gr lady, give me welcome cheer, in of the Border thou shalt be; have brought thee gold and gear, humbled haughty Torwoodlee.

his yeomen in the glen, sed his horses from the stall, the blood-hound in his den, sought the chief through tower and hall.

id, in hamlet mean and dark itly he lies with leman dear; ould give ten thousand mark, ee his head upon my spear!

idens, every mat be spread eather, haum, or roegrass heap, ake for me the scarlet bed, I have need of rest and sleep."—

my good lord, make other choice, at you cannot rest to-day; ere in peaceful slumber lies bly Abbot, old and gray."—

ieftain's cheek to crimson grew, t from his band the rosy wine bbot! curse the canting crew! bbot sleep in couch of mine!

ady, as my soul shall thrive, ather trust my child and thee ny two greatest foes alive, King of Scots and Torwoodlee.

zy hoard of Melrose vale brought my life, my all to stake: y! I have heard a tale, thought o't makes my heart to ache!

triors, hale the villain forth, g not his loathful form to me; ate stands open to the north, rope hangs o'er the gallows tree.

shall the burning breeze of noon the old sensual sluggard blind; let him swing, till sun and moon three times left the world behind."-

ot, Abbot, say thy prayers, a orisons load every breath; rest-trooper's on the stairs, rag thee to a shameful death.

ot, Abbot, quit the bed, rmed art thou to meet the strife; don thy beard, and quoif thy head, guard the door for death or life.

rm is firm, thy heart is stout, thou canst neither fight nor flee; anty stands thy guard without, beauty weeps and pleads for thee. Proud, rathless man, by vengeance driven, Regardless hears a brother plead; Regardless sees the brand of Heaven Red quivering o'er his guilty head.

But once let woman's soothing tongue Implore his help or clemency, Around him let her arms be flung, Or at his feet her bended knee—

The world's a shadow! vengeance sleeps!
The child of reason stands revealed—
When beauty pleads, when woman weeps,
He is not man who scorns to yield.

Stern Tushilaw is gone to sleep,
Laughing at woman's dread of sin;
But first he bade his warriors keep
All robbers out, and abbots in.

The Abbot from his casement high Looked out to see the peep of day; The scene that met the Abbot's eye Filled him with wonder and dismay.

'Twas not the dews of dawning mild,
The mountain's hues of silver gray,
Nor yet the Ettrick's windings wild,
By belted holm and bosky brae;

Nor moorland Bankleburn, that raved By covert, clough, and greenwood shaw; Nor dappled flag of day, that waved In streamers pale from Gilmans-law:

But many a doubted ox there lay
At rest upon the castle-lea;
And there he saw his gallant gray,
And all the steeds of Torwoodlee.

Beshrew the wont! the Abbot said,
The charge runs high for lodging here;
The guard is deep, the path way-laid,
My homilies shall cost me dear.

Come well, come woe, with dauntless core
I'll kneel, and con my breviary;
If Tushilaw is versed in lore,
'Twill be an awkward game with me.—

Now Tushilaw he waked and slept, And dreamed and thought, till noontidehour:

But aye this query upmost kept, What seeks the Abbot in my tower?

Stern Tushilaw came down the stair With doubtful and indignant eye, And found the holy man at prayer, With book, and cross, and rosary.

"To book, to book, thou reaver red,
Of absolution thou hast need;
The sword of Heaven hangs o'er thy head,
Death is thy doom, and hell thy meed!"—

"I'll take my chance, thou priest of sin,
Thy absolutions I disdain;
But I will noose thy bearded chin,
If thus thou talkest to me again.

Declare thy business and thy name,
Or short the route to thee is given!"—
"The Abbot I of Coldinghame,
My errand is the cause of Heaven."—

"That shalt thou prove ere we two part; Some robber thou, or royal spy: But, villain, I will search thy heart, And chain thee in the deep to lie!

Hence with thy rubbish, hest and ban, Whinyards to keep the weak in awe; The scorn of Heaven, the shame of man— No books nor beads for Tushilaw!"—

"Oh! lost to mercy, faith, and love!
Thy bolts and chains are nought to me;
I'll call an angel from above,
That soon will set the pris'ner free."—

Bold Tushilaw, o'er stone and steep, Pursues the roe and dusky deer; The Abbot lies in dungeon deep, The maidens wail, the matrons fear.

The sweetest flower on Ettrick shaw Bends its fair form o'er grated keep; Young Mary Scott of Tushilaw Sleeps but to sigh, and wakes to weep.

Bold Tushilaw, with horn and hound, Pursues the deer o'er holt and lea; And rides and rules the Border round, From Philiphaugh to Gilnockye.

His page rode down by Melrose fair, His page rode down by Coldinghame; But not a priest was missing there, Nor Abbot, Friar, nor Monk of name.

The evening came; it was the last
The Abbot in this world should see;
The bonds are firm, the bolts are fast,
No angel comes to set him free.

Yes, at the stillest hour of night
Softly unfolds the iron door;
Beamed through the gloom unwonted light,
That light a beauteous angel bore.

Fair was the form that o'er him hung, And fair the hands that set him free; The trembling whispers of her tongue Softer than seraph's melody.

The Abbot's soul was all on flame, Wild transport through his bosom ran; For never angel's airy frame Was half so sweet to mortal man.— Why walks young Mary Scott as In veil and cloak of cramasyo! The porter opens wide the gate, His bonnet moves, and bends h

Long may the wondering porter Before the lady-form return; Speed, Abbot, speed, nor halt a Nor look thou back to Raskle

The day arrives, the ladies plea In vain for you mysterious w For Tushilaw his doom decreed, Were he an Abbot, Lord, at

The chieftain called his warrion And ranged them round the g Then bade them bring the Abb The fate of frand that all mig

The men return of sense berell.
Falter their tongues, their eyeThe door was locked, the feller
All close! the Abbot was not t

The wondering warriors bow to And matins to the Virgin hum But Tushilaw he gloomed and st And walked into the castle dur

But to the Virgin's sacred name

The vow was paid in many a
And many a rich oblation came
For that amazing miracle.

Lord Pringle walked his gless at Nor flock nor lowing herd he But even the king upon the thre Quaked at the name of Tushik

Lord Pringle's heart was all on Nor peace nor joy his bosom 'Twas for the kindest, sweetest That ever brushed the forest-

Gone is one month with smile a
With dream by night and wi
A second came with moistened
Another came and passed aw

Why is the flower of yonder p Bending its stem to court de And Mary Scott's benignant sn Like sun-beam in a winter-d

Sometimes her colour's like the Sometimes 'tis like the lily | The flower that in the forest | Is fallen before the summer-

A mother's fostering breast is And dark her doubts of love For why?—she felt its early 1 A mother's eye is sharp and e! the woman stands revealed! Tushilaw is waked to see; rded priest so well concealed, Pringle, lord of Torwoodlee!

or was the thunder's jar, d tornado's wasting wing, the elemental war, ury of the Border-king.

hed aloud—his faulchion eyed th of burning vengeance born! hus the coward trow," he cried, old his conqueror's power to scorn!

l'ushilaw of maids or wives, ch a thing as Torwoodlee! ry Scott a thousand lives, lives were all too few for me!

night, in the secret cave, word shall pierce her bosom's core, I go childless to my grave, to the deed for evermore!

lulled the imp to rest first she lisped her name to me, ed her little guileless breast smiling on her nurse's knee!"—

your vengeance, my good lord, st and meet our daughter die; per than a foeman's sword ily-shame and injury.

t the ruthless deed to me; a vial potent, good; that all the Scotts should see ghter's corse embalmed in blood!

her gallant kinsmen know uilt of one so fair and young; should to her mem'ry flow, quiem o'er her grave be sung.

nt draught has crst proved true h my own and husband's eye; c, cre falls the morning-dew, amless sleep shall Mary lie!"—

o thy way, thy words are true,
thy dauntless soul before;
-if thou deceivest me too,
hast a head! I say no more."—

ishilaw strode o'er the ley, rondering, by the twilight saw I tear drop from his eye, est e'er shed by Tushilaw!

us are the bonds of steel, asted hope 'tis hard to prove; ievous far it is to feel itude from those we love. "What brings my lady mother here,
Pale as the morning-shower and cold?
In her dark eye why stands the tear?
Why in her hand a cup of gold?"—

"My Mary, thou art ill at rest,
Fervid and feverish is thy blood;
Still yearns o'er thee thy mother's breast,
Take this, my child, 'tis for thy good!"—

O sad, sad was young Mary's plight! She took the cup—no word she spake: She had even wished that very night To sleep, and never more to wake.

She took the cup—she drank it dry,
Then pillowed soft her beauteous head,
And calmly watched her mother's eye;
But oh that eye was hard to read!

Her moistened eyes, so mild and meek, Soon sunk their auburn fringe beneath; The ringlets on her damask cheek Heaved gentler with her stealing breath!

She turned her face unto the wall, Her colour changed to pallid clay; Long ere the dews began to fall, The flower of Ettrick lifeless lay!

Why nnderneath her winding-sheet
Does broidered silk her form enfold?
Why are cold Mary's buskined feet
All laced with belts and bands of gold?—

"What boots to me those robes so gay?"
To wear them now no child have I!
They should have graced her bridal day,
Now they must in the church-yard lie!

I thought to see my daughter ride, In golden gear and cramasye, To Mary's fane, the loveliest bride E'er to the Virgin bent the knee.

Now I may by her funeral wain
Ride silent o'er the mountain gray:
Her revel-hall, the gloomy fane;
Her bridal bed, the cheerless clay!"—

Why that rich snood, with plume and luce, Round Mary's lifeless temples drawn? Why is the napkin o'er her face, A fragment of the lily-lawn?—

"My Mary has another home;
And far, far though her journey be,
When she to Paradise shall come,
Then will my child remember me!"—

O many a flower was round her spread, And many a pearl and diamond bright, And many a window round her head Shed on her form a bootless light! Lord Pringle sat on Maygill brae, Pondering on war and vengeance meet; 'The Cadan toiled in narrow way, The Tweed rolled far beneath his feet.

Not I weed, by gulf and whirlpool mazed,
Through dark wood-glen, by him was seen,
For still his thought-set eye was raised
To Ettrick mountains, wild and green.

Sullen he sat, unstaid, unblest,
He thought of battle, broil, and blood;
He never crossed, he never wist
Till by his side a Palmer stood.

"Haste, my good lord, this letter read,
Ill bodes it listless thus to be;
Upon a die I've set my head,
And brought this letter far to thee."—

Lord Pringle looked the letter on, His face grew pale as winter-sky; But, ere the half of it was done, The tear of joy stood in his eye.

A purse he to the Palmer threw, Mounted the cleft of aged tree, Three times aloud his bugle blew, And hasted home to Torwoodlee.

'Twas scarcely past the hour of noon When first the foray-whoop began; And, in the wan light of the moon, Through March and Teviotdale it ran.

Far to the south it spread away, Startled the hind by fold and tree; And aye the watch-word of the fray Was, "Ride for Ker and Torwoodlee!"

When next the day began to fade,
The warriors round their chieftains range;
And many a solemn vow they made,
And many an oath of fell revenge.

The Pringles' plumes indignant dance— It was a gallant sight to see; And many a Ker, with sword and lance, Stood rank and file on Torwoodlee.

As they fared up you craigy glen, Where Tweed sweeps round the Thornyhill,

Old Gideon Murray and his men The foray joined with right good-will.

They hasted up by Plora side,
And north above Mount-Benger turn,
And lothly forced with them to ride
Black Douglas of the Craigy-burn.

When they came nigh Saint Mary's lake The day-sky glimmered on the dew; They hid their horses in the brake, And lurked in heath and braken clough.

The lake one purple valley by,
Where tints of glowing light way.
The ganza waved his cancal way,
With yellow oar and quoif of gr

The dark cock bayed above the con Throned 'mid the wavy fringe of Unwreathed from dawning's fairy is In many a soft vermilion fold.

The tiny skiffs of silver mist
Lingered along the slumbering of
Belled the gray stag with ferril b
High on the moors of Meggat-di

There, hid in clough and hellow is Gazing around the still sublime. There lay Lord Pringle and his se On beds of heath and moorland the

That morning found rough Tashii In all the father's guise appear An end of all his hopes he saw Shrouded in Mary's gilded bir.

No eye could trace without concer. The suffering warrior's troubled. The throbs that heaved his basen. No ear could bear, no heart could

"Woe be to thee, thou wicked du My Mary's prayers and accents Might well have rendered vengear This hand could ne'er have slain!

But thou, in frenzied fatal hour, Reft the sweet life, thou gaves, And crushed to earth the fairest for That ever breathed the breeze of

My all is lost, my hope is fled,
The sword shall ne'er be drawn is
Unblest, unhonoured my gray head
My child! would I had died for i

The bell tolls o'er a new-made grav The lengthened funeral-train is so Stemming the Yarrow's silver wan And darkening Dryhope-holms so

When nigh the Virgin's fane they a Just by the verge of holy group The Kers and Pringles left the clos And hemmed the wondering Scotts

Vassal and peasant, seized with dree Sped off, and looked not once be And all who came for wine and bree Fled like the chaff before the

But all the Scotts together flew,
For every Scott of name was the
In sullen mood their weapons draw
And back to back for fight prepare

was the onset—boast, nor threat, word, was heard from friend or foe; be began the work of fate, h perilous thrust and deadly blow.

the Harden lads were true, bore them bravely in the broil! oughty laird of wild Buccleuch ed like a lion in the toil.

word on bassenet was broke, blood was streaming to his heel, oon, to ward the fatal stroke, rattled twenty blades of steel.

Raeburn tilted gallantly; Ralph of Gilmanscleuch was slain, and Hugh of Baillilee, William laird of Deloraine.

Vill of Thirlestane came on h his long sword and sullen eye; s of ancient honours won, to the wight that came him nigh!

s the last the ranks to break, flying, fought full desperately; gth within his feudal lake stood, and fought, unto the knee.

looked he round from side to side; friendly skiff was there that day! hy? the knight in bootless pride, driven them from the wave away.

lid he rue the stern decree!
rolled the billow from the west!
shes swam indignantly
p o'er the hero's boardly breast.

loud has roared the wintry storm, winds have ceased, and rains are gone, oft the shepherd's trembling form ads gazing o'er gigantic bone;

ring of Time's unstaying tide; ancient chiefs by kinsmen slain, idal rights, and feudal pride, reckless Will of Thirlestane.

ong shall Ettrick rue the strife t reft her brave and generous son, ne'er in all his restless life unbecoming thing—but one.

ushilaw, with sword in hand, heart to fiercest woes a prey, d courting every foeman's brand, fought in hottest of the fray.

n the gallant kinsmen stood lged in a firm and bristled ring; funeral weeds are bathed in blood, corslets round their bosoms cling. Against the lance and helmed file
Their courage, might, and skill were valn.
Short was the conflict, short the while
Ere all the Scotts were bound or slain.

When first the hostile band upsprung,
The body in the church was laid,
Where vows were made, and requiems sung,
By matron, monk, and weeping maid.

Lord Pringle came—before his eye
The monks and maidens kneeled in fear;
But Lady Tushilaw stood bye,
And pointed to her Mary's bier!

"Thou lord of guile and malice keen, What boots this doleful work to thee! Could Scotland such a pair have seen As Mary Scott and Torwoodlee?"—

Lord Pringle came,—no word he spake,
Nor owned the pangs his bosom knew;
But his full heart was like to break,
In every throb his bosom drew.

"O I had weened with fondest heart— Woe to the guileful friend who lied!— This day should join us ne'er to part, This day that I should win my bride!

But I will see that face so meek, Cold, pale, and lifeless though it be; And I will kiss that comely cheek, Once sweeter than the rose to me."—

With trembling hand he raised the lid, Sweet was the perfume round that flew; For there were strewed the roses red, And every flower the forest knew.

He drew the fair lawn from her face,
"Twas decked with many a costly wreath;
And still it wore a soothing grace
Even in the chill abodes of death.

And aye he prest the cheek so white, And aye he kissed the lips beloved, Till pitying maidens wept outright, And even the frigid monks were moved.

Why starts Lord Pringle to his knee?
Why bend his eyes with watchful strain?
The maidens shrick his mien to see;
The startled priests inquire in vain!

Was that a sob, an earthly sigh,
That heaved the flowers so lightly shed?
Twas but the wind that wandered bye,
And kissed the bosom of the dead;

Are these the glowing tints of life
O'er Mary's cheek that come and fly?
Ah, no! the red flowers round are rife,
The rose-bud flings its softened dye.

Why grows the gazer's sight so dim?
Stay, dear illusion, still beguile!
Thou art worth crowns and worlds to him—
Last, dear illusion, last awhile!

Short was thy sway, frenzied and short,
For ever fell the veil on thee;
Thy startling form, of fears the sport,
Vanished in sweet reality!

'Tis past! and darkly stand revealed
A mother's cares and purpose deep:
That kiss, the last adicu that scaled,
Waked Mary from her death-like sleep!

Slowly she raised her form of grace, Her eyes no ray conceptive flung; And O, her mild, her languid face, Was like a flower too carly sprung!

"O I lie sick and weary here,
My heart is bound in moveless chain;
Another cup, my mother dear,
I cannot sleep though I would fain!"—

She drank the wine with calm delay,
She drank the wine with pause and sigh:
Slowly, as wakes the dawning day,
Dawned long-lost thought in Mary's eye.

She looked at pall, she looked at bier, At altar, shrine, and rosary; She saw her lady mother near, And at her side brave Torwoodlee!

'Twas all a dream, nor boded good, A phantom of the fevered brain! She laid her down in moaning mood, To sooth her woes in sleep again.

Needs not to paint that joyful hour, The nuptial vow, the bridal glee, How Mary Scott, the Forest-flower, Was borne a bride to Torwoodlee.

Needs not to say, how warriors prayed When Mary glided from the dome; They thought the Virgin's holy shade In likeness of the dead had come.

Diamond and ruby rayed her waist,
And twinkled round her brow so fair;
She wore more gold upon her breast
Than would have bought the hills of Yair.

A foot so light, a form so meet,
Ne'er trode Saint Mary's lonely lea;
A bride so gay, a face so sweet,
The Yarrow braes shall never see.

Old Tushilaw deigned not to smile, No grateful word his tongue could say, He took one kiss, blest her the while, Wiped his dark eye, and turned away. The Scotts were freed, and p Each Scott, each Ker, each Swore by his name, and by h To be firm friends for even

Lord Pringle's hills were stor Drove after drove came nig But many a Border-Baron ki Whence came the dower to

Scarce had the closing means When from the ring the min O'er foot of maid, and cane of Three times he foundered as I and his gilt harp, of flowery Left ready for the next that Loud were the plaudits,—all Their eyes turned to the royal They looked again,—no bard But whisper, smile, and quest Around the ring anent the may While all the nobles of the so Lauded the generous stranger

The next was bred on south Beneath the mists of Lammer And long, by Nith and crystal Had taught the Border-youth The strains of Greece, the bar Were all his theme, and all his Well toned his voice of wars this hair was dark as raven's His eye an intellectual lance; No heart could bear its search But every bard to him was de His heart was kind, his soul

When first of Royal Wake the Forthwith it chained his sole. It was his thought, his hourd His morning-prayer, his midn Knights, dames, and squires of the deemed as fond of songs as And talked of them continually. But when he heard the Highly Scarce could his breast his assortwas all unequalled, and wou Immortal Bards! immortal W. About Dunedin streets he ran Each knight he met, each man In field, in alley, tower, or he The Wake was first, the Wake

Alike to him the south or n So high he held the minstrel-So high his ardent mind was Once of himself he scarcely th Dear to his heart the strain of The strain admired in ancient And of his minstrel-honours p He strang his harp too high. EDWARD'S DREAM

FIFTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

cock had whirred at the break of the morn,

f her tassels of silver was shorn, King Edward lay tossing in ire, a ferment, his bosom on fire: iles, stretched o'er the valley, were still

ne-forests that darkened the hill.

nt his visions were loathly and

grim; ed his lip! and how quaked every limb!

ving eye showed how troubled his rest,

ere the throbs of his labouring breast.

Scot's banner red streaming on high;

cottish warriors determined and nigh;

ns of steel, and, bright gleaming before,

the broad target, and Highlandclaymore.

cir head, in stern glory appeared f heroes so hated and feared; ile of Rachrin that led the array, c's spirit was pointing the way: a torch, beaming ruin and wrath, on his helmet was—Vengeance or death!

opia's desert domain, dwinds new mountains up-pile on the plain,

d brown billows, fierce curling on high,

the sun, and are tossed to the sky; cach other, they burst and recoil, er, and sink, with a reeling turmoil:

the onset that Edward beheld, orave legions were heaped on the field.

blueHighlander,swiftasthe wind, or hefore him, and ruin behinda of blood-vapour brood over the slain,

oke and Howard are stretched on the plain.

n he hated, all covered with blood, and nearer approached where he stood.

ot retreat, and no succour was near-

on! he cried, and pursued his career.

the iron retreat from the wound, phold him, he sunk on the ground:

His spirit, escaped on the wings of the wind, Left terror, confusion, and carnage behind, Till on the green Pentland he thought he sat lone,

And pondered on troubles and times that were gone.

He looked over meadow, broad river, and downe.

From Ochel's fair mountains to Lammermore brown:

He still found his heart and desires were the same;

He wished to leave Scotland nor sceptre nor name.

He thought, as he lay on the green mountain thyme,

A spirit approached him in manner sublime. At first she appeared like a streamer of light, But still, as she neared, she was formed to his sight.

Her robe was the blue silken veil of the sky, The drop of the amethyst deepened its dye; Her crown was a helmet, emblazoned with pearl;

Her mantle the sun-beam, her bracelets the beryl;

Her hands and her feet like the bright burning levin;

Her face was the face of an angel from heaven: Around her the winds and the echoes grew still,

And rainbows were formed in the cloud of the hill.

Like music that floats o'er the soft heaving

When twilight has inlied all the breezes

The wild fairy-airs in our forests that rung, Or hymn of the sky by a scraph when sung; So sweet were the tones on the fancy that broke,

When the Guardian of Scotland's proud mountains thus spoke :-

"What boots, mighty Edward, thy victories

'Tis over—thy sand of existence is run; Thy laurels are faded, dispersed in the blast; Thy soul from the bar of Omnipotence cast, To wander bewildered o'er mountain and plain,

O'er lands thou hast steeped with the blood of the slain.

"I heard of thy guerdon, I heard it on high: Thou'rt doomed on these mountains to linger and lie.

The mark of the tempest, the sport of the wind,
The tempest of conscience, the storm of the
mind.

Till people thou'st hated, and sworn to subdue, Triumphant from bondage shall burst in thy Their sceptre and liberty bravely regain, And climb to renown over mountains of shin.

"I thought (and I joined my endeavours to thine)

The time was arrived when the two should

combine; For 'tis known that they will 'mong the hosts

And we thought that blest era of concord was nigh.

But ages unborn yet shall flit on the wing, And Scotland to England ere then give a king; A father to monarchs, whose flourishing sway The ocean and ends of the earth shall obey.

"See you little hamlet o'ershadowed with smoke,

See yon hoary battlement throned on the rock, Even there shall a city in splendour break forth.

The haughty Dunedin, the Queen of the North; There learning shall flourish, and liberty smile, The awe of the world and the pride of the isle.

"But thy lonely spirit shall roam in dismay, And weep o'er thy labours so soon to decay, In you western plain, where thy power overthrew

The bulwarks of Caledon, valiant and few; Where beamed the red faulchion of ravage

Where tyranny, horsed on the dragons of death,

Rode ruthless through blood of the honoured and just.

When Graeme and brave Stuart lay bleeding in dust,

The wailings of liberty pierced the sky; The Eternal, in pity, averted his eye!

"Even there the dread power of thy nations combined,

Proud England, green Erin, and Normandy joined,

Exulting in numbers, and dreadful array, Led on by Carnarvon, to Scotland away, As thick as the snow-flakes that pour from the pole,

Or silver-maned waves on the ocean that roll, By a handful of heroes, all desperate driven, Impelled by the might and the vengeance of Heaven,—

By them shall these legions be all overborne, And melt from the field like the mist of the morn.

The Thistle shall rear her rough front to the sky,

And the Rose and the Shamrock at Carron shall die.

"How couldst thou imagine those spirits of flame
Would steep to conversion, to slavery and

Would stoop to oppression, to slavery, and shame?

Ah! never; the lion may counts
The mighty leviathan bend and
But the Scots, round their hing
leaner o

Their mountains will keep against the work

King Edward awoke with a groups The vision was vanished, but me

His courage was high, but his is gone;

He cursed the Scotch nation, and

His legions moved on like a cloud of But fierce was the fever that leg breast;

On sand of the Solway they restri

He heard not the sound of the error But the whisper that died on it was So

The bard had sung so bold and he while patriot fire flashed from he That ere King Edward won to me Or sheet was spread above his he The harp-strings jarred in wild a The minstrel throbbed, his voice Upon his harp he leaned his head And softly from the ring was led

The next was from a western Where Nith winds slowly down Where play the waves o'er guld Like mimic billows of the main Of the old elm his harp was ma That bent o'er Cluden's lonelies No gilded sculpture round her For his own hand that harp had In stolen hours, when, labour d He strayed to view the parting O, when the toy to him so fair. Began to form beneath his care How danced his youthful heart How constant grew the dear en The sun would chamber in the The red star rise o'er Locherbe The solemn moon, in sickly hu Waked from her castern couch Would half way gain the vault Bathe in the Nith, slow stealing And still the bard his task won

When his first notes, from on Arrested maiden on her way; When ceased the reaper's evenia And paused the shepherd of the Bootless all higher worldly bliss. To crown our minstrel's happine What all the joys by fortune giv To cloyless song, the gift of He

arp could make the matron stare, My twenty men, I have no moc, e peasant's hoary hair, riot-breasts with ardour glow, for pant to meet the foe; by Nith the maidens young at the strains their minstrel sung. ight, or at evening-fold, ting on the daisied wold, their locks of waving gold, ir group, enrapt, shall name t, their darling Cunninghame; song beloved in youth,weir-a tale of trath.

#### DUMLANRIG.

HE SIXTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

that at Dumlanrig's gate loud, and raps so late? er's threat, nor porter's growl, nor watch-dog's angry howl, regards, but rap and call, ng alternate, shake the wall. ve, stretched in dungeon deep, om his painful visioned sleep, re form from pavement raised, ed to the sounds amazed: e and keep rang with the din, las heard the noise within.

Dumlanrig! all's at stake! Dumlanrig! Douglas, wake!rder-blow thy warning shrill, the beacon on the hill, thee reaves thy ruthless foemlanrig! Douglas, ho!"-

oak round him Douglas threw, e crennel eager flew. ws?whatnews?thou stalwart groom, in midnight's deepest gloom, my gate the loud alarm wide and country harm? thy dangers? what thy fears? by message—Douglas hears."

ouglas! Douglas, arm with speed, t thy fleetest hattle-steed; x, with the southern host, u hast banlked and curbed the most, its from the Solway blown, d upon thy mountains brown: m their camp in search of prey, e thy flocks and herds away; revenge, and hunger keen, wept the hills of fair Dalveen; hee bullock, goat, or steer, holms of Durisdeer. came to my father's hall : it our tower-they took our all. my only sister May, the ruffians bore away; nor lamb, bleats in the glen, l lonely Locherben!

Eager to cross the roaming foe, Well armed with hauberk and broad-sword, Keep ward at Cample's rugged ford. Before they bear their prey across, Some Southrons shall their helmets lose, If not the heads those helmets shield,-O, haste thee, Douglas, to the field!"-With that his horse around he drew, And down the path like lightning flew.

Arm, cried the Douglas, one and all! And vanished from the echoing wall. Arm! was the word; along it ran Through manor, bayle, and barbican; And clank and clatter burst at once From every loop of hall and sconce, With whoop of groom, and warder's call, And prancing steeds, 'twas hurry all.

At first, like thunder's distant tone, The rattling din came rolling on; Echoed Dumlanrig-woods around, Londer and louder swelled the sound, Till like the sheeted flame of wonder, That rends the shoals of heaven asunder.

When first the word: To arms! was given, Glowed all the eastern porch of heaven; A wreathy cloud of orient brown Had heralded the rising moon, Whose verge was like a silver bow, Bending o'er Ganna's lofty brow; And ere above the mountain blue Her wasted orb was rolled in view, A thousand men, in armour sheen, Stood ranked upon Dumlanrig-green.

The Nith they stemmed in firm array; For Cample-ford they bent their way. Than Douglas and his men that night, Never saw yeomen nobler sight; Mounted on tall curvetting steed, He rode undaunted at their head; His shadow on the water still, Like giant on a moving hill. The ghastly bull's-head scowled on high, Emblem of death to foemen's eye; And bloody hearts on streamers pale, Waved wildly in the midnight-gale.

O, haste thee, Douglas! haste and ride! Thy kinsmen's corpses stem the tide! What red, what dauntless youth is he, Who stands in Cample to the knee; Whose arm of steel, and weapon good, Still dyes the stream with Southron blood, While round him fall his faithful men? Tis Morison of Locherben. O, haste thee, Douglas to the fray, Ere won be that important way! The Southron's countless prey, within The decadful coils of Crighup linn, No passage from the moor can find,-The wood below, the gulf behind:

One pass there is, and one alone,
And in that pass stands Morison.
Who crosses there, or man or heast,
Must make their passage o'er his breast,
And over heaps of mangled dead,
That dam red Cample from its bed.
His sister's cries his soul alarm,
And add new vigour to his arm.
His twenty men are waned to ten—
O. haste to dauntless Locherben!

The Southrons, baulked, impatient turn, And crowd once more the fatal bourn. All desperate grew the work of death, No yielding but with yielding breath; Even still lay every death-struck man, For footing to the furious van. The little band was seized with dread, Behind their rampart of the dead; Power from their arms began to fly, And hope within their breasts to die, When loud they heard the cheering word of—Douglas! Douglas! cross the ford; Then turned the Southron swift as wind, For fierce the battle raged behind.

O, stay, brave Morison! O, stay!
Guard but that pass till break of day;
Thy flocks, thy sister to retrieve,
That task to doughty Douglas leave:
Let not thine ardour all betray,—
Thy might is spent—brave warrior, stay.

O, for the lyre of heaven, that rung When Linden's lofty hymn was sung; Or his, who from the height beheld The reeling strife of Flodden field! Then far on wing of genius borne Should ring the wonders of that morn: Morn!—ah! how many a warrior bold That morn was never to behold! When rival rank to rank drew nigh, When eye was fixed on foeman's eye, When lowered was lance, and bent was bow, And faulchion clenched to strike the blow, No breath was heard, nor clank of mail, Each face with rage grew deadly pale: Trembled the moon's reluctant ray; The breeze of heaven sunk soft away.

So furious was that onset's shock,
Destruction's gates at once unlock:
'Twas like the earthquake's hollow groan,
When towers and towns are overthrown:
'Twas like the river's midnight crush,
When snows dissolve, and torrents rush;
When fields of ice, in rude array,
Obstruct its own resistless way:
'Twas like the whirlwind's rending sweep:
'Twas like the tempest of the deep,
Where Corrybraken's surges driven,
Meet, mount, and lash the breast of heaven.

'Twas foot to foot, and brand to brand; Oft hilt to hilt, and hand to hand; Oft gallant formen, were to bill Dead in each other's bosoms for The horsemen met with might. Then recled, and wheeled, and A thousand spears on haberts. A thousand swords on helmets. Where might was with the feel Still there the line of battle be. As oft recoiled from flank assail, While blows fell thick as rattle Nature stood mute that fateful! All save the ranks on Cample. And mountain-goats that left the And bleating field to Garrach-g

Dumlanrig, aye in battle kem. The foremost in the broil was Woe to the warrior dared will the progress of his deadly by the sat so firm, he reined so we whole ranks before his charge A valiant youth kept by his sid With crest and armour crimson Charged still with him the yiel And seconded his every blow. The Douglas wondered whence And asked his lineage and his a Twas he who kept the narrow Who raised at first the battle-fa And roused Dumlanrig and his a Brave Morison of Locherben.

My chief, he said, forgive my For one than life to me more de But late I heard my sister cry: Dumlanrig, now thy weapon pl Her guard waits in yon hollow Beneath the shade of spreading

Dumlanrig's eye with ardour of Follow! he cried, and spurred A close gazoon the horsemen n Douglas and Morison the hear And through the ranks impetu By dint of lance and broad cla 'Mid shouts, and groans of par For hard and doubtful was the Behind a knight, firm belted They found the fair May Mar But why, through all Dumlan Search her bright eyes, and s A stranger mounts her on his Brave Morison, where art the The drivers for their booty fe And, soon as Cample-ford was To work they fell, and forces Across the stream their migh The bleating flocks in terror Across the bloody breast of n Even the dall cattle gazed wi And lowing, foundered o'er th

The Southrons still the fight Though broke, they closed and Till shouting drivers gave th That all the flocks had cleared at pass the bands retire, braved Dumlanrig's ire. tried, and tried in vain, that fatal path to gain; onged th' unequal fray, is men, and lost the day. attle's fiercest shock, its were on his bosom broke; d in flight to seek remede, been his noble steed, away his master bore, ad seen Dumlanrig more.

eam, from his moonlight sleep, sberry began to peep, owsy on the mountain-fern, ose tiptoe on the cairn, in his bosom pale, the moon, and shadowy dale. a scene appalled the view, moor, as dawning drew! purple heather spread, the dying and the dead; en there from quarrel cease, before had met in peace; en good the Douglas lost, ree hundred of his host, y him lamented most, of all the Nithsdale men, rison of Locherben.

rons did no foot pursue, he conflict to renew. not at the rising sun hief they'd to Douglas done, south pursued their way, cape with such a prey.

glas, where thy pride of weir?
d in thy hold career!
the Lowther eagle's look
ink before the Lowland rook!
the lordly lion's paw
g wolves should sink in awe!
woe, the purple heart
nished from the field depart!

loss of kinsmen dear, I scratch of Southron spear? I dumb, thy sullen host, by misconduct lost? and bosom, swelling high, cound tear roll in thine eye? by heart was doomed to prove or pang of slighted love.

on lingers on the heath,
ross the field of death;
motion, smooth and still
on the twilight-hill,
t ray of falling even
agh the parting clouds of heaven?
ite that roams forlorn?
rom the bowers of morn,

Come down a tear of heaven to shed,
In pity o'er the valiant dead?
No vain, no fleeting phantom this!
No vision from the bowers of bliss!
Its radiant eye, and stately tread,
Bespeak some beauteous mountain-maid!
No rose of Eden's bosom meek,
Could match that maiden's moistened cheek;
No drifted wreath of morning-snow,
The whiteness of her lofty brow;
Nor gem of India's purest dye,
The lustre of her eagle-eye.

When beauty, Eden's bowers within,
First stretched the arm to deeds of sin;
When passion burned, and prudence slept,
The pitying angels bent and wept.
But tears more soft were never shed,
No, not when angels bowed the head,
A sigh more mild did never breathe
O'er human nature whelmed in death,
Nor woe and dignity combine
In face so lovely, so benign,
As Douglas saw that dismal hour,
Bent o'er a corse on Cample-moor;
A lady o'er her shield, her trust,
A brave, an only brother's dust!

What heart of man unmoved can lie,
When plays the smile in beauty's eye?
Or when a form of grace and love
To music's notes can lightly move?
Yes: there are hearts unmoved can see
The smile, the ring, the revelry;
But heart of warrior ne'er could bear
The beam of beauty's crystal tear.
Well was that morn the maxim proved—
The Douglas saw, the Douglas loved.

"O cease thy tears, my lovely May,
Sweet floweret of the banks of Ae,
His soul thou never canst recall—
He fell as warrior wont to fall.
Deep, deep the loss we both bewail;
But that deep loss to countervail,
Far as the day-flight of the hern,
From Locherben to green Glencairn,
From where the Shinnel torrents pour
To the lone vales of Crawford-moor,
The fairy-links of Tweed and Lyne,
All, all the Douglas has, is thine,
And Douglas too; whate'er betide,
Straight thou shalt be Dumlanrig's bride."—

"What! mighty chief, a bride to thee!
No, by you heaven's High Majesty,
Sooner I'll beg, forforn and poor,
Bent at thy meanest vassal's door,
Than look thy splendid halls within,
Thou deer, wrapt in a lion's skin!
Here lies thy bravest knight in death;
Thy kinsmen strew the purple heath;
What boot thy boasted mountains green?
Nor flock, nor herd, can there be seen;

All driven before thy vaunting foe
To ruthless slaughter, bleat and low,
Whilst thou—shame on thy dastard head!—
A wooing com'st amid the dead.
O, that this feeble maiden hand
Could bend the bow, or wield the brand!
If yeomen mustered in my hall,
Or trooped obsequious at my call,
My country's honour I'd restore,
And shame thy face for evermore.
Go, first thy flocks and herds regain;
Revenge thy friends in battle slain;
Thy wounded honour heal; that done,
Douglas may ask May Morison."

Dumlanrig's blood to's bosom rushed, His manly cheek like crimson blushed. He called three yeomen to his side: "Haste, gallant warriors, haste and ride, Warn Lindsay on the banks of Daur, The fierce M. Turk and Lochinvaur; Tell them that Lennox flies amain; That Maxwell and Glencairn are ta'en; Kilpatrick with the spoiler rides; The Johnston flies, and Jardine hides: That I alone am left to fight For country's cause and sovereign's right. My friends are fallen-my warriors toiled-My towns are burnt-my vassals spoiled: Yet say-before to-morrow's sun With amber tips the mountain dun, Either that host of ruthless thieves I'll scatter like the forest-leaves, Or my wrang heart shall cease to play, And my right hand the sword to sway. At Blackwood I'll their coming bide: Haste, gallant warriors, haste and ride !"-

He spoke:—each yeoman bent his eye,
And forward stooped in act to fly;
No plea was urged, no short demur;
Each heel was turned to strike the spur.
As ever ye saw the red deer's brood,
From covert sprung, traverse the wood;
Or heath-fowl beat the mountain-wind,
And leave the fowler fixt behind;
As ever ye saw three arrows spring
At once from yew-bow's twanging string—
So flew the messengers of death,
And, lessening, vanished on the heath.

The Douglas bade his troops with speed Prepare due honours for the dead, And meet well armed at evening still On the green conesof Blackford-hill; There came M'Turk to aid the war, With troops from Shinnel glens and Scaur; Fierce Gordon with the clans of Ken, And Lindsay with his Crawford men; Old Morton, too, forlorn and gray, Whose son had fallen at break of day.

If troops on earth may e'er withstand An onset made by Scottish brand, Then lawless rapine sways the throng, And conscience whispers—This is wrong: But should a foe, whate'er he
To Scotia's soil dispute here
Or dare on native mountaine.
The poorest atom boasts her
Though high that warrior's
Let him beware the broad of
Scotland! thy honours long.
Though rudely cropt, though
Yet, bathed in warm and pu
More glorious o'er the ruis
Long flourished thy paternal
Arabia's lineage stoops to the

Dumlanrig found his focs so Stretched on the ridge of La The hum that wandered from Far on the midnight-breeze No deafening drum, no bugi No watch-word past from a No slight vibration stirred to To warn the Scot a fue was Save bleat of flocks that wa And oxen's deep and sullen l

What horrors o'er the warr. What vultures watch his so What toils! what snares!—I Where lightnings flash, and: Where havock strikes who hand death's red billows mu Yet still he fumes and flows. Till crushed the moth—its: Why should the bard, who His maiden's scorn by meuni Or pour his wild harp's fair From sounding cliff or gree Of slaughtered foemen prou On deeds of death and horro

Dread was Dumlanrig's mar Fierce on the foe he rushed Lindsay of Crawford, known That night first gained a he The brave M'Turk of Stenh Bathed to the knees in Sout A bold and generous chief w And come of ancient pedigre And Gordon with his Gallow O'er floundering ranks resist Short was the strife!—they! As chaff before the northern

Dumlanrig's flocks were not a And well their worth Dumlan But ne'er so proud was he be Of his broad bounds and coun As when they strung up Nith Well guarded, to their hills a With Douglas' name the greas battle-songs his warriors a The banners streamed in don The heart above, the rose his visage glowed, his pulse And gladness sparkled in his For why, he knew the lovely Who in Kilpatrick's castle la

is proud return would view petuous censure rue.

he :- Why should haughty chief self on lady's grief, ght, as nought but he y her anxiety. : keep thy distance due; roud and jealous too. young thy maiden be, new that ere told by thee. gentle, heave the sigh, efore her piercing eye; thour't noble, brave, and young, y mien and rude thy tongue, udly towers thy trophied pile, r beauty's yielding smile. suits the brave and high, ove in lady's eye.

ound his lovely flower sun-beam o'er the shower. phyr of the plain, e rose-bud after rain: r scorn and maiden pride, Dumlanrig's lovely bride. umlanrig, though thy name ites in the ear of fame, might and valour keen, t house had never been. mem'ry, gallant man! thy broad-sword in the van, rebellion reared the brand, the laurels of our land, inshaken stood like thee injured majesty: er thy forgotten bier, frops the burning tear, his wild harp's boldest string, s on the breeze to fling, ins, once thine own, may know, the Queensberry honours flow. memory, gallant knight! ove, so brave in fight! thy children's princely urn re towers, and scraphs mourn, en grave shall wave the yew, distil its earliest dew.

the bard's protracted song. ile the fair among : as free, and soft its fall, yet so bold withal, well, yet, sooth to say, o varied was the lay.

the witching time of night, strays, and forms that fright d on the palsied sight; moulds upon the mind on the passing wind, 'er memory's wilds that fly;

And much the circle longed to hear Of gliding ghost, or gifted seer, That in that still and solemn hour Might stretch imagination's power, And restless fancy revel free In painful, pleasing luxury. Just as the battle-tale was done The watchman called the hour of one.

Lucky the hour for him who came, Lucky the wish of every dame, The bard who rose at herald's call Was wont to sing in Highland hall, Where the wild chieftain of M'Lean Upheld his dark Hebridian reign; Where floated crane and clamorous gull Above the misty shores of Mull; And evermore the billows rave Round many a saint and sovereign's grave. There, round Columba's ruins gray, The shades of monks are wont to stray, And slender forms of nuns, that weep In moonlight by the murmuring deep, O'er early loves and passions crost, And being's end for ever lost. No earthly form their names to save, No stem to flourish o'er their grave, No blood of theirs beyond the shring To nurse the human soul divine, Still cherish youth by time unworn, And flow in ages yet unborn; While mind, surviving evermore, Unbodied seeks that lonely shore.

In that wild land our minstrel bred, From youth a life of song had led, Wandering each shore and upland dull, With Allan Bawn, the bard of Mull, To sing the deeds of old Fingal In every cot and Highland hall. Well knew he, every ghost that came To visit fair Hebridian dame, Was that of Monk or Abbot gone, Who once, in cell of pictured stone, Of woman thought, and her alone. Well knew he, every female shade To westland chief that visit paid In morning pale, or evening dun, Was that of fair lamenting nun, Who once, in cloistered home forlorn, Languished for joys in youth forsworn; And oft himself had seen them glide At dawning from his own bed-side.

Forth stepped he with uncourtly bow. The heron-plume waved o'er his brow, His garb was blent with varied shade, And round him flowed his Highland plaid: But wee to Southland dame and knight In minstrel's tale who took delight; Though known the air, the song he sung Was in the barbarons Highland tongue: with faltering tongue and sigh, But tartaned chiefs in raptures hear The strains, the words, to them, so dear.

Thus ran the bold portentous lay, As near as Southern tongue can say.

### THE ABBOT M'KINNON.

THE SEVENTEENTH BARD'S SONG.

M'Kinnon's tall mast salutes the day,
And beckons the breeze in Iona bay;
Plays lightly up in the morning-sky,
And nods to the green wave rolling bye;
The anchor upheaves, the sails unfurl,
The pennons of silk in the breezes curl;
But not one monk on holy ground
Knows whither the Abbot M'Kinnon is bound.

Well could that bark o'er the ocean glide, Though monks and friars alone must guide; For never man of other degree On board that sacred ship might be. On deck M'Kinnon walked soft and slow; The haulers sung from the gilded prow; The helmsman turned his brow to the sky, Upraised his cowl, and upraised his eye, And away shot the bark on the wing of the wind,

Over billow and bay like an image of mind.

Aloft on the turret the monks appear, To see where the bark of their Abbot would bear;

They saw her sweep from Iona bay, And turn her prow to the north away, Still lessen to view in the hazy screen, And vanish amid the islands green. Then they turned their eyes to the female dome,

And thought of the nuns till the Abbot came

Three times the night with aspect dull Came stealing o'er the moors of Mull; Three times the sea-gull left the deep, To doze on the knob of the dizzy steep, By the sound of the ocean lulled to sleep; And still the watch-lights sailors see On the top of the spire, and the top of Dun-ye; And the laugh rings through the sacred dome, For still the Abbot is not come home.

But the wolf that nightly swam the sound, From Rosa's rude impervious bound, On the ravenous burrowing race to feed, That loved to haunt the home of the dead, To him Saint Columb had left in trust To guard the bones of the royal and just, Of saints and of kings the sacred dust; The savage was scared from his charnel of death,

And swam to his home in hunger and wrath, For he momently saw, through the night so dun,

The cowering monk, and the veiled nun,

Whispering, sighing, and as By cross dark alley, and per O, wise was the founder, as Where there are women, as

No more the watch-fire glo
M'Kinnon and friends arrive
A stranger youth to the ide
Modest of mien and deep of
In costly sacred rabes begin
And he lodged with the Ale

His breast was graceful, as His leg was taper, his feet And his tread so light that On listening ear or vault as His eye was the morning's And his neck like the swan His teeth the ivory polishe And his lip like the morel w

While under his cowls cm Were seen the carls of war This comely youth, of best Abode with the Abbot by 4 When arm in arm they wa Young friars would becken.

But sires, in dread of sins Would shake their heads

Afraid the frown of the sa Who reared their temple a And pledged his soul to go Till virtue should fly her But now a stranger of hid Too fair, too gentle, a ma This stranger of beauty an Abode with the Abbot by a The months and the days The monks were kind and the But the gray-haired airs

Kneeled at the altar and kis

M'Kinnon he dreamed that

Stood by his side, and with Bade him arise from his ga And pay his respect to the In temple that north in the Which fire from howels of Which the giant-builders

To rival in grandeur the at Himself had upreared in lo For round them rose the market The fishes had left the con And so high ran the waves They had drizzled the ero

The cycle was closed, and He had vowed to the sca. ne rose trouble or pain, e to pay to the God of the main. him haste and the rites prepare, e monks should with him fare, d again to see him there.

roke from his visioned sleep, is casement and looked on the deep; the mountains, he looked to the shore, azed him and troubled him sore, d heard of the rite before; so plain, he thought meet to obey, decline, and he would not delay. bbot, uprose the morn, un from the Bens of Lorn; her course to the northward framed,

ere journeying east the sky, is low and the swell was high, sy sea was heaving bright and hills of liquid light; her lubric bosom were seen yes of purple and green.

oard whom the saint had named.

he bark her sides to lave! o the lee; and she girdled the wave: stayless verge she hung, steep wave veered and swung, s of the billows before her flung. red the ocean with downward

m aloof and the dark sea-fowl; k sought the depth of the main, he wheel of her wake again; er, far to the southward, shone f snow on the waste alone.

dreadful strand they gain, the sacred dome of the main; seen the place before, of from the dismal shore, ose before their prow, ey beheld they did not know. y forms, in close-set file, e roof of that holy pile; f foam and the clouds of spray, is that rushed from the portals r hearts, and drove them away.

d their bark to the east around, in basin, by rocks imbound; to silence, they trode the strand ced pillars in order stand, the liquid burning levin, the bow that spans the heaven, anged in horrid array,

Their path was on wondrous pavement of Its blocks all cast in some giant mould,

Fair hewn and grooved by no mortal hand, With countermure guarded by sea and by land. The watcher Bushella frowned over their WAY

Enrobed in the sea-baize, and hooded with gray;

The warder that stands by that dome of the deep,

With spray-shower and rainbow, the entrance to keep. But when they drew nigh to the chancel of

ocean,

And saw her waves rush to their raving devotion.

Astounded and awed to the antes they clung, And listened the hymns in her temple she sung;

The song of the cliff, when the winter-winds blow,

The thunder of heaven, the earthquake below, Conjoined, like the voice of a maiden would be, Compared with the anthem there sung by the sen.

The solemn rows in that darksome den, Were dimly seen like the forms of men. Like giant monks in ages agone, Whom the God of the ocean had seared to stone,

And bound in his temple for ever to lean, In sack cloth of gray and visors of green, An everlasting worship to keep, And the big salt tears eternally weep So rapid the motion, the whirl and the boil, So loud was the tumult, so fierce the turmoil, Appalled from those portals of terror they

On pillar of marble their incense to burn. Around the holy flame they pray, Then turning their faces all west away, On angel pavement each bent his knee, And song this hymn to the God of the sea-

#### THE MONKS' HYMN.

Thou, who makest the ocean to flow. Thou, who walkest the channels below; To thee, to thee, this incense we heap, Thou, who knowest not slumber nor sleep, Great Spirit that movest on the face of the deep,

To thee, to thee, we sing to thee, God of the western wind, God of the sea!

To thee, who bringest with thy right hand The little fishes around our land; To thee, who breathest in the bosomed sail, Rulest the shark and the rolling whale, Flingest the sinner to downward grave, Lightest the gleam on the mane of the wave, Bidst the billows thy reign deform, of green o'er the dark some gray. Laughst in the whirlwind, singst in the storm ;

Or risest like mountain amid the sen, Where mountain was never and never will be, And rearest thy proud and thy pale cha-

moon;

To thee, to thee, this wine we pour, God of the western wind, God of the shower!

To thee, who bidst those mountains of brine

Softly sink in the fair moonshine, And spreadst thy couch of silver-light, To lure to thy bosom the queen of the night, Who weavest the cloud of the ocean-dew, And the mist that sleeps on her breast so blue;

When the murmurs die at the base of the hill, And the shadows lie rocked and slumbering still,

And the Solan's young, and the lines of foam, Are scarcely heaved on thy peaceful home, We pour this oil and this wine to thee, God of the western wind, God of the sea!-"Greater yet must the offering be."

The monks gazed round, the Abbot grew wan,

For the closing notes were not sung by man. They came from the rock, or they came from the air.

From voice they knew not, and knew not where;

But it sung with a mournful melody: "Greater yet must the offering be."

In holy dread they past away, And they walked the ridge of that isle so gray,

And saw the white waves toil and fret. An hundred fathoms below their feet; They looked to the countless isles that lie From Barra to Mull, and from Jura to Skye; They looked to heaven, they looked to the main.

They looked at all with a silent pain, As on places they were not to see again. A little bay lies hid from sight, O'erhung by cliffs of dreadful height: When they drew nigh that airy steep, They heard a voice rise from the deep; And that voice was sweet as voice could be, And they feared it came from the Maid of the Sea.

M'Kinnon lay stretched on the verge of the hill, And peeped from the height on the bay so still;

And he saw her sit on a weedy stone,

And aye she sank the ware ville Till it gurgled around ber line Then combed her locks of the 'Mid walks of the angels and ways of the And aye this song was heard be

THE MERMAID'S MAS

Matilda of Skye Alone may lie, And list to the wind that which Sad may she be, For deep in the sea, Deep, deep, deep in the sea. This night her lover shall stay

She may turn and hide From the spirits that glit. And the ghost that stands at be But never a kiss the vow shall Nor warm embrace her bosom b For far, far down in the floor Moist as this rock-weed, cold n With the eel, and the clam, mi

On soft sea-flowers her laver do And long and sound shall his de In the coral-bowers of the dera

The trembling sun, far, far aven Shall pour on his couch a selic And his mantle shall wave in the And the little fishes shall turn But the waves and the tides of the

Ere wakes her love from his No home!-no kiss!-No, never His couch is spread for ever use

The Abbot arose in dumb dis They turned and fled from the For dark and portentous was the When they came in view of their n They saw an old man who sat His beard was long, and silver g Like the rime that falls at the br His locks like wool, and his ol And he scarcely looked like and They asked his errand, they asked Whereunto bound, and whence But a sullen thoughtful silence And turned his face to the sea ! Some gave him welcome, and

But the Abbot stood pale, with b He tried to be jouund, but tremb For he thought he had seen the

Away went the ship with her

Laving her fair breast, and singing alone; So glad to escape from that islan

mmed the blue wave like a streamer of light.

I marked it well, and blessed the si
I the dim veil 'twixt the day and the No sour disdain, nor manner cold,

the old man arose and stood up on the prow,

ed his dim eyes on the ocean below; ey heard him saying: Oh, woe is me!

"ent as the sin must the sacrifice be. Id was his eye, and his manner sublime, he looked unto heaven, and said: Now is the time.

"Aked to the weather, he looked to the

lee,
ked as for something he dreaded to see,
stretched his pale hand, and pointed

his eye gleam on the verge of the eastern sky.

nonks soon beheld, on the lofty Ben-More, ht which they never had seen before;

t of blue lightning around it was driven, ts crown was encircled by morion of heaven;

hey beard a herald that loud did ery, are the way for the Abbot of I!"

a sound arose, they knew not where, as from the sea, or it came from the air, a louder than tempest that ever blew, the sea-fowls screamed, and in terror

ran to the cords, some kneeled at the

all the wild elements seemed to combine; a just but one moment of stir and com-

motion, down went the ship like a bird of the ocean!

moment she sailed all stately and fair,
next, nor ship nor shadow was there,
a boil that arose from the deep below,
ounting gurgling column of snow;
nk away with a marmaring moan—
sea is calm, and the sinners are gone.

### CONCLUSION.

esn of the bard! peace to thy heart, g hast thou acted generous part, g hast thou courteonsly in pain ended to a feeble strain, ile oft abashed has sunk thine eye, task is done, the Wake is bye.

saw thy fear, I knew it just; as not for minstrels long in dust, for the fend and venturous swain o dared to wake their notes again; Yet oft thine eye has spoke delight.
I marked it well, and blessed the sight:
No sour disdain, nor manner cold,
Noted contempt for tales of old;
Oft hast thou at the fancies smiled,
And marvelled at the legends wild:
Thy task is o'er: peace to thy heart!
For thou hast acted generous part.

'Tis said that thirty bards appeared,
That thirty names were registered,
With whom were titled chiefs combined,
But some arc lost, and some declined.
Woe's me, that all my mountain-lore
Has been unfit to rescue more!
And that my guideless rustic skill
Has told those ancient tales so ill.

The prize-harp still hung on the wall;
The bards were warned to leave the hall,
Till courtiers gave the judgment true,
To whom the splendid prize was due.
What curious wight will pass with me,
The anxious motley group to see;
List their remarks of right and wrong,
Of skilful hand and faulty song,
And drink one glass the bards among?

There sit the men—behold them there, Made maidens quake and courtiers stare, Whose names shall future ages tell; What do they seem? behold them well: A simpler race you shall not see, Awkward and vain as men can be; Light as the fumes of fervid wine, Or foam-bells floating on the brine, The gossamers in air that sail, Or down that dances in the gale. Each spoke of other's fame and skill With high applause, but jealous will; Each song, each strain, he erst had known, And all had faults except his own: Plaudits were mixed with meaning jeers, For all had hopes, and all had fears.

A herald rose the court among,
And named each bard and named his song;
Rizzio was named from royal chair—
Rizzio! re-echoed many a fair.
Each song had some that song approved,
And voices gave for bard beloved.
The first division called and done,
Gardyn stood highest just by one.
No merits can the courtier sway,
"Twas then, it seems, as at this day.

Queen Mary reddened, wroth was she Her favourite thus outdone to see, Reproved her squire in high disdain, And caused him call the votes again. Strange though it seem, the truth I say, Feature of that unyielding day, Her favourite's voters counted o'er, Were found much fewer than before. Glistened her eyes with pungent dew; She found with whom she had to do.

Again the royal gallery rung With names of those who second sung, When, spite of haughty Highland blood, The Bard of Ettrick upmost stood.

The rest were named who sung so late, And, after long and keen debate, The specious nobles of the south Carried the nameless stranger youth; Though Highland wrath was at the full, Contending for the Bard of Mull.

Then did the worst dispute begin,
Which of the three the prize should win.
'Twas party all—not minstrel-worth,
But honour of the south and north;
And nought was heard throughout the court,
But taunt, and sneer, and keen retort.
High ran the words, and fierce the fume,
And from beneath each nodding plume
Red look was cast that vengeance said,
And palm on broad-sword's hilt was laid,
While Lowland jeer, and Highland mood,
Threatened to end the Wake in blood.

Rose from his seat the Lord of Mar, Serene in counsel as in war. For shame, said he, contendants all! This outrage done in royal hall Is to our country foul disgrace: What! mock our Sovereign to her face! Whose generous beart, and taste refined, Alike to bard and courtier kind. This high repast for all designed. For shame! your party-strife suspend, And list the counsel of a friend. Unmeet it is for you or me To lessen one of all the three, Each excellent in his degree; But taste, as sapient sages tell, Varies with climes in which we dwell. Fair emblem of the Border-dale, Is cadence soft and simple tale; While stern romantic Highland-clime, Still nourishes the rude sublime. If Border-ear may taste the worth Of the wild pathos of the north; Or that sublimed by Ossian's lay, By forest dark and mountain gray By clouds which frowning cliffs deform, By roaring flood and raving storm, Enjoy the smooth, the fairy tale, Or evening-song of Teviot-dale; Then trow you may the tides adjourn, And nature from her pathway turn; The wild-duck drive to mountain-tree, The capperkayle to swim the sea, The heath-cock to the shelvy shore, The partridge to the mountain hoar, And bring the red eyed ptarmigan To dwell by the abodes of man.

To end this strife, named all Let all the three be called and Their skill alternately be trid. And let the Queen alone decid. Then hushed be jeer and answer He said, and all, consenting,

When word was brought to The group were all in dire de The Border-youth (that strag Had quarrelled with the class Had placed their merits out of Deriding both the songs and merits said—but few the charge He branded them as fools and Certes that war and woe had been gleaming dirks unsheather The Highland minstrels ill on His taunting word and haugh

The youth was chafed, and Refused to touch his harp age Said he desired no more remutation. Than keep those Highland he Now he had seen them quite The south had two, the north But should they bear the prifer that he should not, would He cared for no such guerden Nor for the harp, nor for the His claim withdrawn, the vice Repaired to prove their skills.

The song that tuneful Gard, Is still admired by old and you And long shall be at evening! While songs are sung or tales Of stolen delights began the so Of love the Carron woods amount of lady borne from Carron sit. To Barnard towers and halls so Of jealous lord and doubtful hand ended with Gilmorice dear Cut off in manhood's early blo Soft rung the closing notes and And every heart was steeped in the control of the control

The harp of Ettrick rung as Her bard, intent on fairy-strai And fairy-freak by moon-light Sung young Tam Lean of Car

Queen Mary's harp on high And every tone responsive run With gems of gold that dazz That harp is to the Highland Gardyn is crowned with garls And bears the envied prize av Long, long that harp, the hil Resounded Ossian's warriors Waked slumbering lyres from Adown the banks of Don and At length was borne, by bear To woo the airs on Garry sin

two hundred years had fled, northern bards were dead, harp, of wondrous mould, Il its gems and gold, hich Gardyn erst did play, nedin found its way.

hand the victor crowned, the wreath his temples round, he shouts of Highland chiefders were dumb with grief; r Bard of Ettrick stood pale, in moveless mood; which oft his eyes had seen in his glens so green. saw the minstrel's pain, om bootless grief refrain. boon to him should fall he harps in royal hall; song a countless store, mains of minstrel-lore, by a silver rill, eward his rustic skill: ift his bosom claim, but that gift to name.

ir Queen, the minstrel said, ing voice and hanging head, the keep, and minstrel-lore—tharp, I ask no more.

own hand a lyre I crave, alone my heart can save.—

ist thou asked: and be it known, arp of old renown an ardent wight beguiled; ned by wizard of the wild, of yield one measure bland skill-less stranger hand; er powers by progress found, magic in the sound! ldly woes oppress thy heartand all must share a partorn be cast from maiden's eye, endship fail, or fortune fly, thy harp to lonely brake, her soothing numbers wake, corroding cares shall cease, n's host be lulled to peace; gilded screen shall cast, rs the future, veils the past. will make the elves of eve lling in the moon-beam leave, hine eyes by haunted tree tering tiny forms to see. g shades that woo the glen pe to forms of living men, on earth no more you see were loved, and aye will be; t converse you may prove below and things above."

that is the harp for me; apt bard in cestasy;

This soothing, this exhaustless store, Grant me, my Queen, I ask no more.

O, when the weeping minstrel laid The relic in his old gray plaid, When Holyrood he left behind To gain his hills of mist and wind, Never was hero of renown, Or monarch prouder of his crown. He tript the vale, he climbed the coomb, The mountain-breeze began to boom; Aye when the magic chords it rung, He raised his voice and blithely sung : "Hush, my wild harp! thy notes forbear; No blooming maids nor elves are here: Forbear a while that witching tone, Thou must not, canst not sing alone. When Summer flings her watchet screen At eve o'er Ettrick woods so green, Thy notes shall many a heart beguile; Young Beauty's eye shall o'er thee smile,-And fairies trip it merrily Around my royal harp and me."

Long has that harp of magic tone To all the minstrel-world been known: Who has not heard her witching lays Of Ettrick banks and Yarrow braes? But that sweet bard, who sung and played Of many a feat and Border-raid, Of many a knight and lovely maid, When forced to leave his harp behind, Did all her tuneful chords unwind; And many ages passed and rame Ere man so well could tune the same. Bangour the daring task essayed, Not half the chords his fingers played; Yet even then some thrilling lays Bespoke the harp of ancient days. Redoubted Ramsay's pensant skill Flung some strained notes along the hill; His was some lyre from lady's hall, And not the mountain-harp at all. Langhorn arrived from Southern dale, And chimed his notes on Yarrow vale, They would not, could not, touch the heart; His was the modish lyre of art. Sweet rung the harp to Logan's hand: Then Leyden came from Border-land, With dauntless heart and ardour high, And wild impatience in his eye. Though false his tones at times might be, Though wild notes marred the symphony Between, the glowing measure stole That spoke the hard's inspired soul. Sad were those strains, when hymned afar, On the green vales of Malabar: O'er seas beneath the golden morn, They travelled on the monsoon borne, Thrilling the heart of Indian maid, Beneath the wild banana's shade .-Leyden! a shepherd wails thy fate, And Scotland knows her loss too late.

The day arrived-blest be the day, Walter the Abbot came that way!- The sacred relic met his view—
Ah! well the pledge of Heaven he knew!
He screwed the chords, he tried a strain;
Twas wild—he tuned and tried again,
Then poured the numbers beld and free,
The ancient magic meledy.

The land was charmed to list his lays; It knew the harp of ancient days. The Berder-chiefs, that long had been In sepulchres unhearsed and green, Passed from their mouldy vaults away; In armour red and storn array, And by their moonlight-halis were seen, In visor helm, and habergeon. Even fairies sought our land again, Se powerful was the magic strain.

Blest be his generous heart for aye!
He told me where the relic lay;
Pointed my way with ready will,
Afar en Ettrick's wildest hill;
Watched my first notes with curious eye,
And wondered at my missireley:
He little weened a parent's tengue
Such strains had o'er my cradle sung.

O could the bard I loved so long, Repreve my fond aspiring seng!
Or could his tangue of candear say,
That I should threw my harp away!
Just when her netes began with skill
To sound beneath the southern hill,
And twine around my bosom's core,
How could we part for evermore!
Twas kindness all, I cannot blame,
For bootless is the minstrel-flame;
But sure a bard might well have known
Another's feelings by his own!

Of change enamoured, woe the while! He left our mountains, left the isle; And far to other kingdoms bore
The Caledonian harp of yore;
But, to the hand that framed her true,
Only by force one strain she threw.
That harp he never more shall see,
Unless 'mong Scotland's hills with me.

New, my loved Harp, avi I leave thee in the slig The evening-down will no That waked to joy the d

Farewell, awart seether of Chill blows the blast aw And londer yet that blast i When down this wary t

The wrenth Hes on Saint I The mountain-counties The lefty brown of stan G Are vicered with the no

But Wister's deadly bear of On moorland bild and so And soon the rainbow's low Sleep on the branet of Bu

Then will the glowing une The genial shower and a Wake every forest-bird to And every mountain-firm

But not the rainbow's amp That spans the glon and Though feaned by westers And sunned by Sunner's

To man decayed, can ever:
Renew the age of love at
Can ever second spring rest
To my old mountain-her

But when the hue of soften Spreads over hill and lone And lowly primrose opes u Her virgin bosom to the

When hawthorns breathe th And carols hail the year's And daisy spreads her silver Unheeded by the mountsi

Then will I seek the aged t The haunted wild and fair Where oft thy erring numb Have taught the wandering

# BARRY CORNWALL

## MARCIAN COLONNA.

### PART L

r and for ever shalt thou be lover and the poet dear, d of sunlit skies and fountains clear, les, and gray columns, and waving woods,

ntains, from whose rifts the bursting floods

bright tumult to the Adrian sea: romantic land of Italy!

of painting and sweet sounds !- tho'

els are all torn from off thy browthe shape of Freedom now no more k in beauty on thy piny shore, upon whose soul thy poets' lays, hy songs and hundred stories fell Arabian charms, break the soft spell nd me to thee in mine earlier days? livinest Italy,-thou shalt be the watchword of the heart to me.

s thou art, and shalt be through all time:

because thine iron children hurled ws o'er the conquest-stricken world rannies.-but that, in a later day, irits, and gentle too, triumphing

he mighty day-star makes its way kness into light, they toward their fame

athering splender till they grew sublime.

of all thy sons were they who wove en language into tales of love, st far the gentle forms that shine wn poets' faery-songs divine.

as lips shall smile or pitying tears the eyes of beauty,-long as fears or hopes shall scar or soothe the heart.

ries softly fall on woman's cars, ring words be spoke at twitighthours.

Long as the stars, like ladies' looks, by night Shall shine,-more constant and almost as bright,-

So long, the' hidden in a foreign shroud, Shall Dante's mighty spirit speak aloud: So long the lamp of fame on Petrarch's urn Shall, like the light of learning, duly burn; And he be loved-he with his hundred tales, As varying as the shadowy cloud that sails Upon the bosom of the April sky, And musical as when the waters run Lapsing thro' sylvan haunts deliciously. Nor may that gay romancer who hath told Of knight and damsel and enchantments old, So well, be e'er forgot; nor he who sung Of Salem's holy city lost and won, The seer-like Tasso, who enamoured hung On Leonora's beauty, and became Her martyr,—blasted by a mingled flame. The masters of the world have vanished, and Thy gods have left or lost their old command; The painter and the poet now have fled, And slaves usurp the seat of Caesar dead: Prison and painted palace hast thou still, But filled with creatures whom mere terrors kill:

Afraid of life and death they live and die Eternally, and slay their own weak powers, And hate the past, and dread the future time,

And while they steal from pleasure droop to crime,

Plucking the leaves from all the rosy hours: Alas, alas, heautiful Italy!

-Yet he who late hath risen like a star Amongst us, (now by the Venice waves afar He loiters with his song.) hath writ of thee, And shar'd his laurell'd immortality With thy decaying fortunes. Murmur not:

For me, with my best skill will I rehearse My story, for it speaks of thine and thee: It is a sad and legendary verse, And thus it runs:

There is a lofty spot Visible amongst the mountains Appenine. Where once a hermit dwelt, not yet forgot songs be sung in orange bowers, - He or his famous miracles divine ;

noats upon the desert There, belted 'round and 'round by forests He was the younge drear,

Black pine, and giant beech, and oaks that rear

Their brown diminished heads like shrubs between,

And guarded by a river that is seen Flashing and wandering thro' the dell below, Laverna stands.-It is a place of woe, And 'midst its cold dim aisles and cells of

gloom, The pale Franciscan meditates his doom ;-An exile from his kind, save some sad few (Like him imprison'd and devoted) who, Deserting their high natures for the creed A bigot fashioned in his weaker dreams, Left love and life, (yet love is life, indeed,) And all the wonders of the world, -its gleams Of joy, of sunshine, fair as those which spring From the great poet's high imagining, Sounds, and gay sights, and woman's words which bless

And carry on their echoes happiness, Left all that man inherits, and fell down To worship in the dust, a demon's crown: For there a phantom of a fearful size, Shaped out of shadow and cloud, and nursed

in pain, And born of doubt and sorrow, and of the brain

The ever evil spirit mocks man's eyes; And they who worship it are cold and wan, Timid and proud, envying while they despise The wealth and wishes of their fellow-man.

Amongst the squalid crowd that lingered there, Mocking with empty forms and hopeless prayer Their bounteous God, was one of princely

His very boyhood Than such as mark

Around him, like a And yet at times-Was told, from out th Flashes of mind an Burned with the li

He spoke more prou (Who some ancestr MARCIAN Was shung And marked and ch

At home he met And so life grew, Studious he was, a Had pored beyond And war, and hig

And fiery love, and Fed, with distemper's That haunted all hi To thirst of enterp Which died as they For he was doom'd h The sullen cowl, an The splendour of an And therefore came And envy, like the Ran 'round his hea

And thro' his veins Until they burst in r Became, at last, as That floats across the And rises o'er the And he like that gre Of misery, when the vent-prison, and their gold h the weight of truth the tale they told; y left him to his fate,-alone.

him to his prison, and then returned;

inds were heard, and songs were

sung d the walls were garlands hung d gay censers brightly burned a palace. He was missed when his mother fondly kissed orn, and bade him on that day to the dove-eyed Julia, itelli's child, Rome's paragon, no longer of her cloistered son. night of mirth Vitelli came child, sole helress of his name, idst the lovely and the proud, when she moved, the gallant crowd

he obsequious vapours light the queen-moon pass by night: of love were seen, and many a sigh

on the air, and some aloud pangs they felt and swore to die: solitary rose that springs warmth of summer-days, and flings

he more sweet because alone-; into beauty, with a zone alf woman's, smiled and then forgot

things to which she answered not.

donna's heir bespoke her hand, the dance, she question'd why joined not in that revelry: urned aside and did command any instruments to sound, that young couple tread the ground :

is lost in each accordant note, the palace seemed that night to float

is the' the Satyr-god piring reed, (the mighty Pan) old Arcadian woods, and trod the shores Italian. ked in vain: yet, as he turned ) from her, a fierce colour burned ek, and fading left it pale half proclaimed the guilty tale. upon that night till pity grew passion: the sweet dew in her eye for pity's sake, n exhalation in the sun) orbed by love. Oh! love can take e pleases, and when once begun ad in the soul, how vain nowledge which his presence gives!

ot the change, but here him on | We weep or rave, but still he lives, and lives Master and lord, 'midst pride and tears and pain.

> Now may we seek Colonna. When he found Himself a prisoner in his cell, and bound, And saw the eyeless skull and glass of sand And ghastly crucifix before him, he 'Rose with a sudden shrick and burst the band That tied him to his pallet, and stood free: Not thus alone he stood, for the wild shock Darted upon his brain and did unlock The gates of memory, and from his soul Gradual he felt the clouds of madness roll, And with his mind's redemption every base And darker passion fled-shrunk fore its light,

> As at the glance of morning shrinks the night. Not suddenly,—but slow, from day to day, The shadow from his spirit passed away, And sometimes would return at intervals, As blight upon the opening blossom falls. -And then he pondered in his prison-place, On many an awful theme ne'er conn'd before, Of darkness and decay, and of that shore Upon whose shadowy strand pale spirits walk, 'Tis said, for many ages, and would talk Right eloquent with every monk who there Boasted of penitence, and felt despair, In whose dull eye Hope shone not, and whose breath

Was one unvaried tale of Death and Death.

But in his gentler moments he would gaze, With something of the love of earlier days, On the far prospects, and on summer-morns Would wander to a high and distant peak Against whose rocky bosom the clouds break In showers upon the forests. It adorns The landscape, and from out a pine-wood high, Springs like a craggy giant to the sky. Here, on this summit of the hills, he loved To lie and look upon the world below; And almost did he wish at times to know How in that busy world man could be moved To live for ever-what delights were there To equal the fresh sward and odorous air, The valleys and green slopes, and the sweet call

Of bird to bird, what time the shadows fall Toward the west :- yet something there must

He felt, and that he now desired to see, As once he pondered there, on the far world, And on himself, like a lone creature hurled From all its pleasures-its temptations, all, Over his heart there fell, like a dark pall, The memory of the past: he thought and thought,

Till in his brain a busier spirit wrought, And Nature then unlocked with her sweet

The icy barrier of his heart, and he Returned unto his first humanity.

He felt a void, and much be grieved the while, In the Colonna palace Within his heart, as the' he wished to share A joy he knew not with another mind; Wild were his thoughts, but every wish refined,

And pure as waters of the mountain-spring: Was it the birth of Love ?-did he unbind (Like the far scent of wild flowers blossoming) His perfumed pinions in that rocky lair, To save a heart so young from perishing there?-

Some memory had he of Vitelli's child, But gathered where he now remembered not; Perhaps, like a faint dream or vision wild, Which, once beheld, may never be forgot, She floated in his fancy; and when pain And fevers hot came thronging round his brain,

Her shape and voice fell like a balm upon His sad and dark imagination. A gentle minister she was, when he Saw forms, 'twas said, which often silently Passed by his midnight-couch, and felt at times

Strange horror for imaginary crimes, (Committed, or to be,) and in his walk Of Fate and Death, and phantom things would talk.

Shrieks scared him from his sleep, and figures came

On his alarmed sight, and thro' the glades, When evening filled the woods with trembling shades,

Followed his footsteps; and a starlike flame Floated before his eyes palely by day, And glared by night and would not pass away. -At last his brother died. Giovanni fell A victim in a cause he loved too well; And the Colonna prince, without his heir, Bethought him of the distant convent, where A child had been imprison'd, that he might

Riches for one he better lov'd :- How vain, And idle now! Dead was the favoured son, And sad the father, - but the crime was done.

Then Marcian sought his home. A ghastly

gloom Hung o'er the pillars and the wreeks of Rome, And scarcely, as the clouds were swiftly driven

In masses shronding the blue face

Flowing from aged eye Their son was gone-th -The father met his c

He pressed his hand,

And spoke assuring work To soothe his grief am

And then he bade him o Thus hand in hand the A deep deep sob came bur That hid the far part o And, after, all was sile Colonna 'rose, and by t A feeble light, saw like His mother conching in Her hand was elenched, a

Like one who lost and

And now and then a smi Told that she fancied st And then she shook her he Over her breast and turne And seemed as though

To scare some doubtful

He spoke to her in vain: With grief, and every pas Was buried,-lost. Just Which, gathering, flood th Of Autumn, or as rivers Sweep all things in their

Distinguishable, -earth. And stones, and casual

Driven onwards by the wa 'Till but the stream is

Deeply, and they, 'tis said. In one wild mastering pa

At last the woes that

Broke and dissolved, and Shone on her life; but ne Of noisy mirth or festal Was heard within Colons

times has he been known to gaze afar hing the coming of the evening-star, as it progress'd toward the middle sky, the still twilight's lonely deity.

Id fancy that a spirit resided there, at le spirit and young with golden hair, eyes as blue as the blue dome above, a voice as tender as the sound of love.

ome months thus pass'd among the wrecks
of Rome,
seldom thought he of the fearful doom
which he used to ponder: still he felt
the alone amidst the many dwelt,
why; but why, he cared not, or forgot,
jibings cast upon his early lot.
imorning as he lay half listlessly
hin the shadow of a column, where
forehead met such gusts of cooling air
he bright Summer knows in Italy,
corgeous cavalcade went thundering by,
ty and worn with travel: as it pass'd
he said the great Count had returned, at
last,

and his long absence upon foreign lands;
as told that many countries he had seen,
and his lady daughter) and had been
ang time journeying on the Syrian sands,
t visited holy spots, and places where
Christian roused the Pagan from his lair,
taught him charity and creeds divine,
spilling his bright blood in Palestine.

Teelli and his child returned at last, or some years of wandering. Julia heen betrothed and widow'd: she had pass'd

on bondage into liberty, and they m knew the bitter husband she had wed, wiced to learn that he indeed was dead. had been sacrificed in youth, to one never loved; but he she loved was gone, so it matter'd not: 'tis true some tears ned her pale check at times in after-years, much unkindness from the man on whom had bestowed her beauty, drew a gloom and her face, and curtained up in shade e eyes that once like sunny spirits played. he was dead :- Sailing along the sea, pleasure-barque was gliding pleasantly, nen sudden winds arose, and mighty waves ere put in motion, and deep yawning graves ened on every side with hideous roar: screamed and struggled, and was seen no

wis was the tale.—Orsini's titles fell you a student youth, scarce known before, ho took the princely name and wore it well.

And Julia saw the youth she loved again: at he was now the great Colonna's heir, ad she whom he had left so young and fair, few short years ago, was grown, with pain

times has he been known to gaze afar hing the coming of the evening-star, has it progress'd toward the middle sky, He gazed and gasped as the his heart would

Her figure came before him like a dream Revealed at morning, and a sunny gleam Broke in upon his soul and lit his eye With something of a tender prophecy. And was she then the shape he oft had seen, By day and night,—she who had such strange

Over the terrors of his wildest hour?
And was it not a phantom that had been
Wandering about him? Oh with what deep

He listened now, to mark if he could hear The voice that lulled him, but she never spoke!

For in her heart her own young love awoke From its long slumber, and chained down her tongue,

And she sat mute before him! he, the while, Stood feasting on her melancholy smile, Till o'er his eyes a dizzy vapour hung And he rushed forth into the freshening air, Which kissed and played about his temples bare,

And he grew calm. Not unobserved he fled, For she who mourned him once as lost and dead,

Saw with a glance, as none but women see, His secret passion, and home silently She went rejoicing, 'till Vitelli asked Wherefore her spirit fell,—and then she tasked

Her fancy for excuse wherewith to hide Her thoughts and turn his curious gaze uside.

That fateful day passed by; and then there

Another and another, and the flame
Of love burnt brightly in Colonna's breast,
But while it filled it robbed his soul of rest;
At home, abroad, at morning, and at noon
In the hot sultry hours, and when the moon
Shone in the cool fresh sky, and shaped those
dim

And shadowy figures once so dear to him,— Wheree'er he wandered she would come upon His mind, a phantom-like companion; Yet, with that idle dread with which the heart Stifles its pleasures, he would ever depart And loiter long amongst the streets of Rome, When she, he feared, might visit at his home. A strange and sad perverseness; he did fear To part with that pale hope which shone at

at last
Glimmering upon his fortunes. Many a year
Burthen'd with evil o'er his head had pass'd,
And stamped upon his brow the marks of care,
And so he seemed as old before his time:
And many would pretend that in his air
There was a gloom that had its birth in crime.
Tis thus the wretched are trod down.—

Despair

Doth strike as deep a furrow in the brain, As mischief or remorse; and doubt will pain And sear the heart like sin accomplished. But slander ever hath hung upon the head Of silent sorrow, and corroding shame Preys on its heart, and its defenceless name Is blotted by the bad, until it files From the base world a willing sacrifice.

### PART II.

On rowen of Love so fearful and so fair— Life of our life on earth, yet kin to care— Oh! thou day-dreaming Spirit, who dost look Upon the future, as the charmed book Of Fate were open'd to thine eyes alone— Thou who dost cull, from moments stolen and gone

Into eternity, memorial things
To deck the days to come—thy revellings
Were glorious and beyond all others: Thou
Didst banquet upon beauty once; and now
The ambrosial feast is ended!—Let it be.
Enough to say, It was.—Oh! upon me
From thy o'ershadowing wings ethereal
Shake odorous airs, so may my senses all
Be spell-bound to thy service, beautiful
power,

And on the breath of every coming hour Send me faint tidings of the things that were, And aid me as I try gently to tell The story of that young Italian pair, Who loved so lucklessly, yet ah! so well.

How long Colonna in his gloomier mood Remained, it matters not: I will not brood On-evit themes; but, leaving grief and crime, At once, I pass unto a blyther time. One night—one summer-night—he wandered far

Into the Roman suburbs; many a star Shone out above upon the silent hours, Save when, awakening the sweet infantflowers,

The breezes travell'd from the west, and then A small cloud came abroad and fled again. The red rose was in blossom, and the fair And bending lily to the wanton air Bared her white breast, and the voluptuous lime

Cast out his perfumes, and the wilding thyme Mingled his mountain-sweets, transplanted low

'Midst all the flowers that in those regions blow.

-He wandered on: At last, his spirit subdued

By the deep influence of that hour, partook E'en of its nature, and he felt imbued With a more gentle love, and he did look At times amongst the stars, as on a book

Where he might read hi date bright
Heaven's many constellation is sight!
And from the distant river a gail Such as is uttered in the man of By brooks, whose eccuty strend

For rain, was heard;—a t Sent up in homage to th

He mused, 'till from a gmin, will

He leant, a melanchely veloc wat Singing alone, like some por with That casts unto the weeds he du It was the voice—the very veint Long in his brain that new sound He passed the garden-bounds with Checking his breath, along the po (By buds and blooms half-hidden)

Had ravished from the clusters trees

Until he reached a lew pavilie, if He saw a lady pale, with reliati Over her forehead, and in games A harp was by her, and her fage Carelessly o'er the golden strings of Then, shaking back her locks, with

And lips that dumbly moved, shows To catch an old disused melely— A sad Italian air it was, which I Remember in my boyhood to lamb And still—(tho' bere and there penals Be now forgot) I recollect the sat Which might to any lovelors taked

8 0 K C.

Whither, ah! whither is my lost less ing—
Upon what pleasant land beyond the Oh! ye winds, now playing Like airy spirits round my tempts is Fly and tell him this from me:

Tell him, sweet winds, that is sywhosom

My young love still retains its perfectly
Or, like the summer-blossom,
That changes still from bud to theful
flower.
Grows with every passing hour.

Say (and say gently) that, since parted.
How little joy—much sorrow I have Only not broken-hearted
Because I muse upon bright mones.
And dream and think of him alone.

ended, and Colonna knelt with outstretched arms: He felt shom in the mountains far away ad loved so much, at last was his. a! is there in a world like this such joy for me? Oh! Julia, leed no phantom, which my brain d out of grief and desperate painthen from day to day behold and still again? Oh! speak to me, gently, for I have grown old re my time: I kneel to thee. h a passionate voice the lover

broke olitude, and while he spoke one as might a maiden move, we place to pride, and pride to love.

fond women's sights, and clear their powers,

moments years, an age in hours movement of the heart they run period with a courser's speed, decide, reject; but if indeed on us-oh! as the eternal sun illuminates all to which this earth e by his glance) hath given birth, smile of woman stamps our fates, rates the love it first creates.

he listened with averted eye, alf turning towards him, tenderly the deep sad truth of every tone, that he was hers and all her own; e hectic flush upon his cheek, t language which the passions

speak tly well) and so she smiled With a pulse rapid and wild t up with love and all his woes or forgot, he lightly rose, himself beside her. Julia! y own, for you are mine, he said; r shoulder drooped his feverish head,

moment he seemed dying away : vered quick. Oh! Marcian, softly sighed :- Again, sgain, divinest love, again, and shower of your words which have such power.

te power upon my fainting soulen wandering toward that fearful

and Death, Trouble and Silence meet.

) with weak, perhaps with erring feet,

time without thee-but no more; hink upon that shadowy shore. u art here standing beside me, sweet!

Dear Marcian I - How soft she speaks, Nay-(and as the daylight breaks No more of this .- Now pass I to my theme.

Over the hills at morning was her smile) Nay you must listen silently, awhile. Dear Marcian, you and I for many years Have suffered: I have bought relief with tears;

But, my poor friend, I fear a misery Beyond the reach of tears has weighed on thee. What 'tis I know not, but (now calmly mark My words) 'twas said that-that thy mind was dark.

And the red fountains of thy blood (as Heaven Is stained with the dying lights of Even) Were tainted-that thy mind did wander far, At times, a dangerous and erratic star, Which like a pestilence sweeps the lower sky, Dreaded by every orb and planet nigh. This bath my father heard. Oh! Marcian, He is a worldly and a cruel man, And made me once a victim; but again It shall not be. I have had too much of pain, Too much for such short hours as life affords, And I would fain from out the golden hoards Of joy pluck some fair ornament, at last, To gild my life with-but my life hath past. Her head sank on her bosom: gently be Kissed off the big bright tears of misery. Alas! that ever such glittering drops should flow

(Bright as the born of Happiness) from wee! He soothed her for a time, and she grew calm, For lovers' language is the surest balm To hearts that sorrow much: that night they parted

With kisses and with tears, but both lighthearted,

And many a vow was made and promise spoke,

And well believed by both and never broke: They parted, but from that time often met In that same garden when the sun had set, And for awhile Colonna's mind forgot, In the fair present hour, his future lot.

To those o'er whom pale Destiny with his sting

Hangs, a mere glance, a word, a sound will bring

The bitter future with its terrors, all Black and o'erwhelming. Like Colonna's star, Tho' hidden for a while or banish'd far, The time will come, - at prayer or festival, Slumber or morning-sport or mid-day task; The soul can never fly itself, nor mask The face of Fate with smiles How oft by some strange ill of body or mind Man's fine and piercing sense is stricken blind; No matter then how slight the shadows be, The veil is thick to him who cannot see-Solid and unsubstantial, false and true, Are Fear and Fate; but to that wretched few,

Who call the dim phantasmas from their graves. And bow before their own creations, slaves, They are immortal-holy-fix'd-supreme!

The hours pass'd gently,-even happily Awhile; tho' sometimes o'er Colonna's brow There shone a meaning strange, as the his Its holy and mysterious temple doom

Flashed like a light across his memory, And left behind a momentary gloom; This would he smile away, and then forget, And then again, sighing, remember: yet, Over pale Julia's face that shadow east A shadow like itself, and when it passed Its sad reflection vanished. Lovers' eyes Bright mirrors are where Love may look and Filling with noise and spray the

Its gladness, grief, beauty, deformity, Pictured in all their answering colours plain, So long as the true life and soul remain; For when the substance shrinks the shadow flies.

Thus lived Colonna, 'till to common eyes He seemed redeem'd and rescued from despair; And often would he catch the joyous air Of the mere idler, and the past would seem, To him and others, like a terrible dream Dissolved: 'twas then a clearer spirit grew In his black eye, and over the deep blue Of Julia's a soft happier radiance hung, Like the dark beauty from the starlight flung

Upon the world, which tells Heaven's breast is clear Within, and that abroad no cloud is near.

Once-only once-('twas in a lonely hour) He felt the presence of his evil power Weighing upon him, and he left his home In silence, amidst fresher scenes to roam. 'Twas said that he did wander far and wide O'er desert heaths, and on the Latian plains Bared his hot forehead to the falling rains, Which there bring death; and, with a heart allied

To gentle pleasures still, on the green hill's. side

Would stretch his length upon the eveninggrass

Shedding sweet tears to see the great sun

Away like a dream of boyhood. Darkness then

Grew his familiar, and in caverns deep (By the strange voice of Silence lulled asleep) He oft would hide himself within its arms; Or gaze upon the eyes of Heaven, when She stands illustrious with her midnightcharms

Revealed-all unobscured by moon or sun, Gay-tineted cloud, or airy rainbow won From light and showers; and when storms were high

He listened to the Wind-God riding by The mountain-places, and there took his stand.

Hearkening his voice of triumph or command, Or heard him thro' the piny forests rave, Ere he went murmuring to his prison-cave.

And then unto the rocks of Tol He went. Alas! for gane Anique The Sybil spread abroad her be And spoke her divine oracles li Is crumbling into dust, and sh Now sparkles where her white

And where her voice, like I Unto the echoes, now fierce is Not useless are ye yet, yender Of Tivoli, altho' long since have From your lost land its gorgon And the the spirit of the plant. The earth for ever-yet your Remain, (immortal music) mit Brings health and freshness to per

For weeks amongst the woodsiil

And wilds. At last, unto his vide He came again, while yet the fort His cheek and darkness on his brown She saw the hectic colour bun Clouded by looks of sorrow, and It was a night of sultry summer And they were sitting in the gu Guided by fate, and drawn in

They once had met, and meeting CHEC. And he first sank upon her hose

Her white and delicate fingers and Were held and not withdrawn, is

He thanked her, yet with idle qu To cheat away the grief she coulds He felt that he had planted in het The seeds of grief; and could be th And leave the lady of his love in in Weighed down (and for his sale)

He could not. Oh he felt the p Ofher who loved him so, nor could Still to be thought a frantic-

Dearest, he said, my hidden story Forgive me that before I told the I thought-I wished to think theth He pondered then, as to regain a fi At length, with a firm tongue, (but still

Much fancy with the fact, as male He told his tale-his dream:-

"From my I never was beloved, -never. Fell mildew'd from my lips, and is Gloomed, it was said, the red inco I was not mad-nor am; but I be Withered by malice, and a cleuded

y brain turn, and palsied every limb, ae world stood in stupor for a time. om my fiery cloud I heard of crime, cent's-brother's hate, and of one lost ant of kindness .- Then Y-ay, then

there came ashing of innumerable wings e, and sweets, such as the summer flings,

n my fainting senses, and I crept omenight-dark place, and long I slept; t, until a rude uneasy motion d me: what passed I knew not then,

and yet ought the air blew freshly, and the ocean d with its bright blue waters: I forget e all this happened; but at last my brain

ed struggling with itself, awhile in vain. was a load on it, like hopeless care the mind-a dreary heavy load, now and then, it seemed as shapes did goad

oul to recollection, -or despair.

learer and clearer now from day to day figures floated on my sight, but when ved they vanished. Then, a grim array, spectres from the graves of buried men, by in silence: each upon his face a wild look, as tho' some sad disgrace stamped his life (or thus I thought)

with sorrow. vanished too; but ever on the morrow came again, with greater sadness, 'till ke; then one of them gave answer-

shrill ists that whistle thro' the dungeon's grate eak December-nights, when in her state s the white Winter .- Look !- (I thus translate

sounds it utter'd)-Look, the phantom said.

thine ancestry departed-dead. one thou seest bath left his gaping tomb v and comes to warn thee of thy doom : ach, whilst living, bore within his brain tled madness : start not -so dost thou : art our own, and on thy moody brow e is the invisible word ne'er writ in vain. on us all t we died as thou shalt die, victims of our heart's insanity.

sire to son the boiling rivers ran every vein and 'twas alike with all: sched the child and trampled down the man;

every eye that, with its dead dull ball, sas it stared upon thee now, was bright ine is, with the true transmitted light. ess and pain of heart shall break thy rest.

he shall perish whom thou lovest the best.

rom my heart and made my eyesight Once thou hast been a mockery unto man, But thus, at least, it shall not be again. Behold! where you red rolling star doth shine From out the darkness: that-fierce star is thine.

> Thy Destiny, thy Spirit, and its power Shall guard and rule thee to thy latest hour; And never shall it quit thy side, but be Invisible to all and dim to thee,

Save when the fever of the soul shall rise, And then that light shall flash before thine

eyes, And thou shalt then remember that thy fate Is-murder .- Thus upon the silence broke The spectre's hollow words; but while it spoke.

Its pale lip never moved, nor did its eye Betray intelligence. With sweeping state, Over the ground the train then glided by, And vanish'd,—vanish'd. Then methought I 'woke.

"It was no dream, for often since that hour The star has flashed, and I have felt its power.

('Twas in my moodier moments) and my soul Seemed languishing for blood, and there did roll

Rivers of blood beside me, and my hands, As the' I did obey my Fate's commands, Were smeared and sanguine, and my throbbing brow

Grew hot and blistered with the fire within, And my heart withered with a secret sin, And my whole heart was tempested: it grew Larger methought with passion-even now I feel it swell within me, and a flood Of fiery wishes such as man ne'er knew Seem to consume me. Sometimes I have stood

Looking at heaven-for Hope, with these and eyes.

In vain-for I was born a sacrifice: What hope was there for me, a murderer? What lovely? nothing-yes, I err, I err, Yes,-mixed with these wild visionings, a form

Descended, fragile as a summer-cloud, And with her gentle voice she stilled the storm:

I never saw her face and yet I bowed Down to the dust, as savage men, they say, Adore the sun in countries far away I felt the music of her words like balm Raining upon my soul, and I grew calm As the great forest-lion that lay down At Una's feet, without a single moan, Vanquish'd by love; or as the herds that hung Their heads in silence when the Thracian sung.

I never saw her, never, but her voice Was the whole world to me. It said: Rejoice! For I am come to love thee, youth, at last, To recompense thy pains and sorrow past. No longer now, amongst the mountains high, Shalt thou over thy single destiny



The martyr of a crime I cannot shun? What have I—what have my dead fathers done,

That thus from age to age a misery Is seared and stamped upon us?-Shall it be For ever thus? It shall not. I will run My race as fearless as the summer-sun, When clouds come not, and like his course above

Shall mine be here below, all light and love."

He ended, and with kisses sweet and soft She recompensed his words, and bade him dwell

No more upon the past, but look aloft And pray to Heaven; and yet she bade him tell

Again the story of that lady young, Who o'er him in such dream-like beauty

You saw her, Marcian-no?-My love, my love,

My own, he said; 'twas thou, my forestdove

Who soothed me in the wilderness, and crept Into my heart, and o'er my folly wept, From dusky evening to the streaming morn, Showers of sparkling tears. Oh! how forlorn Was I without thee. Should I lose thee

Away, away, she said, and on his brow Pressed her vermillion lips, and drew his hair

Aside and kissed again his forehead fair. Come, thou shalt lie upon-ay, on my breast, And I will sing thee into golden rest.

Thus talked they, follying, as lovers will; The midnight-moon A pleasant pasting. -and, when worldly pain Tis said once wands

And now, Colon A few few words t Imperfectly your le Upon your griefs, Shone on your live

I now must pass w -Thou bright and

(For thou alone ca Is as the dark decli Roll gently over y In thy so sweet and A soft sigh only th In all the light of l Unclouded and subl Of each shed thy

Forme,—a word I'l Sleep softly, on you Excellent pair; hap And o'er your days,

And airy dreams, n Be scatter'd like th And may your tend

Be woven into mus Leaves, when it

When distant, may

Weigh on the other

The absent back; as Your joys, but may

Now, as I write, lo!1

ere immortal stories: - are they And died away, as voices by a lyre gone?

queen is dethroned; Endymion aished; and the worship of this earth I to golden gods of vulgar birth.

## PART III.

An

LL unto the valleys and the shores "by the sounding sea: awhile farewell by haunted fountain, lawny dell, by wood thro' which the night-wind roars-

! sweet Love, soon must I say farewell thee, and Happiness-gay flowers who shew yourselves in sunny hours,

s away before your buds are blown: starliest relies, in its spring-time strewn mither'd weeds before the steps of Fate, offading offerings,-yet ere I sate with sorrow, in a pleasant rhyme

I speak somewhat of a gentler time.

full of languishment, too deep to last, ridal hours in happy beauty passed, cather-footed hours!) - and hoary Time hed his pale brow and with a look sublime

out the stream of joy a measure quaffed, oung Love shook his rosy wings and laughed.

and Arcadian tale and sylvan song, h to those moments did of right belong, round and then returned : the morning-

sun righter eyes than e'er he glanced upon, evening saw them still the same, and night

ed from her star-lit throne on stars more bright.

morn was given to tale, the noon to case musing beneath shade of branching trees t

night to slumber; but at evening gray n the too fiery Sun had passed away, e was heard beneath the smiling moon, midnight came, (it ever came too soon) songs which lovers once were wont to Bing

night forlorn and lady triumphing ; flowers that lie upon the breast of May, gems, were plucked to fashion garlands

laurels green to deck the poet's head, then the bard was loved and honoured. me lay beside a river lapsing clear, fancied Sylph or Naiad watching near, le some of fabled Faun and Dryad told, airy baunting well or fountain cold; ever and anon the fitful breeze e aiding those most gentle phantasies,

( Touched by the trembling of its notes ) expire.

Around the lovers' brows white roses hung, And at their feet the wealth of spring was flung ;

And they at times would sit apart and speak Each to the other with a flushing cheek, Or note the gentle look in maiden's eye, Called up by lordly gallant whispering by.

Fate was at hand, - a snake amidst the flowers,

And looked and laughed upon the passing hours;

And Envy and pale Hate then exiled far Foretold the setting of Love's brighter star. Oh! the deep sorrow of that weary day When Marcian chanced, as he was wont, to stray

Scarce listening to the Tyber's gentle sound, Yet winding as the mazy river wound. At morn he left his home, and paced along, Companion'd only by a heart-felt song, That sprung like incense to the gates of Heaven:

By the gay fever of his spirit driven, He travelled swiftly onwards; but his sight Was buried in deep thought: the enchantments bright

That lie among the clouds he noticed not. And all the promise of the year forgot. The golden fruitage from its grove of green Looked out unheeded, and no longer seen, The sky-bird mounted toward the morning-

And shrilly told aloft of day begun. How he was wakened from that dreaming mood.

Alas, must now be known :- In the broad day Marking the clear blue river roll away. In squalid weeds a savage creature stood. It is—it cannot be—Oh! Death and night! Hath he come peering from his watery home, Mocking and withering every human sight? Hath dark Orsini still a power to roam?-Damon or ghost or living thing he stands,-Staring with sullen eyes upon the sands, As the' he brooded o'er some wrong, or strove To wreck on happier hearts the slights of love. Like one escaped from toil, but fit for strife-The last and lingering ill,-the blight of life.

Colonna, sad Colonna,-he hath fled Wildly unto his home :- there Julia lay Upon her pillow slumbering, calm and gay As sleep may be .- The waves, the waves, he said.

The sick sen-waters yawn and yield their dead-

The dead? he is alive: Peril nor pain Death nor the grave would keep him in its bed.

The black Orsini is returned-ogain.

Marcian! she utter'd faintly, and a gleam Played round her mouth: it was a happy dream.—

Thou, levely thing, whom nature made so fair,

Young treasure of creation, must despair Sear thy trancendant beauty, because then Wrapped thy sweet arms about a maniac's brow?

Julia! she sleeps, she sleeps; a happy sleep. Oh! why did I draw her within the sweep-Why—of my flery star? It, comes—I see The comet red, which Fate, mine enemy, Hath placed about me like a circle sure: I cannot fly, and yet shall I endure? Endure—I must, evil and hate—I must, And Hell, until I wither into dust: That may be seen. She moves, poor girl,—My leve!

Hearest thou I call upon thee? My pale dove!

Still on my bosom, still.—She woke: his eye Rolled round and round like one in misery Fearful to speak. But silence is not dumb, And in his deep elequent agony

She read strange fearful things. He whispered: Come—

We must begone—(Begone? dear Marcian!) Aye, quickly! for alas, we have no home. Nor refuge here. On land Italian We must not build our hearths, nor hope to

In safety now, from youth to age.—'Tis well; Perhaps'tis well, she said: And wilt thou go On a long journey with me,—far away? I may not tell thee now; but a dire foe Has risen upon me. Wilt thou wander—say? (All the world over I—) Oh! thou hast said Comfort unto my soul, he uttered;

Whilst I may lay my head upon thy breast, It matters not; my Heaven is there—my rest. Let the red star shine on, for I am thine, Thine while I am,—in darkness and dismay, Here, or in wildernesses far away; In poverty forlorn, or love divine,

In prisons or in freedom,—aye, in death.— He ceased, and straightway he was calm: his breath

Was in a moment stilled: one gentle sigh Came from pale Julia, but he trembled not, For she was his—the rest was all forgot. —That night they left the land of Italy.

There was a tempest brooding in the air Far in the west. Above, the skies were fair, And the sun seemed to go in glory down: One small black cloud (one only) like a crown, Touched his descending disc and rested there: Slow then it came along, to the great wind Rebellious, and (although it blew and blew,) Came on increasing, and across the blue Spread its dark shape, and left the sun behind.—The day-light sank, and the winds wailed about

The barque wherein the luckless couple lay,

And from the distint design

Rivers of fire: it seems non Had burnt from out of the lim No pilot had they their suit Aside from rocks, no see-west Who know each creek suits

And all the many deages of They fled for life, (for impli-And met the tempest is his la Abroad upon the waters: for Against him by the agry wa And all around, the cloub, is Rose from unnatural deal to And came to battle with this Shot shattering down, and the

And the wild lightning home

Unbound his arrowy pision in Anddarted three the heaven. I Sang like a dirge, and the

The bout, and then like savana Against the deep wave-hillers Of glastly perils no they had

The lovers, drives along from Were helpless, hopoless, is

The storm continued, and

Save that of some poor solits Which sought a shelter on t

But soon borne off by the tre
Sank in the waters screaming.
Bared like a grave its boson
Then sank and panted like as
With its own strength at war. I
Towards the land, and then th
Larger and white, and reared
Scattering afar and wide the
That shone like loose snow as
— At first the dolphin and the
Came rolling by them, and the
Followed the boat, patient as
And the gray curlew slanting of
And the hearse gull his wing wi
But some had sank, the res

And there pale Julia and her be Each in the other's arms, enter She for his sake at times in t But he to cheer her kept his Talking of hope, and smiled his

They sate together in their a At times upon his breast she And he upon her silent beast Hushing her fears, and 'tweet

STATE

Drew his embroidered cleak

answered with a a gentle kiss prolonged to pain. Her lip was Eternity, Eternity, and Power, cold.

we and terror mutely told.

st Ocean! Ever sounding sea! of a drear immensity! at windest round the solid world imal, which, downward hurl'd ck clouds, lies weltering and alone,

rithing till its strength begone, like the thunder, and thy sleep s slumber, loud and deep. t in the East and in the West on thy heavily laden breast and go, and shapes that have no life

et are moved and met in strife. th nought of this: no chance nor change

rface, and no spirits dare to the tempest-waken air; astes the weakly tenants range wound its bosom as they go: e, it hath no ebb, no flow; tated rounds the seasons come, visions to their viewless home, gain, and vanish: the young Spring

oright with leaves and blossoming ;

lways winds his sullen horn, d Autumn with a look forlorn ormy manhood; and the skies wers sicken when the Summer flies.

terrible Ocean, hast a power, ce, and in thy wrathful hour, st lift thine anger to the clouds, magnificent beauty shrouds een forehead. If thy waves be

driven I forwards by the shifting wind, dost thou thy great strength unbind,

ine arms, and war at once with Heaven!

less and immeasureable Main! ecord ever lived again and that writ it : line nor lead homed thy profoundest deeps, the huge monster swells and

sleeps, atery limit, who 'tis said mighty ocean into storm-I thou art, great element: thy spleeny humours bent, repose: thy summer-form and when thy silver waves earth's dark and winding caves, der on thy pebbled beach, unlight at the evening-hour,

im with a look upturned to his, And hearken to the thoughts thy waters

And now-whither are gone the lovers now? Colonna, wearest thou anguish on thy brow, And is the valour of the moment gone ?-Fair Julia, thou art smiling now alone: The hero and the husband weeps at last-Alas, alas! and lo! he stands aghast, Bankrupt in every hope, and silently gasps Like one who maddens. Hark! the timbers part

And the sea-billows come, and still he clasps His pale pale beauty closer to his heart; The ship has struck; one kiss-the last-

Love's own; - They plunge into the waters and are

The vessel sinks-'tis vanished, and the sea Rolls boiling o'er the wreck triumphantly, And shricks are heard, and cries, and then short groans

Which the waves stifle quick, and doubtful tones

Like the faint mounings of the wind pass by, And horrid gurgling sounds rise up and die, And noises like the choaking of man's breath--But why prolong the tale? it is of death!

-Years came and fled. To many Time was fraught

With joy; to some imperfect pleasures brought:

But to the Prince Colonna gray and old A dull unchanging tale he ever told, The children of his winter-years were gone-They lay, 'twas told, among the waters,dead :

In the bright spirit of their youth they fled, And left him, in his pallid age, alone. He wet the dust with bitter tears, and bowed Before his idols, and vast treasures vowed To saint or virgin from his coffers bright; And often fiercely at the deep midnight Would he do torture for his sin, and drank Unto the very dregs the cup of pain. With steel and stripe he wrought, until he sank Beneath the bloody penance:- 'twas in vain. Remorse, Remorse-(a famished creature

From Sin and feasting on its father dead) Sprang like a withering snake upon his heart. It wrapped him in its flery folds around : It stung, and withered, but it had no sound; And tho'he prayed and wept would not depart.

The palace of his fathers, once so gay, Was mossed and green and crumbling to decay :

The pillars yellowed in the marble-halls, And thro' the ruined casements the wild PRIDA



Rushed with destroying wrath, and shapeless | Time flew, and healt stains

Ran o'er, disfiguring all the pointed walls. Few servants tended on their antient lord, And mirthful revel, banished from his board, Sought refuge with the humble. Song or sound

Echoed no more within the gallery's bound, But in a lonely tower a lamp at times Was seen, and startling thro' the silent air Flew shrieks, as from a wretch whom many crimes

Had seared, and driven to life's last hold,despair.

-Friends passed, by one, and one, and one away;

His focs grew glad; his brother's children, gay

Cast dice for his domains, while bending low Before the papal chair one whispered how Report had gone abroad of some dark crime Done by the old man in his carly time, And hinted of his vast possessions, which Divided might the holy church enrich, And his contented heirs. The mitred king Disdained to parley with so poor a thing; Yet questioned the great prince, whose answers cold

Confirmed the story which the slanderer told. And so he lived. (a perished shape) like one Lost in a lovely world-alone, alone.

And hath thy fiery planet then not set Colonna?-When the winds and thunder met In tumult, and around in many shapes Death hovered with his dart, Fate turned aside

The arrows, laughing o'er the waters wide, Till the sea trembled. Ah! but who escapes Who can escape from Fate? It frowned. and hung.

Darker than Death itself, the foreheads o'er

Of that sad pair, and when the billows flung Their limbs in scorn upon the foamy shore. Uprose the veering wind, and the next wave Scarce touched the ringlet of Colonna's hair. Which, streaming black upon the strand. lay there

The image of his fortunes. Dark and wild, Neglected, torn,-with an unquiet grave

And still i' the wor

Colonna plied him i And Julia watched If but a crested wa And if she heard th Loudly along the sh And prophesied of -One eve returning

The fishers plied th And Marcian at the h And looked upon the Beside the barque. Like short hours in He saw a menial st Who, turning from Looked round to not

He saw-Orsini's sla Oh! Love, fair Love For thee to hide the No haven and no he For thee to celebrate A sad short world is No home where thou

Tumult and strife and Envy and hate,-and And trample on the fla And goad ourselves i

Nomore in that lone But the remembrance (Their deep and sad Their going. They ha Amongst the wild an His eye was clearing Troubled, but still at And her sweet voice ( By tender hermitess Or in dreams of love. By young and hopele Was after many a ve They fled into the mot By strange and lone

Wild as a creature is That spring on Asian And with his burthen as pale monks and till their rocky soil, in their bounty, (garments coarse and

food)

he would carry to his cavern rude, ed the dove that lay within his nest, wish her every evening to her rest.

- 10

mast she learned the tale - Orsini-How !-

up and banished from his grave, below-

as dark Orsini !- On her soul

collow words came like a thunder-roll ing at distance over hill and vale: Jarcian marked her and his cheek grew

is hand trembled as he soothed her then,

hro' his brain a terror flew again. w paused he in his toil and daily walk, n the gloom would often idly talk pison and of blood, and tears would

stream

ers down his cheeks when he did dream : times in bitter spleen his tongue would chide

hen, in anguish that he could not hide, ept and prayed her not to leave him there,

ie man, in his madness,-in despair. then he told her of his wretched youth, how upon her love and gentle truth

ife had rested; -yet she did not speak, in the pallid hues that sunk her cheek, in her heaving breast and rayless eye h spoke of some fixed grief that would not fly.

I will she leave me then who loved her so, utterly beyond the love of men) pass into a wretch's arms again,

n mine so true-from mine? she shall not-Oh!

wherefore should I stay her, if her love one, indeed"-and then at times he strove hink that he might live and she afar, beauty of his life, the hope, the star. melancholy thought, and vain and brief elt that like the Autumn's perished leaf frame would wither, and from its great

height mind must sink and lose itself in night. talk was pleasant now; no image fair; freshness and no fragrance filled the air; music in the winds nor in the sound wild birds uttered from the forests round: sun had lost its light, and drearily

morning stole upon his altered eye; night with all her starry eyes grew dim she was changed-and nought was true to him.

rom pain - at length, from pain, (for could be bear

sorrow burning wild without a tear?)

mirarless to the convent, and would toil | He rushed beside her: Towards him gloomity She looked, and then he gasped-"We-list to me-

> We-we must part-must part, is it not so?" She hung her head and murmured: "Woe, oh! woe,

> That it must be so-nay, Colonna-nay, Hearken unto me: little can I say, But sin-(is it not sin?) doth wear my heart Away to death. Alas! and must we part, We who have loved long and so truly ?- yes; Were we not born, (we were) for wretchedness ?

> Oh! Marcian, Marcian, I must go: my road Leads to a distant home, a calm abode, Where I may pine my few sad years away, And die, and make my peace ere I decay. She spoke no more, for now she saw his soul Rising in tumult, and his eye-balls roll Wildly and fiery red, and thro' his cheek Deep crimson shot: he sighed but did not speak.

> Keeping a horrid silence there he sate, A maniac, full of love, and death, and fate: Again-the star that once his eye shone o'er Flash'd forth again more fiercely than before: And thro' his veins the current fever flew Like lightning, withering all it trembled through.

> He clenched his hands and rushed away, away.

> And looked and laughed upon the opening day.

> And mocked the morn with shouts, and wandered wild

For hours as by some meteor-thing beguiled. He wandered through the forests sad and lone.

His heart all fiery and his senses gone; Till, at the last (for nature sank at last) The tempest of the fever fell and past, And he lay down upon the rocks to sleep, And shrunk into a troubled slumber, deep. Long was that sleep-long-very long and strance.

And frenzy suffered then a silent change, And his heart bardened as the fire withdrew. Like furnaced iron beneath the Winter's dew.

He gained-he gained (why droops my story?) then

An opiate deadly from the convent-men, And bore it to his cave: she drank that draught

Of death, and he looked on in scorn, and laughed.

With an exulting terrible joy, when she Lay down in tears to slumber, silently. She had no after-sleep; but ere she slept Strong spasms and pains throughout her body crept,

And round her brain and tow'rds her heart, until

They touched that seat of love, - and all was still.



Away he wendered for same lengthened hour And thou, the lost When the black poises showed its flareset power.

And when he sought the cavern, there she ky, The young, the gentle,—dying fast away. He sate and watched her, as a nurse might de, And saw the dull film steal across the blue, And saw, and folt her sweet fergiving smile, That, as she died, parted her lips the while: Her hand?—its pulse was silent — her vaice

But patience in her smile still faintly shone, And in her closing eyes a tenderness, That seemed as she would fain Colouna hiesa. She died, and spoke no word: and still he

sate Beside her like an image. Death and Fate Had done what might be then: The merning-ORR

Rose upon him: on him?—his tack was done. The murderer and the murdered—one as pale As marble shining white beneath the moon, The other dark as storms, when the winds rail

At the chafed sea,— but not to calm se seen— No bitterness, nor hate, nor dread was there; But love still clinging round a wild despair, A wintry aspect and a troubled eye, Mourning o'er youth and beauty horn to die. Dead was she, and her mouth had fallen low, But still he watched her with a stedfast brow Unaltered as a rock he sate, while she Lay changed to clay, and perish'd. Drearily Came all the bues of death across her face: That look, so lovely once, had lost its grace, The eye its light, the cheek its colour, now. -Oh! human beauty, what a dream art thou, That we should cast our life and hopes away, On thee-and dost thou like a leaf decay. In Spring-tide as in Autumn ?- Fair and frail, In bud or blossom if a blight prevail, How ready art thou from the world to fly; And we who love thee so are left-to die.

Fairest of all the world, thy tale is told: Thy name is written in a record old, And I from out the legend now rehearse Thy story, shaping it to softer verse.

le fever-struck w A wanderer wast the Or didst thou tread c With high patricians know not; no one Wrapped thy last for Some told in after-ti Dying, within the I Some said that he did in pilgrimage along And some that he did Of vast America, wi The chase his pastin What object is ther

He passed away and He left his home, his To stand, or live, or And seeking out som

He died, and left no Of him or of his deer Nor record for the p To blot or blazon, ch His fate is lost : his no

My tale hath reac

emperatition in thos Near to Laverna. For Beside the cave where And shadows linger th And dusky shapes amo Pass off like vapours And sometimes a fain Crowning her forehea To haunt the cliff and h And peasants still at the Even at distance shun And dread The Lady o She rises radiant from The convent ? still it sts And well it echoes bac And still the cave is the Who made it famous. n love in burning beauty stealing ing cheek and run the bright veins through,

p, like a beaven, eyes of such blue ummer-skies was never seen. dler then, and life was green, oved and languished, and became per of the boy-god's fickle flame, ase myself before him : he atright at my fierce credulity.

t times, the recollection's sweet. ne thought that pleased me haunts me still,

e hour when day and evening meet, ht, shadowy magician! calls substantial from his cloudy halls, them out before us 'till they fill with things forgotten. Valley and

hill, he dashing ocean, the small rill, g wood and the evanishing sky, is subduing 'of the soul ally rs and stand forth a resistless band. elements league against us, and rebel against the mind's command. ust sink before these sickly dreams orning comes, and sterner themes hrough this stormy world to sail to love, - and yet, 'tis woven in my tale.

till believed through Sicily) one young girl who chose to die Sweet ladies, listen and believe, can believe so strange a story, in ever could so deeply grieve, who from Lencadia's promontory elf headlong for the Lesbian boy; he to work her such annoy!) ath, as in sad requital, given of laurel to her, and some bard t a heathen god or goddess gave like wings wherewith to fly to heaven:

at times, when gloomy tempests roar

Adriatic, in the wave r plumes, and on the watery shore love-craz'd Sappho sung of yore.

masque was held within the walls an palace: the gayest flowers d beauty o'er the marble-halls, noter spots, fresh waterfulls med half-hidden by sweet lemon-

bowers silver-voiced music made: the frail perfuming woodbine strayed.

slight arms 'round the cypressbaugh

this, and yet the times have been | And as in female trust seemed there to grow, Like woman's love 'midst sorrow flourishing : And every odorous plant and brighter thing Born of the sunny skies and weeping rain, That from the bosom of the spring Starts into life and heauty once again, Blossom'd; and there in walks of evergreen, Gay cavaliers, and dames high-born and fair, Wearing that rich and melancholy smile That can so well beguile The human heart from its recess, were seen: And lovers, full of love or studious care, Wasting their rhymes upon the soft night-air, And spirits that never till the morning sleep. And, far away, the mountain Etna Hung Eternally its pyramid of flame High as the Heav'ns, while from its heart

there came Hollow and subterranean noises deep, And all around the constellations hung Their starry lamps, lighting the midnight-

As to do honour to that revelry.

Yet was there one in that gay shifting crowd

Sick at the soul with sorrow; her quick eve Ran restless thro' the throng, and then she bowed

Her head upon her breast, and one check'd sigh

Breath'd sweet reproach 'gainst her Italian boy,

The dark-eyed Guido whom she lov'd so well:

(O how he loved Sicilian Isabel!)

Why came he not that night to share the joy That sate on every face, and from her heart Bid fear and all, aye, all but hope, depart— For hope is present happiness: Shapes and things

That wear a beauty like the imperial star Of Jove, or sunset-clouds or floating dews, And like an arch of promise shine afar, When near cast off their skiey colourings, And all their rainbow-like and radiant bucs Are shadowy mockeries and deceptive fire. But Hope! the brightest of the passionate choir

That through the wide world range, And touch with passing fingers that most strange

And various instrument, the human heart .-Ah! why didst thou so soon from Isabel depart?

Dark Guido came not all that night, while she

(His young and secret bride) sate watching

there,
Pale as the marble-columns. She search'd around

And 'round, and sicken'd at the revelry, But if she heard a quick or lighter bound



Another passed, and bowed, and passed again. She looked on all in vain: at last more near A figure came, and, whispering in her ear, Asked in a hoarse, and quick, and bitter tone, Why there she sate alone,

The mistress of the feast, while all passed by Unwelcomed even by her wandering eye? It was her brother's voice—Leoni!—no It could not be that he would jeer her so. He breath'd a name; 'twas Guido: tremblingly

She sate and shrank from his enquiring eye, But hid the mighty secret of her soul.
Again—ah! then she heard her terrible doom Sound like a prophecy, and to her room Like a pale solitary shade she stole.

And now to tell of him whose tongue had gained

The heart of Isabel. 'Twas said, he came (And he was of a line of fame)
From Milan where his father perished.
He was the last of all his race, and fled
To haughty Genoa where the Dorias reigned:
A mighty city once, tho' now she sleeps
Amidst her ampitheatre of hills,
Or sits in silence by her dashing deeps,
And not a page in living story fills.
He had that look which poets love to paint.
And artists fashion, in their happier mood,
And budding girls when first their dreamings

Shew them such forms as maids may love.

He stood

Fine as those shapely Spirits heaven-des-

Hermes or young Apollo, or whom she The moon-lit Dian on the Latmian hill, When all the woods, and all the winds were

cended.

Bade the soft a

And then his da

The fillets like a
Her brow, and bad
And oh! 'twas sw
Pressed 'gainst hi
In mimic anger s
He knew so well
Her round arm hu
And half entreaty
Speak of forbear

He snatched the I And then, in crin She frowned, and which women, la

Oft would he, as a Beneath the last! Tell (and would wa

How on the lone When the Sea-Lie Went rolling thre And shook that of And he would te

He rambled in his
And spoke of othe
And mighty and m
Hadscen the brigh:
Upon that land wl
And travelled by 1

And by Ningara's
And seen the wild
Amongst intermine

ed far up the great Etna's side, rom a black ravine, a dreary wood and frowns upon the storms below, and braves the wilderness of snow.

tawhile upon the lonely bride alancholy air and glassy eye, we: "Awake, and search you dell, for I.

en above my old mortality. oft my mangled and unburied limbs for wolves hard by the waters there, lock of my black and curled hair, e I vowed to thee my beauty, swims

mere weed upon the mountain-river; se dark eyes you used to love so well loved you dearly, my own Isabel!) st, and now have lost their light for ever.

n unto you far ravine, and save usband's heart for some more quiet

what the stream and withering winds may lend,

eath the basil-tree we planted, give and heart burial, so that tree shall live ed a solace on thy after-days; ou-but oh! I ask thee not to tend lant on which thy Guido loved to gaze, ith a spirit's power I see thy heart." id no more, but with the dawning day k, as the shadows of the clouds depart e the conquering sun-beams, silently. sprung she from the pillow where she

lay, e wild sense of doubtful misery: hen she 'woke she did obey the dream, ourney'd onwards to the mountainstream.

d which the phantom pointed, and she drew

orns aside which there luxuriant grew. ith a beating heart descended, where vaters washed, it said, its floating hair.

a spot like those romancers paint, inted when of dusky knights they told ering about in forests old,

the last purple colour was waxing faint ay was dying in the west :- the trees pine and chesnut, and the dwarfed oak edar) shook their branches 'till the shade

d like a living spirit, and as it played d holding dim communion with the breeze.

, a tumbling river rolled along ourse by lava-rocks and branches broke) g for aye its fierce and noisy song; here on shuttered trunks the lichens

grew overed, with their golden garments, Death:

then the tempest of November blew

a dim and waving shadow) stood, The Winter-trumpet, 'till its failing breath Went meaning into silence, every green And loose leaf of the piny boughs did tell Some trembling story of that mountain-dell.

> That spirit is never idle that doth 'waken The soul to sights and contemplations deep, Even when from out the desert's seeming sleep

> A sob is heaved that but the leaves are shaken: But when across its frozen wastes there comes A rushing wind that chills the heart and bears Tidings of ruin from those icy domes, The cast and fashion of a thousand years, It is not for low meanings that the soul Of Nature, starting from her idlesse long, Doth walk abroad with Death, and sweep among

> The valleys where the avalanches roll. 'Tis not to speak of Doubt that her great voice,

Which in the plains doth bid the heart rejoice, Comes sounding like an oracle. Amidst men There are no useless marvels: Ah! why then Cast on the wonder-working nature shame, Or deem that, like a noisy braggart, she (In all things else how great and freed from blame)

Once in an age should shout: "A mystery !"

But, to my story. Down the slippery sod With trembling limbs, and heart that scarcely beat.

And catching at the brambles, as her feet Sunk in the crumbling earth, the poor girl trod:

And there she saw-Oh! till that moment

Could tell (not she) how much of hope the sun And cheerful morning, with its noises, brought,

And how she from each glance a courage caught;

For light and life had scattered half her fright. And she could almost smile on the past night; So, with a buoyant feeling, mixed with fear Lest she might scorn Heav'n's missioned minister.

She took her weary way and searched the dell, And there she saw him-dead. Poor desolate child

Of sixteen summers, had the waters wild No pity on the boy you loved so well! There stiff and cold the dark-eyed Guido lay, His pale face upwards to the careless day, That smiled as it was wont; and he was found

His young limbs mangled on the rocky ground,

And, 'midst the weltering weeds and shallows cold.

His black hair floated as the phantom told, And like the very dream his glassy eye Spoke of gone mortality.



She stared and laugh'd aloud like one whose Looni—(for this tall brain By her who know a

Is shock'd o' the sudden: then she looked again:

And then she wept. At last—but wherefore

How—tremblingly, she did her bloody tack? She took the heart and washed it in the wave, And bore it home and placed it 'midst wild flowers,

Such as he loved to scent in happier hours, And neath the basil-tree she sceep'd a grave, And therein placed the heart, to common earth Doom'd, like a thing that owned not human birth.

And the tree grew and grew, and brighter green Shot from its boughs than she before had

Shot from its boughs than sale before and soon,

And softly with its leaves the west-winds

And softly with its leaves the west-winds played:

And she did water it with her tears, and talk As to a living spirit, and in the shade Would place it gently when the sun did walk High in his hot meridian, and she prest The boughs (which fell like balm) upon her breast.

She never plucked a leaf nor let a weed Within the shadow of its branches feed, But nursed it as a mother guards her child, And kept it shelter'd from the winter wild: And so it grew beyond its fellows, and Tow'red in unnatural beauty, waving there And whispering to the moon and midnight-air, And stood a thing unequalled in the land.

But never more along her favorite vale, Or by the village-paths or hurrying river, Or on the beach, when clouds are seen to sail Across the setting sun, while waters quiver And breezes rise to bid the day farcwell— No more in any bower she once loved well, Whose sound or silence to the ear could tell Aught of the passionate past, the pale girl trod:

Yet Love himself, like an invisible god, Haunted each spot, and with his own rich breath

Filled the wide air with music sweet and soft,

Leoni—(for this trie-h
Hy her who know alon
Leoni, timerous lest ti
Should rise in vengenn
And come abrend and
Qr, haplier, funcying
That Guido sailed and
Was disbelieved and n
Or that she had discor
Before his limbe had
Or—but whato'er it was
He dug and found the
For she, to keep it uni
Had wound it round wit
And bathed it with a
He found it where, lik
And cursed and cast it

Thatday the green tree The solace of her mind And their she felt that In the wide world; so And caverned haunts, a

Thunder unto the cilor She flew away, and left And all that man doth wall that around the beat Yet, as she looked fare One quivering drop as

The last that frenzy ga And then into the drear She went alone, a crax'd, And in the solitude she Half hidden by the wik Wherehy a black and a Struck by the fiery thus Of pow'r and death a t And there she lived fo

The seasons or their cha

On roots and berries, as Which had in woods been

Once, and once only wa The chamois-hunter sta And stopped to look a 1 And could not turn him Thin Famine sate upon spirit stands by me:
y night, it comes by day,
the glittering lightnings play,
pale and sad to see.
o whom my brother gave
onsecrated grave.

a when the breezes moan, the rattling thunders talk, a muttering by me walk, he I am quite alone. lemon of the dead, at's good hath upwards fled.

mon which the wave abroad to scare my soul; fore did the waters roll or his hasty grave? ad prayer I uttered then or is it due again?

nough that I am here, k and cold and famished, move above the dead, my soul be wild with fear now that hope is gone lost and left alone?

me, when my days were young, s fair and born to reign, s and hearts were my domain, ery dwelt upon my tongue: but what is this to me the rock of memory?

times I dream—aye yet, d scenes and golden hours, heard in orange-howers, css cannot quite forget) breathed once to me alone, nd many a melting tone. Then curious thoughts, and floating things Saved from the deluge of the brain, Pass with perplexity and pain; Then darkness, deaths, and murderings,— And then unto my den I hie, And vainly, vainly pray to die.

At last she wandered home. She came by night;
The pale moon shot a sad and troubled light Amidst the mighty clouds that moved along. The moaning winds of Autumn sang their

song

And shook the red leaves from the forest-trees; And subterranean voices spoke. The seas Did rise and fall, and then that fearful swell Came silently which seamen know so well; And all was like an Omen. Isabel Passed to the room where, in old times, she

Iny,
And there they found her at the break of day;
Her look was smiling, but she never spoke
Or motioned, even to say—her heart was
broke:

Yet, in the quiet of her shining eye Lay death, and something we are wont to deem (When we discourse of some such mournful theme)

Beyond the look of mere mortality.

She died—yet scarcely can we call it Death When Heaven so softly draws the parting breath;

She was translated to a finer sphere,
For what could match ormake herhappy here?
She died, and with her gentle death there came
Sorrow and ruin, and Leoni fell
A victim to that unconsuming flame,
That burns and revels on the heart of man:
Remorse.—This is the tale of Isabel,
And of her love the young Italian.

## DIEGO DE MONTILLA.

A SPANISH TALE

thyme (Ital. ottava rima)
tful measure made of ease
with epigram, and, tho' it seem a
a man may scribble when he
please,
it difficult: indeed, I deem a
Spenser's will be found to teaze
ruic complet; there, the pen
and polish and touch up again.

But, for the octave measure—it should slip Like running water o'er its pebbled bed, Making sweet music, (here I own I dip In Shakspeare for a simile) and be fed Freely, and then the poet must not nip The line, nor square the sentence, nor be

By old, approved, poetic canons; no, But give his words the slip, and let 'em ga. ٠.٠٠

I mean to give in this same pleasant rhyme | And I will lie pillow'd upon he Some short account of Don Diego de Montilla, quite an hero in his time, Who conquer'd captain Cupid, as you'll see: My tale is sad in part, in part sublime, With here and there a smack of pleasantry As to the moral, why-'tis under cover; I leave it for the reader to discover.

"Arms and"-hut I forget-Love and the man I sing, that's Virgil's method of beginning, Alter'd a little just to suit my plan; I own the thing, and so there's not much

Most writers steal a good thing when they can,

And when 'tis safely got 'tis worth the winning.

The worst of 't is we now and then detect 'em.

Before they ever dream that we suspect 'em.

Love and the man I sing-and yet 'twould be As well methinks, nay perhaps it may be better.

Particularly for a young bard like me, Not to stick quite so closely to the letter; One's verse as well as fancy should be free, The last indeed hates every sort of fetter: So, as each man may call what maid he chuses By way of Muse, I'll e'en call all the Muses.

Hearken! ye gentle sisters (eight or nine). Who haunted in old time Parnassus' hill, If that so worshipp'd mount be yet divine, And ye there meet your mighty master still, And still for poet-heads the laurel twine, And dip your pitchers in the famous rill, I'll trouble ye for a leaf or two; tho' first I 'Il just try the jug, for 'faith, I'm somewhat thirsty.

And now, great lyrist, fain would I behold Thee in thy glory-Lord and Life of day! Sun-bright Apollo! with thy locks of gold, As thou art wont to tread heav'n's starry way. Not marbled and reduced to human mould. As thou didst stand, one of a rich array, (Yet even there distinct and first of all) In the vast palace of the conquered Gaul.

But, if thy radiant forehead be too bright For me to look upon with earthly eye, Ah! send some little nymph of air or light, Whom love has touch'd and taken to the sky, And bid her, till the inspiration quite O'erwhelms, shower kisses on my lip, and sigh

Such songs (and I will list to her for hours) As once were sung in amaranthine bowers. Whose husband fell with honor

And drink the music of her ward (When sleep shall bring at la

Haply of many a high immer And, in the lightning of her be My soul may catch perhaps one ! From her dark eyes-but, ah!

Ye nymphs and deities now bath

Oh! ye delicious fables, when And woods were peopled and So lovely-why, ah! why has Scatter'd afar your sweet imag Why sear'd the delicate flow's And dash'd the diamond-drop Alas! the spirit languishes, a At mercy of life's dull realities

No more by well or hubbling h The Naiad dries her tresses in Nor longer may we in the bra The Dryad talk, nor see the O Along the mountains, nor the Her way amongst the waves who Shadow nor shape remains While th' reader and Diego, both

Diego was a knight, but more Than knights were then, or countr Young-brave-(at least he'd been fi Well-bred, and gentle, as a knig He play'd on the guitar, con write. Had seen some parts of Spain the so That sort of man one hopes to

And the most amorous gentler

There was a languor in his Sp That almost touched on soft been Instead of a man a woman, b His languish had done honour For there was in it that regali Of look, which says the owner m Something in former days, wh And his hair curl'd (or was cu

The Don Diego (mind this, D. Pronounce it rightly) fell in lo The daughter of a widow from

II

p the lord of this same old virago, strait return'd to Spain, and went to law the next heir, but wisely first bespoke martest counsel, for that's half the joke.

ady won her cause; then suitors came oo her and her daughters: she had two: lia was the elder, and her name, c, wit, and so forth, thro' the country flew

cer than scandal: young Aurora's fame and no fame, poor girl, and yet she grew orighten'd into beauty, as a flower es off the rain that dims its earlier hour.

in had some wit, and, as I've said,
, and Diego lov'd her like his life;
'd to give her half his board and bed,
ort he woo'd the damsel for a wife,
he turned to the right about her head
gave some tokens of (not love but)
strife;

nde him 'wait, be silent, and forget nonsense. He heard this, and—loved her yet.

v'd: O how he lov'd! His heart was full hat immortal passion, which alone is thro' the wide world its eternal rule one, and with its deep seducing tone with the wise, the young, the beautiful, hrave, and all, to bow before its throne; sun and soul of life, the end, the gain; rich requital for an age of pain.

ath the power of that passion he
ak like a leaf of summer, which the sun
scorch'd ere yet in green maturity—
as a desperate gamester who ne'er won
gle stake, but saw the chances flee,
till kept throwing on till—all was done:
e on which the worm had rioted—
ais was what his friends and others said.

ret, but one short year ago, his cheek led and shone, and o'er it health had flung our, like the autumn-evening's streak, h flushing through the darker olive,

a rich blush upon him. In a freak rill I'm told, or when their pride is stung, up that deepening crimson in girla' features:

people swear it makes 'em different creatures.

ne, I always have an awkward feeling that vermilion tide comes flooding o'er brows and breast, instead of gently stealing

nd then fading till 'tis seen no more;

The first proceeds too from unbandsome

dealing,
And sudden leaves a paleness, if no more,
Perhaps a frown. The last is born of
pleasure,

Or springs from praise, and comes and goes at leisure.

His mistress—Shall I paint Aurelia's frown? Her proud and regal look, her quick black

Thro' whose dark fringes such a beam shot

On men (yet touch'd at times with witchery)
As when Jove's planet, distant and alone,
Flashes from out the sultry summer-sky
And bids each lesser star give up its place.

—This was exactly Miss Aurelia's case.

Her younger sister—she was meek and pale And scarcely noticed when Aurelia near; None e'en had thought it worth their while to rail

On her, and in her young unpractis'd car Those soft bewitching tones that seldom fail To win had ne'er been utter'd. She did steer Her gentle course along life's dangerous sea For sixteen pleasant summers quietly.

Her shape was delicate: her motion free As his, that charter'd libertine, the nir, Or Dian's, when upon the mountains she Follow'd the fawn: her bosom full and fair; It seem'd as Bove himself might thither flee For shelter when his brow was parched with care:

And her white arm, like marble turn'd by grace, Was of good length, and in its proper place.

Her hair was black as night: her eyes were blue:

Her mouth was small, and from its opening stream'd

Notes like the silver voice of young Carew, Of whose sweet music I have often dream'd, And then (as youths like me are wont to do) Funcying that every other damsel scream'd, Started to hear Miss Carew again. I sit In general (to be near her) in the pit.

Let lovers who have croaking Delias swear Their tones are just in tune, or just the thing: Let lying poets pull, in couplets fair, Pan's reedy pipe—Apollo's golden string— How Memnon sung, and made the Thebans stare

When he saw Titan's daughter scattering Flowers—'tis all stuff, reader: what say you Give me (but p'rhaps I'm partial) Mis Carew. Oh! witching as the nightingule first heard At last, Aurora saw him a Beneath Arabian heavens, weeing the rose, Him of twhen scarcely tank Is she, or thrush new-mated, or the bird That calls the morning as the last star goes Down in the west, and out of sight is heard Awhile, then seems in silence to repose Somewhere beyond the clouds, in the full glory -New to my story:

Of the new-rises Sun.

The Don was constant at his Lady's court, For every day at twelve she held a levee, Where song, joke, music, and all sorts of sport

Went 'round, so that the hours were seldom heavy;

Aurolia talk'd, (and talking was her forte). Or quissed her female friends, and then the bevy

Of coxcombs vow'd such wit was never heard:

For this one gave his honour, one his word.

Things went on pretty smoothly till the Don Declar'd his love; but, when he sought to marry,

He found she would not give up all for one: What! Counts and Cavaliers and all, and CRITY

Herself demurely-'twas not to be done: She said she lov'd him not, and bade him tarry, (As I have told) on which he did begin

To grow and soon grew tolerably thin.

He gazed and watch'd, and watch'd and gazed upon her,

And look'd, like Suckling's lover, thin and pale:

But how should looking thin have ever won her,

When looking well (as he says) didn't prevail?

It did not answer with our Spanish Donna, Nor can it save in poem, play, or tale; In fact there's not much interesting in 't Unless it be in hotpress and good print.

Yet, gentles, would I not be thought to ieer

The Love that flourishes when young hearts are given, And pledged in hope and fullest faith sincere,

Nor would I jest when such fond hearts are riven.

I only mean that love ('tis pretty clear) When 't rises without hope is merely leaven, And that boys suffering 'neath the lash of Cupid.

Are sometimes even more than sad; they're stupid.

She bowed, and then, as lo la Resum'd her study. Non, bit She mark'd, and troubled eyes And trembling limbs which law

His faint and melancholy So seldom but so beautiful va

She look'd and look'd again:

And yet she tried, her eye

And, as it were from pity, a The cause of all his ill, and d (While passion in her heart le To soothe his sadness, and to Would smile and talk of Lo

A simpleton! as if 'twoold m

But sorrow never lasts; he a Had he not some way soughts For, howsoe'er we try the fa Love is but meagre dict saw Tis feasting too much like the Who thought to pass off his Kid, nuts, et cetera, on his g Got his ears box'd for lying.

Diego, when he found all he Determin'd like a prudent ma At first he tore his hair (it wi But, then, his mother-she la And asked him, would be leave (She who had watch'd and lor

to die And her gray hairs to the grave bring He said he could not think of

He said: Dear Mother, on my In its new meaning) from Ma And if I think more of her I Yet, as he spoke, a settled le Declared she never could be q Whom in his young heart hel

:08 And the mute eloquence of h Told all his thoughts, for !

The knave (it is his study) a (For he has glimpses) and the Deceive; they do by accident And keep their look of cunning But grief is lesson'd in an ho And o'er the face spreads out. Its pallid colours or its hection It ought to put the others to



his round head from off his pillow, ten'd from their slumbers man and beast, and to clear quicksilver every billow, Diego, from Love's toil released, ats prim'd and head yerown'd with willow.

a his heavy coach with heavier sigh, the blinds and bade the drivers fly.

well'd (our sad hero and his mother) eat Madrid, thro' old and new Castile, it one town and rattled thro' another, and fowl and flesh, (excepting veal:) ile he took it in his head he'd smother he tried, and soon began to feel the boy grew quiet, he grew merry. ther'd him with Port and sometimes Sherry!)

ound his mother he would twine his arms

and kiss and call her his Aurelia, ze and sigh: "inimitable charms! en: "what ruby lips!" until 'twas really a

or altho' it fill'd her with alarms him rave and take his glass thus freely, a

der must have laugh'd to see a woman kiss'd: in Spain 'tis quite uncommon.

better

hought, while thought ran cankering thro' his breast,

he talk'd of other things, and let her name sometimes ("Divine Aurelia") rest:

sh, he sat down and wrote a letter, ch he said that-all was for the bestove might grow to folly-that his mother

t one child and might not have another.

dial duty was a noble thing: e must live the' 'gainst his inclination, ' he once resolv'd, he said, to fling f into the sen as an oblation pid, yet, as love had lost its sting, ike a dip merely for recreation: en he added he should go to Cadiz, the place, and how he lik'd the ladies.

tter ended with-I quite forget tual words, but with some short apology his lungs, he said he ow'd a debt college I

ine day, when king Phœbus in the East | Am in the Doctors' language stupid yet, And often blunder in my phraseology; No matter, he was sick he did declare, And wanted change of scene and country-air.

> And then he rambled thro' his native land, And by her rivers wide and silver rills Running thro' cork and beechen forests, and Breath'd the brave air of those immortal hills,

> Which like an altar or memorial stand Of patriot spirits, whose achievement fills Story and song: for, once, the Spanish name Was noble and identified with fame.

> Now-but I'm quite a shallow politician, And we've enough of politics in prose, And so to men of talent and condition I leave the task to plead the Spanish woes; What I should say would be mere repetition, And bring the theme no nearer to its close, So I'll e'en leave the wrongs of Spain to time; Besides, the thing's too serious for this rhyme.

> Diego pass'd Cordova, gay Sevilla, (Seville) and saw some mighty pleasant sights.

Saw the Fandango and the Sequidilla And new Bolero dane'd on summer-nights, And got at last to Cadiz, which is still a Right noble city, as Lord Byron writes. N.B. The dances I have named are national, his went on: he found that wine was | And like all others tolerably irrational,

> Yet, I remember some half pleasant days When I did love a common country-dance, Ere peace and fashion had conspir'd to raise Quadrilles to note in England as in France: I came in then for some small share of praise, But now, I dread (I own't) a woman's glance,

> These vile Quadrilles do so perplex one's feet With windings,-like the labyrinth of Crete.

> Four girls stand up, and beside each a beau Of figure, stiffen'd upwards from the hip. (Loose as his morals downwards) points his

> Prepar'd thro' many a puzzling maze to slip, "Poule-Moulinet-Balancez-Dos à dos" (Wherein the pretty damsels seem to dip And rise and fall just like the unquiet ocean) And other moods of which I have no notion.

He stayed some time at Cadiz; the' be hated, He vow'd, the shocking gallantries which

are, and-pshaw! tho' I've been to Some-any men may have till they are sated; Yet look'd he sometimes at the sweeping hair (Until in truth his choice had absted)
That bound the foreheads of the Spanish fairs,
And sunn'd him often 'acuth a warm full eye,
And wish'd—but this was solden, by the byo—

He wish't at times to meet Aurelin's look Divine, and her right royal figure, graced With beauty intellectual, (like a beek Well bound and written in the flacet tasts Whese nohic meaning no one e'er mistock) Her white arm, and her undulating weist, Her feet like Atalanta's, when she ran And leet the race (a weman should) to man.

But in his lenely moments he would droum Of young Aurora, and would tremble lest Aught should befull the girl, and then a gleam Of the and truth would come and break his

And from his pillow he would rise and scream:
This was a sort of night-mare, at the best,
For he at Cadia had forget his diet,
And raked and drank instead of being quiet.

He thought of her so young, and oh! so pale, And like a lily which the storms have bent Unto the dust: then would he swear and rail That 'twas impossible and never meant That girls should die for love: as idle tale, And by some moody imp of slumber sent To tease him, for the Rosicrucian croed Is understood in Spain by all—who read.

Whate'er it was - presentiment (which is A sort of silent prophecy, some say, In lottery-luck, and love, and death, and bliss!) Or not, he could not drive the thought away; Then -- 'twas a passing fancy--were she his, How gently would he soothe her dying day -- He swore she should not dic--(when folks are amorous

They're frequently absurd as well as clamorous).

When once his Spanish head had got this notion,

It stuck upon his brain just like birdlime, And cur'd him without either pill or potion, Bleeding or balm, in no (or little) time; Then would be wander on that deep blue ocean,

Dreaming of her, and string some idle rhyme, And every stanza (none are known to fame) Did finish somehow with Aurora's name.

And often to a grotto did he hie
Which in a lone and distant forest stood,
Just like a wood-nymph's haunt; and he
would lie
Beneath the cover of its arch so rude,

And all was about hat the The whispeley sales

And black the breezell

And every shrub that hald Back a perfuming eigh, all Its virgin branches till fay. The neighbour true, and fay Did becomes to the subpri-And gently to and for fall Swayed in the sic, substant The becomes shock thirty

Before the entrape of this A quiet streamlet, cost and Wherein the many-color's And sparkled that its will And thereon the sky will And on its grassy magic priowers and besting plant And, once occu, never to be

Our lover, Den Diege de H In moody humour pan't his Drove out to Arcse, or pul Saint Lucar—Trachigar (wh Not now in fashion)—dance Sometimes with castanets to Ato, drank, and sail'd upa vz Where mothers begg'd he'd

They used to say: "my poor Lately quite pale and grave sh Has lost all appetite"—and: And wipe their cyes, when to And leave their daughters To be cur'd by sca-air—au The Don was satisfied and Ortalk'd of love: the girls

They look'd and sigh'd, and when they want husbands to that they shall have a husband to the they shall have a husband to the the with curly hair, Greek husband other things on which 'Twas useless: he was pur or thinking of Aurora all

envy, grief can touch her more:

e, beside that famed river its waves the haunted shore, ose radiant spirits who did ever

until-the play was o'er!) er long probation, 'till y, and Sin and Time be still.

e soft and summer light ntly with the darkness, and conquer'd by the coming night.

embrace but not command, vanishes, and the sight the past alone is strain'd. out in all Corregio's charms, t Io in his shadowy arms.

young-but Death has no ie young more than the old, ent look, but free from woe 'tis thus the story's told;) reproachful - peevish, tho' ould not seldom scold, had fancied her old lover; ny other cause discover.

ove! amidst thy fears, despair, there runs a vein smile 'midst many tears, ow that will not complainat in after-years Il discover-and in vain, eart silently in its cell broke, yet nothing tell.

else doth lovely woman keep eart of hearts, from every gaze

ggling passion-wherefore r while it flows allays the bosom buried deep, ht eyes of their natural rays? est riddle!—yet, remain

man's only worthy gain.

Spanish maid, ah! what hadat thou er blind, that he should dart till thou wast forced to bow aye, endure the smart se thou wor'st a smiling

brow rrow canker'd at thy heart? if 'twere a folly, she rmly paid!) Love's penalty.

!-she is gone where never | Oft would she sit and look upon the sky, When rich clouds in the golden sun-set lay Basking, and loved to hear the soft winds sigh

That come like music at the close of day Trembling amongst the orange-blossoms, and die

As 'twere from very sweetness. She was gay, Meckly and calmly gay, and then her gaze Was brighter than belongs to dying days.

And on her young thin cheek a vivid flush, A clear transparent colour sate awhile : "I'was like, a bard would say, the morning's blush,

And 'round her mouth there played a gentle smile,

Which tho'at first it might your terrors hush. It could not, the' it strove, at last beguile; And her hand shook, and then 'rose the blue vein

Branching about in all its windings plain.

The girl was dying. Youth and beauty-all Men love or women boast of was decaying. And one by one life's finest powers did fall Before the touch of death, who seem'd delaying,

As the' he'd not the heart at once to call The maiden to his home. At last, arraying Himself in softest guise, he came: she sigh'd, And, smiling as the' her lover whisper'd, died.

Diego-tho' it seem as he could change From love to love at pleasure—be it said Uato his honour, he did never range Again. I should have written that he fled To her (some people thought this wondrous strange

At the first news of danger.-She was dead. One silly woman said her heart was broke .-He look'd and listen'd, but he never spoke.

He saw her where she lay in silent state, Cold and as white as marble: and her eye, Whereon such bright and beaming beauty

Was-after the fashion of mortality. Closed up for ever; e'en the smiles which Inte

None could withstand, were gone; and there did lie

(For he had drawn aside the shrouding veil) By her a helpless hand, waxen and pale.

Diego stood beside the coffin-lid And gazed awhile upon her: then he bent And kiss'd her, and did-'twas grief's folly. bid

Her wait awhile for him, for that he meant

To follow quickly: then his face he hid, 🛁 And 'guinst the margin of the coffin leant. In mute and idle anguish: not a breath Or sound was heard. He was alone, with Death.

At last they drew him, like a child, away And spoke in seething serrow of the dead, Placing her sweet acts out in kind array, And mourn'd that one so gracious should have fled

As 'twere before her time; the' she would say Poor girl, (and often to that talk she led) That to die carly was a happy let, And, cheering, said she should be seen forgot.

She left one letter for her leve: they gave The feeble scrawl into his hand, and told How when she found that medicine could not save

And love had come too late, she grew more bold.

And bade, when she was quiet in her grave, (I think the phrase was when her hand was cold)

That they should give that letter to the Lord Diego, her first love; or some such word.

None heard the and contents; he read it thro' And thro', and wept and pondered on each

page. At last, a gentle melancholy grew, And touch'd, like sorrow at its second stage, His eye with languor, and contriv'd to strew His hair with silver ere his middle age: But for the fiery passion which alone Ilad stamped his youth with folly,-it was gone.

Some years he liv'd: he liv'd in solitude, And scarcely quitted his ancestral home, Tho' many a friend and many a lady woo'd Of birth and beauty, yet he would not roam Beyond the neighbouring hamlet's churchyard rude;

And there the stranger still, on one low tomb. May read Aurora; whether the name he drew From mere conceit of grief or not, none knew.

P'rhaps 'twas a mere memorial of the past: Such Love and Sorrow fashion, and deceive Themselves with words, until they grow at last Content with mocks alone, and cease to

grieve: Such madness in its wiser mood will cast.

Making its fond credulity believe Things unsubstantial. 'Twas-no

He grew familiar with the Knew well its benefacis, at And make acquaintance vitt And, like the ThracianSie Drew, with the music of his Bebind him winged things a And tramp of animal: uditi He was a Lord indeed, bir

In a high solitary meet sta None were admitted would be

The young day broke, p

Had in his earliest infancy Or that he felt more pure the Or lov'd to see the great an From out his cloudy bonder. Hurry away before the co

But oftener to a gentle latel Cradled within a forest's b Would, shunning kind reproad And, when the inland breeze w

There would be loiter all the Tossing upon the waters list The swallow dash'd beside high Drank by his boat and eyed him

It was a soothing place: them Pass'd there in quiet beauty, The moon ran searching throth

And shook o'er all the leave bright.

O'er lemon-blossoms, and faint mit And there the west-wind often to When heaven's clear eye was di above

Pale Hesper 'rose, the evening-lig

How sweet it is to see that com (Which like the spirit of the tvil Come stealing up the broad blue Silvering the dark tops of the Until his mistress in her bright Enters the sky, and then his lin But sweetest when in lonely sp The gentle, watchful, amoress

He comes more lovely than the Sheds calm refreshing light,

burn With glancing at the sun's set Unto his softer page with pleas 'Tis like the murmur of somes Or the soft welling of a Naise what - After the sounding of the vast

hisper music seems to float n from out the thicket-boughs ghtingale's so tender note, oung girl listens, and allows witching of the sweet bird's throat)

first kiss :- but of these things t in his moody wanderings.

he lov'd where'er he strayed, inted and no pastime drew. hat fair heart-broken maid unto the angels flew , with grief unallayed nd in the sky's eternal blue or shapes, 'till at times before him she

cautiful reality.

boys stammer their faint fond But he hath passed away, and there remains vows; Scarcely the shadow of his name: the sun, The soft breeze, and the fierce autumnal rains

> Fall now alike upon him: he hath done With Life and cast away its heavy chains, And in his place another spirit may run Its course (thus live, love, languish, and thus die!)

Thro' every maze of dim mortality.

One day he came not at his usual hour, (He had long been declining) and his old Kind mother sought him in his lonely tower, And there she found him lying, pale and cold: Her son was dead, and Love had lost his power;

And then she felt that all her days were told. She laid him in his grave, and when she died A stranger buried her by Diego's side.

#### HE DEATH OF



ve, and I will tell you now : 'tis of fabulous times t giants liv'd and spirits dwelt oods and caves beneath the sens.

e were the harmless Naiades) waters. You have heard me tell of

h Galatea, Nereus' child, e shepherd Acis? 'tis a sweet history, and to think how Love

rugged Cyclops to his power hearken then .- There is a time,

blush of Summer, when the Spring

ins are passing off, and flowers bosoms to the winds and spread living beauty thro' the world. s gay manhood: Nature then, wantoning in idolatry,

to the sun. - Long years ago, eason, in a cave o'errun

boundless clematis,-between erness of leaves white roses peep'd.

le which, with trailing boughs, sward grateful as ever sprung fountains, when Apollo drove to haunt the thickets,-Acis

ect. She gaz'd awhile.

One delicate hand was press'd against her cheek

That flush'd with pleasure, and her dark hair stream'd

Shadowing the brightness of her fixed eye, Which on the young Sicilian shepherd's face Shone like a star: the other hand hung down, White as that Parian stone the sculptor hew'd

To fashion for the temples of his gods. Peerless on earth, and like those forms of old, Pallas, or dark-eyed Juno, or the queen Who won the fruit on Ida, sate the sea-nymph, Proud Galatea; 'till at last she rais'd Her arm and twined it round her lover's neck, And in the gentlest music asked him then Why and how much he lov'd, and if he thought

Twas strange that she, a high sea-nymph, should leave

Her watery palaces and coral-caves, Her home, and all immortal company To dwell with him, a simple shepherd-boy: -But hark! a sudden sound burst on their cars,

And thro' the disturbed air came words like these :

"Hear me, ye rocks, and all ye hollow caves Where the wild ocean raves! And thou, eternal Ætna! on whose brow The white and silent and perennial snow

Sits like a diadem, I shout to thee, In this my sad extremity Hearken! ye liberated winds that stray From your dark caverns to the day, And blindly wander all the world around: Say to that world: I love, I love, I die; And, on your home-returning sound, Bear the white Galatea's last reply."

Thus from an overhanging promontory, Shouted the giant Polypheme: the seas Drew backward as affrighted at the sound: The green woods moved, and the light poplar shook

Its silver pyramid of leaves: the Fauns Rose up to listen, and the Naiades Shrank in their chrystal fountains. Gloomily, And still awhile, the Cyclops lay: at last, He lifted to his mouth a reed, and blew A strange and sweet preluding symphony. He was a master of his pipe and knew How every note was touch'd: deep sorrow mix'd

With those his mountain-melodies, and Love

A strange charm 'round him: mighty tears then fill'd

His solitary eye, and with such noise As the rough winds of Autumn make when they

Pass o'er a forest and bend down the pines, The giant sigh'd. Again he blew his reed, And as the whistling music pass'd away, Sang thus of the white Galatea.

"Fair Galatea, listen! By my birth (And I can trace it to the sea, the earth) I love you; not as mortals love a maid, Amorous, yet afraid Lest that her answer chase all hope away: Oh! Galatea, did I not celebrate You thro' the world, and tell you were divine, (Will you not then be mine?) And ever sing your praise, early and late, Thro' all the changes of a summer's day?

"Proud Galatea, listen! am I not he Before whose matchless melody The finest player stills his charmed lute, And every sea-maid's voice is mute? Am I not he to whose sweet song the Faun Dances with mad delight, And, on her cloudy pillow resting thro' the night.

Queen Dian listens 'till the morn ?

"Am I not, cruel nymph, great Neptune's child, Who circles with his arms the visible earth, (Altho' I may not walk the waters wild) And shalt thou scorn my worth? Yet pardon, Galatea, pardon, for my heart Or silver talking fountains, w Is almost broken; beauty, and the smart

Of Love may draw from me Words that I must discounts I meant not, never meant to u Listen, my love! althe in ce Thon hidest, now that the distance Apollo rides. Listen, The Son of Neptune, from his Calls: Galatea! listen, and re

He ended, and the lovers left To see who sang so sweet, an Before the giant's eye. At His rival and the nymph he Twined in each other's arms. Away thou wanton nymphani Earth-born and base, thou-

To atoms, as the tempest so The sea-sand tow'rd the skie He spoke, and from the ground Wrench'd a huge rock, to li

Would strain the sinews of a And toss'd it tow'rd the sun: Thro' the blue air with whim

Its moss and stones and roots

And stopp'd at last in the mi Dropp'd like a plummet. Oh!

He felt the Cyclop's wrath. The mighty weight descend Or bone or fragment or a g Remained of all his beauty. Dead in a moment. Galates Fled you to shun the tumbli

What matters it? the sea-mi struc

And never own'd a love again. (As Grecian fables say) the sl Intò a stream, and on its ban And utter her laments in such As might have mov'd the n

Upon the murdered Acia. He Ran to the sea, but oft on sur Noises were heard and plainting The songs you hear in Sicily

For many an age would lie

And from its watery melodies And tune it to their simple in Hence, as 'tis thought by some .. Originate, and oh! most likel That pastoral music first had s But whether from the running ! Or from the rustling leaves.

It is enough we live and own

#### YG В

my hand upon that pleasant rhyme, Id ottava rima, (quite a treasure ets who can make their triplets chime

H M

hly) 'tis equally adapt to pleasure, r, wit, love, or grief, or mock-sublime: et when pretty woman's in the case, incs go tripping with a better grace.

"but small wit, and therefore will not venture

at; and fighting-'tis a noisy game; this too I'm bound down by my indenture:

mast I swear I am, and that's the same :) = grief-I scarcely ever think she meant

anna-face-no 'twould not do: of fame leasure I know little to rehearse, Love is shaped and fit for every verse.

a! oh! he breathes and rambles 'round the world

dol and idolater: he flies ching, with passing beauty, ringlets curl'd, lips, and bosoms white, and starry eyes, wheresoe'er his colours are unfurled many a young and panting spirit hies. ranks are raw, for all are volunteers: e fired with hope, and plenty plagued with fears.

is the sweetest, yet the fiercest passion, t ever soothed or scarred the human heart, rshipped and jeered by all in every nation, hugged and bidden while he's hugged,

depart. to say truth, if I should have occasion in to know him. I should beg his dart th be a little blunted; nay, before, as tipp'd with gall—it should be sugar'd o'er.

I would have this dart held by a hand at would pour balm upon the wound it gave:

that white wonder of a foreign land, sose mistress in the silver moonlight gave sens of early love, and did command heart's devotion-but I'm getting grave: at damsel's sweetheart sadden'd, to be brief 1 washed down ('twas with poison) all his grief.

ten thought that if I had more leisure | I'd have her eyes dark as the summer-night, When Dian sleeps, and fair the planets roll Along their golden journeys: 'tis a sight That comes like-like-I mean that, on the whole,

It touches and, as 'twere, transports one quite, And makes one feel that one must have a soul:

And then our wits go wandering from their ways,

Wild, and wool-gathering, as the proverb says.

So much for eyes, and now for smiles. A smile I hold to be like balm; (the sting's the tongue)

It soothes the cankers of the heart awhile, And is a sort of silent music flung (Or sun-beam) o'er the lips, and can beguile The very d-1; pshaw! he never clung To woman's lips : I blush and blush again; Twas all mistake: he puts up with the men.

I never saw a fault in women yet: Their bodies and their minds are full of grace;

Sometimes indeed their tongue-but I forget, And 'faith that runs a very pretty race, And doth bewilder one like wine, or debt, Or whist when in an ancient partner's face We read supreme contempt, and hear her groan,

And feel that all the blunders are our own.

This is vexations I must own, and so Are many things if but the mind were given To make the most of trifles, but I go Gently and jogging on (I hope) to heaven, Sometimes in mirth, but oft'ner touch'd with

(For I have somewhat of the mortal leaven) And string on rainy days an idle rhyme, And kill the present to feed future time.

Now to my tale, which I would fain indite (The' many a living bard can scribble better) Without deploying to the left and right, To see how others touch this style and metre; I'll even keep Lord Byron out of sight-By the bye, Lord B, and I were school'd together

At Harrow where, as here, he has a name. I-I'm not even on the list of fame.

But I am quite impatient. O, my muse! If muse I have, hie thee across the sea, And where in plenteous drops the famous dews Of Castalie fall, beg a few for me; A laurel-branch too: sure they'll not refuse, (The sisters)—if they do, then strip the tree, And we will cultivate the laurel here, And advertise for claimants far and near.

Bards have a pleasant method, I must say, Of mixing up their songs in this lax age. Now, sweet and sharp and luscious dash'd with gay—

Like christmas - puddings, laurell'd, - are the rage;

Some stuff huge pamphlets in the duckling way,

(With 'thoughts') and now and then leave out 'the sage;' Some mark their tales (like pork) with lines

and crosses;
Some hide things over-done with piquant sauces.

Some hash the orts of others, and re-hash: Some rub the edge off jokes—to make 'em fair; Some cut up characters, (that's rather rash, And more than serious people well can bear:) In short, there's many a way to make a dash: Now, if you write incog.—that has an air; (Yet men may as I have for this good reason:) Then Love's a thing that's never out of season.

Love is a pure and evanescent thing, And, when its delicate plumes are soil'd, it dies.

There is a story of a Lydian king, Candaules, who it seems thought otherwise: A loose, uxorious monarch, passioning For what he had already. Husbands wise! Attend the moral of my curious story, For I intend to lay it now before ye.

Candaules king of Lydia had a wife, Beautiful Lais: she was such as I (Had she not ta'en her silly husband's life, Which shews a certain taste for cruelty,) Could love;—but no! we might have had some strife,

And she was rather cold and somewhat high, And I detest that stalking, marble grace, Which makes one think the heart has left its place.

Now King Candaules was an amorous sot, A mere, loose, vulgar simpleton d'ye see; Bad to be sure, yet of so hard a lot Not quite descrving, surely: and that she All old ties should so quickly have forgot Seems odd. We talk of woman's constancy And love—yet Lais' lord was but a fool, And she's but the exception, not the rule.

She had the stature of a queen: her Were bright and large but all teep

And black, which I have heard some

Lightly along the ground she deig

Gazed at and woo'd by every wind the And her deep bosom seem'd the ile love:

And yet she was, for my poor taste, to And likely for 'obey' to read comm

Give me less faultless woman, so de Be all my own, trusted at home and With whom the world might be for

The country's scandal, and the city's
And in whose deep blue eyes Love's in

Should rise in beauty, like a vesper On my return at evening, aye, and on hearts I prized. By Jove! two divine.

Oh! we would turn some pleasur together.

And plaud the wit, the tale, the poet'st Or, wandering in the early summer on Talk of the past mischance and future Or ride at times, (and that would save

For nought so well with nervous he copes
As riding; i. c. taken by degrees;
It warms the blood, and saves all in

Candaules' court was much like con general

In times of peace, that is, 'twas presh To my taste better much than whe men are all

Busy in horrid fighting far away, With scarce a sound but drums besti generale;

Yes-now and then, when the wild tra

And their rich voice goes riding on the Like mounted war, but leaves so behind.

There was a Lydian hoy who pleas

A youngster such as girls would smile to Excellent in each brave and gentle st War and the chace, the song, the

But scribbling tender verses was his And Gyges was quite fam'd for made And when the king would praise his

Yawn'd, in a way provoking : 'tuasin

This I conclude, the story does not tell;)
mean, he was not sheepish, nor too bold,
Nor did he swear, nor languish like a belle:
shaw! had I had my wits I might have told
This in five words; he pleased the women
well.

They said indeed at times, a little bolder; But this they knew would change, when he grew older.

There was a mark on Lais' swan-like breast,

A purple flower with its leaf of green)
Like that the Italian saw when on the rest

He stole of the unconscious Imagene,
And bore away the dark fallacious test

Of what was not, altho' it might have been,
And much perplex'd Leonatus Posthumus;

In truth be might have puzzled one of us.

The king told Gyges of the purple flower; (It chanced to be the flower the hoy lik'd most;)

It has a scent as though Love, for its dower, Had on it all his odorous arrows tost, For the the Rose has more perfuming power, The Violet (haply 'cause' tis almost lost And takes up so much trouble to discover) Stands first with most, but always with a lover.

He blush'd and listen'd-panted like a fawn That's just escaped the fraudful hunter's range,

And his eyes sparkled like approaching morn, And on his check he felt the colour change Until he trembled—and the blush was gone: His brain was stagger'd with a notion strange; He sighed to see, tho' but for once, the flower;

The monarch laugh'd, but 'twas a dangerous hour.

In the first rushing of that burning tide
Hath many a glorious spirit been swept away;
Heroes, bards, kings have been brain-struck
and died

When the first burst of love, in full array Hath shewn the world at once its pomp and pride

Of beauty, starting into sudden day; Hence men restor'd to sight by surgic toil, Should learn to court the shade, at least awhile.

Next day he (Gyges) led the talk. He said He thought it curious Nature ever should Imprint an useless mark—that he was bred To think what seem'd most sportive in her mood.

Was for a purpose: then he hung his head, And o'er his fine facs flush'd the eloquent blood. And the king's broad and boastful stare he shunn'd:

He look'd like a man in debt, who had been duna'd.

Candaules (shame upon the silly king!)

Vowed that the curious boy this mark should

see.

He saw—(In faith 'twould be a pretty thing If even kings could take this liberty) He saw her in her beauty, fluttering From pleasure as she glanc'd her smiling eye On the broad mirror which displayed a breast

Unlaced, where Jove himself might sigh to

The boy came (guided by the king) to where,

In the most deep and silent hour of night, Stood Lais: quite unloos'd, her golden hair Was streaming all about like lines of light, And, thro' the lattice-leaves gusts of soft air Sighed like perfume, and touch'd her shoulders white,

And o'er her tresses and her bosom played, Seeming to love each place o'er which they strayed.

Then sank she on her couch and drew aside The silken curtains and let in the moon, Which trembling ran around the chamber

Kissing and flooding the rich flowers which

Had fann'd to life, and which in summerpride

'Rose like a queen's companions. Lais soon, Touch'd by the scene, look'd as she had forgot

The world: the boy stood rooted to the spot.

He stood, with beating pulse and widen'd eyes, Like one struck dumb by some magician's charm,

Listening to the low music of her sighs, And gazing on her white and rounded arm; At last the lady motioned as to rise, When it occurr'd to him there might be harm Unless he left (and quickly left) the place: He mov'd, and then she met him, face to

It was the lady's turn to wonder now. She wonder'd, but her wonder soon subsided, And scorn and anger flash'd across her brow; At length, she grew more calm, and (per-

haps guided
By pity for his youth) she asked him how—
How a young gentleman like him who prided
Himself upon his modesty could call
At such an hour:—he blushed and told her

all.

She swore she would have vengeance for On the rough boards the earth wan the wrong.

Double and deadly vengeance-and she had. His majesty soon after took that long Journey whence none but ghosts, or things

as bad, Return: 'twas said his wine grew mighty

strong, And that 'twas handed by this curious lad, (Gyges) whom Lais fancied from that day, And made Lord of herself and Lydia.

That king! he was the last of all his race-A race of kings and heroes,-and he lay Helpless and dead: his smile gave power and place

Honour and wealth and joy, but yesterday. But poison had swept the smile from off his face,

And his cold limbs went floating far away, Stript of the tomb wherein he should have slept:

He liv'd unhonour'd, and he died unwept.

It is a chilling thing to see, as I Have seen, a man go down into the grave, Without a tear, or e'en an alter'd eye: Oh! sadder far than when fond women rave, Or children weep or aged parents sigh O'er one whom art and love doth strive to

In vain; man's heart is sooth'd by every tone Of pity, saying he's not quite alone.

I saw a pauper once, when I was young, Borne to his shallow grave: the bearers trod Smiling to where the dead-bell heavily rung, And soon his bones were laid beneath the

flung:

Methought the prayer which gave him

Was coldly said:-then all, passing a Left the scarce-coffin'd wretch in quicker

It was an autumn-evening, and the mi Had ceased awhile, but the loud wind shriek

And call'd the deluging tempest had a The flag-staff on the church-yard-tovi creak,

And thro' the black clouds ran a light

And then the flapping raven came to ell Its home: its flight was heavy, and it is Seem'd weary with a long day's want

How the frail pair lived on I know mil Have but subdued Candaules to my It was enough for me that he should be And having kill'd the king, why that

So, for the moral of the story, try (Turning to the beginning once again) To trace it in the quaint and antique You'll find the meaning not at all period

Reader, this trifle's ended : I have tall The tale and shown the moral in a ve-Yet doth my page another truth unfall Namely, that women of the present 40 Are not so bad, nor half, as thuse of the Then, cast not thou the lesson quite see That - as they're better than they

before. Why, men should love 'em (wisely) mart more.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

#### A VOICE.

On! what a voice is silent. It was soft As mountain-cchoes, when the winds aloft-The gentle winds of summer meet in caves; Or when in sheltered places the white waves Are 'wakened into music, as the breeze Dimples and stems the current: or as trees Shaking their green locks in the days of June: Or Delphic girls when to the maiden moon They sang harmonious pray'rs: or sounds that come

(However near) like a faint distant has Out of the grass, from which mysters birth

We guess the busy secrets of the earth Like the low voice of Syrinx, when ran

Into the forests from Arcadian Pant Or sad Œnone's when she pined away For Paris, or (and yet 'twas not so gay As Helen's whisper when she came to In Half sham'd to wander with that bles boy :

tir-touch'd harps in flowery casements | Advanced to the freedom of the main,

hung unto lovers' ears the wild words sung den-bowers at twilight: like the sound byr when he takes his nightly round, y, to see the roses all asleep: e the dim strain which along the deep ea-maid utters to the sailors' ear, g of tempests, or of dangers near: Desdemona, who (when fear was strong her soul) chaunted the willow-song, like before she perish'd; or the tone tes upon the waters heard alone: words that come upon the memory n by friends departed; or the sigh tle girl breathes when she tries to hide ove her eyes betray to all the world beside.

#### MELANCHOLY.

ane is a mighty Spirit, known on earth ystery, its beauty, and its power. not Fear,-'tis not the passive fear sinks before the future, nor the dark ndency that hangs upon the past: he soft spirit that doth bow to pain, hat which dreads itself, or slowly eats dull canker till the heart decays. the meditative mind it lives, red, caressed and yields a great return; the deep silent communion h it holds ever with the poet's soul, ers, and doth befit him to obey inspiration. To the storms and winds eth answer in as proud a tone; its seat, the heart of man, receives entler tidings of the elements .en home returning from a spot to me from many wanderings, ncy, or in fact, have felt the power SLANCHOLY stealing on my soul, ing with pleasant images, and from w dividing joy; until the shape ch did gather to a diviner hue, hone unclouded by a thought of pain. may sublime itself, and plack the sting out its breast, and muse until it seem ial, starry, speculative, wise. nen it is that Melancholy comes, harming grief-(as the gray morning stills

empest oft) and from its fretful fire a pale light, by which we see ourselves, resent, and the future, and the past.

#### MIDSUMMER-MADNESS.

v would I that I might cast me in the sea erish not.—Great Neptune! I would be

Advanced to the freedom of the main, And stand before your vast creations' plain, And roam your watery kingdom thro' and thro'.

And see your branching woods, and palace

Spar-built and domed with crystal; ny, and view

The bedded wonders of the lonely deep, And see on coral-banks the sea-maids sleep, Children of ancient Nereus, and behold Their streaming dance about their father old, Beneath the blue Ægean, where he sate Wedded to prophecy, and full of fate: Or rather as Arion harped, indeed, Would I go floating on my dolphin-steed Over the billows, and, triumphing there, Call the white Siren from her cave to share My joy, and kiss her willing forehead fair.

I would be free.—Oh! thou fine element, That with thy thousand cars art round me

To listen and reply:—Immortal air!
Viewless and now unfelt, I would be hurled
Almost at will about your kingdom wide,
And mount aloft and mingle in my pride
With the great spirits of your purer world;
And with the music of your winds sublime
Commune, and see those shadows, for this
earth

Too buoyant, and excelling shapes, which

Has lifted up to a diviner birth,
Amongst the stedfast stars. Away, away!
For in the fountains bright, whence streams
the day,

Now will I plunge, and bathe my brain therein.

And cleanse me of all dull poetic sin.

—It may not be. No wings have I to scale
The heights which the great poets passalong:
On earth must I still chaunt an earthly song.
But I may hear, in forests seldom trod,
Love's gentle martyr, the lost nightingule,
Voice her complaint, and when the shadows

May see the white stag glance across the

Affrighted, like a dusky spectre pale.
This is enough for me, and I can see
That female, fair—the world's Divinity,
Brighter than Naind who by rivers cold
Once wept away her life, as poets told,
And fair as those transcendant queens who
drank

The rich nectarean juice in heaven above, Full in the incomparable smile of Jove, And saw his lightning eyes, and never sank Away before him. 'Tis enough for me, That I can bask in woman's star-like eyes, A slave in that love-haunted paradise, Without a wish ever to wander free.

#### A HAUNTED STREAM.

Ir is perhaps a fable: yet the hind Tells it with reverence, and at times I deem The tale allied to truth. They say you brook, That circles with its silver arms that grove Of forest-trees, is-haunted: nay, you smile; But I was born beside it, and through life, Ave, 'midst the jarrings of this bitter world, In pain, in calumny, my mind hath dwelt Upon this stream as on some holy thought. See where it wanders from its mossy cave, And toward the dark wood, like a bashful thing

Surprised, runs trembling as for succour. Look!

Such streams as these did Dian love and such Naiads of old frequented. Still its face Is clear as truth; and yet—it roams like error. In former times, rivers were celebrate: One told how Achelous dived beneath Sicilian seas, to meet his nymph divine, The blue Arethusa; one (the loftiest) sung The rough Scamander, oh! and how he rushed And mingled with Troy fight; and some did

Of Aganippe's fount; of Hippocrene, And Simois, and immortal Castaly.

Come then, my stream, and I will sing of thee:

Worthy from beauty, oh! but worthier far From sweet associate pleasures. Thou to me Art like the glass of memory, where the mind Sees, charmed and softened by thy murmuring, things

It elsewhere dare not dream of; things that All seem as they were free from the fled

With early youth, and went-I know not whither:

Shadows forgot, and hope that perished .--Beautiful river! on thy banks remote Still does the half-sunned primrose waste its sweets,

And that pale flower that loves the valley, (white

Like purity) comes forth; blue violets, The wild-brier-rose, and spotted daisies, which

The young year scatters on the sward, and

That June or April love, or Autumn spares Amidst her golden bounty, live unburt. Here, on May-mornings, I may hear the

thrush Pour from his silver throat sweet music; and,

'Neath summer-stars the nightingale - for she Is queen of all earth's choristers, and holds

Acquaintance with the evening-winds, which waft her

Sweet tidings from the rose. The stockdove here

Breathes her deep note complaining, 'till the

Seems touch'd, and all the woods of Inwa, sighi Prolong the sound to sadness lin noise.

An

An

M

A: TA AIL DI

Look upon these yellow sands, Coloured by no mortal hands; Look upon this grassy bank, Crown'd with flowers and osiers del Whereon the milk-white heifers let (White as if of lo's breed) Look upon these glassy waters, Where earth's loveliest daughters Bathe their limbs and foreheads fair And wring their dark and streaming Here, if on summer-nights you are. When rolls the bright and orbed me Thro' the sultry skies of June. You will see the Spirits play. And all the Fays keep holiday Think not that 'tis but a dream: For I (the Naiad of the stream) Have often by the pale moonlight. Seen them dancing, joyous, light. Some, heedless of the midnight-hour Laugh, and 'wake the sleeping flowers Some on water-lilies lie And down the wave float silently: Some, in circles flying, Beat with their tiny wings the air. And rouse the zephyr when he's our Some tumble in the fountain's spray. And in the lunar rainhows play:

stray. As on her breast some sorrow weight And rest her in the pine-tree shade: (The blue-eyed queen Titania;) She, from very grief of heart. Would from the revel oft depart. And, like a shooting sun-beam, go To where the Tigris' waters ships, Or the Cashmere roses blow. Or where the fir-clad Apennine Frowns darkly on Italian skies. Or where, 'neath Summer's smile fits Tydore's spicy forests rise. But hark! my master Ocean calls, And I must hie to his cornl-halls.

- Yet, One there was, who at times w

What think you now ?- Believe the and own

The place is haunted. On you elasting That dips its tresses in the wave, 'ties l'oets have leant, and when the meet

flung Her bright smile on the quivering ele Have thought a strange communica

nymph Dian's train, here, for her voice or beauty, as changed by some envious deity. rate'er it be, it well doth manifest

en lives of those who dwell around it: calm, undisturbed its current, never chafed the rade breeze, it flows on till-'tis lost. L I have sailed upon a stormier wave, in my course of life, dark shoals were

hid, rocks arose, and thundering currents clashed;

when the mighty rivers of the West et the tempestuous seas; but still I lived, held my way undaunted. Now I come this sweet place for quiet. Every tree, bush and fragrant flower and hilly path, thymy mound that flings unto the winds morning incense, is my friend; for I make acquaintance with inanimate things very boyhood, and did love to break th shouts the mountain-silence, and to

hang -r flashing torrents, when the piny boughs wook their dark locks, and plained in mournful tones

esterious to the barren wilderness; d still in solitary spots my soul all

idle folly; he who can draw a joy om rocks, or woods, or weeds, or things that seem

I mute, and does it-is wise.

#### STANZAS.

HAVE liv'd many seasons : and I stand or low nor lofty on this world at last: et with some hope (which I cannot withstand) shall not wholly how me to the blast, or, all unknown, like a base weed be cast way, and wither in my wintry grave, haming the soil that fed me: For the pastl'is gone : and 'twould be idle now to rave f wasted hours, or mourn ;- I am not folly's

et, like a pestilence, despondence hung pon the spirit of my prime. In vain sought for cure: like wasting fire it clung gainst my heart: it struck upon my brain. hen, like a lion bursting from his chain, For I was not the fool of phantasy) rush'd away, and rid me of my pain; and, with that courage that becomes the free, stood on the verge again: safe-for at liberty.

at planet and the stream. Perhaps a Indeep embowering woods I built my home, For Nature nurses best the sickly mind; And when Apollo thro' my leafy dome Came visiting, I rose; at eve, reclined, I caught strange secrets from the whisper-

ing wind, That with its cooling freshnessbath'd my head As with Olympian dews: 'twas then my mind Gather'd its powers, and sickly visions fled. I stood like a man new-born-recover'd from the dead.

It is upon the mountains-the vast sea, That we hear Nature's language: 'tis the tide Which rolls for ever, speaks "Eternity: The hills declare she is to Heaven allied, And in the thunder comes her voice of pride: Her mirror is the lake: her garb the field With all the colours of the Iris dyed: Somewhat of mighty moment does she yield From every part. To me, her soul she hath revealed.

For I did woo her in my early youth, And sought the marvels of her lonely ways; And often in those fountain-depths, where truth

Springs from its parent source, I loved to gaze,

And watch'd its many wanderings, where it stray

The world's rude rocks, and wildering woods among :

And where the elemental lightnings blaze I've trod-aye, stood above 'em, while along The precipice they play'd, wild, glittering, and strong.

I've roamed amongst the eternal Alps. I've

And gazed upon the diminish'd world below; Marking, at frightful distance, field and flood, And spire and town, like things of pigmy show, Shrink into nothing: while those peaks of snow

(Which yet the winds themselves but seldom

Arose like giants from the void below, But fashion'd all for everlasting time: Imperishable things-unstain'd, as 'twere, . by crime.

Oh, ye unbending mountains! If ye be Aught more than human view may contem-

plate-If on your crowned heads the Deity Rests his bright foot eternal, when in state He bends arrayed in lightnings; consecrate Then stand for ever. Perchance your heavenward look

Infused such feeling, strong and elevate, That madness in the soul's bright temple shook:

Silent ye pointed high; I read as from a book.

Sacred ye are. The very eye of God Darts roses on ye as it shuts at even. The earthquake on your breast hath never trod;

Nor in vast fragments have your limbs been riven;

Nor through your heart the red volcano driven,

That feams in lava-cataracts from its bound; Or flings its blazing columns up to heaven, Sinking in darkening ashes on the ground. Thus Hecla, Etna feel; and all, save ye, around.

And oh! thou viewless Spirit, who dost

Life on the world: whose home is on the seas, And plains, and mountain-summits, and beneath

This earth; whose couriers are the storm and breeze;

Whose children, the gay birds—the beasts—the trees,

And we (the monarchs of mortality)
And whatsoe'er bath being. That thou didst

To draw from me the mind's calamity, I thank thee. Thou hast given the world again to me.

For not alone with Alpine heights my soul Communed in silence: "Twas from forests deep-

The everlasting ocean that doth roll
Bursting in thundering billows 'gainst the
steep;

The rainbow that, when summer-vapours weep,

Arches the sky; the free and sightless wind: The Moon, the Sun, and (last) those fires that keep

Nightly their starry watch. From all my mind

Caught light, and strength, and joy, to no one aid confined.

Two poets saw I there: one had I seen In boyhood mix in many an idle game; Since when his hand had gathered laurels green

For his own brows, and on the scroll of fame Had written his imperishable name, Amidst the golden characters that lie Distinguishable there—even as the flame Of moon or sun burns out conspicuously Amongst the stars that crowd the bosom of the sky.

Upon his beautiful forehead scorn was sitting, And weariness and woe; and o'er his eye Shadows of dim tumultuous thought were flitting, And passions, which are buried ere they die, Exorcised by the enchantress Memory From their dark grave—the beat quickly the Like clouds of rain in summer, pass And then he wantoned with the memory passes of the control of the contr

And with the soft mysterious muici

Held frequent talk, like some familiar And his companion young would juthen.

And tell how mortal creature might Ethereal essence here, and haply again (Though like a world-abandoned des Expand into that perfect element. Whate'er it be, that fills the frames with their incomparable light. Into Upon that theory sublime his sent was

And who may tell (though I believe But that the soul by meditation may Plume its bright wings, and from its

Spring, like a thing immortal, farm Or, as the white Alps mount and meeth Accumulate upon its airy head Thoughts that fine spirits have begun

Lay down in silence on their worm! And conquer that chill voice which an to the dead

I have seen the Alpine sun-set; -sh!

My verse to tell what flash'd across my Green, blue and burning red, was every Like rainbow-beams, but trably

The earth, the air, the heavens, were light:

My vision was absorbed. I trembled-Softening his glance, and sinking in his The Sun slow faded from the eyes of And died away. Ne'er have I seen the

Yet have I lain in many a leafy nool Sequester'd, hiding from the summer-Idling, or haply with that charmed by Writ by the Avon-side; and loved to Of pale Cordelia, gentle Imogen: Or, on some brook that slid, like guilt. Hurrying the pilfered mosses downits at Pondered, and often at the close of di Gazed on the coming Moon, and felt, put her sway.

It is in high, remoter scenes, that we Become sublim'd, yet humble: there we That still beyond us spreads—infinity, And we still clay: or, all admiring, to To where those characters of beauty

God hath printed on the starry skies: And may I own a quiet room, aply guess why we alone may learn orld's vast wonders: why alone our eyes

Tale, science, old morality,

r: why we alone have such proud sympathics.

ith creation and its marvels none re can hold communion. On the earth any stately footsteps, and the Sun on eyes bright as ours: yet hath our birth

) shed 'round us an immortal worth, d the rest: though with the rest we fade,

re encircled by as Trail a girth
;, as they: and in the deadly shade
r as quick, and are as loathsome when
decayed.

thile we live, the air, the fruit, the Juno or Paphian Venus was, flower, Or Dian with her crested me

we to us a high, superior charm:
the soul's radiance in our wintry hour
a sweet summer-halo round us, warm;
then, the multitudinous things that
Spartan Helen, who did leave

swarm
the brain's secret cells, and never die,
gh mortal born)—Oh! for that boasted
balm

s, to raise the mighty when they lie s, both in frame and mind—common mortality.

it not hard, that they whose spirits have

dered and matured such thoughts sublime,

red but for the world, must in the grave t sink like the things of folly—crime, t the soul hath blossom'd in its prime? he may tell how high the labouring thought

reach, if giv'n to live till after-time: hat a pyramid it might build, how fraught

treasures, but from time and meditation caught?

#### WISHES.

give me but a cot that's good,
e great town's neighbourhood:
len, where the winds may play
from the blue hills far away,
anton with such trees as hear
loads of green through all the year,
, and dusky juniper:
y some friends, whose social talk
there take their evening-walk
end a frequent holiday.

And may I own a quiet room,
Where the morning-sun may come,
Stored with books of poesy,
Tale, science, old morality,
Fable, and divine history
Ranged in separate cases round,
Each with living marble crowned;
Here should Apollo stand, and there
Isis, with her sweeping hair;
Here Phidian Jove, or the face of thought
Of Pallas, or Laocoon,
Or Adrian's boy Antinous,
Or the winged Mercurius,
Or some that conquest lately brought
From the land Italian.

And one I'd have, whose heaving breast Should rock me nightly to my rost, By holy chains bound fast to me, Faster by Love's sweet sorcery. I would not have my beauty as Or Dian with her crested moon, (Else haply she might change as soon) Or she who set the world on flame, Spartan Helen, who did leave Her husband-king to grieve, And fled with Priam's shepherd-boy, And caused the mighty tale of Troy. She should be a woman who (Graceful without much endeavour) Could praise or excuse all I do, And love me ever. I'd have her thoughts fair, and her skin White as the white soul within; And her fringed eyes of darkest blue, Which the great soul looketh through, Like heaven's own gates cerulean: And these I'd gaze and gaze upon. As did of old Pygmalion.

#### FLOWERS.

There the rose unveils
Her breast of beauty, and each delicate bud
O' the season comes in turn to bloom and
perish.

But first of all the violet, with an eye Blue as the midnight-heavens, the frail snowdrup,

Born of the breath of winter, and on his brow Fixed like a pale and solitary star: The languid byacinth, and wild primrose, And daisy trodden down like modesty: The fox-glove, in whose drooping bells the bee Makes her sweet music; the narcisans (named From him who died for love), the tangled woodbine,

Lilaes, and flowering limes, and scented thorns, And some from whom the voluptuous winds of June

Catch their perfumings.

# SERENADE .- (TWILIGHT.)

THE western skies are no longer gay, For the sun of the summer has died away, Yet left no gloom : For ere the Spirit of heaven went, He strung night's shadowy instrument, And hung on every leaf perfume.

To each sweet breeze that haunts the world, And sleeps by day in the rose-leaf curled, A warmth he gave: He has left a life in these marble halls,

And beauty on you white water-falls, And still at his bidding these dark pines

Rich is the Sun with his golden bair, And his eye is too bright for man to bear; And when he shrouds His brow in vapour, and all the west Strews gold, as to welcome a kingly guest, He looks like a god on his throne of clouds.

Yet-I know an eye as bright as his, And a smile more soft, and lips of bliss, Oh! lovelier far:

And an arm as white as the milk-white dove, And a bosom all warm and rich with love, And a heart-as the hearts of angels are.

She listens now to my wild guitar, And she hides her beyond you lattice-bar, (A girl's delight)
Yet she never will let me linger long, But comes and rewards my twilight-song, And treats her love with-a kiss by night.

#### A SONG.

LIE silent now, my lyre, For all thy master's fire Is gone.-It vanish'd like the summer-sun. Brightly the passion rose, And, 'till its turbulent close, It shone as bright; though all he wished was won.

Deem me not false, ye fair, Who, with your golden hair And soft eyes chain man's heart to yours: the deer

Thus bound by beauty's chain Wanders not again: Prisoner to love, like me-never to fear.

She whom I loved has fled; And now with the lost dead I rank her: and the heart that loved her so, (But could not bear her pride) In its own cell hath died, And turned to dust, but this she shall not 'Yet there Cephisus ran thro' alive

Twould please her did she think That my poor frame did shrink And waste and wither; and that Le light

Did blast its temple, where Twas worshipped many a year; Veiled (like some holy thing) from sight.

Oh! had you seen her when She languished, and the men From the dark glancing of her fri Turned, but returned again To mark the winding vein Steal tow'rd her marble bosom, s

What matters this? thou lyre, Nothing shall e'er inspire Thy master to rehearse those so She whom he loved is gone, And he, now left alone Sings, when he sings of love, in val

# SONNET

Imagination.

On, for that winged steed, Bellero That Pallas gave thee in her infin And love for innocence, when then The treble-shaped Chimera. But be That struck the sparkling street Helicon:

And never hath one risen in his p Stamped with the features of that mi Yet wherefore grieve I-seeing h The plumed spirit may its journey Through you blue regions of the m And note all things below that own Mountain, and cataract, and silent And wander in the fields of porsy Where avarice never comes, and seld

# SONNET.

On a sequester'd Rivelet.

THERE is no river in the world man Or fitter for a sylvan poet's them Than this romantic solitary stream Over whose banks so many branch Entangling:—a more shady bower Was never fashioned in a summer Where Nymph or Naind from the

Might hide, or in the waters coal A lovelier rivulet was never ser Wandering amidst Italian meadow Clitumnus lapses from his fountain Nor in that land where Gods, 'tis !

been: And on its banks Aglaia bound her

# MISCELLANEOUS POETRY

FROM

# VARIOUS AUTHORS.

# WILLIAM GIFFORD.

# A TUFT OF EARLY VIOLETS.

r flowers! that from your humble beds us prematurely dare to rise, rust your unprotected heads cold Aquarius' watry skies;

e, retire! These tepid airs not the genial brood of May; sun with light malignant glares, I flatters only to betray.

Winter's reign is not yet past while your buds prepare to blow, y pinions comes the blast, I nips your root, and lays you low.

for such ungentle doom!
I will shield you; and supply dier soil on which to bloom, obler bed on which to die.

then—ere yet the morning-ray drunk the dew that gems your crest, rawn your balmiest sweets away; ome, and grace my Anna's breast.

oop, fond flowers! But, did ye know at worth, what goodness there reside, cups with liveliest tints would glow, spread their leaves with conscious pride.

tere has liberal Nature join'd riches to the stores of Art, dded to the vigorous mind, soft, the sympathizing heart.

then—ere yet the morning-ray drunk the dew that gems your crest, rawn your balmiest sweets away; ome and grace my Assa's breast. O! I should think—that fragrant bed Might I but hope with you to share— Years of anxiety repaid By one short hour of transport there.

More blest than me, thus shall ye live Your little day; and when ye die, Sweet flowers! the grateful muse shall give A verse; the sorrowing maid, a sigh.

While I alas! no distant date,
Mix with the dust from whence I came,
Without a friend to weep my fate,
Without a stone to tell my name.

# WRITTEN TWO YEARS AFTER THE PRECEDING.

I wish I was where Anna lies;
For I am sick of lingering here,
And every hour Affection cries;
Go, and partake her humble bier.

I wish I could! For when she died, I lost my all; and life has prov'd Since that sad hour a dreary void, A waste unlovely, and unlov'd.—

But who, when I am turn'd to clay, Shall duly to her grave repair, And pluck the ragged moss away, And weeds that have no business there?

And who with pious hand shall bring
The flowers she cherish'd, snow-drops cold,
And violets that unheeded spring,
To scatter o'er her hollow'd mold?

And who, while memory loves to dwell Upon her name for ever dear, Shall feel his heart with passion swell, And pour the bitter, bitter tear? I pm it; and would fate allow, Should visit still, should still deplore— But health and strength have left me now, And I alas! can weep no more.

Take then, sweet maid! this simple strain, The last I offer at thy shrine; Thy grave must then undeck'd remain, And all thy memory fade with mine.

And can thy soft persuasive look,
Thy voice that might with music vie,
Thy air, that every gazer took,
Thy matchless eloquence of eye,

Thy spirits, frolicksome, as good,
Thy courage, by no ills dismay'd,
Thy patience, by no wrongs subdu'd,
Thy gay good-humour—Can they fade!

Perhaps—but sorrow dims my eye:
Cold turf, which I no more must view,
Dear name, which I no more must sigh,
A long, a last, a sad adieu!

# JOHN WOLCOTT.

#### ODE TO THE GLOW-WORM.

Bargar stranger, welcome to my field, Here feed in safety, here thy radiance yield; Tome, oh nightly be thy splendour given: Oh, could a wish of mine the skies command, How would I gem thy leaf with liberal band, With every sweetest dew of heaven!

Say, dost thou kindly light the fairy-train, Amidst their gambols on the stilly plain, Hanging thy lamp upon the moistened blade? What lamp so fit, so pure as thine, Amidst the gentle elfin-band to shine, And chase the horrors of the midnight-shade?

Oh! may no feathered foe disturb thy bower, And with barbarian beak thy life devour: Oh! may no ruthless torrent of the sky, O'erwhelming, force thee from thy dewy seat; Nor tempests tear thee from thy green retreat, And bid thee 'midst the humming myriada die!

Queen of the insect-world, what leaves delight?

Of such these willing hands a bower shall form,

To guard thee from the rushing rains of night, And hide thee from the wild wing of the storm.

Sweet child of stillness, 'midst the awful calm Of pausing Nature thou art pleased to dwell; In happy silence to enjoy thy balm, And shed, through life, a lustre round thy cell.

How different man, the imp of nesemi Who courts the storm that team and i

Blessed when the passions wild is invade!

How nobler far to bid those whirlyis To taste, like thee, the luxury of p And shine in solitude and shade!

#### TO MY CANDLE

Thou lone companion of the spectral wake amid thy friendly-watchful To steal a precious hour from lifeles Hark, the wild uproar of the winds! a Hell's genius roams the regions of the day of the swells the thundering hours

From cloud to cloud the pale manul

Now blackened, and now flashing

But all is silence here—beneath thy I own I labour for the voice of yo For who would sink in dull Oblivies's Who would not live in songs of dista

Thus while I wondering panse of speare's part of the speare's panse of the speare of t

A column in the melancholy waste (Its cities humbled, and its glaries Majestic, 'mid the solitude of time Yet now to sadness let me yield the Yes, let the tears of purest friendship

I view, alas! what ne'er should dis A form, that wakes my deepest sig A form that feels of death the leader Descending to the realms of shade, I view a pale-cyed panting maid; I see the Virtues o'er their favour

Ah! could the muse's simple praye Command the envied trump of Fan Oblivion should Eliza spare: A world should echo with her nam

Art thou departing too, my trembling Ah! draws thy little lustre to its reason thy frame Fate too shall fix he old me, pensive, watch thy pale How fast that frame, so tender, was How fast thy life the restless minut

ing, falling, ready to expire! thy struggles-all will soon be o'erthou snatchest with an eager leap: and I see thy flame so feeble creep, lessening, quivering, glimmeringnow no more!

all the suns of Science sink away. s of Beauty fade the fairest flowerere's the giant who to Time shall say: tive tyrant, I arrest thy power?

# JOHN CLARE.

# WHAT IS LIFE?

at is Life?-An hour-glass on the run, retreating from the morning-sun, bustling, still-repeated dream:th''-A minute's pause, a moment's thought.

ppiness?-A bubble on the stream, the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

at is Hope?-The puffing gale of morn, bs each floweret of its gem, -and dies; eb, hiding disappointment's thorn, stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

hat is Death?-Is still the cause unfound? rk, mysterious name of horrid sound? and lingering sleep, the weary crave. ace? - Where can its happiness abound ? ere at all, save Heaven, and the grave.

hat is Life?-when stripp'd of its disguise. to be desired it cannot be ery thing that meets our foolish eyes, roof sufficient of its vanity.

t a trial all must undergo; h unthankful mortals how to prize appiness vain man's denied to know 's call'd to claim it in the skies.

# BALLAD.

's gone, the summer-breezes he the shepherd's joys again; scene no longer pleases, ures meet upon the plain;

nder now, alas! thy thread of fire! Snows are fled that hung the howers, Buds to blossoms softly steal, Winter's rudeness melts in flowers:-Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel, And tend the sheep with me.

> Careless here shall pleasures full thee, From domestic troubles free; Rushes for thy couch I'll pull thee, In the shade thy seat shall be; All the flower-buds will I get Spring's first sunbeams do unseal, Primrose, cowslip, violet:-Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel, And tend the sheep with me.

> Cast away thy twilly willy, Winter's warm protecting gown, Storms no longer blow to chill thee; Come with mantle loosely thrown, Garments, light as gale's embraces, That thy lovely shape reveal; Put thou on thy airy dresses :-Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel, And tend the sheep with me.

Sweet to sit where brooks are flowing, Pleasant spreads the gentle heat. On the green's lap thyme is growing, Every molchill forms a scat: Fear not suns 'cause thou'rt so fair, In the thorn-bower we'll conceal: Ne'er a sunbeam pierces there:-Charmer, leave thy spinning-wheel, And tend the sheep with me.

# WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES.

# SONNETS ON MILTON.

#### IN YOUTH.

MILTON, our noblest poet, in the grace Of youth, in those fair eyes and clustering hair.

That brow, untouched by one faint line of care;

To mar its openness, we seem to trace The front of the first lord of human race, Mid thy own Paradise portrayed so fair, Ere sin or sorrow scathed it :- such the air Which characters thy youth. Shall Time

efface These lineaments, as crowding cares assail? It is the lot of fall'n humanity. What boots it? Armed in adamantine mail Th' unconquerable mind, and genius high. Right onward hold their way through weal

or woe.

Or whether life's brief lot be high or low.

And, art thou he, now fall'n on evil days, And changed indeed? yet what does this sunk cheek,

These thinner locks, and that calm forehead, speak?

A spirit reckless of man's blame or praise,-A spirit-when thine eyes to the noon's blaze

Their dark orbs roll in vain-in sufferance meek,

As in the sight of God, intent to seek, 'Mid solitude, or age, or through the ways Of hard adversity, th' approving look Of its great master; while the conscious pride.

Of wisdom, patient, and content to brook All ills, to that sole master's task applied,-Still show, before high Heaven, th' unaltered mind,

Milton, though thou art poor, and old, and blind.

#### TO TIME.

O Time, who knowst a lenient hand to lay, Softest on sorrow's wounds, and slowly thence

(Lulling to sad repose the weary sense) The faint pang stealest unperceiv'd away: On thee I rest my only hopes at last; And think, when thou hast dried the bitter

That flows in vain o'er all my soul held dear, I may look back on many a sorrow past, And greet life's peaceful evening with a smile.

As some lone bird, at day's departing hour, Sings in the sunshine of the transient show'r, Forgetful, though its wings be wet the while. But ah! what ills must that poor heart endure, Who hopes from thee, and thee alone a cure.

#### WILLIAM TENNANT.

# EXTRACTS FROM ANSTER-FAIR.

INVOCATION OF THE POET.

WHILE some of Troy and pettish heroes sing, And some of Rome, and chiefs of pious fame, And some of men that thought it harmless thing

To smite off heads in Mars's bloody game, And some of Eden's garden gay with spring, And Hell's dominions terrible to name, I sing a theme far livelier, happier, gladder, I sing of Anster-Fair and bonny Maggie So leaps the mustard-pot of bonnie Mass LAUDER.

Muse, that from top of thise all Get

Didst the harp-fambling Thebas ja

And on his lips bid bees their sweet And gav'st the chariot that the white

O let me scoop, from thine etheridal Some little palmfuls of the blessed in And lend the swan-drawn car, that a Like him may sdeign the earth and best the sky.

Our themes are like; for he the games Held in the chariot-shaken Grecian Where the vain victor, arrogant in his Parsley or laurel got for all his pain; I sing of sports more worthy to be to Where better prize the Scottish victory What were the crowns of Greece late and blader.

Compar'd with marriage-bed of beat h GIR LAUDES!

And O! that king Apollo would be park A little spark of that transcended am That fir'd the Chian rhapsodist to the How vied the bowmen for Ulyans and And him of Rome to sing how Amint Plied, dart in hand, the suitor-slaughts game.

Till the bright gold, bowl'd forth along grass.

Betray'd her to a spouse, and stopp'd bounding lan

But lo! from bosom of you southers ! I see the chariot come which Pinder les I see the swans, whose white necks and

Glitter with golden yoke, approach my be For me they come O Phobus, pour o Spare, spare me now-Enough, good lig-

A little spark I ask'd in moderation. Why scorch me'ev'n to death with be inspiration?

# THE APPARITION OF PUER

HERE broke the lady her soliloquy, For in a twink her pot of mustard. le Self-mov'd, like Jove's wheel'd stool de rolls on high.

Gan caper on her table to and fro. And hopp'd and fidgeted before her eye Spontaneous, here and there, a we show

LAUDER.

on stopp'd its dance th' ignoble utensil, hen from its round and small recess there came

ain curling wreaths of paly smoke, that

bunt to the chamber's stucco'd roof, and fill much nook with fragrance and refresh the dame;

smelt the luscious fumes of Maggie's mustard-pot.

recked censer-like; then (strange to tell)

grows,"

fairy of the height of half an ell,

dwarfish pomp, majestically rose;

is feet, upon the table 'stablish'd well,

tood trim and splendid in their snake-skin
hose:

Fleam'd, topaz-like, the breeches he had on, Whose waistband like the bend of summerrainbow shone.

lis coat seem'd fashion'd of the threads of gold,

hat intertwine the clouds at sun-set hour, and, certes, Iris with her shuttle bold Vove the rich garment in her lofty bower; to form its buttons were the Pleiads old luck'd from their sockets by some genie-power,

and sew'd upon the coat's resplendent hem; ts neck was lovely green; each cuff a sapphire gem.

As when the churlish spirit of the Cape
To Gama, voyaging to Mozambique,
Ty-popp'd from sea, a tangle-tassel'd shape,
With muscles sticking inch-thick on his
check,
And 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to

and 'gan with tortoise-shell his limbs to scrape, and vawn'd his monstrous blobberlins to

And yawn'd his monstrous blobberlips to speak; Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the

Brave Gama's hairs stood bristled at the sight, And on the tarry deck sunk down his men

with fright.

So sudden (not so huge and grimly dire)
Uprose to Maggie's 'stounded eyne the sprite,
As fair a fairy as you could desire,
With ruddy cheek, and chin and temples

His eyes seem'd little points of sparkling fire, That, as he look'd, charm'd with inviting light;

He was, indeed as bonny a fay and brisk, As ever on long moon-beam was seen to ride and frisk.

Around his bosom by a silken zone
A little bagpipe gracefully was bound,
Whose pipes like hollow stalks of silver
shone,

The glist'ring tiny avenues of sound;
Beneath his arm the windy bag, full-blown,
Heav'd up its purple like an orange round,
And only waited orders to discharge
It's blasts with charming groan into the
sky at large.

He wav'd his hand to Maccik, as she sat Amaz'd and startled on her carved chair; Then took his petty feather-garnish'd hat In honour to the lady from his hair, And made a bow so dignifiedly flat, That Mac was witched with his beauish air; At last he spoke, with voice so soft, so kind, So sweet, as if his throat with fiddle-strings was lin'd.

Lady! be not offended that I dare,
Thus forward and impertinently rude,
Emerge, uncall'd, into the upper air,
Intruding on a maiden's solitude;
Nay, do not be alarm'd, thou lady fair!
Why startle so?—I am a fairy good;
Not one of those that, envying beauteous
maids,

Speckle their skins with moles, and fill with spleens their heads.

For, as conceal'd in this clay-house of mine, I overheard thee, in a lowly voice, Weighing thy lovers' merits, with design Now on the worthiest lad to fix thy choice, I have up-bolted from my paltry shrine, To give thee, sweet-ey'd lass, my best advice; For by the life of Oberon my king! To pick good husband out is, sure, a ticklish thing.

#### THE MORNING OF ANSTER- FAIR.

I wish I had a cottage snug and neat Upon the top of many-fountain'd Ide, That I might thence in holy fervour greet The bright-gown'd Morning tripping up her side;

And when the low Sun's glory-buskin'd feet Walk on the blue wave of th' Aegean tide, O, I would kneel me down, and worship there

The God who garnish'd out a world so bright and fair!

The saffron-clbow'd Morning up the slope Of heav'a canaries in her jewell'd shoes. And throws o'er Kelly-law's sheep-nibbled top Her golden apron dripping kindly dews, And never, since she first began to hop Up Heav'n's blue causeway, of her beams profuse,

Shone there a dawn so glorious and so gay, As shines the merry dawn of Ansten Marketday.

Round through the vast circumference of sky
One speck of small cloud cannot eye behold,
Save in the East some fleeces bright of die,
That stripe the hem of heav'n with woolly
gold,

Whereon are happy angels wont to lie Lolling, in amaranthine flow'rs enroll'd, That they may spy the precious light of God Flung from the blessed East o'er the fair Earth abroad.

The fair Earth laughs through all her boundless range,

Heaving her green hills high to greet the beam;

City and village, steeple, cot and grange, Gilt as with nature's purest leaf-gold seem; The heaths and upland muirs, and fallows, change

Their barren brown into a ruddy gleam, And, on ten thousand dew-bent leaves and sprays,

Twinkle ten thousand suns and fling their petty rays.

Up from their nests and fields of tender corn Right merrily the little sky-larks spring, And on their dew-bedabbled pinions borne, Mount to the heav'n's blue key-stone flickering;

They turn their plume-soft bosoms to the morn,

And hail the genial light and cheerly sing; Echo the gladsome hills and valleys round, As half the bells of Fife ring loud and swell the sound.

For, when the first up-sloping ray was flung On Assen steeple's swallow-harb'ring top, It's bell and all the bells around were rung Sonorous, jangling loud without a stop, For toilingly each bitter beadle swung, Ev'n till he smok'd with sweat, his greasy

And almost broke his bell-wheel, ush'ring in The morn of ANSTER-FAIR with tinkle-tankling din.

And, from our steeple's pinnacle out-spread, The town's long colours flare and flap on high, Whose anchor, blazon'd fair in green and red, Curls pliant to each breeze that whistles by; Whilst, on the boltsprit, stern, and topmasthead

Of brig and sloop that in the harbour lie, Streams the red gaudery of flags in air, All to salute and grace the morn of Anster-Pair. THE PIPERS' COMPRISTION.

Asp soon the pipers, shouldering a Thre' the close mob their squeet

Stood at the hillock's foot, an eager Each asking license from the king For with a tempest, turbulent and Labour'd their bags impatient of de Heaving their bloated globes outs Asif in pangs to give their contents

And every bag, thus full and temp Beneath its arm lay ready to be pu And, on the holes of each fair-polish Each piper's fingers long and who

Fiercely they burn'd in jealous rive Each madding piper scoff'd at all the And fleer'd and toss'd contemption

As if his skill alone deserv'd fair!

Nor could they wait, so piping-m

Till James gave each man orders But in a moment they displant the In one tumultuous and unlicensed Out-flies, in storm of simultaneous The whizzing wind compress the

And, whiffling through the woods so small, Growls gladness to be freed from and ing thrall.

Then rose, in burst of hideous sym Of pibrochs and of tunes one mingl Discordantly the pipes squeal'd sh high,

The drones alone in solemn concord Five bundred fingers, twinkling for Play twiddling up and flown on boles Now passage to the shrilly wind de And now a little rais'd to let it out a-

Then rung the rocks and caves of B
Reverberating back that concert's
And half the larking Echoes that p
The glens and hollows of the Fifan
Their shadowy voices strain'd into
Of out-cry, loud huzzaing round at
To all the Dryads of Pitkirie wood.
That now they round their trees shot
in frisky m

As when the sportsman with reper Alarms the sea-fowl of the isle of Ten thousand mews and guils the the sun Come flapping down in terrible dist rs, and scream, and shrick, and wheel

can the boatman hear his plashing our; aves and cyrics all, and rings each Maian shore:

o around the knoll did pipe and drone le and hum a discord strange to hear, ing with violence of shrick and groan , and courtly, and plebeian ear; ill the men had humm'd and whistled on, sphere,

of the king, uprising, wav'd his hand, neck'd the boist'rous din of such unmanner'd band.

e side of his face a laugh was seen, other side a half-form'd frown lay hid; wn'd, because they petulantly keen, their piping forward and unbid; igh'd, for who could have controul'd his mien

ig such crash of pibrochs as he did? de them orderly the strife begin, ay each man the tune wherewith the fair he'd win.

RCY BISSHE SHELLEY.

FROM ALASTOR;

OR, THE SPIRIT OF SOLUTUDE.

was a poet, whose untimely tomb nan hands with pious reverence reared, e charmed eddies of antumnal winds er his mouldering bones a pyramid ldering leaves in the waste wilderness: ely youth, - no mourning maiden decked

weeping flowers, or white cypresswreath.

ne couch of his everlasting sleep:and brave, and generous, -no lorn bard

ed o'er his dark fate one melodious nigh:

ed, he died, he sang, in solitude. ers have wept to hear his passionate notes.

rgins, as unknown he past, have pined asted for fond love of his wild eyes. e of those orbs has ceased to burn, lence, too enamoured of that voice, its mute music in her rugged cell.

ith a wild and barb'rous concert stun By solemn vision and bright silver dream His infancy was nurtured. Every sight And sound from the vast earth and ambient nir.

Sent to his heart its choicest impulses. The fountains of divine philosophy Fled not his thirsting lips, and all of great, Or good, or lovely, which the sacred past In truth or fable consecrates, he felt And knew. When early youth had past, he left His cold fireside and alienated home To seek strange truths in undiscovered lands. Many a wide waste and tangled wilderness ill each bag had burst its bloated Has lured his fearful steps; and he has bought

With his sweet voice and eyes, from savage

His rest and food. Nature's most secret steps He like her shudow has pursued, where'er The red volcano over-canopies Its fields of snow and pinnacles of ice With burning smoke, or where bitumen-lakes On black bare pointed islets ever beat With sluggish surge, or where the secret caves,

Rugged and dark, winding among the springs Of fire and poison, inaccessible To avarice or pride. their starry domes Of diamond and of gold expand above Numberless and immeasurable halls, Frequent with crystal column, and clear wheines

Of pearl, and thrones radiant with chrysolite. Nor had that scene of ampler majesty Than gems or gold, the varying of heaven And the green earth lost in his heart its claims To love and wonder; he would linger long In lonesome vales, making the wild his home, Until the doves and squirrels would partake From his innocuous hand his bloodless food, Lured by the gentle meaning of his looks; And the wild antelope, that starts whene'er The dry leaf rustles in the brake, suspend Her timid steps to gaze upon a form More graceful than her own. His wandering step

Obedient to high thoughts, has visited The awful ruins of the days of old: Athens, and Tyre, and Balbec, and the waste Where stood Jerusalem, the fallen towers Of Babylon, the eternal pyramids, Memphis and Thebes, and whatsoe'er of strange

Sculptured on alabaster obelisk, Or jasper tomb, or mutilated sphynx, Dark Aethiopia in her desert hills Conceals. Among the ruined temples there, Stupendons columns, and wild images Of more than man, where marble daemons watch

The Zodiac's brazen mystery, and dead men Hang their mute thoughts on the mute walls around,

He lingered, poring in memorials Of the world's youth; through the long burning day

Gazed on those speechles shapes, nor, when And just, and free, and mild, if the moon

Filled the mysterious halls with floating shapes,

Suspended he that task, but ever gazed And gazed, till meaning on his vacant mind Flashed like strong inspiration, and he saw The thrilling secrets of the birth of time.

THE DEDICATION OF THE REVOLT OF ISLAM.

#### TO MARY -

So now my summer-task is ended, Mary, And I return to thee, mine own heart's home; As to his queen some victor knight of faery. Earning bright spoils for her enchanted dome; Nor thou disdain, that ere my fame become A star among the stars of mortal night, If it indeed may cleave its natal gloom, Its doubtful promise thus I would unite With thy beloved name, thou child of love and light.

The toil which stole from thee so many an hour Is ended .- And the fruit is at thy feet ! No longer where the woods to frame a bower With interlaced branches mix and meet, Or where with sound like many voices sweet Water-falls leap among wild islands green Which framed for my lone boat a lone retreat Of moss-grown trees and weeds, shall I be

seen: But beside thee, where still my heart has ever been.

Thoughts of great deeds were mine, dear friend, when first The clouds which wrap this world from youth did pass;
I do remember well the hour which burst

My spirit's sleep: a fresh Maydawn it was, When I walked forth upon the glittering

And wept I knew not why; until there rose From the near school-room, voices, that alas! Were but one echo from a world of woes, The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

And then I clasped my hands and looked around-Rut none was near to mock my streaming

Which poured the warm drops on the sunny

So without shame, I spake:-I will be wise,

Such power; for I grow wear, The selfish and the strong still Without reproach or check-

My tears, my heart grew calm, meek n

And from that hour did I w Heap knowledge from forbidde

Yet nothing that my tyrants kne I cared to learn, but from that Wrought linked armour for my It might walk forth to war ame Thus power and hope were s

Within me, till there came up A sense of loneliness, a thirst

Alas, that love should be a blig To those who seek all sympathic Such once I sought in vain;

The shadow of a starless night, Over the world in which I mov Yet never found I one not fals Hard hearts, and cold, like we

stone Which crushed and withered could n Aught but a lifeless clog until thee.

Thou friend, whose presence on Fell like bright spring upon so

plaint How beautiful and calm and free In thy young wisdom, when the Of custom thou didst burst and re To walk as free as light the cle Which many an envious slave th

From his dim dungeon, and my s To meet thee from the woes begirt

No more alone through the wor

Although I trod the paths of hi I journeyed now : no more com Where solitude is like despair. There is the wisdom of a stern When poverty can blight the ju When infamy dares mock the it titude

To trample: this was ours, and

now has descended a serener hour, and with inconstant fortune friends return; shough suffering leaves the knowledge and the power,

/hich says :- let scorn be not repaid with scorn.

ad from thy side two gentle babes are born o fill our home with smiles, and thus are we ost fortunate beneath life's beaming morn; and these delights, and thou, have been to me he parents of the song I consecrate to thee.

at that now my inexperienced fingers
ut strike the prelude to a loftier strain?
In must the lyre on which my spirit lingers
oon pause in silence ne'er to sound again,
hough it might shake the anarch Custom's
reign,

and charm the minds of men to Truth's own

Tolier than was Amphion's? it would fain teply in hope—but I am worn away, and death and love are yet contending for their prey.

and what art thou? I know, but dare not speak:

Fime may interpret to his silent years.
Yet in the paleness of thy thoughtful cheek,
And in the light thine ample forehead wears,
And in thy sweetest smiles, and in thy tears,
And in thy gentle speech, a prophecy
Is whispered to subdue my fondest fears:
And, through thine eyes, even in thy soul I see
A lamp of vestal fire burning internally.

They say that thou wert levely from thy

Of glorious parents, thou aspiring child.

I wonder not—for one then left this earth
Whose life was like a setting planet mild.
Which clothed thee in the radiance undefiled
Of its departing glory; still her fame
Shines on thee, through the tempests dark
and wild

Which shake these latter days, and thou canst claim

The shelter from thy sire, of an immortal name.

One voice came forth from many a mighty spirit,

Which was the echo of three thousand years; And the tumultuous world stood mute to hear it,

As some lone man, who in a desart hears
The music of his home:—unwonted fears
Fell on the pale appressors of our race,
And faith and custom and low-thoughted cares
Like thunder-stricken dragons, for a space
Left the torn human heart, their food and
dwelling-place.

Truth's deathless voice pauses among

If there must be no response to my cry—
If men must rise and stamp with fury blind
On his pure name who loves them,—thou
and I,

Sweet friend! can look from our tranquillity Like lamps into the world's tempestuous night,—

Two tranquil stars, while clouds are passing

Which wrap them from the foundering seaman's sight,

That burn from year to year with unextinguished light.

#### LINES

WRITTEN AMONG THE RUGANEAN HILLS.

SUN-GIRT City, thou hast been Ocean's child, and then his queen; Now is come a darker day, And thou soon must be his prey, If the power that raised thee here Hallow so thy watery bier. A less drear ruin then than now, With thy conquest-branded brow Stooping to the slave of slaves From thy throne, among the waves Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew Flies, as once before it flew, O'er thine isles depopulate, And all is in its antient state, Save where many a palace-gate With green sea-flowers overgrown Like a rock of ocean's own, Topples o'er the abandoned sea As the tides change sullenly. The fisher on his watery way, Wandering at the close of day Will spread his sail and seize his oar Till he pass the gloomy shore, Lest thy dead should, from their sleep. Bursting o'er the starlight deep, Lead a rapid masque of death O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold Quivering through aerial gold, As I now behold them here, Would imagine not they were Sepulchres, where human forms, Like pollution-nourished worms, To the corpse of greatness cling, Murdered, and now mouldering: But if Freedom should awake In her omnipotence, and shake From the Celtic Anarch's hold All the keys of dungeons cold, Where a hundred cities lie Chained like thee, ingloriously,

Thou and all thy sister-band Might adorn this sunny land, Twining memories of old time With new virtues more sublime; If not, perish thou and they! Clouds which stain truth's rising day By her sun consumed away, Earth can spare ye; while like flowers, In the waste of years and hours, From your dust new nations spring With more kindly blossoming. Perish! let there only be Floating o'er thy hearthless sea, As the garment of thy sky Clothes the world immortally, One remembrance, more sublime Than the tattered pall of time, Which scarce hides thy visage wan; That a tempest-cleaving swan Of the songs of Albion, Driven from his ancestral streams By the might of evil dreams, Found a nest in thee; and ocean Welcomed him with such emotion That its joy grew his, and sprung From his lips like music flung O'er a mighty thunder-fit, Chastening terror: what though yet Poesy's unfailing river, Which through Albion winds for ever, Lashing with melodious wave Many a sacred poet's grave, Mourn its latest nursling fled! What though thou with all thy dead Scarce can for this fame repay Aught thine own, -oh, rather say, Though thy sins and slaveries foul Overcloud a sunlike soul! As the gliost of Homer clings Round Scamander's wasting springs; As divinest Skakspeare's might Fills Avon and the world with light Like omniscient power, which he Imaged 'mid mortality; As the love from Petrach's urn Yet amid you hills doth burn, A quenchless lamp, by which the heart Sees things uncarthly; so thou art, Mighty spirit: so shall be The city that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-winged liberty,
Till the universal light
Seems to level plain and-height;
From the sea a mist has spread,
And the beams of morn lie dead
On the towers of Venice now,
Like its glory long ago.
By the skirts of that gray cloud
Many-domed Padua proud
Stands, a peopled solitude,
'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
Where the peasant heaps his grain
In the garner of his foe,
And the milk-white oxen slow

With the purple vintage strain, Heaped upon the creaking wain, That the brutal Celt may swill Drunken sleep with savage will; And the sickle to the sword Lies unchanged, though many a blike a weed whose shade is point Overgrows this region's foizon, Sheaves of whom are ripe to come To destruction's harvest-home: Men must reap the things they so Force from force must ever flow. Or worse! but 'tis a bitter woe That love or reason cannot change The despot's rage, the slave's rece

Padua, thou, within whose walls Those mute guests at festivals, Son and Mother, Death and Sin, Played at dice for Ezzelin. Till Death cried: I win, I win! And Sin carsed to lose the wager But Death promised, to assuage l That he would petition for Her to be made Vice-Emperor, When the destined years were a Over all between the Po And the eastern Alpine snow, Under the mighty Austrian. Sin smiled so as Sin only can. And since that time, aye long bef Both have ruled from shore to sh That incestuous pair, who follow Tyrants as the sun the swallow, As Repentance follows Crime, And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning Padua, now no more is burning; Like a meteor, whose wild way Is lost over the grave of day, It gleams betrayed and to betray Once remotest nations came To adore that sacred flame. When it lit not many a hearth On this cold and gloomy earth: Now new fires from antique light Spring beneath the wide world's But their spark lies dead in thee, Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells, In the depth of piny della, One light flame among the brakes. While the boundless forest shakes And its mighty trunks are turn By the fire thus lowly born: The spark beneath his feet is dead He starts to see the flames it fed. Howling through the darkened ak With myriad tongues victoriously And sinks down in fear: so them, O Tyranny, beholdest now Light around thee, and thou hear The loud flames ascend and feares Grovel on the earth: aye, hide In the dust thy purple pride!

descends around me now: e noon of autumn's glow, a soft and purple mist vaporous amethyst, air-dissolved star, ng light and fragrance, far the curved horizon's bound point of heaven's profound he overflowing sky, he plains that silent lie neath, the leaves unsodden the infant Frost has trodden his morning-winged feet, bright print is gleaming yet; e red and golden vines. ng with their trellised lines ough, dark-skirted wilderness; an and bladed grass no less, ng from this hoary tower windless air; the flower ering at my feet; the line olive-sandaled Apennine south dimly islanded; e Alps, whose snows are spread between the clouds and sun; living things each one; y spirit which so long ed this swift stream of song, enetrated lie glory of the sky: or the soul of all from heaven like dew doth fall mind which feeds this verse ig the lone universe.

lescends, and after noon
n's evening meets me soon,
g the infantine moon,
at one star, which to her
seems to minister
he crimson light she brings
the sunset's radiant springs:
c soft dreams of the morn,
h like winged winds had borne
t silent isle, which lies
emembered agonics,
ail bark of this lone being;)
to other sufferers fleeing,
antient pilot, Pain,
side the helm again.

flowering isles must be sea of life and agony: spirits float and flee at gulph: even now, perhaps, ne rock the wild wave wraps, 'olded wings they waiting sit y bark, to pilot it is calm and blooming cove, for me, and those I love, windless bower he built, am passion, pain, and guilt, ell 'mid lawny bills, the wild sea-murmar fills,

And soft sunshine, and the sound Of old forests echoing round, And the light and smell divine Of all flowers that breathe and shine: We may live so happy there, That the spirits of the air, Envying us, may even entice To our healing paradise The polluting multitude; But their rage would be subdued By that clime divine and calm, And the winds whose wings rain balm On the uplifted soul, and leaves Under which the bright sea heaves; While each breathless interval In their whisperings musical The inspired soul supplies With its own deep melodies, And the love which heals all strife Circling, like the breath of life, All things in that sweet abode With its own mild brotherhood: They, not it would change; and soon Every sprite beneath the moon Would repent its envy vain, And the earth grow young again.

# ODE TO THE WEST-WIND.

O, wild West-wind, thou breath of autumn's being,

Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead

Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter

Reeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winged seeds, where they lie cold and

low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until

Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)

With living hues and odeurs plain and hill:

Wild spirit which art moving every where;
Destroyer and preserver; hear, oh hear!

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,

Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,

Shook from the tangled boughs of heaven and ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread On the blue surface of thine airy surge, Like the bright hair uplifted from the head Of some fierce Mænad, even from the dim

Of the horizon to the zenith's height, The locks of the approaching storm. Thou Of the dying year, to which this closing night

Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre, Vaulted with all thy congregated might Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: O, hear!

Thou who didst waken from his summerdreams

The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams, Beside a pumice-isle in Baiæ's bay, And saw in sleep old palaces and towers Quivering within the wave's intenser day, All overgrown with azure moss and flowers So sweet, the sense faints picturing them!

For whose path the Atlantic's level powers Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below

The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear

The sapless foliage of the ocean, know Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,

And tremble, and despoil themselves: O, hear!

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and
share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free Than thou, oh, uncontroulable! if even I were as in my boyhood, and could be The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven, As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.

Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!

I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed

One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is: What if my leaves are falling like its own! The tumult of thy mighty harmonies Will take from both a deep autumnal tone, Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,

My spirit! be thou me, impetuous one! Drive my dead thoughts over the universe, Like withered leaves, to quicken a new birth! And, by the incantation of this verse, Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth, Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind! Be through my lips to unawakened earth The trumpet of a prophecy! O wind, If winter comes, can spring be far behind?

#### LOVE'S PHILOSOPH

The fountains mingle with the it.

And the river with the ocean;
The winds of heaven mix for ever with a sweet emotion:
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine.
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high her And the waves clasp one anoth No sister-flower would be forgin If it disdain'd its brother: And the sunlight clasps the ear And the moonbeams kiss the se What are all these kissings want If thou kiss not me?

# LEIGH HUNT.

# EXTRACT FROM THE ST

Ar times like these the prince shun
The face of Paulo as too kind a
And, shutting up her tears wi
sigh.
Would walk into the air, and se
And feel about her all the garde
And hear the birds that shot
boughs

A noble range it was, of many Walled round with trees, and wond: Indeed the whole was leafy; an A winding stream about it, cle That danced from shade to sh its wa Seemed smiling with delight to There was the pouting rose, The flamy heart's-case, flushed light, Blush-hiding strawberry, suns hox, Hyacinth, handsome with hi locks. The lady lily, looking gently Pure lavender, to lay in bridal The daisy, lovely on both side All the sweet cups to which the With plots of grass, and per between Of citron, honeysuckle, and jes

and look as if they'd shade a golden fruit; and midst the flowers, turfed round beneath a shade

f circling pines, a babbling fountain played, ad 'twixt their shafts you saw the water bright.

hich through the darksome tops glimmered with showering light.

now you walked beside an odorous bed f gorgeous hues, white, azure, golden, red; and now turned off into a leafy walk, lose and continuous, fit for lovers' talk; and now pursued the stream, and as you trod nward and onward o'er the velvet sod, elt on your face an air, watery and sweet, nd a new sense in your soft-lighting feet; and then perhaps you entered upon shades, illowed with dells and uplands 'twixt the glades.

'hrough which the distant palace, now and then,

ooked lordly forth with many-windowed ken;

land of trees, which reaching round about, n shady blessing stretched their old arms out,

Vith spots of sunny opening, and with nooks, 'o lie and read in, sloping into brooks, Where at her drink you started the slim deer.

tetreating lightly with a lovely fear. and all about the birds kept leafy house, and sung and sparkled in and out the boughs; and all about a lovely sky of blue Clearly was felt, or down the leaves laughed through;

and here and there, in every part, were seats, some in the open walks, some in retreats; With bowering leaves o'erhead, to which the eye

sooked up half sweetly and half awfully,-Places of nestling green, for poets made Where, when the sunshine struck a yellow shade,

The slender trunks, to inward peeping sight. Thronged in dark pillars up the gold green light.

But 'twixt the wood and flowery walks halfway,

And formed of both, the loveliest portion lay, A spot, that struck you like enchanted ground:-

It was a shallow dell, set in a mound Of sloping shrubs, that mounted by degrees, The birch and poplar mixed with heavier trees;

From under which, sent through a marble spout,

Betwixt the dark wet green, a rill gushed out.

Whose low sweet talking seemed as if it said Something eternal to that happy shade:

mith orange, whose warm leaves so finely | The ground within was lawn, with plots of flowers

> Heaped towards the centre, and with citronbowers;

> And in the midst of all, clustered about With bay and myrtle, and just gleaming out, Lurked a pavilion,-a delicious sight, Small, marble, well-proportioned, mellowy white.

> With yellow vine-leaves sprinkled,-but no more,

> And a young orange either side the door. The door was to the wood, forward, and square,

> The rest was domed at top, and circular; And through the dome the only light came in, Tinged, as it entered, with the vine-leaves thin.

> It was a beauteous piece of ancient skill, Spared from the rage of war, and perfect still;

> By most supposed the work of fairy-hands, Famed for luxurious taste, and choice of lands .-

> Alcina, or Morgana, -who from fights And errant fame inveigled amorous knights, And lived with them in a long round of blisses,

> Feasts, concerts, baths, and bower-enshaded kisses.

> But 'twas a temple, as its sculpture told, Built to the nymphs that haunted there of old;

> For o'er the door was carved a sacrifice By girls and shepherds brought, with reverent eyes.

> Of sylvan drinks and foods, simple and sweet, And goats with struggling horns and planted feet:

> And on a line with this ran round about A like relief, touched exquisitely out, That shewed, in various scenes, the nymphs themselves:

> Some by the water-side on bowery shelves Leaning at will, -some in the water sporting With sides half swelling forth, and looks of courting,-

> Some in a flowery dell, hearing a swain Play on his pipe, till the hills rang again,-Some tying up their long moist hair, - some alceping

Under the trees, with fauns and satyrs peep-

ing,-Or, sidelong-eyed, pretending not to see The latter in the brakes come creepingly, While their forgotten urns, lying about In the green herbage, let the water out. Never, be sure, before or since was seen A summer-house so fine in such a nest of green.

All the green garden, flower-bed, shade, and plot. Francesca loved, but most of all this spot.

DIE

Whenever she walked forth, wherever went | And snatching from the fields he About the grounds, to this at last she bent: Here she had brought a lute and a few books;

Here would she lie for hours with grateful looks,

Thanking at heart the sunshine and the leaves

The summer rain-drops counting from the eaves,

And all that promising calm smile we see In nature's face, when we look patiently. Then would she think of heaven; and you might hear

Sometimes, when every thing was hushed and clear,

Her gentle voice from out those shades emerging,

Singing the evening-anthem to the Virgin. The gardeners and the rest, who served the place,

And blest whenever they beheld her face, Knelt when they heard it, bowing and uncovered,

And felt as if in air some sainted beauty hovered.

One day,-'twas on a summer-afternoon, When airs and gurgling brooks are best in tune,

And grasshoppers are loud, and day-work done,

And shades have heavy outlines in the sun,-The princess came to her accustomed bower To get her, if she could, a soothing hour, Trying, as she was used, to leave her cares Without, and slumberously enjoy the airs, And the low-talking leaves, and that cool light

The vines let in, and all that hushing sight Of closing wood seen through the opening door,

And distant plash of waters tumbling o'er, And smell of citron-blooms, and fifty luxuries more.

She tried, as usual, for the trial's sake, For even that diminished her heart-ache; And never yet, how ill soe'er at ease, Came she for nothing, midst the flowers and

Yet somehow or another, on that day, She seemed to feel too lightly borne away, Too much relieved,-too much inclined to draw

A careless joy from every thing she saw, And looking round her with a new-born eye, As if some tree of knowledge had been nigh, To taste of nature, primitive and free, And bask at ease in her heart's liberty.

Painfully clear those rising thoughts appeared, With something dark at bottom that she feared;

She reached o'er-head, and to And fell to reading with as fixe As though she had been wrapt a

there.

Twas Launcelot of the Lak That like a trumpet, made ; Yet had a softer note that shock She had begun it but the day And read with a full heart, hall

How old King Ban was spoiled But one fair castle: how one s With his fair queen and child he To ask the great King Arthurfe How reaching by himself a hill He turned to give his castle a ! And saw its far white face: and he As he was looking, burst in vo warth.

And his fair castle, burning to t So that his wearied pulse felt s And he lay down, and said a p For those he loved, and broke

Then read she of the queen with

How she came up, and nearly has And how, in journeying on in h She reached a lake, and met a Who pitied her, and took the b luto her arms, when lo, with d She sprang up all at once, like brake.

And vanished with him undernra The mother's feelings we as well The fairy of the place that lady And Launcelot (so the boy was ca Her inmate, till in search of kn He went to Arthur's court, am

So rarely, and displayed so fran That what with all his charms

The Queen Genevra fell in lave And here, with growing inter

The princess, doubly fixed, wa ceeding

Ready she sat with one hand to The leaf, to which her though before. The other propping her white

throwin Its ringlets out, under the skylig So sat she fixed; and so observe Of one, who at the door stood t

straight across the lawn, and guessing where,

ad thought she was in tears, and found that day

May I come in?" said he:—it made her

hat smiling voice;—she coloured, pressed her heart moment, as for breath, and then with free ad usual tone said: "O yes,—certainly."

here's apt to be, at conscious times like

n affectation of a bright-eyed case, n air of something quite serene and sure, s if to seem so, was to be seenre: ith this the lovers met, with this they spoke,

ith this they sat down to the self-same

and Paulo, by degrees, gently embraced ith one permitted arm her lovely waist; and both their cheeks, like peaches on a tree.

caned with a touch together thrillingly; and o'er the book they hung, and nothing said,

and every lingering page grew longer as they read.

thus they sat, and felt with leaps of heart heir colour change, they came upon the part there fond Genevra, with her flame long nurst,

miled upon Launcelot when he kissed her first:-

hat touch, at last, through every fibre slid; ad Paulo turned, scarce knowing what he did, ally he felt he could no more dissemble, and kissed her, mouth to mouth, all in a tremble.

and were those hearts, and sweet was that long kiss:

he world was all forgot, the struggle o'er,
besperate the joy.—That day they read no
more.

# CHARLES LAMB.

#### HESTER.

When maidens such as Hester die, Their place ye may not well supply, Though ye among a thousand try, With vain endeavour. A month or more hath she been dead, Yet cannot I by force be led To think upon the wormy bed, And her together.

A springy motion in her gait, A rising step, did indicate Of pride and joy no common rate, That flush'd her spirit.

I know not by what name beside I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride, It was a joy to that allied, She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker-rule, Which doth the human feeling cool, But she was train'd in Nature's school, Nature had blest her.

A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind,
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before To that unknown and silent shore, Shall we not meet, as heretofore, Some summer-morning,

When from thy chearful eyes a ray Hath struck a bliss upon the day, A bliss that would not go away, A sweet fore-warning?

# THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

I nave had playmates, I have had companions, In my days of childhood, in my joyful schooldays, All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing, Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosomeronics,

All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women!
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see
her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man; Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly; Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seemed a desart I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling?

That but by reflex canst shew What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell Aped the true Hebrew miracle. So might we talk of the old familiar faces-

How some they have died, and some they have left me, And some are taken from me; all are departed; All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

#### A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse Strait confound my stammering verse, If I can a passage see In this word-perplexity, Or a fit expression find, Or a language to my mind, (Still the phrase is wide or scant)
To take leave of thee, great plant! Or in any terms relate Half my love, or half my hate: For I hate, yet love, thee so, That, whichever thing I shew, The plain truth will seem to be A constrain'd hyperbole, And the passion to proceed More for a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine, Bacchus' black servant, negro fine; Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon Thy begrimed complexion, And, for thy pernicious sake, More and greater oaths to break Than reclaimed lovers take 'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay Much too in the female way While thou suckst the lab'ring breath Faster than kisses or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us, That our worst foes cannot find us, And ill fortune, that would thwart us, Shoots at rovers, shooting at us; While each man, thro' thy height'ning steam, Does like a smoking Etna seem, And all about us does express (Fancy and wit in richest dress) A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us, That our best friends do not know us, And, for those allowed features, Due to reasonable creatures. Likenst us to fell chimeras, Monsters that, who see us, fear us; Worse than Cerberus or Geryon, Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow His tipsy rites. But what art thou,

Some few vapours than mayst. The weak brain may serve to a But to the reins and nobler hea Canst nor life nor heat impart

Brother of Bacchus, later horn, The old world was sure forlan Wanting thee, that aidest more The god's victories than before All his panthers, and the braw Of his piping Bacchanals. These, as stale, we disallow, Or judge of thee meant: only His true Indian conquest art; And, for ivy round his dart, The reformed god now weaves A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfum Chemic art did ne cr presume Through her quaint alembic st None so sov'reign to the brain, Nature, that did in thee excel, Fram'd again no second smell. Roses, violets, but toys For the smaller sort of boys, Or for greener damsels meant Thou art the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind Filth of the mouth and fog of Africa, that brags her foyson, Breeds no such prodigious pois Henbane, nightshade, both tog Hemlock, aconite-Nay, rather Plant divine, of rarest virtue; Blisters on the tongue would be 'Twas but in a sort I blam'd ! None e'er prosper'd who defam Irony all, and feign'd abuse, Such as perplext lovers use, At a need, when, in despair To paint forth their fairest fair Or in part but to express That exceeding comeliness Which their fancies doth so stri They borrow language of disfill And, instead of Dearest Miss, Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bli And those forms of old admirin Call her Cockatrice and Siren, Basilisk, and all that's evil, Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil, Ethiop, Wench, and Hackamon Monkey, Ape, and twenty more Friendly Trait'ress, loving For-Not that she is truly su. But no other way they know A contentment to express. Borders so upon excess, That they do not rightly wot Whether it be pain or not.

s men, constrain'd to part what's nearest to their heart, e their sorrow's at the height, discrimination quite, their hasty wrath let fall, spease their frantic gall, ie darling thing whatever, see they feel it death to sever, gh it be, as they, perforce, less of the sad divorce.

must (nor let it grieve thee, dliest of plants, that I must) leave thee. by sake, Tobacco, I ld do any thing but die, but seek to extend my days enough to sing thy praise. as she, who once hath been ig's consort, is a queen after, nor will bate tittle of her state, gh a widow, or divorced, from thy converse forced, old name and style retain, tht Katherine of Spain; a seat, too, 'mongst the joys to blest Tobacco-Boys; re though I, by sour physician, lebarr'd the full fruition by favours, I may catch collateral sweets, and snatch ong odours, that give life glances from a neighbour's wife; still live in the by-places the suburbs of thy graces; in thy borders take delight, nconquer'd Canaanite.

# TO T. L. H.

at of thy parent dear, us infant worth a fear: y unfaultering visage well ring forth the son of Tell, n on his forehead, firm and good, onless mark, the apple stood; eless traitor, rebel mild, ict unconscious, culprit-child! s that close with iron roar been to thee thy nursery-door; ns that chink in cheerless cells been thy rattles and thy bells; s contrived for giant sin hemmed thy faultless weakness in; thy sinless bed black guilt discordant bouse bath built, filled it with her monstrous broodts, by thee not understoodts of fear, and of distress, pass a harmless infant's guess!

the clouds, that overcast young morning, may not last.

Soon shall arrive the rescuing hour, That yields thee up to Nature's power. Nature, that so late doth greet thee, Shall in o'er-flowing measure meet thee, She shall recompense with cost For every lesson thou hast lost. Then wandering up thy sire's lov'd hill, Thou shalt take thy airy fill Of health and pastime. Birds shall sing For thy delight each May-morning. 'Mid new-yean'd lambkins thou shalt play, Hardly less a lamb than they. Then thy prison's lengthened bound Shall be the horizon skirting round. And while thou fillest thy lap with flowers, To make amends for wintery hours, The breeze, the sunshine, and the place, Shall from thy tender brow efface Each vestige of untimely care, That sour restraint had graven there; And on thy every look impress A more excelling childishness.

So shall be thy days beguil'd, Thornton Hunt, my favourite child.

# TO MISS KELLY.

You are not, Kelly, of the common strain, That stoop their pride and female honor down To please that many-headed beast the town, And yend their lavish smiles and tricks for gain;

By fortune thrown amid the actors' train,
You keep your native dignity of thought;
The plaudits that attend you come unsought,
As tributes due unto your natural vein.
Your tears have passion in them, and a grace
Of genuine freshness, which our hearts avow;
Your smiles are winds whose ways we cannot
trace.

That vanish and return we know not how— And please the better from a pensive face, A thoughtful eye, and a reflecting brow.

# THE FAMILY-NAME.

What reason first imposed thee, gentle name, Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire, Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;

And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow-swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields returned,
With glory gotten on the heads abhorr'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings
came.

No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.

# GEORGE CROLY.

#### SATAN.

PROM A PICTURE BY SIR THOMAS LAWRENCE.

Satan diluted stood MILTON.

PRINCE of the fall'n! around thee sweep The billows of the burning deep; Above thee low'rs the sullen fire, Beneath thee bursts the flaming spire; And on thy sleepless vision rise Hell's living clouds of agonies.

But thou dost like a mountain stand, The spear unlifted in thy hand; Thy gorgeous eye, - a comet shorn, Calm into utter darkness born; A naked giant, stern, sublime, Arm'd in despair, and scorning Time.

On thy curl'd lip is throned disdain, That may revenge, but not complain: Thy mighty cheek is firm, tho' pale, There smote the blast of fiery hail, Yet wan, wild beauty lingers there, The wreck of an archangel's sphere.

Thy forehead wears no diadem -The king is in thy eye-ball's beam; Thy form is grandeur unsubdued, Sole Chief of Hell's dark multitude. Thou prison'd, ruin'd, unforgiven! Yet fit to master all but Heaven.

#### WEDDED LOVE.

THERE is a love! 'tis not the wandering fire That must be fed on folly, or expire; Gleam of polluted hearts, the meteor-ray That fades as rises Reason's nobler day; But passion made essential, holy, bright, Like the rais'd dead, our dust transform'd to light.

Earth has its pangs for all; its happiest breast

Not his who meets them least, but bears them best.

Life must be toil! yet oh, that toil how drear!

But for this soother of its brief career. The charm that virtue, beauty, fondness bind, Till the mind mingles with its kindred mind! Tis not the cold romancer's eestacy,
The flame new-lit at every passing eye,
But the high impulse that the stately soul
Feels slow engross it, but engross it whole;

And we must ply the lusty our,
For the tide is chbing from the
And sad are they whose fagguts
So kindly stor'd for our return.

Yet seeks it not, nay, turns with On its own weakness that can w Still wrestling with the angel, Feels all the strength departed Then join'd, and join'd for ever. Life's darkest hours are met, and a Thro' the world's changes, still

On earth, one heart, one hope, One closing hour, one undivide

# JOANNA BAILLI

# COLUMBUS' FIRST V AMERICA.

Ir was a land, unmarred by art To please the eye and cheer the The natives' simple buts were a Peoping their palmy groves lets Groves, where each dome of sw In air of morning gently heaves And, as the deep vans fall and r Changes its richly verdant dyes: A land whose simple sons till no Had scarcely seen a careful line They spent at will each passing In lightsome toil or active play. Some their light canocs were go Along the shore's sweet margin : Some in the sunny sea were swi The bright waves o'er their

Some on the beach for shellfish Or on the smooth sand gaily tr Or in link'd circles featly danci With golden braid and bracelet By shelter'd door were infants of Or on the shaded herbage sleep Gay-feather'd birds the air wer And parrots on their high perch While humming-birds, like spar Twinkled and vanish'd from the

# FISHERMAN'S SONO

No fish stir in our heaving net. And the sky is dark, and the ni boat is small, and the tempest raves, nought is heard but the lashing waves, the sullen roar of the angry sea, the wild winds piping drearily: sea and tempest rise in vain, It bless our blazing hearths again.

bravely, Mates! our guiding star from its towerlet streameth far; now along the nearing strand, swiftly moves you flaming brand: re the midnight-watch is past, I quaff our bowl, and mock the blast.

# SONG FROM THE BEACON.

o'd-for gales the light vane veering, or dreams the dull night cheering; ter heart the morning greeting, gs of better omen meeting; each passing stranger watching, each feeble rumour catching, he existeth still on earthly ground, absent will return, the long, long lost be found.

tower the ward-bell ringing,
the court the carols singing;
hands the gay board dressing,
r steps the threshold pressing;
d arms in haste advancing,
al looks through blind tears glaucing;
gladsome bounding of his aged hound,
he in truth is here, our long, long lost
is found.

ned thanks and bedesmen praying,
sheathed sword the urchin playing;
on'd hall with torches burning,
rful morn in peace returning,
crse sweet that strangely borrows
nt bliss from former sorrows—
ho can tell each blessed sight and sound,
says, he with us bides, our long, long
lost is found!

#### JOHN KEATS.

#### PROCESSION

#### D HYMN IN HONOUR OF PAN.

ng the burden of a shepherd-song; having a white wicker over-brimm'd April's tender younglings: next, well trimm'd.

A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks, As may be read of in Arcadian books; Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe, When the great deity, for earth too ripe, Let his divinity o'erflowing die In music, through the vales of Thessaly; Some idly trail'd their sheep-books on the

ground,
And some kept up a shrilly-mellow sound
With chon-tipped flutes: close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest-trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministering looks: always his

Stedfast upon the matted turf he kept, And after him his sacred vestments swept. From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,

Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;

And in his left he held a basket full Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:

Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill. His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath, Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd, Up-follow'd by a multitude that rear'd Their voices to the clouds, a fair-wrought car,

Easily rolling so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown.
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng; his youth was fully
hlown,

Shewing like Ganymede to manhood grown; And, for those simple times, his garments were

A chieftain-king's: beneath his breast, half bare,

Was hung a silver hugle, and between His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen. A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd. To common lookers-on, like one who dream'd Of idleness in groves Elysian: But there were some who feelingly could sean A lurking trouble in his nether-lip, And see that oftentimes the reins would slip Through his forgotten hands: then would

they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of nwlet's cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away!

Soon the assembly, in a circle rang'd, Stood silent round the shrine: each look was changed

To sudden veneration: women meek Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each

Of virgin-bloom paled gently for slight fear; Endymion too, without a forest-peer, Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze

Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge

Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge, Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn

By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn: Mothers and wives! who day by day prepare The scrip, with needments, for the mountain-

And all ye, gentle girls, who foster up Udderless lambs, and in a little cup Will put choice honey for a favoured youth: Yea, every one attend! for in good truth Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan. Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than Night-swollen mushrooms? Are not our wide plains

Speckled with countless fleeces? Have not rains

Green'd over April's lap? No howling sad Sickens our fearful ewes; and we have had Great bounty from Endymion our lord. The earth is glad: the merry lark has pour'd His early song against yon breezy sky, That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire; Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod With wine, in honour of the shepherd-god. Now while the earth was drinking it, and while

Bay-leaves were crackling in the fragrant

pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright

Through sunny meadows

Of thine enmossed realms: Broad-leaved fig-trees ever Their ripen'd fruitage; ye Their golden honeycombs Their fairest blossom'd b

The chuckling linnet its fi To sing for thee; low cree Their summer-coolness; p Their freekled wings; yea,

All its completions-be qu By every wind that nods th O forester divine!

"Thou, to whom every far For willing service: wheth The squatted hare, while it Or upward ragged precipi To save poor lambkins from Or by mysterious enticeme Bewilder'd shepherds to th Or to tread breathless roun And gather up all fanciful For thee to tumble into N And, being hidden, laugh at Or to delight thee with far The while they pelt each of With silvery oak-apples and By all the echoes that about Hear us, oh Satyr-king!

"O Hearkener to the loud While ever and anon to hi A ram goes bleating : Wi

Conception to the very bourne of heaven, Then leave the naked brain: be still the leaven,

Gives it a touch ethereal-a new birth: Be still a symbol of immensity; A firmament reflected in a sea: An element filling the space between; An unknown-but no more: we humbly

screen With uplift hands our foreheads lowly bending.

And giving out a shout most heaven-rending, Conjure thee to receive our humble Pacan, Upon thy Mount Lycean!"

Ever while they brought the burden to a close,

al.

A shout from the whole multitude arose, That lingered in the air like dying rolls Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals Ofdolphins bob their noses through the brine. Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine, Young companies nimbly began dancing To the swift treble pipe and humming string. Aye, those fair living forms swam heavenly To tunes forgotten-out of memory : Fair creatures! whose young children's children bred

Thermopylae its heroes-not yet dead, But in old marbles ever beautiful.

# THE MOON.

-By the fend Twixt nothing and creation, I here swear, Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair Is of all these the gentlier mightiest. When thy gold breath is misting in the west, She unobserved steals unto her throne, And there she sits most meek and most alone; As if she had not pomp subservient; As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent Towards her with the Muses in thine heart; As if the ministring stars kept not apart, Waiting for silver-footed messages. O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees Feel palpitations, when thou lookest in: O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din The while they feel thine airy fellowship. Thou dost bless every where with silver lip, Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine, Couched in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:

Innumerable mountains rise, and rise, Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes And yet thy benediction passeth not One obscure hiding-place, one little spot Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken, And from beneath a sheltering ivy-leaf Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief

To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps Within its pearly house .- The mighty deeps, The monstrous sea is thine-the myriad sea! That spreading in this dull and clodded earth O Moon! far-spooming Ocean bows to thee, And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

> Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode

Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine Such utmost beauty? Alas! thou dost pine For one as sorrowful: thy cheek is pale For one whose cheek is pale: thou dost bewail His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?

Ah! surely that light peeps from Vesper's

Or what a thing is love! 'Tis She, but lo! How chang'd, how full of ache, how gone in woe!

She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness Is wan on Neptune's blue: yet there's a stress Of love-spangles, just off you cape of trees, Dancing upon the waves, as if to please The curly foam with amorous influence. O, not so idle: for down-glancing thence She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning

Their savage eyes with unaccustomed lightning.

Where will the splendor be content to reach? O Love! how potent hast thou been to teach Strange journeyings! Wherever beauty dwells,

In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells. In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun, Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.

Amid his toil thou gav'st Leander breath; Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death ;

Thon madest Pluto bear thin element; And now, oh winged Chieftain, thou hast sent A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world, To find Endymion. On gold sand impearl'd With lily shells, and pebbles milky white, Poor Cynthia greeted him, and sooth'd her light

Against his pallid face: he felt the charm To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm Of his heart's blood: 'twas very sweet; he stay'd

His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds, To taste the gentle moon, and freshening bends,

Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails. And so he kept until the rosy veils Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand Were lifted from the water's breast, and

Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came Meekly through billows:-when like taperflame

Left sudden by a dallying breath of air, He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare Along his fated way. Far had he roam'd, With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd

Above, around, and at his feet; save things More dead than Morphens' imaginings: Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates

Of gone sea-warriors; brazen beaks and targe,

Rudders that for a hundred years had lost The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd With long-forgotten story, and wherein No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin But those of Saturn's vintage; mouldering scrolls,

Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude

In ponderous stone, developing the mood Of ancient Nox;—then skeletons of man, Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan, And elephant and eagle, and huge jaw Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe These secrets struck into him; and unless Dian had chae'd away that heaviness, He might have died: but now, with cheered

He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal

About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

What is there in thee, Moon! that thou
shouldst move

My heart so potently? When yet a child I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smil'd.

Thou seem'dst my sister; hand in hand we

From eve to morn across the firmament.

No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously:

No tumbling water ever spake romance, But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:

No woods were green enough, no bower divine,

Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing-time ne'er would I dibble take,
Or drop n seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer-tide of blossoming.
No one but thee hath heard me blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night,
No melody was like a passing spright,
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend

With all my ardours: thou wast the deep glen; Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's

The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the

Thou wast the river-thou wast glory won;

Thou wast my clarion's blastmy steed-

My goblet full of wine—my topmo Thou wast the charm of women, lot O what a wild and harmonized to My spirit struck from all the be On some bright essence could I lea Myself to immortality.

#### THE EVE OF ST. AGN

Sr. Agnes' Eve—Ah, bitter chill i The owl, for all his feathers, wa The hare limp'd trembling throug zen grass,

And silent was the flock in woolly Numb were the beadsman's fing he told

His rosary, and while his frosted Like pious incense from a censer Seem'd taking flight for heaven,

Past the sweet virgin's picture prayer he said

His prayer he saith, this patient Then takes his lamp, and riseth from And back returneth, meagre, bur Along the chapel-nisle by slow d The sculptur'd dead, on each side freeze.

Emprison'd in black, purgatorial Knights, ladies, praying in dum! He passeth by; and his weak spi To think how they may ache in and mails.

Northward he turneth through a And scarce three steps, ere musi tongue

Flatter'd to tears this aged man-But no—already had his death-be The joys of all his life were said His was harsh penance on St. Al Another way he went, and soon a Rough ashes sat he for his soul's And all night kept awake, for ain to grieve.

That ancient bendsman heard the pr And so it chanc'd, for many a door From hurry to and fro. Soon, a The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan The level chambers, ready with t Were glowing to receive a thousa The carved angels, ever cager-ry Star'd, where upon their heads it

With hair blown back, and wings wise on their b

At length burst in the argent revelry, With plume, tiara, and all rich array, Numerous as shadows haunting fairily The brain, new stuff'd, in youth, with triumphs gay

Of old romance. These let us wish away, And turn, sole-thoughted, to one lady there, Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day, On love, and wing'd St. Agnes' saintly care, As she heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve, Young virgins might have visions of delight, And soft adorings from their loves receive Upon the honey'd middle of the night, If ceremonies due they did aright; As, supperless to bed they must retire, And couch supine their beauties, lily white; Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:
The music, yearning like a god in pain,
She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine
Fix'd on the floor, saw many a sweeping train
Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain
Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,
And back retir'd; not cool'd by high disdain,
But she saw not: her heart was otherwhere:
She sigh'd for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest
of the year.

She danc'd along with vague, regardless eyes, Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:

The hallow'd hour was near at hand: she sighs

Amid the timbrels, and the throng'd resort Of whisperers in anger, or in sport; Mid looks of love, defiance, hate and scorn, Hoodwink'd with faery fancy; all amort, Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn, And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire, She linger'd still. Meantime, across the moors, Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire For Madeline. Beside the portal-doors, Buttress'd from moonlight, stands he, and implores

All saints to give him sight of Madeline, But for one moment in the tedious hours, That he might gaze and worship all unseen; Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things have been.

He ventures in: let not buzz'd whisper tell:
All eyes he muffled, or a hundred swords
Will storm his heart, love's fev'rous citadel:
For him, those chambers held barbarian
hordes.

Hyena formen, and hot-blooded lords, Whose very dogs would execrations how! Against his lineage: not one breast affords Him any mercy, in that mansion foul, Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came, Shuffling along with ivery-headed wand, To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,

Behind a broad hall-pillar, far beyond The sound of merriment and chorus bland: He startled her; but soon she knew his face, And grasp'd his fingers in her palsied hand, Saying: "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;

They are all here to-night, the whole bloodthirsty race!

Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand;

He had a fever late, and in the fit
He cursed thee and thine, both house and
land;

Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a

More tame for his gray hairs—Alas me! flit! Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear, We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit, And tell me how"—"Good saints! not here, not here;

Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He follow'd through a lowly arched way, Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume, And as she mutter'd "Well-a-well-a-day!" He found him in a little moonlight-room, Pale, lattic'd, chill, and silent as a tomb. "Now tell me where is Madeline, said he—O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom Which none but secret sisterhood may see, When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve— Yet men will murder upon holy days: Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve, And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays, To venture so: it fills me with amaze To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve! God's help! my lady fair the conjuror plays This very night: good angels her deceive! But let me laugh awhile, I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon, While Porphyro upon her face doth look, Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone Who keepeth clou'd a wondrous riddle-book, As spectacled she sits in chimney-nook. But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told

His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook Tears, at the thought of those enchantments cold,

And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose, Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart Made purple riot: then doth he propose A stratagem, that makes the beldame start: "A cruel man and impious thou art: Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep, and dream Alone with her good angels, far apart From wicked men like thee. Go!—I deem Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"
Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace,
When my weak voice shall whisper its last
prayer,

If one of her soft ringlets I displace,
Or look with ruffian passion in her face:
Good Angela, believe me by these tears;
Or I will, even in a moment's space,
Awake with horrid shout my foemen's cars,
And beard them, though they be more
fang'd than wolves and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?

A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard-thing,

Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll; Whose prayers for thee, each morn and

evening, Were never miss'd."—Thus plaining, doth she bring

A gentler speech from burning Porphyro; So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing, That Angela gives promise she will do Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy, Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide Him in a closet, of such privacy That he might see her beauty unespied, And win perhaps that night a peerless bride, While legion'd fairies pac'd the coverlet, And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed. Never on such a night have lovers met, Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest,—said the dame: All cates and dainties shall be stored there Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambourframe

Her own lute thou wilt see : no time to spare, Rose-bloom fell on her hands, toget

For I am slow and feeble, and so On such a catering trust my diaz Wait here, my child, with patien in prayer The while: ah! thou must needs the

The while: ah! thou must needs the Or may I never leave my grave a dead."

So saying, she hobbled off with larte lover's endless minutes slow! The dame return'd, and whisper'd To follow her; with aged eyes at From fright of dim espial. Safe Through many a dusky gallery, The maiden's chamber, silken, he

Where Porphyro took covert, plea His poor guide hurried back with her brain

Her falt'ring hand upon the balus Old Angela was feeling for the sta When Madeline, St. Agnea' chara Rose, like a mission'd spirit, unat With silver taper's light, and plo She turn'd, and down the aged go To a safe level matting. Now pay Young Porphyro, for gazing on the She comes, she comes again, like frayed an

Out went the taper as she hurried Its little smoke, in pallid moonsh She closed the door, she panted, s To spirits of the air and visions w No uttered syllable, or, woe betid But to her heart, her heart was v Paining with eloquence her balmy As though a tongueless nightings

Her throat in vain, and die, her in her de

A casement high and triple-arch'd: All garlanded with carven imag'ri Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches

And diamonded with panes of quair Innumerable of stains and splends As are the tiger-moth's deep damad And in the midst, 'mong thousand b And twilight saints, and dim embl A shielded scutcheon blush'd with queens an

Full on this casement shone the wint And threw warm gules on Madel breast. As down she knelt for Heaven's

hoon;

And on her silver cross soft amethyst, And on her hair a glory, like a saint: She seem'd a splendid angel, newly drest, Save wings for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:

She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done, Of all its wreathed pearls her hair she frees; Unclasps her warmed jewels one by one, Loosens her fragrant boddice; by degrees Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees: Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed, Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees, In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed, But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest, In sort of wakeful swoon, perplex'd she lay, Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppress'd Her soothed limbs, and soul fatigued away; Flown,like a thought, until the morrow-day; Blissfully heaven'd both from joy and pain; Clasp'd like a missal where swart Paynims

Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain, As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced, Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress, And listen'd to her breathing, if it chanced To wake into a slumberous tenderness; Which when he heard, that minute did he

And breath'd himself: then from the closet crept, Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,

And over the hush'd carpet, silent, stept,
And 'tween the curtains peep'd, where, lo!—
how fast she slept.

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set A table, and, half anguish'd, threw thereon A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—O for some drowsy Morphean annulet!

The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion, 'The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet, Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep, In blanched linen, smooth, and lavender'd, While he from forth the closet brought a

Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd; With jellies soother than the creamy curd,

And lucent syrops, tinct with cinnamon, Manna and dates, in argosy transferr'd From Fez, and spiced dainties, every one, From silken Samarcand to cedar'd Lebanon.

These delicates he heap'd with glowing hand On golden dishes and in baskets bright Of wreathed silver: sumptuons they stand In the retired quiet of the night, Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—
"And now, my Love, my Scraph fair, awake! Thou art my heaven, and I thine cremite: Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes' sake, Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache."

Thus whispering, his warm, unnerved arm Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream By the dusk curtains:—'twas a midnightcharm

Impossible to melt as iced stream:
The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;
Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:
It seem'd he never, never could redeem
From such a stedfast spell his lady's eyes;
So mus'd awhile, entoil'd in woofed phantasies.

Awakening, up he took her hollow lute,— Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be.

He play'd an ancient ditty, long since mute, In Provence call'd: "La belle dame sans mercy:"

Close to her ear touching the melody;— Wherewith disturb'd, she utter'd a soft moan: He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly Her blue affrayed eyes wide open shone: Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld, Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep: There was a painful change, that nigh expell'd

The blisses of her dream so pure and deep; At which fair Madeline began to weep, And moun forth witless words with many a sigh;

While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep, Who knelt, with joined hands and pitcous eye, Fearing to move or speak, she look'd so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!—said she—but even now Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,

Made tuneable with every sweetest vow; And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear: How chang'd thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!

Give me that voice again, my Porphyro, Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!

Oh leave me not in this eternal woe, For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassion'd far At these voluptuous accents, he arose, Ethereal, flush'd, and like a throbbing star Seen mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose; Into her dream he melted, as the rose Blendeth its odour with the violet,-Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows

Like love's alarum pattering the sharp sleet Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet:

"This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!" 'Tis dark: the iced gusts still rave and beat: "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine! Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.

Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring? I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine, Though thou forsakest a deceived thing; A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride! Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest? Thy beauty's shield, heart-shap'd and vermeil dyed ?

Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest After so many hours of toil and quest, A famish'd pilgrim,-saved by miracle. Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest Saving of thy sweet self; if thou thinkst well To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

Hark! 'tis an elfin-storm from faery-land, Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed: Arise-arise! the morning is at hand;-The bloated wassaillers will never heed:-Let us away, my Love, with happy speed; There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see, Drown'd all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead: Awake! arise! my Love, and fearless be, For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears, For there were sleeping dragons all around, At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready

spears. Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.

A chain-droop'd lamp was flickering dont;

The arras, rich with horseman, h hound.

Flutter'd in the besieging wind's And the long carpets rose along floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the w Like phantoms, to the iron porch, th Where lay the porter, in uneasy s With a huge empty flagon by his The wakeful bloodhound rose, and

But his sagacious eye an inmate By one, and one, the bolts full case The chains lie silent on the footworn The key turns, and the door upon i grouns.

And they are gone: ny, ages long These lovers fled away into the ste That night the baron dreamt of man And all his warrior-guests, with

Of witch, and demon, and large coll Were long be-nightmar'd. Angels Died palsy-twitch'd, with mean deform ;

The beadsman, after thousand ave For aye unsought for slept among cold.

# ODE TO A NIGHTINGA

My heart aches, and a drowny

My sense, as though of hemlock I h Or emptied some dull opiate to the One minute past, and lethe-wards h Tis not through envy of thy happ But being too happy in thine happ That thou, light-winged dryad of

In some melodious plot Of beechen green, and shadows no Singest of summer in full-throated

O, for a draught of vintage! that h Cool'd a long age in the deep-dele Tasting of Flora and the country Dance, and Provencal song, and mirth!

O for a beaker full of the warm Full of the true, the blushful His With beaded bubbles winking at 1

And purple-stained mouth; That I might drink, and leave t nuscen.

In all the house was heard not human sound. And with thee fade away into the fo

r away, dissolve, and quite forget thou among the leaves hast never known.

eariness, the fever, and the fret where men sit and hear each other groan;

palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs, youth grows pale, and spectre-thin,

and dies;
but to think is to be full of sorrow

And leaden-eyed despairs, beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes, love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

away! for I will fly to thee, arioted by Bacchus and his bards, the viewless wings of poesy, h the dull brain perplexes and retards: y with thee! tender is the night, ply the Queen-Moon is on her throne, 'd around by all her starry fays; But here there is no light, 'hat from heaven is with the breezes blown

gh verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

ot see what flowers are at my feet, nat soft incense hangs upon the boughs, embalmed darkness, guess each sweet with the seasonable month endows rass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;

hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine; ding violets cover'd up in leaves; And Mid-May's eldest child, ming musk-rose, full of dewy wine, urmurous haunt of flies on summer-

ng I listen; and, for many a time been half in love with easeful Death, him soft names in many a mused rhyme,

e into the air my quiet breath;
nore than ever seems it rich to die,
se upon the midnight with no pain,
thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
ouldst thou sing, and I have ears in
vain—

high requiem become a sod.

wast not born for death, immortal bird!
ngry generations tread thee down;
oice I hear this passing night was
heard

ent days by emperor and clown:
is the self-same song that found a path
gh the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times bath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the

Of perilous seas, in facry-lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell To toll me back from thee to my sole self! Adicu! the Fancy cannot cheat so well As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf. Adicu! adicu! thy plaintive anthem fades Past the near meadows, over the still stream, Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep

In the next valley-glades: Was it a vision, or a waking dream? Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

#### FANCY.

EVER let the Fancy roam, Pleasure never is at home: At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth, Like to bubbles when rain pelteth; Then let winged Fancy wander Through the thought still spread beyond her: Open wide the mind's cage-door, She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar. O sweet Fancy! let her loose; Summer's joys are spoilt by use, And the enjoying of the spring Fades as does its blossoming; Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too, Blushing through the mist and dew, Cloys with tasting: what do then? Sit thee by the ingle, when The sear faggot blazes bright, Spirit of a winter's night; When the soundless earth is muffled, And the caked snow is shuffled From the ploughboy's heavy shoon; When the Night doth meet the Noon In a dark conspiracy, To banish Even from her sky. Sit thee there, and send abroad, With a mind self-overaw'd, Fancy, high-commission'd :- send her! She has vassals to attend her: She will bring, in spite of frost, Beauties that the earth hath lost; She will bring thee, all together, All delight of summer-weather; All the buds and bells of May, From dewy sward or thorny spray; All the heaped Autumn's wealth. With a still, mysterious stealth: She will mix these pleasures up Like three fit wines in a cup. And thou shalt quaff it :- thou shalt hear Distant harvest-carols clear; Rustle of the reaped corn; Sweet birds antheming the morn: And, in the same moment-hark! 'Tis the early April-lark,

Or the rooks, with busy caw, Foraging for sticks and straw. Thou shalt, at one glance, behold The daisy and the marigold; White-plum'd lilies, and the first Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst; Shaded hyacinth, alway Sapphire queen of the Mid-May; And every leaf, and every flower Pearled with the self-same shower. Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep Meagre from its celled sleep; And the snake all winter-thin Cast on sunny bank its skin; Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see Hatching in the hawthorn-tree, When the hen-bird's wing doth rest Quiet on her mossy nest; Then the hurry and alarm When the bec-hive casts its swarm; Acorns ripe down-pattering, While the autumn-breezes sing.

Oh, sweet Fancy! let her loose; Every thing is spoilt by use: Where's the cheek that doth not fade, Too much gaz'd at? where's the maid Whose lip mature is ever new? Where's the eye, however blue, Doth not weary? where's the face One would meet in every place? Where's the voice, however soft, One would hear so very oft? At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth Like to bubbles when rain pelteth. Let, then, winged Fancy find Thee a mistress to thy mind: Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter, Ere the God of Torment taught her How to frown and how to chide; With a waist and with a side White as Hebe's, when her zone Slipt its golden clasp, and down Fell her kirtle to her feet, While she held the goblet sweet, And Jove grew languid .- Break the mesh Of the Fancy's silken leash; Quickly break her prison-string And such joys as these she'll bring.-Let the winged Fancy roam, Pleasure never to thome.

#### HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

## TO THE HERB ROSEMARY.

Sweet-scented flower! wont to bloom On January's front severe, And o'er the wintry desert drear To waft thy waste perfume! Come, thou shalt form my needs and I will bind thee round my be And as I twine the mouraful we I'll weave a melancholy song; And sweet the strain shall be, and The melody of death!

Come, funeral flower! who lov'st With the pale corse in lonely tom! And throw across the desert gloos A sweet decaying smell! Come, press my lips, and lie with Beneath the lowly alder-tree:

And we will sleep a pleasant s! And not a care shall dare intrude To break the marble solitude,

So peaceful and so deep.

And hark! the wind-god, as he fli
Moans hollow in the forest-trees.
And, sailing on the gusty breeze,
Mysterious music dies.
Sweet flower! that requiem wild is
It warns me to the lonely shrine.
The cold turf-altar of the dead:
My grave shall be in yon lone spet
Where, as I lie by all forgot,
A dying fragrance thou wilt
ashes shee

## TIME.

THE Night's my friend, my mistimy theme.

And she shall aid me now to magni. The night of ages;—now when the Of star-light penetrates the studion And, at my window seated, while Are lock'd in sleep, I feel the free the start of the start o

Of stillness blow, while, in her sadd Thought, like a wakeful vestal at he Assumes her wonted sway. Behold! t Rests, and her tired inhabitants hav From trouble and turmoil. The will Has ceased to weep, and her twin-on Lock'd in each arm, partakers of The man of sorrow has forgot his The onteast that his head is shelte His griefs unshared.—The mother

Her daughter's dying slumbers, buts With heaviness, and sunk upon he Dreams of her bridals. Even the hee On Death's lean arm to rest, in vision Crowning with hope's bland wre shuddering

Poor victim! smiles. Silence and dee Reign o'er the nations; and the warni Of Nature utters audibly within The general moral—tella us that re

Death-like as this, but of far longer span, Is coming on us-that the weary crowds, Who now enjoy a temporary calm, Shall soon taste lasting quiet, wrapt around With grave-clothes; and their aching restless heads

Mouldering in holes and corners unobserved, Till the last trump shall break their sullen sleep.

Who needs a teacher to admonish him are mist?

What are our joys but dreams? and what That Time must conquer; that the loudest our hopes

But goodly shadows in the summer-cloud? There's not a wind that blows, but bears with it

Some rainbow promise .- not a moment flies But puts its sickle in the fields of life, And mows its thousands, with their joys and cares.

'Tis but as yesterday since on you stars Which now I view, the Chaldee shepherd gazed,

In his mid-watch observant, and disposed The twinkling hosts as fancy gave them shapes:

Yet in the interim what mighty shocks Have buffeted mankind! whole nations

Cities made desolate, - the polish'd sunk To barbarism, and once barbaric states Swaying the wand of science and of arts; Illustrious deeds and memorable names Blotted from record, and upon the tongue Of gray tradition voluble no more.

Where are the heroes of the ages past? Where the brave chieftains, where the mighty ones

Who flourish'd in the infancy of days? All to the grave gone down. On their fall'n

fame Exultant, mocking at the pride of man, Sits grim Forgetfulness.—The warrior's arm Lies nerveless on the pillow of its shame; Hush'd is his stormy voice, and quench'd

the blaze Of his red eye-ball .- Yesterday his name Was mighty on the earth: -To-day, 'tis what? The meteor of the night of distant years, That flash'd unnoticed, save by wrinkled eld Musing at midnight upon prophecies, Who at her lonely lattice saw the gleam Point to the mist-poised shroud, then quietly Closed her pale lips, and lock'd the secret up Safe in the charnel's treasures. - O how weak Is mortal man! how trifling-how confined His scope of vision!-Puff'd with confidence, His phrase grows big with immortality. And he, poor insect of a summer's day, Dreams of eternal honours to his name, Of endless glory, and perennial bays. He idly reasons of eternity, As of the train of ages, -when, alas!

Ten thousand thousand of his centuries Are, in comparison, a little point, Too trivial for account.—O it is strange, 'Tis passing strange, to mark his fallacies: Behold him proudly view some pompous pile, Whose high dome swells to emulate the skies, And smile and say: My name shall live with this

Till time shall be no more ; - while at his feet, Yea, at his very feet, the crumbling dust Of the fall'n fabric of the other day, That flesh is grass?-that earthly things Preaches the solemn lesson. - He should know.

blast

That ever fill'd renown's obstreperous trump, Fades in the lapse of ages, and expires. Who lies inhumed in the terrific gloom Of the gigantic pyramid? or who Rear'd its high walls ?- Oblivion laughs and

says: The prey is mine.-They sleep, and never more

Their names shall strike upon the ear of man; Their memory burst its fetters .- Where is Rome?

She lives but in the tale of other times; Her proud pavilions are the hermit's home; And her long colonnades, her public walks, Now faintly echo to the pilgrim's feet, Who comes to muse in solitude, and trace, Thro' the rank moss reveal'd, her honour'd dust

#### TO CONTEMPLATION.

Come, pensive sage, who lov'st to dwell In some retired Lapponian cell, Where, far from noise and riot rude, Resides sequester'd Solitude. Come, and o'er my longing soul Throw thy dark and russet stole, And open to my duteous eyes The volume of thy mysteries.

I will meet thee on the hill, Where, with printless footsteps still The morning, in her makin gray, Springs upon her eastern way; While the frolic zephyrs stir, Playing with the gossamer. And, on ruder pinions borne, Shake the dew-drops from the thorn. There, as o'er the fields we pass, Brushing with hasty feet the grass, We will startle from her nest The lively lark with speckled brenst, And hear the floating clouds among Her gale-transported matin-song, Or on the upland stile embower'd With fragrant hawthorn snowy Will sauntering sit, and listen ( To the herdsman's oaten quill,

Wafted from the plain below;
Or the heifer's frequent low;
Or the milkmaid in the grove,
Singing of one that died for love.
Or when the noontide-heats oppress,
We will seek the dark recess,
Where, in th'embower'd translacent stream.
The cattle shan the sultry beam,
And o'er us on the marge reclined,
The drowsy fly her horn shall wind,
While Echo, from her ancient oak,
Shall answer to the woodman's stroke;
Or the little peasant's song,
Wandering lone the glens among,
His artless lip with berries dyed,
And feet through ragged shoes descried.

But oh! when evening's virgin queen Sits on her fringed throne serene, And mingling whispers rising near Still on the still reposing ear: While distant brooks decaying round, Augment the mix'd dissolving sound, And the zephyr flitting by, Whispers mystic harmony, We will seek the woody lane, By the hamlet, on the plain, Where the weary rustic nigh, Shall whistle his wild melody, And the croaking wicket oft Shall echo from the neighbouring croft: And as we trace the green path lone, With moss and rank weeds overgrown, We will muse on pensive lore Till the full soul brimming o'er, Shall in our upturn'd eyes appear, Embodied in a quivering tear. Or else, serenely silent, set By the brawling rivulet. Which on its calm unruffled breast, Bears the old mossy arch impress'd, That clasps its secret stream of glass Half hid in shrubs and waving grass, The wood-nymph's lone secure retreat, Unpress'd by fawn or sylvan's feet, We'll watch in eve's ethercal braid, The rich vermilion slowly fade; Or catch, faint twinkling from afar, The first glimpse of the eastern star, Fair Vesper, mildest lamp of light, That heralds in imperial night; Meanwhile, upon our wandering ear, Shall rise, though low, yet sweetly clear, The distant sounds of pastoral lute, Invoking soft the sober suit Of dimmest darkness-fitting well With love, or sorrow's pensive spell; (So erst did music's silver tone Wake slumbering Chaos on his throne) And haply then, with sudden swell, Shall roar the distant curfew-bell, While in the castle's mouldering tower, The hooting owl is heard to pour Her melancholy song, and scare Dull Silence brooding in the air.

Meanwhile her dusk and slumbering Black-suited Night drives on from find And Cynthia, 'merging from her readerests the waxing darkness drear, And summons to her silent call, Sweeping, in their airy pall, The unshrived ghoats, in fairy-trans To join her moonshine morrice-dance While around the mystic ring The shadowy shapes elastic spring. Then with a passing shriek they fly Wrapp'd in mists, along the sky. And oft are by the shepherd seen, In his lone night-watch on the green

Then, hermit, let us turn our feet To the low abbey's still retrest, Embower'd in the distant glen, Far from the haunts of busy men. Where, as we sit upon the tomb. The glow-worm's light may gild the And show to Fancy's saddest eye, Where some lost here's ashes lie. And oh, as through the mouldering With ivy fill'd and weeping larch, The night-gale whispers sadly clear Speaking drear things to Fancy's et We'll hold communion with the sha Of some deep-wailing, rain'd maid-Or call the ghost of Spenser down, To tell of we and Fortune's frown; And bid us cast the eye of hope Beyond this bad world's narrow see Or, if these joys to us denied, To linger by the forest's side; Or in the meadow, or the wood, Or by the lone, romantic flood; Let us in the busy town, When sleep's dull streams the people Far from drowsy pillows flee, And turn the church's massy key; Then, as through the painted glass. The moon's faint beams obscurely p And darkly on the trophied wall, Her faint, ambiguous shadows fall; Let us, while the faint winds wail, Through the long reluctant aisle As we pace with reverence meet, Count the echoings of our feet; While from the tombs, with confess's Distinct responds the voice of death Thus on my footsteps to attend, To thee my lonely lamp shall burn By fallen Genius' sainted urn, As o'er the scroll of Time I pure, And sagely spell of ancient lore. Till I can rightly guesa of all That Plate could to memory call. And scan the formless views of thin Or, with old Egypt's fetter'd kings Arrange the mystic trains that ship In night's high philosophic mine; And to thy name shall e'er belong The honours of undying song.

# MRS. HEMANS.

#### TO THE IVY.

On! how could Fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days, the god of wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the vine?
Thy home, wild plant, is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er.
Where song's full notes once peal'd around,
But now are heard no more.

The Roman, on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
Entwined thee, with exulting strains,
Around the Victor's tent;
Yet there, though fresh in glossy green
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lov'st the silent scene,
Around the Victor's grave.

Where sleep the sons of ages flown.

The bards and heroes of the past—
Where, through the halls of glory gone,
Murmurs the wintry blast;
Where years are hastening to efface
Each record of the grand and fair,
Thou in thy solitary grace,
Wreath of the tomb! art there.

Thou, o'er the shrines of fallen gods,
On classic plains dost mantling spread,
And veil the desolate abodes,
And cities of the dead.
Deserted palaces of kings,
Arches of triumph, long o'erthrown,
And all once glorious earthly things,
At length are thine alone.

Oh! many a temple, once sublime,
Beneath the blue Italian sky,
Hath nought of heanty left by time,
Save thy wild tapestry:
And, rear'd 'midst crags and clouds, 'tis thine
To wave where banners waved of yore,
O'er mouldering towers, by lovely Rhine,
Cresting the rocky shore.

High from the fields of air look down
Those cyries of a vanish'd race,
Homes of the mighty, whose renown
Hath pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there—thy foliage bright
Unchanged the mountain-storm can brave;
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
And deck the humblest grave.

The breathing forms of Parian stone,
That rise round grandeur's marble halls,
The vivid hues by painting thrown
Rich o'er the glowing walls;
Th' Acanthus, on Corinthian fanes,
In sculptured beauty waving fair;
These perish all—and what remains?
Thou, thou alone art there!

'Tis still the same—where'er we tread,
The wrecks of human power we see,
The marvels of all ages fled,
Left to decay and thee!
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, grace, and strength,
Days pass—Thou, "Ivy never sere,"
And all is thine at length!

## GEORGE CANNING.

# NEW MORALITY.

From mental mists to purge a nation's eyes; To animate the weak, unite the wise; To trace the deep infection that pervades The crowded town, and taints the rural shades;

To mark how wide extends the mighty waste O'er the fair realms of science, learning, taste; To drive and scatter all the brood of lies, And chase the varying falsehood as it flies; The long arrears of ridicule to pay, To drag reluctant Dulness back to day; Much yet remains.—To you these themes belong,

Ye favour'd sons of virtue and of song!

Say, is the field too narrow? Are the times Barren of folly, and devoid of crimes?

Yet, venial vices, in a milder age, Could rouse the warmth of Pope's satiric rage: The doating miser, and the lavish heir, The follies and the foibles of the fair, Sir Joh, Sir Balaam, and old Euclio's thrift, And Sappho's diamonds with her dirty shift, Blunt, Charters, Hopkins,—meaner subjects fired

The keen-eyed poet; while the Muse inspired Her ardent child,—entwining, as he sate, His laurelled chaplet with the thorns of bate.

But say,—indignant does the Muse retire, Her shrine deserted, and extinct its fire? No pious hand to feed the sacred flame, No raptured soul a poet's charge to claim?

Bethink thee, Gifford; when some future age Shall trace the promise of thy playful page;— The hand which brush'd a swarm of fools | 'Gainst learning's, virtue's, truth's, re

Should rouse to grasp a more reluctant

Think then, will pleaded indolence excuse The tame secession of thy languid muse?

Ah! where is now that promise? why so long

Sleep the keen shafts of satire and of song? Oh! come, with taste and virtue at thy side, With ardent zeal inflamed, and patriot pride; With keen poetic glance direct the blow, And empty all thy quiver on the foe:-No pause-no rest-'till weltering on the ground

The poisonous hydra lies, and pierced with many a wound.

Thou, too! - the nameless bard, - whose honest zeal

For law, for morals, for the public weal, Pours down impetuous on thy country's foes The stream of verse, and many-languaged

Thou, too! though oft thy ill-advised dislike The guiltless head with random censure strike.

Though quaint allusions, vague and undefined, Play faintly | round the ear, but mock the mind:

Through the mix'd mass yet truth and learn ing shine,

And manly vigour stamps the nervous line: the generous rage inspires, And patriot warmth

And wakes and points the desultory fires!

Yet more remain unknown: for who can tell What bashful genius, in some rural cell, As year to year, and day succeeds to day, In joyless leisure wastes his life away? In him the flame of early fancy shone; His genuine worth his old companions own; In childhood and in youth their chief confess'd,

His master's pride, his pattern to the rest. Now, far aloof retiring from the strife Of busy talents, and of active life, As, from the loop-holes of retreat, he views Our stage, verse, pamphlets, politics, and news.

He loathes the world, -or with reflection sad Concludes it irrecoverably mad; Of taste, of learning, morals, all bereft. No hope, no prospect to redeem it left.

Awake! for shame! or ere thy nobler sense Sink in th' oblivious pool of indolence! Must wit be found alone on falsehood's side, Unknown to truth, to virtue unallied? Arise! nor scorn thy country's just alarms; Wield in her cause thy long-neglected arms: Of lofty satire pour th' indignant strain. Leagued with her friends, and ardent to maintain

foes.

A kingdom's safety, and the world's

If vice appal thee; if thou view v Insults that brave, and crimes that the law :-Yet may the specious bastard broo

claim A spurious homage under virtue's

Sprung from that parent of ten t crimes,

The new philosophy of modern tim Yet these may rouse thee! - With m hand

Oh lash the vile impostures from the

First, stern Philanthropy :- not dries

The orphan's tears, and wipes the

Not she, who, sainted Charity her Of British bounty pours the annua But French Philanthropy; -whoeless mind

Glows with the general love of all s Philanthropy,-beneath whose bane Each patriot passion sinks, and di Taught in her school t' imbibe the

Condorcet filter'd through the dregs Each pert adept disowns a Briton And plucks the name of England heart.

What! shall a name, a word, control

Th' aspiring thought, and cramp th sive soul?

Shall one half-peopled island's rock A love that glows for all creation ! And social charities contract the p Framed for thy freedom, univer-No-through th' extended globe

ings run, As broad and general as th' unbou No narrow bigot he; his reason'd Thy interests, England, ranks wit

Peru! France at our doors, he sees no da But heaves for Turkey's woes th'

A steady patriot of the world ale The friend of every country-hut

Next comes a gentler virtue. Ah Lest the harsh verse her shrinking

Visit her not too roughly ;- the w Breathes on her lips;-the tear-dr

Sweet Sensibility, who dwells en In the fine foldings of the feeling With delisate mimosa's sense c Who shrinks instinctive from a rude;

Or like the anagallis, prescient flower, Shuts her soft petals at th' approaching shower.

Sweet child of sickly Fancy! Her of yore From her loved FranceRousseau to exile bore; And, while 'midst lakes and mountains wild he ran,

Full of himself, and shunned the haunts of man,

Taught her o'er each lone vale and Alpine steep

To lisp the story of his wrongs, and weep; Taught her to cherish still, in either eye, Of tender tears a plentiful supply,

And pour them in the brooks that babbled by; Taught by nice scale to mete her feelings

False by degrees, and exquisitely wrong; For the crush'd beetle, first, the widow'd dove, And all the warbled sorrows of the grove; Next for poor suffering guilt; and, last of all, For parents, friends, a king and country's fall.

Mark her fair votaries, prodigal of grief, With curcless pangs, and woes that mock relief,

Droop in soft sorrow o'er a faded flower; O'er a dead jack-ass pour the pearly shower: But hear, unmoved, of Loire's ensanguined flood.

Choak'd up with slain; of Lyons drench'd in blood;

Of crimes that blot the age, the world, with

shame, Foul crimes, but sicklied o'er with Freedom's name;

Altars and thrones subverted, social life Trampled to earth;—the husband from the wife.

Parent from child, with ruthless fury torn;—
Of talents, honour, virtue, wit, forlorn,
In friendless exile;—of the wise and good
Staining the daily scaffold with their blood;—
Of savage cruelties, that scare the mind,
The rage of madness with hell's lusts
combined—

Of hearts torn recking from the mangled breast,-

They hear-and hope that all is for the best-

Fond hope! but Justice sanctifies the

Justice!-Here, Satire, strike; 't were sin

Not she in British courts that takes her stand, The dawdling balance dangling in her hand, Adjusting punishments to frand and vice. With scrupulous quirks and disquisition nice: But firm, creet, with keen reverted glance, Th' avenging angel of regenerate France, Who visits ancient sins of modern times. And punishes the Pope for Caesar's crimes. Such is the liberal Justice which presides In these our days, and modern patriots guides;

Justice, whose blood-stain'd book one sole decree.

One statute fills—"The people shall be free." Free by what means? by folly, madness, guilt; By boundless rapine, blood in occans spilt; By confiscation, in whose sweeping toils. The poor man's pittance with the rich man's spoils,

Mix'd in one common mass, are swept away,
To glut the short-lived tyrant of the day;

By laws, religion, morals all o'erthrown:

-Rouse then, ye sovereign people, claim
your own;

The license that enthrals, the truth that

The wealth that starves you, and the power that grinds.

-So Justice bids.-'Twas her enlighten'd doom,

Louis, thy holy head devoted to the tomb! Twas Justice claim'd, in that accursed hour, The fatal forfeit of too lenient power.

-Mourn for the man we may; but for the king,-

Freedom, oh! Freedom's such a charming thing!

"Much may be said on both sides."—Hark!

A well-known voice that murmurs in my

The voice of Candour.—Hail! most solemn

Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age, Candour, which softens party's headlong rage; Candour,—which spares its foes;—nor e'er descends

With bigot zeal to combat for its friends. Candour,—which loves in see-saw strain to tell

Of acting foolishly, but meaning well; Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame, Convinced that all men's motives are the

And finds, with keen discriminating sight, Black's not so black; nor white so very white.

"Fox, to be sure, was vehement and wrong:— But then Pitt's words, you'll own, were rather strong.

Both must be blamed, both pardon'd; -'t was just so

With Fox and Pitt full forty years ago; So Walpole, Pulteney;—factions in all times Have had their follies, ministers their crimes." Give me th' avow'd, the creet, the manly foc, Bold I can meet,—perhaps may turn his blow; But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,

Save, save, oh! save me from the candid friend!

"Barras loves plunder, - Merlin takes a bribe,-

What then?-Shall Candour these good men proscribe? No! ere we join the loud-accusing throng, | But to thy worthies render hamage Prove, - not the facts, - but, that they Their "hair-breadth 'scapes" with

thought them wrong. Why hang O'Quigley? - he, misguided man, In sober thought his country's weal might plan.

And, while his deep-wrought treason sapped the throne, Might act from taste in morals, all his own."

Peace to such reasoners !- let them have

their way Shut their dull eyes against the blaze of day. Priestley's a saint, and Stone a patriot still; And La Fayette a hero, if they will. I love the bold uncompromising mind, Whose principles are fix'd, whose views

defined: Who scouts and scorns, in canting Candour's spite.

All taste in morals, innate sense of right, And nature's impulse, all uncheck'd by art, And feelings fine, that float about the heart :-Content, for good men's guidance, bad men's awe,

On moral truth to rest, and gospel-law. Who owns, when traitors feel th' avenging rod.

Just retribution, and the hand of God; Who hears the groans through Olmutz' roofs that ring,

Of him who mock'd, misled, betray'd his king-

Hears unappall'd :- though faction's zealots preach-

Unmoved, unsoften'd by Fitzpatrick's speech. That speech on which the melting commons hung,

"While truths divine came mended from his tongue".

How loving husband clings to dutcous wife,-How pure religion soothes the ills of life,-How popish ladies trust their pious fears And naughty actions in their chaplain's cars .-Half novel and half sermon, on it flow'd; With pious zeal the Opposition glow'd; And as o'er each the soft infection crept, Sigh'd as he whined, and as he whimper'd

wept; E'en Curwen dropt a sentimental tear, And stout St. Andrew yelp'd a softer "hear!"

O! nurse of crimes and fashions! which in vain

Our colder servile spirits would attain, How do we ape thee, France! but blundering still

Disgrace the pattern by our want of skill. The borrow'd step our awkward gait reveals: (As clumsy Courtney mars the verse he steals) How do we ape thee, France!-nor claim alone Thy arts, thy tastes, thy morals for our own, Rewbell's brute rage and Merlin's sub

interest vie Statesmen and heroines whom this age Though plainer times would call then

See Louvet, patriot, pamphleteer, a Tempering with amorous fire his a

and whores

Form'd for all tasks, his various talen The luscious novel, the severe deere Then mark him weltering in his nas Bare his lewd transports to the put Not his the love in silent groves that Quits the rude world, and shuns the

In Lodoiska's full possession blest. One craving void still aches with breast;-

Plunged in the filth and fondness of h Not to himself alone he stints her cl Clasp'd in each other's foul embrace t But know no joy, unless the world sta —The fool of vanity, for her alone He lives, loves, writes, and dies, bu known.

His widow'd mourner flies to pei Eager to join her Louvet's parted she In those bright realms where sainter

But harsh emetics tear that hope as -Yet, hapless Louvet! where thy be laid.

The easy nymphs shall consecrate th There, in the laughing morn of genial Unwedded pairs shall tender couplet Eringoes o'er the hallow'd spot shall And flies of Spain buzz softly round th But hold! severer virtue claims the Roland the just, with ribands in hi And Roland's spouse, who paints with delight

The doubtful conflict of her auptial a Her virgin charms what firree assnil'd.

And how the rigid minister prevail'd

And ah! what verse can grace thy

Guide of the world, Preferment's

Necker's fair daughter, - Stael the Bright o'er whose flaming cheek and DOSE

The bloom of young desire une Fain would the Muse-but ah! she

A mournful voice from lone Guyana -Sad Quatremere-the bold pres checks.

Forbid to question thy ambiguous To thee proud Barras bows: thy

Raised by thy hands, and fashion'd to thy will, Thy power, thy guiding influence governs still,

Where at the blood-stain'd board expert he plies,

The lame artificer of fraud and lies; He with the mitred head, and cloven heel:— Doom'd the coarse edge of Rewbell's jests to feel:

To stand the playful buffet, and to hear The frequent ink-stand whizzing past his ear; While all the five directors laugh to see The limping priest so deft at his new ministry.

Last of th' anointed five behold, and least, The directorial lama, sovereign priest,— Lepanx:—whom atheists worship;—at whose nod

Bow their meck heads the men without a god.

Ere long, perhaps, to this astonish'd isle, Fresh from the shores of subjugated Nile, Shall Buonaparte's victor fleet protect. The genuine theophilanthropic sect,—
The sect of Marat, Mirabeau, Voltaire,—
Led by their pontiff, good La Reveillère.
Rejoiced our clubs shall greet him, and instal The holy hunch-back in thy dome, St. Paul! While countless votaries thronging in his

Wave their red caps, and hymn this jocund strain:

"Couriers and Stars, sedition's evening-host, Thou Morning-Chronicle, and Morning-Post! Whether ye make the rights of man your theme.

Your country libel, and your God blaspheme, Or dirt on private worth and virtue throw, Still blasphemous or blackguard, praise Lepaux.

And ye five other wandering bards that move In sweet accord of harmony and love, Coloridge and Southey, Lloyd, and Lamb and Co.

Tune all your mystic harps to praise Lepaux. Priestley, and Whitefield, humble, holy men, Give praises to his name with tongue and pen! Thelwal, and ye that lecture as ye go,

And for your pains get pelted, praise Lepaux! Praise him each jacobin, or fool, or knave, And your cropped heads in sign of worship waye!

All creeping creatures, venomous and low, Paine, Williams, Godwin, Holcroft, praise Lepaux!

And thou, leviathan! on ocean's brim Hugest of living things that sleep and swim; Thou in whose nose by Burke's gignatic hand The hook was fix'd to drag thee to the land, With—, and—in thy train,

And—wallowing in the yeasty main— Still as ye snort, and puff, and spout, and blow, In puffing, and in spouting, praise Lepaux!" Britain, beware; nor let th' insidious foe, Of force despairing, aim a deadlier blow. Thy peace, thy strength, with devilish wiles assail,

And when her arms are vain, by arts prevail. True, thou art rich, art powerful !—through thine isle

Industrious skill, contented labour, smile; Far seas are studded with thy countless sails; What wind but wafts them, and what shore but hails?

True, thou art brave!—o'er all the busy land In patriot ranks embattled myriads stand; Thy foes behold with impotent amaze, And drop the lifted weapon as they gaze! But what avails to guard each outward part, If subtlest poison, circling at thy heart, Spite of thy courage of thy power, and wealth, Mine the sound fabric of thy vital health?

So thine own oak, by some fair streamlet's side,

Waves its broad arms, and spreads its leafy pride,

Towers from the earth, and, rearing to the skies

Its conscious strength, the tempest's wrath defies.

Its ample branches shield the fowls of air, To its cool shade the panting herds repair.— The treacherous current works its noiseless way.—

The fibres loosen, and the roots decay; Prostrate the beauteous ruin lies; and all That shared its shelter, perish in its fall.

O thou! lamented sage!-whose prescient

Pierced through foul anarchy's gigantic plan.
Prompt to incredulous hearers to disclose
The guilt of France, and Europe's world
of woes;—

Thou, on whose name posterity shall gaze, The mighty sca-mark of these troubled days! O large of soul, of genius unconfined, Born to delight, instruct, and mend man-

kind!-Burke! in whose breast a Roman ardour

glow'd; Whose copious tongue with Greeian richness

flow'd,

Well hast thou found (if such thy country's

A timely refuge in the sheltering tomb!
As, in far realms, where eastern kings are laid,
In pomp of death, beneath the cypress-shade,
The perfumed lamp with unextinguish'd light
Flames through the vault, and cheers the
gloom of night;

So, mighty Burke! in thy sepulchral urn, To fancy's view, the lamp of truth shall burn. Thither late times shall turn their reverent

Led by thy light, and by thy wisdom wise.

There are, to whom (their taste such pleasures cloy)

No light thy wisdom yields, thy wit no joy; Peace to their heavy heads, and callous hearts, Peace—such as sloth, as ignorance imparts!— Pleased may they live to plan their country's good.

And crop with calm content their flowery food!

What though thy venturous spirit loved to urge

The labouring theme to reason's utmost verge.

Kindling and mounting from th' enraptured sight;—

Till anxious Wonder watch'd thy daring flight! While vulgar souls, with mean malignant

Gazed up, the triumph of thy fall to share! Poor triumph! price of that extorted praise, Which still to daring genius envy pays.

Oh! for thy playful smile,-thy potent

T' abash bold vice, and laugh pert folly down! So should the Muse, in humour's happiest vein.

With verse that flow'd in metaphoric strain, And apt allusions to the rural trade,

Tell of what wood young jacobins are made; How the skill'd gardener grafts, with nicest rule,

The slip of coxcomb on the stock of fool; --Forth in bright blossom bursts the tender sprig,

A thing to wonder at—perhaps a whig.— Should tell, how wise each half-fledged pedant prates

Of weightiest matters, grave distinctions

That rules of policy, and public good, In Saxon times were rightly understood; That kings are proper, may be useful things, But then some gentlemen object to kings; That in all times the minister's to blame; That British liberty's an empty name, Till each fair burgh, numerically free, Shall choose its members by the rule of three.

So should the Muse, with verse in thunder clothed, Proclaim the crimes by God and nature

loathed,
Which-when fell poison revels in the
veins-

(That poison fell which frantic Gallia drains From the crude fruit of freedom's blasted tree)

Blot the fair records of humanity.

To feebler nations let proud France afford Her damning choice,—the chalice or the sword.—

To drink or die;—oh, fraud! oh, specious lie! Delusive choice! for if they drink, they die.

The sword we dread not:-of o

Firm were our strength, our per freedom so

Let all the world confederate all its Be they not back'd by those that be ours, High on his rock shall Britain's geni

High on his rock shall Britain's genic Scatter the crowded hosts, and the land.

Guard we but our own heart constant v To ancient morals, ancient manners True to the manlier virtues, such a Our fathers' breasts, and this preserved

For many a rugged age: and so while

Each philosophic atheist's specious. The soft seductions, the refinement Of gay morality, and easy vice:—So shall we brave the storm;—our 's

Thy refuge, Europe, in some happier But, French in heart—though victor our brow.

Lowat our feet though prostrate nati Wealth gild our cities, commerce er

London may shine, but England is

# THE SLAVERY OF GREE

(1787.)

Unrivall's Greece! then ever-

Thou nurse of heroes dear to deaths
Though now to worth, to honourally
Thy lustre faded, and thy glories i
Yet still shall memory with revert
Trace thy past worth, and view th
a sigh.

Thee freedom cherish'd once withing hand,

And breathed undaunted valour the land.

Here the stern spirit of the Sparts
The child of poverty inured to us
Here, loved by Pallas and the sar
Once did fair Athens' towery glori
To bend the bow, or the bright falchi
To lift the bulwark of the brazes
To toss the terror of the whizzing
The conquering standard's glitteria

And join the maddening battle's los How skill'd the Greeks; confess we signs slain

Were strew'd on Marathon's ens

When heaps on heaps the routed squadrons fell,

And with their gaudy myriads peopled hell. What millions bold Leonidas withstood, And seal'd the Grecian freedom with his blood;

Witness Thermopyla! how fierce he trod, How spoke a hero, and how moved a god! The rush of nations could alone sustain, While half the ravaged globe was arm'd in

Let Leuctra say, let Mantinea tell,
How great Epaminondas fought and fell!
Nor war's vast art alone adorn'd thy fame,
But mild philosophy endear'd thy name.
Who knows not, sees not with admiring eye,
How Plato thought, how Socrates could die?

To bend the arch, to bid the column rise, And the tall pile aspiring pierce the skies, The awful fane magnificently great, With pictured pomp to grace, and sculptured

This science taught; on Greece each science

Here the bold statue started from the stone; Here, warm with life, the swelling canvas glow'd;

Here, big with thought, the poet's raptures flow'd:

Here Homer's lip was touch'd with sacred fire,

And wanton Sappho tuned her amorous lyre; Here bold Tyrtæus roused th' enervate throng,

Awaked to glory by th' aspiring song; Here Pindar soar'd a nobler, loftier way, And brave Alcaeus scorn'd a tyrant's sway; Here gorgeous tragedy with great control Touch'd every feeling of th' impassion'd soul; While in soft measure tripping to the song Her comic sister lightly danced along.—

This was thy state! but oh! how changed thy fame,

And all thy glories fading into shame. What! that thy bold, thy freedom-breathing land

Should crouch beneath a tyrant's stern command!

That servitude should bind in galling chain, Whom Asia's millions once opposed in vain; Who could have thought? who sees without

Thy cities mouldering, and thy walls o'crthrown,-

That where once tower'd the stately selemn fane.

Now moss-grown ruins strew the ravaged plain.

And unobserved but by the traveller's eye, Proud, vaulted domes in fretted fragments lie.

And the fallen column on the dusty ground, Pale ivy throws its sluggish arms around.

Thy sons (sad change!) in abject bondage

Unpitied toil, and unlamented die.
Groan at the labours of the galling oar,
Or the dark caverns of the mine explore.
The glittering tyranny of Othman's sons,
The pomp of horror which surrounds their
thrones.

Has awed their servile spirits into fear,
Spurn'd by the foot they tremble and revere.
The day of labour, night's sad, sleepless hour,
Th' inflictive scourge of arbitrary power,
The bloody terror of the pointed steel,
The murderous stake, the agonizing wheel,
And (dreadful choice!) the bowstring, or
the bowl,

Damps their faint vigour and unmans the soul.
Disastrous fate! still tears will fill the eye,
Still recollection prompt the mournful sigh;
When to the mind recurs thy former fame,
And all the horrors of thy present shame.

So some tall rock, whose bare, broad bosom

Towers from the earth, and braves th'inclement sky;

On whose vast top the blackening deluge pours,

At whose wide base the thundering ocean roars;

In conscious pride its huge gigantic form Surveys imperious and defies the storm, Till worn by age, and mould'ring to decay, Th' insidious waters wash its base away, It falls, and falling cleaves the trembling ground.

And spreads a tempest of destruction round.

## ELIJAH'S MANTLE.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM PITT.

WHEN, by th' Almighty's dread command Elijah, call'd from Israel's land,

Rose in the sacred flame, His Mantle good Elisha caught, And, with the Prophet's spirit fraught, Her second hope became.

In Pitt our Israel saw combined
The Patriot's heart—the Prophet's mind,
Elijah's spirit here:
Now, sad reverse!—that spirit reft,
No confidence, no hope is left;
For no Elijah's near.

Is there, among the greedy band
Who've seized on power, with harpy hand,
And patriot worth assume,
One on whom public faith can rest—
One fit to wear Elijah's vest,
And cheer a nation's gloom?

Grenville!--to aid thy treasury fame,
A portion of Pitt's Mantle claim,
His gen'rous ardour feel;
Resolve, 'bove sordid self to soar,
Amidst Exchequer gold be poor!
Thy wealth---the public weal.

Fox!—if on thee some remnant fall,
The shred may to thy mind recal
Those hours of loud debate,
When thy unhallow'd lips be-praised
"The glorious fabric" traitors raised
On Bourbon's fallen state.

Thy soul let Pitt's example fire,
With patriot zeal thy tongue inspire,
Spite of thy Gallic leaven;
And teach thee in thy latest day,
His form of prayer, (if thou canst pray)
"O save my country, Heaven!"

Windham.—if e'er thy sorrows flow
For private loss or public woe,
Thy rigid brow unbend:
Tears over Caesar Brutus shed,
His hatred warr'd not with the dead—
And Pitt was once thy friend.

Does envy bid thee not to mourn?
Hold then his Mantle up to scorn,
His well-earn'd fame assail:
Of funeral honors strip his corse,
And at his virtues, till thou'rt hoarse,
Like curst Thersites rail!

Illustrious Roscius of the state!
New-breech'd and harness'd for debate,
Thou wonder of thy age!
Petty or Betty art thou hight,
By Granta sent to strut thy night.
On Stephen's bustling stage.

Pitt's 'chequer robe 'tis thine to wear; Take of his Mantle too a share, 'Twill aid thy ways and means; And should Fat Jack, and his cabal, Cry "Rob us the Exchequer, Hal!" 'Twill charm away the fiends.

Sage Palinurus of the realm!
By Vincent call'd to take the helm!
And play his proxy's part;
Dost thou or star or compass know?
Canst reef aloft—or hand below?
Hast conn'd the shipman's chart?

No!—From Pitt's Mantle tear a rag, Enough to serve thee for a flag, And hoist it on thy mast? Beneath that sign (our prosperous star) Shall future Nelsons rush to war, And rival victories past. Sidmouth—though low his head is Who call'd thee from thy native sh And gave thee second birth; Gave thee the sweets of power as The tufted gown—the gilded mace, And rear'd thy puny worth:

Think how his Mantle wrapp'd thei Is one of equal virtue found Among thy new compeers? Or can thy closk of Amiens stuff. Once laugh'd to scorn by blue and Screen thee from Windham's je

When faction threaten'd Britain's la
Thy new-made friends—a desperate
Like Ahab—stood reproved:
Pitt's powerful tongue their rage coul
His counsel saved, 'midst general wi
The Israel that he loved.

Yes, honor'd shade! whitst near the The letter'd sage, and chieftain brache votive marble claim;
O'er thy cold corse—the public tear Congeal'd, a crystal shrine shall rea Unsullied as thy fame!

# EPITAPH. GEORGE CHARLES CANNII

ELDEST SON OF

GEORGE CANNING AND JOAN SCO WIFE;

Born April 25, 1801.-Died March 31.

Though short thy span, God's unimedecrees.

Which made that shorten'd span of disease.

Yet, merciful in chastening, gave the For mild, redeeming virtues, Fail Hope;

Meck Resignation; pious Charity;

And, since this world was not the world was not the world was not the world.

Far from thy path removed, with care.

care, Strife, Glory, Gain, and Pleasure's f snare. Bade Earth's temptations pass thee ba

by,
And fix'd on Heaven thine unaverted
Oh! mark'd from birth, and nurtur'd!

skies!
In youth, with more than learning's w

As sainted martyrs, patient to codur Simple as unweaned infancy and pare Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
Which Christ's atoning blood bath wash'd

Which Christ's atoning blood bath wash'd away!),

By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd, Mount, sinless Spirit, to thy destined rest! While I—reversed our nature's kindlier doom.

Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

# MARY ANN BROWNE.

## THE FOREBODING.

Ay, twine thy hair with a summer-wreath, And sing thy bridal song; Let fragrant flowers around thee breathe— It will not be for long.

As that bright garland will decay,
Thy beauty will soon be gone;
And thy very name will pass away,
Like thy sweet song's closing tone.

Ay, deck thee with that golden chain, It severs with scarce a touch; Its strongest link is snapt in twain, And thou wilt be as such:

And mingle with the thoughtless crowd,
And don'thy gorgeous vest:
'Twill soon be changed, for thy burial shroud
Already wraps thy breast.

Bright and clear the heavens are,
There is but one speck in the sky;
But that speck covers thy natal star,
The star of thy destiny!

I gazed on that star last night,—it shook; And though it still faintly gleams, It looks not as it was wont to look, And a mist is over its beams.

I have read thy fate in a flowery braid;-

I saw one bright rose fall and fade,—
"I was the blossom I named for thee!—

But mostly thy fortune I can tell, From thy happiness and mirth, For when did bliss so perfect dwell More than an instant on earth?

## ANONYMOUS.

## LOVERS' PRESENTS.

Take back thy gifts, thou noble dame, Gifts that might courtly homage claim: This ring is circled by diamonds bright, This chain is flashing with ruby light, This emerald-wreath once bound thy curls, And thy waist was clasp'd by this zone of pearls;

Lady, such gifts were unwish'd by me, And I loved them but as bestow'd by thee.

Pledges so splendid I could not impart, My poor return was a faithful heart; But now that our gifts we each resign, Lady, how sad an exchange is mine! Thy glittering gems are still gay and bright, And may charm a high-born lover's sight, But the humblest maid will spurn a token Like the heart thy treachery has broken!

## MY PARTNER.

Ar Cheltenham, where one drinks one's fill
Of folly and cold water,
I danced, last year, my first quadrille,
With old Sir Geoffrey's daughter.
Her check with Summer's rose might vie,
When Summer's rose is newest;
Her eyes were blue as Autuma's sky,
When Autumn's sky is bluest;
And well my heart might deem her one
Of Life's most precious flowers,
For half her thought were of its Sun,
And half were of its Showers.

I spoke of Novels:—"Vivian Gray"
Was positively charming
And "Almack's" infinitely gay,
And "Frankenstein" alarming;
I said "De Vere" was chastely told,
Thought well of "Herhert Lacy,"
Called Mr. Banim's sketches "bold,"
And Lady Morgan's "racy:"
I vow'd that last new thing of Hook's
Was vastly entertaining;
And Laura said—"I doat on books,
Because it's always raining!"

I talk'd of Music's gorgeous fane;
I raved about Rossini,
Hoped Ronzi would come back again,
And criticised Pacini;
I wish'd the chorus-singers dumb,
The trumpets more pacific,
And culogized Brocard's à plomb,
And voted Paul "terrific."

What cared she for Medea's pride, Or Desdemona's sorrow? "Alas!" my beauteous listener sigh'd, "We must have storms to-morrow!"

I told her tales of other lands;
Of ever-boiling fountains,
Of poisonous lakes, and barren sands,
Vast forests, trackless mountains:
I painted bright Italian skies,
I lauded Persian roses,
Coin'd similes for Spanish eyes,
And jests for Indian noses:
I laugh'd at Lisbon's love of Mass,
And Vienna's dread of treason;
And Laura ask'd me where the glass
Stood at Madrid last season.

I broach'd whate'er had gone its rounds,
The week before, of scandal:
What made Sir Luke lay down his hounds,
And Jane take up her Handel.
Why Julia walk'd upon the heath,
With the pale Moon above her;
Where Flora lost her false front-teeth,
And Anne her falser lover;
How Lord de B. and Mrs. L.
Had crossed the sea together;
My shuddering partner cried:—"Oh Ciel!
How could they, in such weather?"

Was she a Blue?—I put my trust
In strata, petals, gaces;
A Boudoir-pedant? I discuss'd
The Toga and the Fasces;
A Cockney-Muse?—I mouth'd a deal
Of folly from Endymion;
A Saint?—I praised the pious zeal
Of Mssrs. Way and Simeon;
A Politician?—it was vain,
To quote the Morning-Paper;
The horrid phantoms came again,
Rain, Hail, and Snow, and Vapour.

. .

Flat Flattery was my only chance:
I acted deep devotion.
Found magic in her every glance,
Grace in her every motion;
I wasted all a Stripling's lore,
Prayer, passion, folly, feeling;
And wildly look'd upon the floor,
And wildly on the ceiling;
I envied gloves upon her arm,
And shawls upon her shoulder;
And when my worship was most warm,
She "never found it colder."

I don't object to wealth or land:
And she will have the giving
Of an extremely pretty hand,
Some thousands, and a living.
She makes silk purses, broiders stool
Sings sweetly, dances finely,
Paints screens, subscribes to Sundays-s
And sits a horse divinely.
But to be linked for life to her!—
The desperate man who tried it,
Might marry a Barometer,
And hang himself beside it!

#### NATURE.

The fair smile of morning,
The glory of noon,
The bright stars adorning
The path of the moon.
The mist-covered mountain,
The valley and plain,
The lake and the fountain,
Ther iver and main,
Their magic combining,
Illume and control
The care and repining
That darken the soul.



The timid Spring stealing
Through light and perfame;
The Summer's revealing
Of beauty and bloom;
The rich Autumn, glowing
With fruit-treasures crown'd;
The pale Winter, throwing
His snow-wreaths around;
All widely diffusing
A charm on the earth,
Wake loftier musing
And holier mirth.

There is not a sorrow
That hath not a balin
From Nature to borrow,
In tempest or calm;
There is not a scason,
There is not a scene
But Fancy and Reason
May gaze on serene,
And own it possessing
A zest for the glad,
A solace and bleasing
To comfort the sad!

L 1

WIL





.

9

\			
	,		





